

On The Edge

There are places on this earth where god lives more obviously than others. God used to live in most places, but god's been priced out of the market in lots of them.



We arrived at the Canyon on Thursday afternoon.

The sudden urge to weep upon first gaze into the Grand Canyon suggests that god still dwells in its deep labyrinth although may inhabit the South Rim Village only seasonally and may be a little cranky about the helicopters.

Susan had made an attempt to book a room at El Tovar but on short notice we were lucky to get the consolation prize of a night in the Maswik Lodge. Though the Maswik is more of a warren than a traditional lodge, our accommodations were quite comfortable, quiet and within walking distance of the old lodges, the mule barn, the train station and the rim trail.

We take a long leisurely walk along the rim trail Friday morning before the crush of afternoon tourists descend, and we retreat to a nice quiet luncheon in the El Tovar dining room. In the afternoon we retire to the Mather Campground where I have booked us a couple of nights. Susan has been skeptical since our departure about why we would want to spend three days or camp in such an over-subscribed national park but as we gasp for oxygen like trout in a bathtub and nurse our altitude-induced headaches she warms to the idea of a few days rest off the road. We don't need to try and see all the park in one day?



The campground is actually quite nice. We have a few elk who wander through camp, some resident Mountain Chickadees, Western Bluebirds and a couple of Pygmy Nuthatches to keep us company.

The wind starts picking up and by Saturday it has turned cold and is blowing a gale by afternoon. We decide it is a good time to browse the park history museums.

Sadly the cowboy bands of the past are no longer a usual occurrence. We did, however, find ourselves humming the On The Trail movement of the "Grand Canyon Suite" every time we pass the mule barn.



Beautiful textiles, pottery, carvings and jewelry.



For Sat. dinner we have the last rework of our Casa Jimenez leftovers for dinner which has become our personal version of the loaves and the fishes.



Sunday morning we put on our snowsuits and visit the east-most point in the park, the Desert View point, where we talk with a Zuni fetish carver.

In due course he asks, "Do you know the story of the Zuni people?" "Tell us."

"The Zuni people emerged into the fourth world in the canyon. In time they found two eggs. One was a colorful egg and the other was a dull egg. The dull egg went to Mexico. The Zuni chose the colorful egg. From the dull egg hatched a Parrot. From the colorful egg, a Raven."

We bid farewell to the Canyon and head out along the Navajo trail.

From the road,
Jane and Susan