

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

FEBRUARY 12, 2020 BY MIKE T

Vermilion cliffs, a Grand Canyon, and a scary Airbnb



VERMILION CLIFFS

A wonderful ride from Zion past the vermilion cliffs of Arizona. This picture does not convey the depth of color. On to the Grand Canyon which the marvelous Mrs. T has never

seen.

Now it is time for a bit of background on how the Marvelous Mrs. T and I pass the time while driving. We are seriously addicted to the podcast True Crime Garage. This particular form of “entertainment” is chock full of murder, abduction, dismemberment and mayhem. Nice, isn’t it? With this in mind and knowing we have just driven with four hours of this levity of listening, I will tell you of our approach to the next Airbnb Mrs. T has secured.

We turn off the road leading to the Grand Canyon onto a gravel road for a bit more than a mile and are instructed to turn into the Shady Rest Mobile Home Park. Mrs. T thought it would be charming to stay in an RV for two nights.... me in an RV.... OK, it was a stretch but I thought it might be romantic. Alas, the picture below is what we were met with...



A first class fifth wheel. Now, it might have been charming inside, but before we could go in a raggedy old Jeep Wagoner with all sorts of odd belongings pulls in behind us. Now

back to the podcast... the fellow who steps out could have been described in any of the shows as “a person of interest,” and in addition the chap driving the jeep looked a bit more dangerous and just sat there smoking and staring at us like he was trying to figure if my shoes would fit him.

Von, our host, greets us and states the plumbing seemed to have frozen the night before and if we didn’t mind no water we could still stay... just guess what I said.

And with visions of us chained in a basement with scenes from Deliverance playing in my head, we beat a hasty retreat to the nearest Best Western with Von assuring us as we drove off that he would give us a full refund.... which happily he did.

And now to the wonderful park, shown below..



grand canyon



grand canyon

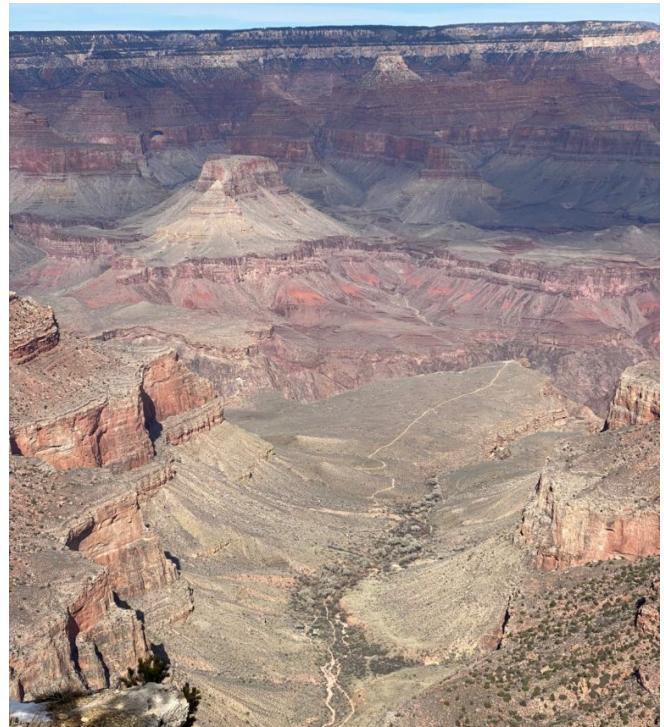
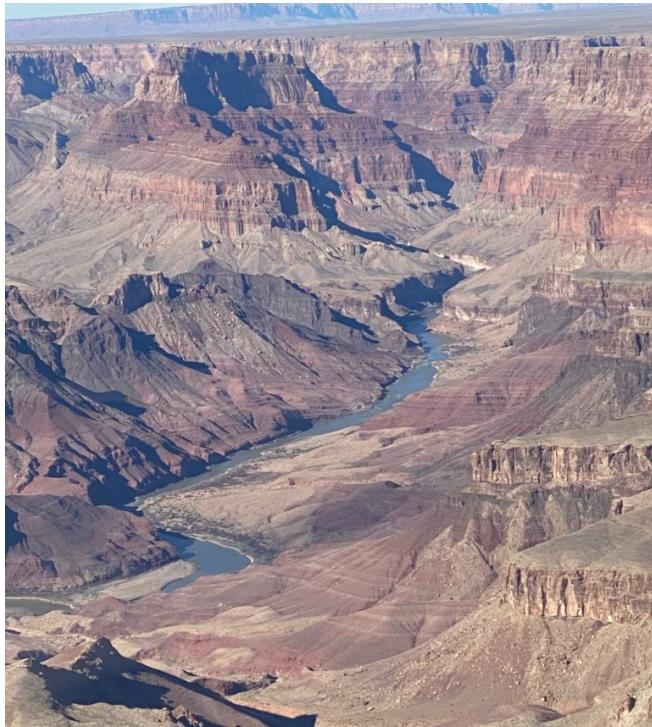


grand canyon





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I am always amazed by the actions of the many visitors to the Canyon. As much ruckus as they are creating in any of the nearby car parks, when they reach the rim, everyone is speaking in hushed tones. Suddenly, everyone is in church.

That night in the Coronado room, the hotel restaurant which produced a surprisingly excellent roasted vegetable pasta dish, I noticed a fellow, 80 or so, sitting a few tables away. Since he was recently placed soon after us, I felt we might enjoy having him join us. This is where I tell you that Mrs. T has suffered through me doing this repeatedly, with most instances working out famously, and yet, there have been times...

Turns out he was a retired history teacher from Peru, Indiana. We were informed that this particular town was considered the circus capitol of the country, since all of the major ones wintered in Peru. That fact, according to Barry from Peru, accounted for two important aspects of the town. First it is home to the one and only youth circus, which performs and competes around the world. It is composed of the children and grandchildren of circus people. And that, dear friends, accounts for the other aspect which Barry found great joy in. He stated the town is filled with nothing but clever, talented, GRIFTERS.... Ah circus people... I love them.

Well, on to Sedona, but first a word of warning... having seen Mrs. T gently cradling a bottle of newly purchased Grey Goose today, I think it wise to tell you I may not be the next one to post but rather my friend, fellow conspirator, and nemesis TDM (three drink Mike to my friends) nuff said.... be well... try not to take any future comments personally and remember, be nice to each other.

📁 **UNCATEGORIZED**