Day 50--44 Miles

Hand is markedly better, another thing to be grateful for. I arrived at the visitor center, after eating to oblivion in Grants, 8 minutes before the Monsoon hit. the timing was literally mystical. the rain came down like it's written in The Old Testament, so I talked with Mickey who is 70 years old and is a volunteer there. Another moment that I couldn't have planned the timing if I tried. an hour later I pushed on...yeah, you guessed it, guess what fell out of the sky? But it wasn't for long and I found a place off the road to put up for the night. It was in a canyon of sorts which was pretty cool, not to mention a meadow of wildflowers near a gully, even if I wasn't supposed to be camping there.



