

Oh The Terrible Wind And Rain

We leave the island of the Hopi heading east. Everything is simple with the Hopi. And nothing is simple. We go away pondering our experience.

We are heading back into the Navajo Country, going to Canyon De Chelly and then on to Monument Valley. The wind is rising. The sky is lowering. The temperature is dipping.



By the time we get to Canyon De Chelly the wind is howling. We pull into an overlook for lunch. Zillie is rocking like a small boat in a choppy sea.



We push on toward Monument Valley. The dust is rising. By the end of the day we will have left a huge trail of tumbleweed roadkill in our wake and Woodzilla's Electronic Stabilization Program will be so over-taxed by the wind gusts that it just gives up. Yes. We made Zillie cry and stamp her feet. She needed a brief timeout to regain her composure.





We camp in the Navajo-run View campground on the edge of the valley and make a soothing dinner of beans, weenies and cabbage in honor of the wind deities who escorted us here.

In the morning we drive the valley road. It is overcast and the intense green of the desert plant's new growth against the orange of the damp earth is electric. Susan and I seek assurances that neither of us has put anything "special" in the morning coffee for old time sake.



Testament to spring is not limited to wind and bloom. This filly was trying for breakfast but mom was too busy having her own. Sorry kid. You'll have to just be patient.



Time for Little Bear to lead us on.

From the road,
Jane and Susan