

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

FEBRUARY 9, 2020 BY MIKE T

A hike, home cooking, and sister wives

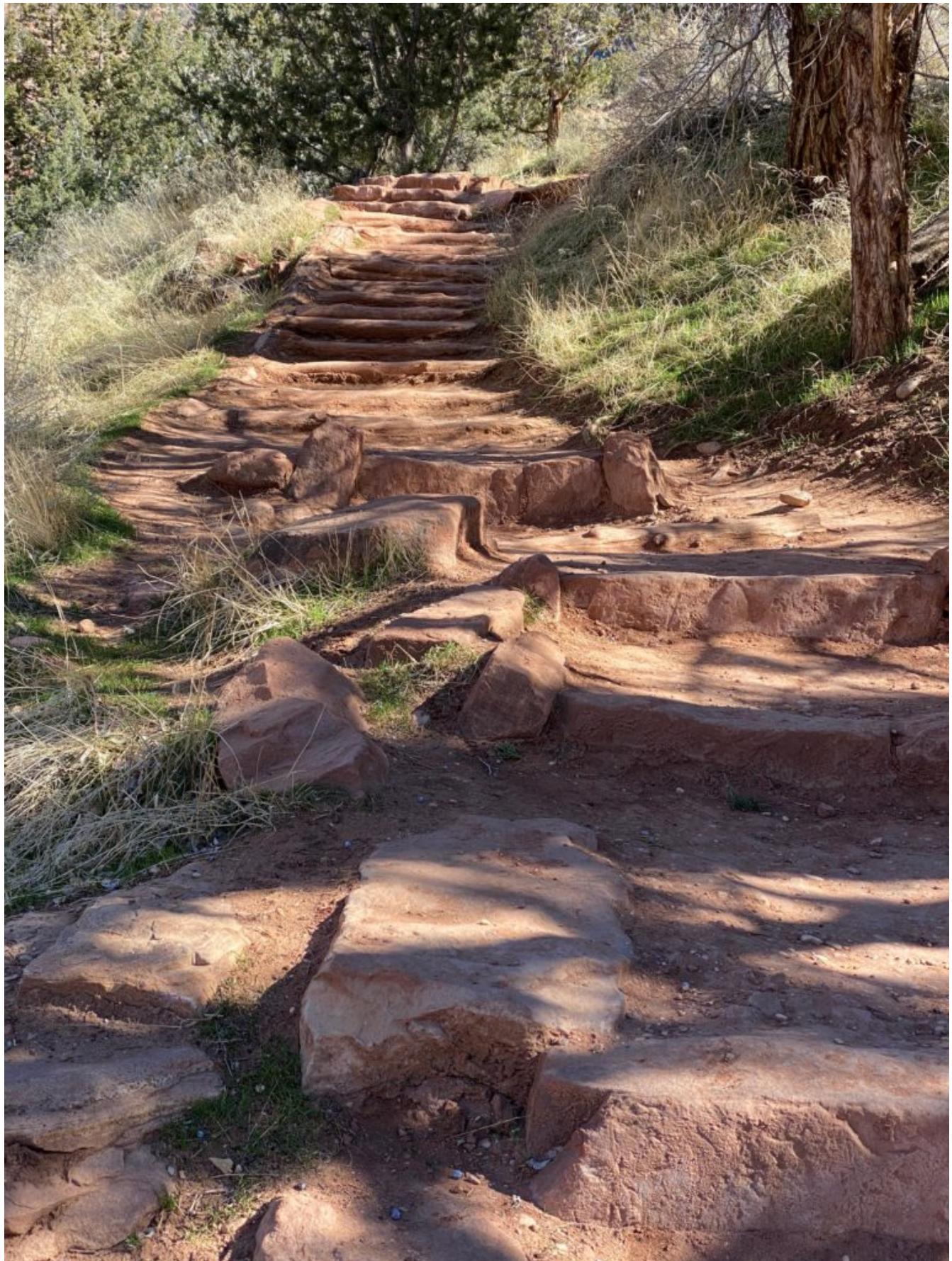
Yes dear readers, we are in Zion National park. Truly amazing. What was really amazing was the ranger at the entrance gate greeting us with, “Look what we have here, a couple of vagabonds,” and if that wasn’t charming enough, when I told him we could not find the national park pass we purchased the day before at Lake Meade, and even though I offered to buy another one he said, “No, it’s OK, can’t make a couple of vagabonds pay twice in one day.”

