

Time to Hit the Trail

Contributed by Larry Lawless
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Today is my last day in Boulder. Breakfast at LePeep's, the original one. We used to have some of this chain in Texas, was a favorite place for our family, but they have all closed down, so it was a pleasant surprise to find this one in walking distance from the hotel. Time to pack up my stuff after living out of a suitcase for 2 weeks, check out of the Golden Buff Lodge. I want to thank Tracey and all the staff here, our stay has been wonderful! I look forward to being able to come back with my family to enjoy a nice vacation sometime.

One last session with Kevin this morning, we manage to work our magic on Homonyme Fils. With 44 takes to choose from, this one requires quite a bit of editing, but we still manage to finish a little ahead of time. I say goodbye to Doug (interrupting his Jazz History class one last time), load up all my percussion "toys" and at 1:45 hit the road out of Boulder.

Since I'm a little short of time, I take a different route back to avoid the construction on the highway from Raton to Clayton, NM. From Denver, I go east and south through the Colorado grasslands, still beautiful in their own way, but if anyone ever wanted to lose themselves, this is the place to go. Hardly a house to be seen for 50 miles at a time. As the sun is beginning to set, I cross into the Oklahoma panhandle. Just outside of Boise City, a red fox runs across the road in front of me, a little later, a pheasant, a few miles further, a pronghorn antelope watches me go by from the ditch at the side of the road.

The eyes are starting to get a little bleary, so at Dalhart, Texas, I find a Best Western with a room and stop for the night.