

# How the natives must have marveled and gaped v. 2

by Skipperdoodle Productions

How the natives must have marveled and gaped, as I did, next to my son upon cresting the rise to stare into the sacred Canyon.

As, minute-by-minute, the setting sun revealed new colors on the wall opposite at great distance. Colors without names.

And, as if our brief and timeless journey down and up Bright Angel trail weren't enough.

We returned to that harbinger of civilization, the parking lot.

But, Instead of the reluctance of losing the canyon,

A new wonder, a herd of Elk, greeted us.

On that day, I communed as never before with my son, my God, my nation, and myself.