Before I launch off on the travelogue, allow me to post a disclaimer for the record... three drink mike (TDM) has yet to make an appearance on this site. Now I am not saying it will not happen, I would wager it most definitely will, and while I have relied on the charming and talented Mrs. T to proofread my posts for punctuation and spelling, we have come to a tenuous agreement with respect to content. That said, we will see how she approaches the first TDM post. Naturally, the odds are in my favor because unbeknownst to you kind reader, when TDM is in the house so is three drink Mrs. T!

Breakfast yesterday leaving Vegas we stopped at a hole in the wall cafe with, of all things, duck confit omelette on the menu! Worth mentioning for my food driven friends.

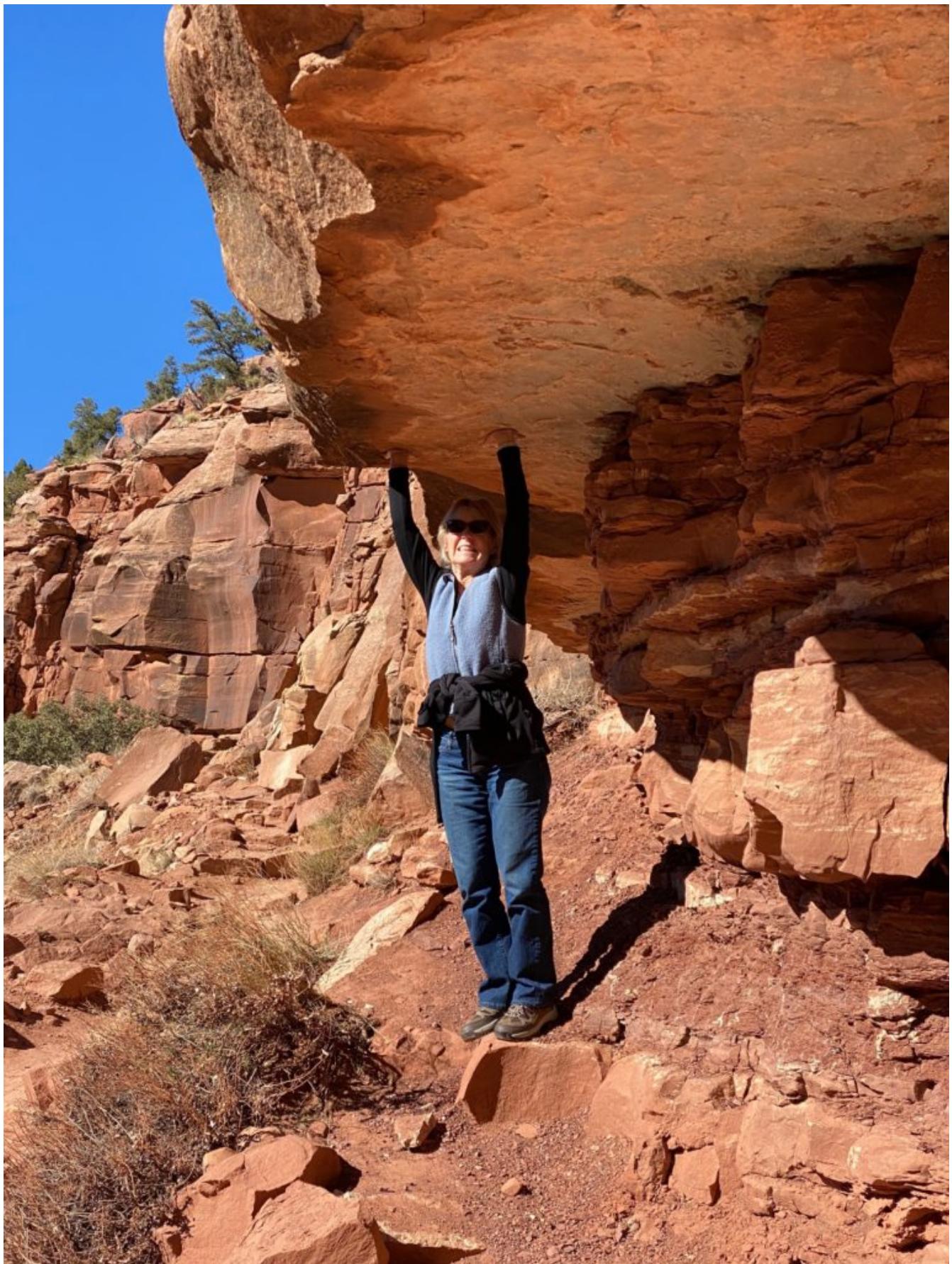
First day in this place of wonder.... a hike. Now I alluded to this in my last post but allow me to impress upon you the level to which I hold such activities as hiking and, heaven forbid, camping. And make no mistake, a lovely stroll through the woods appreciating the glory of nature is not lost on me. You have only to reference, and I am certain they can be found on line (the internet never forgets) my semi fictional prose I penned for countless personal ads: “romantic walks in the woods and on the beach,” and other some such relationship tiger traps.

