

Trip 2 – Episode #47 – Seeing Red

From the very beginning, when Jim and I started talking about where we would go during our travels in the US, one of the places we both agreed was a “Must See” was Sedona. He had been there before. I had not.

As we were plotting our route (or at least talking about where we might or might not go), we kept checking the weather in Sedona, and discovering to our dismay that it was still cold.

So we kept putting it off and putting it off. But finally, as we were heading east on our journey back home, there was no more avoiding it. We were going to see Sedona, no matter the temperatures.

As it turned out, it was pretty mild. And the skies couldn't have been bluer.

I won't have much more to say, because what can you say other than “WOW!!!”

From the first approach to the city, our jaws dropped, and all Jim heard was me gasping and saying “Wow!!!” and “Oh my god!” (Insert racy comments here and then move on.)



I don't know how people who live in Sedona deal with this kind of spectacular beauty around them every single day. Do you ever get used to it??

We didn't.

It's so strange to see normal commercial signs in places that just don't seem at all like they're part of our planet.







We drove around the outskirts of Sedona for a while, seeing things like this...





After a while, we got hungry, so we decided to find a spot where we could just pull over and have lunch.

We chose this spot. Who wouldn't?





I suspect anything tastes amazing when this is your dining room.



After lunch I went for a little walk to see more of our surroundings. Wow just doesn't cut it.







When you look at all these photos, there's a similarity that makes it seem like there's nothing new from one photo to the next. But that's not what it's like when you're there. Each new view is like something you've never seen before. It's a bit like driving through the Rockies. There's wonder every time you drive round a bend.

So we continued driving and ogling.











There are so many pictures I'm not posting because they seem repetitive, but not when you're there.

We finally arrived at our campsite for the night, which was outside Sedona on the Verde River. It was not the most beautiful campsite, but it offered us some nice views of the river.





And now for something completely different ... we met a man who had a parrot (very much *not* dead!) that he carried around in a frontpack!



We had decided that since we were in Arizona – the boondockers’ state – we should take advantage of the opportunity to camp for free, and so the next day, we found a spot, quite easily and spent the rest of the day – and night there.



We had hoped we’d find a spot with a great view of more of the red rock of Sedona, but what we found was just fine.





Unlike Quartzsite, it had some natural beauty and we quite enjoyed our overnight stay.



However the peace of the wilderness was regularly shattered by the Pink Jeep and other ATV tours that roared through.





But we managed to enjoy our boondocking stay, despite the rude interruptions.





The next day, we drove around and saw more ... red rock. You ready?





I have to say that, as a town, Sedona seemed to have succumbed to tourism and the almighty dollar. Not surprisingly, there's an attraction here for people who are seeking some kind of spiritual experience, and there's quite a market for that.

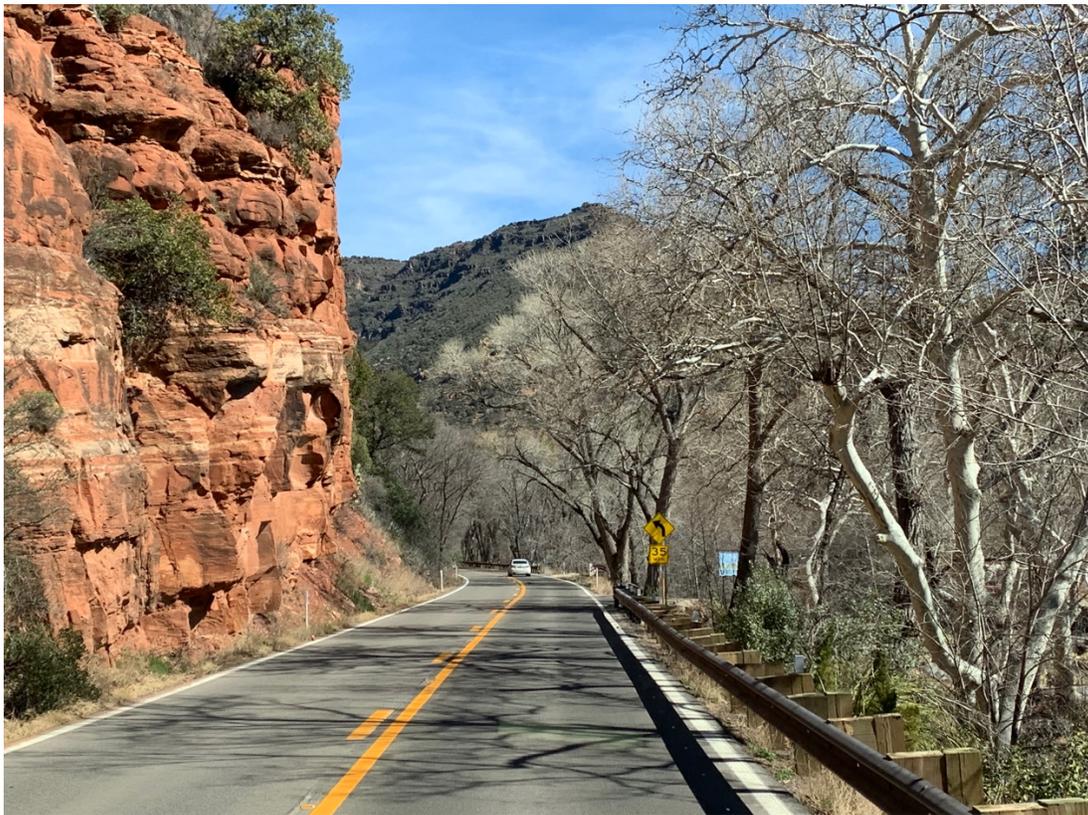


But honestly, when you look around and see such stunning beauty in every direction, what more of a spiritual experience do you need?





So, after a couple of days of seeing red, and feeling spiritually uplifted, we moved on, with a few more extraordinary red walls to send us on our way.



And believe it or not, there were many more extraordinary sights ahead of us...