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Subject: Postcard

In Search of Plumber's Butt Rock

We are forever engaging in hapless, futile attempts to find trailside wonders. Ruins we seek go undiscovered. Vistas go unseen. Arches go unfound. But like Charlie Brown we persevere, even knowing what Lucy is going to do next.

Plumber's Butt Rock is said to be on Lovell Gulch Trail, along the first leg of the loop. This granite formation is sacred to plumbers while being revered as well by people in many trades where bending and stooping is routine.



We arrived this morning at Lovell Gulch trailhead in Woodland Park. Armed with a map and a prayer we began.

We tried to stay focused on our goal, but there were distractions.



Jets painted white streaks of condensate across deep blue skies.



Elk ambled out of the woods and across our trail.



Pikes Peak would occasionally materialize in the distance through breaks in the woods, looming over forests of aspen and pine.



Small plants in fall colors popped up and caught our eye.



And I kept making Sheila pose.



But the biggest problem was that we were in the forest at peak aspen color. The sun danced off the fluttering yellow leaves in the breeze and it lit them like flares in the calm. Interspersed with the pines they were magical.





Occasionally we strayed off the trail to snap pics of little aspen thickets we could glimpse.

Then. Oh My God. There it was. Nestled in a pile of boulders next to a stand of aspens: PBR.



The fabled Plumber's Butt Rock. And we actually found it. We have seen Zion. We have been to Monument Valley. Stood on the rim of Grand Canyon. But never have we felt such chills as when seeing the incredible, monolithic (or perhaps it's dilithic) PBR.

No one-upping this one.

D&S