This, dear reader, was no lovely stroll in nature. I submit as exhibit A, the set of STEPS, yes STEPS which first met us on the trail head.



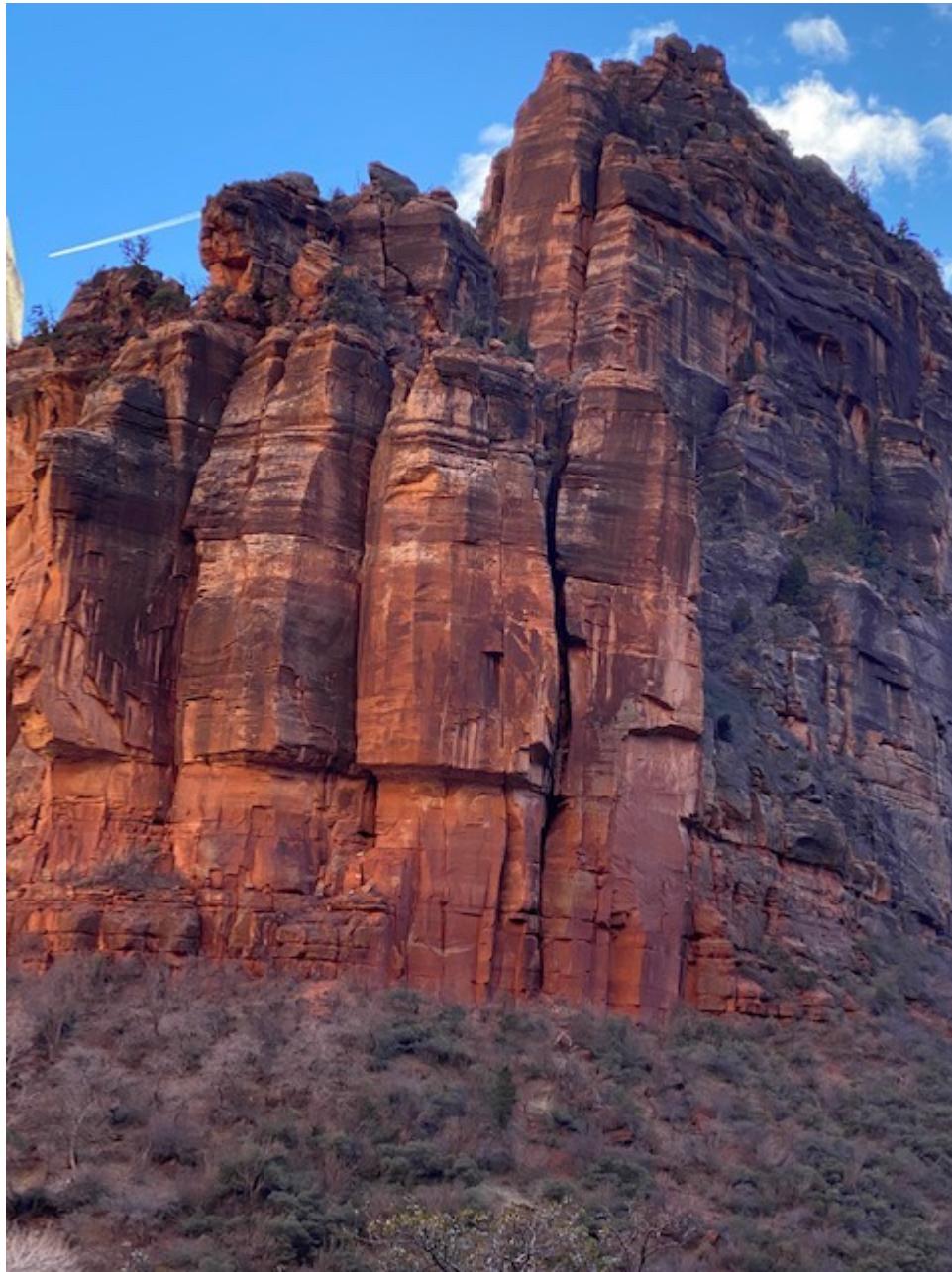
FIRST STEPS TO THE HIKE ZION

Now I am no stranger to steps, having lived in Capitola for so long. The Depot Hill steps are engraved in my mind, as well as the scars on my lungs. but these steps would not stop. We did see some lovely sights on the way, like the picture below.

