

DAY 14 — **MAY 15, 2011 (Sunday)**
MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK
and DURANGO, COLORADO

by Darry D Eggleston, <http://DarryD.com>¹

Photos on Picasa: <http://bit.ly/ISDGhg>

Photos on Facebook: <http://on.fb.me/krojBR>

► Durango, CO, Website: <http://Durango.org>

■ Map, Durango: <http://bit.ly/dFqMHL>

09:29 — **BUDGET.**

PegEgg wrote: *“Before the trip I had to set a budget. I set a budget of \$200-a-day. With gas prices high, I had to set a budget for hotels of \$70 a day. I was planning on using Priceline.com for a lot of hotels; but, with all the stuff we brought, we like the hotels where you park the truck by the door of your motel room, as opposed to bringing all your stuff into a multi-storied building. So basically we have done drive-bys, go in and check rates and go from there. Not the easiest way, but it’s working for us.*

“We had problem finding a room in Dallas. Several events we didn’t think about — like a Rangers versus Yankees baseball game in the stadium next to Cowboy Stadium. It forced us out of city quite a long way. But all has worked out.”

12:30 — **DENNY’S** 6058, 666 Camilo Del Rio, Durango, CO.

Pam is our waitress. She was courteous, but not overly talkative. She had too many maintenance of the area chores to do.

We, both, ordered two eggs, pancakes, oatmeal, & fruit. Cost: **\$13.98**

We had a heck of a time finding a place to eat breakfast even after I stopped a couple in the Walmart parking lot and asked for a suggestion for breakfast. They recommended The Palace, but the directions they gave were not accurate at all. Finally, we found Denny’s by happenstance.

13:05 — **SHELL** (Western Refining 6007), 602 Camino Del Rio, Durango, CO 81301 — 970.247.4165 —

Mileage: 25,423— 2,483 miles since we left home.

Gas: **\$47.01** (3.909/gal)

14:30 — **MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK** < <http://1.usa.gov/6xLtf> >

“Mesa Verde, Spanish for green table, offers a spectacular look into the lives of the Ancestral Pueblo people who made it their home for over 700 years, from A.D. 600–1300. Today, the park protects over 4,000 known archeological sites, including 600 cliff dwellings.

They misspelled ‘mess of verda’ — a true mess roadway up to the park.

One hour after we entered the Park gates, we had completed the 15-mile, uphill, winding White Knuckle Road. It twisted and turned like a “Murder She Wrote” mystery. Some of the turns were 170-degrees and all but a few had sheer drops of hundreds of feet on their side.

We alternated singing “Nearer My God to Thee” and screaming “Pooh Bear!”

If I were a preacher, I’d set up my pulpit at the top of that road and convert more sinners than Billy Graham in his best days.

I reminded PegEgg: “A bend in the road is the end of the road if you fail to make the turn.”

She was not amused.

The sites are thought-provoking, but the walks to them — at 7,000 feet above sea level — is exhausting to say the least. We took only 961 photos and enjoyed the challenges of the terrain. We saw 2 deer & a coyote on the way up and a herd of deer on the way home.

I don’t know what the Pueblos were thinking way back then. If they had built their ruins closer together, I would not have had to walk so far.

It took us only 52 minutes to come down the 20 mile hill.

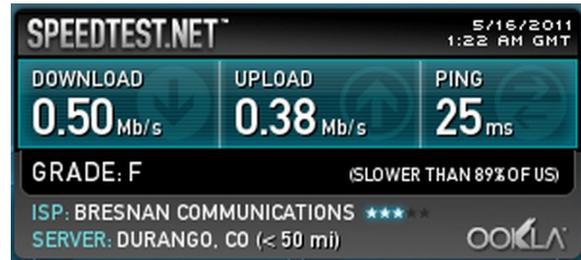


Mesa Verde Hills

1921 — SPEED TEST.

I used <http://SpeedTest.net> and found:

- ★ Ping: 25 ms
- ★ Download: 0.50 Mbps
- ★ Upload: 0.38 Mbps
- **Slower than 89% of the U.S.**



What I don't understand is that the websites respond very quickly — more quickly than any Wi-Fi we've used during this trip and almost as fast as the direct subscriber line (DSL) we used in Bentwood, TX — but the speed test rating is still poor.

23:43 — INTO THE NIGHT

"Into the night," sung by Benny Mardones < <http://bit.ly/otOBQw> > about growing up and what that means, is playing in the background.

So many of my friends are afraid of the night and the darkness that results from it.

Night has dreadful meaning only to those who can see beyond the darkness.

The night is not forever and neither are the burdens and fears that would haunt us in the darkness of our days.

May each sunrise remind me that I can share that light that shines with me with all who would see and share it.

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