

Taking The High Road

Santa Fe is cold and rainy. Staying at the Best Western on the south end of town, next door to

the "Guns For Less" pawn shop, provides the opportunity for us to catch up on political and world news and do a little laundry. I also have time to experiment with microwave cooking techniques. I will include my explosive new recipe for re-heated potato soup in my as yet unpublished "Recipes From The Road" cookbook.



We go to Tomasita's for a New Mexico green chili enchilada fix and make a quick transit of the Plaza on Sunday afternoon before setting out for Taos on Monday morning.

We have all day to go on the order of 80 miles so we decide to take the scenic High Road to Taos. The high road climbs, dips and meanders through numbers of villages in the mountains



east of the Rio Grande. Nambe, Chimayo, Cordova, Truchas, Chamisal, Penasco, Vadito. Old towns with long traditions.



The Catholic Church has a very dominant and clear presence in these communities but there is also evidence of older traditions including this road-side sign whose imperative is obviously an expression of spring fertility rituals.



As in Williams, AZ we find great gasoline prices. But sadly, again, diesel is not available.

We pay our respects.

We find more evidence of the large egg creatures. Curious. One seems to have hatched emerging through a small hole.



Little Bear leads us on to Taos where we will stay with our friends Mary and Connie for a couple of days.



From the road,
Jane and Susan