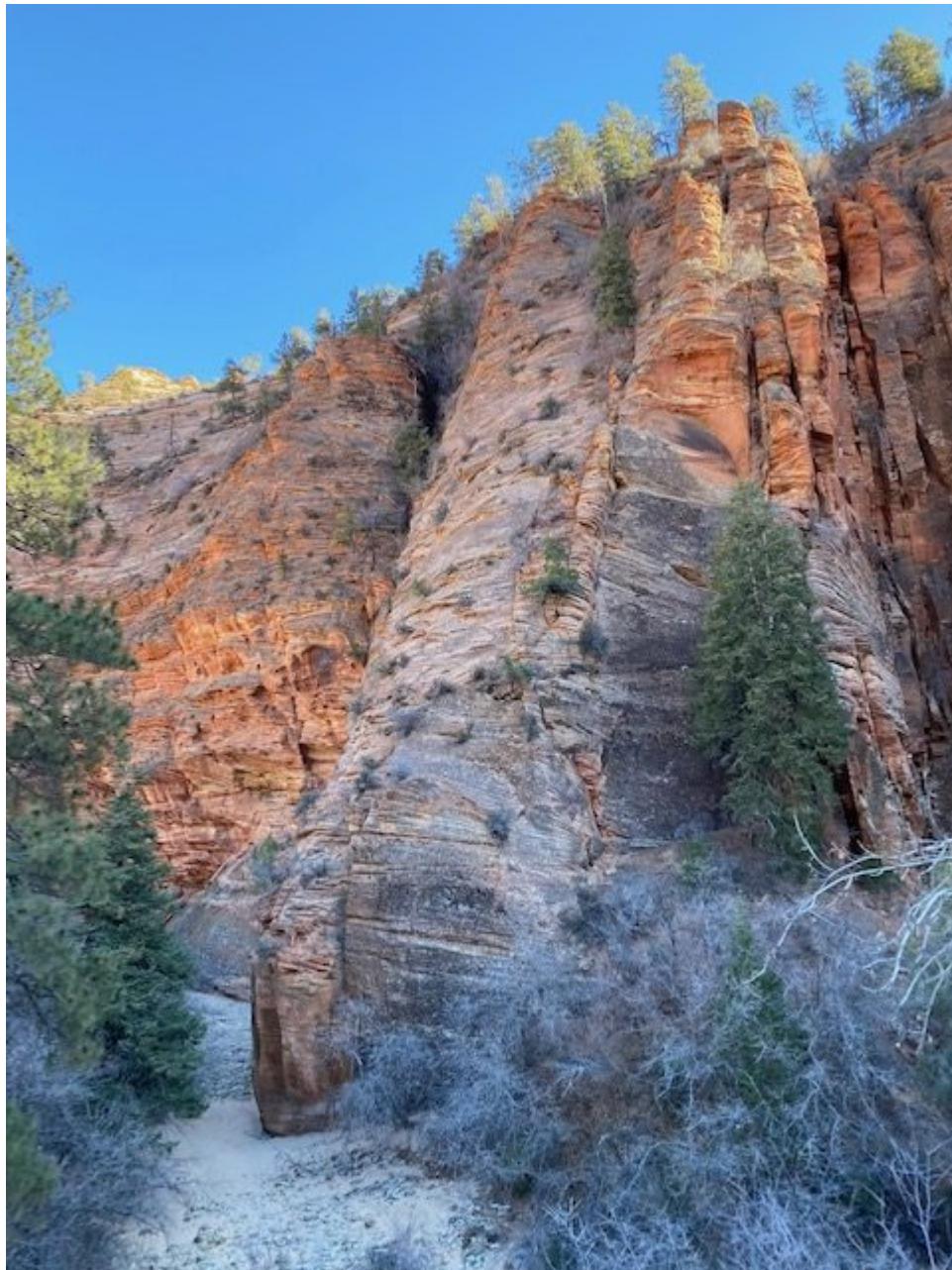


Along the hiking trail

Truth be told, I had the lovely Mrs. T pose for this one so I could once again regain consciousness after the first mile. As you can see below all the sights in Zion are moving.



zion





And yet, none was more moving than the top of the trail, which stated loudly in my mind,
Sweet mother of God we get to go downhill at last!



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HIKE

Well, enough of my kvetching, we did come back alive and I was able to break out the chef's knives and make the first meal of the trip. Broccoli tossed in olive oil with rigatoni. There is nothing better than "familiar food" on a long journey. And while the duck confit and BBQ is all well and good, homemade is always a treat. In addition, we tucked into nachos, another Termini go to after a long day on the road.

The next morning, on the way to the Grand Canyon, we came upon the town of Colorado City just outside of Zion. When Mrs T did the research on this little slice of heaven she found that it is the home to no fewer than three fundamentalist sects of the Mormon religion. It also stated, thanks Wikipedia, that it is a stronghold of polygamy.

Disclaimer here, I have no quarrel with my Mormon brothers and sisters about how they conduct themselves, the instances of abuse to very young females excepted, but I had never been in a stronghold of polygamy, whatever that is.

We were cautioned by the same article that they don't welcome strangers with open arms but are not necessarily hostile. So, Mrs. T allowed me to stop at the charming Mama Cecile's Cafe. Perhaps the best coffee and biscuits and gravy I can remember. We were

also treated, due to the school next door, to a gaggle of sister wives, or is it another term? Perhaps a “bonnet” of sister wives?? Well they were delightful even after overhearing one of them, surely only 18 years old (but then again, everyone looks like they are 18 years old nowadays) talk about her three children.

But so it goes, different strokes. And in all of my travels through Mormon country I have always been treated with courtesy and respect, even if I sensed the uncomfortable feeling they were smiling because I was guaranteed a place in hell!

 **UNCATEGORIZED**