

# STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

**FEBRUARY 16, 2020 BY MIKE T**

## Red Rocks, Vortexes, and Namaste Overload...

The journey into Sedona is, as expected, an amazing sight. The condo Mrs. T secured was perfect, comfortable and well located just outside of the city center which, if you have never been, is a hot bed of galleries, expensive jewelry stores and pseudo Mexican food. How many pieces of art do you suppose a town like this can produce / sell? Certainly more, I hope, than I saw moving out the day we explored. And speaking of exploration, allow me to tell you the tale of yet another “moderate” hike... (I do not think that word means what they think it means..)

We started the day at the Coffee Pot Restaurant which, happy coincidence, is on Coffee Pot Drive. Now, in my simple minded logic I assumed the restaurant, which was built in 1950, gave its name to the street... silly me. We later discovered it sits in the shadow of a particularly large rock formation known as “Coffee Pot Rock”... oh well. The locals also managed to build a shopping center around the quaint little breakfast spot called Coffee Pot Center.... By the way, fabulous food and exceptional service.

We were then met by our guide, Sharon, who fit the part perfectly. Not unlike ourselves, a child of the 60's, long grey hair, and that far away look in her eyes reminiscent of Dead concerts. The tour was, as I was told at least, a moderate hike into the red rock spires with a guide to the vortexes therein. What I was later informed, no wait, to tell you this I will digress, no new ground here.

Once upon a time I was invited to a popular church near my home town of Capitola for the Christmas show. I was assured, as they had to if I were to attend, it would be purely entertainment, music, singing and the like. No churchy stuff.... What I was then deeply entangled with was out and out loud, public prayer and hymns. The trickery, the deceit, the blatant falsehood... is this WWJD?

Back to the hike. It seems while it was a moderate hike, and I girded my loins not to mention my hamstrings for what I knew would be a workout, it was also YOGA IN THE ROCKS. Are you getting my drift? So we were given our yoga mats to carry... sheesh, and then headed into the rocks. I am including the following shots so you have an idea of how high we climbed because heaven forbid I am able to breathe the thick air of 7,000 feet when I can experience real hallucinations trying to oxygenate my blood at 8000!







I will now give you the glamour shots of Mr. T in his one and only successful yoga pose with my wonderful Mrs. T at his side... moral as well as physical support in play.



Looking pretty damn centered and overjoyed as you can see by the look on my face!  
And now our fearless guide in a group selfie...





But Kidding aside, beautiful sights, lovely guide and precious time with my love. I might say one thing as a gentile criticism for our guide... after reaching the top, do not turn around

and say “well now it’s all downhill.” The thinking man would assume since we had climbed so far that this would be an accurate statement.... NO, there were far too many climbs on the return for it to be in any way all downhill from here, or perhaps her statement had a different meaning.... Oh well, tomorrow off to Santa Fe, snow is forecast... oh and no doubt a moderate hike!

 **UNCATEGORIZED**