

## Turning Around

It seems an odd thing to be going "down" to Denver, the mile high city, but we have been at 7000 and 8000 ft for the last couple of weeks. We are spending a few days with our dear friend Marjorie. We did not exactly plan it this way but we will be spending Mother's Day weekend with our "other mother". Marjorie is a warm, energetic, interesting, gracious and generous person who has been a member of Susan's extended family since her early childhood. We always savor sharing food and stories when we are together. She always sets a lovely table and, although she has a well developed appreciation of wine, has forgiven us our heathen beer habit.



On Sunday we take advantage of the beautiful weather and one of Denver's many public open spaces and lakes to have a walk and a bit of birding. On our circuit around the lake we see White Pelicans, Western Grebes and a Blue-winged Teal. There are flocks of Red-winged Blackbirds playing show and tell in the reeds along the lake shoreline while an Avocet quietly worked the shallows.



We catch a couple of Northern Flickers in the act of dancing the rites of spring at lakeside.



Monday comes and it is time for us to turn around. Today we will start heading west.



As we head up I-70, the weather is closing back in. We are making a dash to get over the passes before the colder wetter storm comes in on Tuesday. Ah! Springtime in the Rockies! We are now old hands at this and actually know how to turn on Zillie's window defrosters. Someday we will remember that she has seat heaters.

We leave the snow behind as we loose altitude. We get beautiful views of the red beds and get glimpses of Big-horned Sheep grazing along the roadside as we follow the road toward Grand Junction, our goal for tonight.



Little Bear finds us a quiet State Park campground on the Colorado River just east of town.

We enjoy the drama of the night's thunder storm snug and safe in our Zillie fort. Tomorrow we will face Utah.



From the road,  
Jane and Susan