

**TSC TRADITIONAL  
VAIL  
January 7-14, 2017**

Well, I guess it's time. I slowly lift my K2 Kung Fugas skis off the bed in my guest room, careful of the nicked but sharp edges. I know there's magic at work, because whenever I grab my skis images flash into my head of places they have taken me, and mostly allowed me safe access to experiences only my fellow Skiers can comprehend and share.

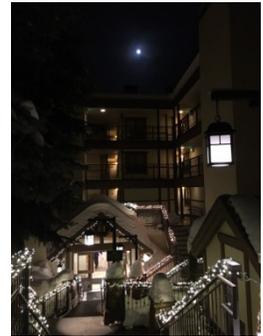
*...I am in a cloud, so hard to distinguish the drop in the fall line, my skis invisible beneath, not exactly fluffy powder, as I emerge from trees into what I think is Sundown Bowl at Vail. Whoa, keep your weight back, not too far, no lean down the mountain, weight on downhill ski, turning, that whoop in your stomach as you fall hoping you feel the reassurance of your unseen skis settling under your weight, oh lord I hope none of those cliffs are down there in the cloud I'm descending through, surely Steve or Dallas will know and wouldn't have gone down this if there were any dangers..... right ha!*



January 2017 Vail, Colorado. Christmas is behind us and by gosh 21 of us snuck into Vail right before a pert-near epic snow event that graced the mountain with some much needed snow. Not just the first day, but almost every day, there was fresh powder on the mountain.

Powder! A pulse-quickenning utterance for most of those crazy people who like to strap pieces of wood, steel and composites to their feet to fly down mountain faces. Champagne powder it was not, but lighter than the heavy powder of the Spring. The beautiful snow, along with the very tolerable mild January temp was countered by several flat, low visibility days, re-teaching a lot of us to

relearn the Braille-like info coming to us through our skis and our questionable vestibular systems.



Behind us we're all the trials and tribulations of a tour operator's incompetent handling of our trip. My hat's off to Doodie for hanging in there to get the best outcome possible out of a very difficult situation.

And my hat's off to John for all the extra services he provided: luggage loading on the bus, ready for CPR on a fallen senior citizen then a long trip to the hospital to check on the patient, finding the best Italian restaurant and securing our welcome with great service.



It was a beautiful snowy Wednesday evening when the 21 of us met in old town Vail for a wonderful dinner at Vendettas. My steak was generous and awesome! Lots of memories washed over all of us as we strolled those beautiful streets once again, across the covered bridge, past the touching monument of the 10th Mtn Division. Earlier that day Gayle and Dan did the club proud participating in the ski races. Dan brought home a bronze medal. Gayle brought home a silver medal and third place in Senior Women.





*...Ride up the top of the mogul, shift weight, turn, side down, absorb the drop gently, miss the tree (thank you George), turn, slip deeper into the trees on Christmas tree run. First tracks! Dancing around the trees, whoooooo! OMG! Floating arcs of joy etched in the snow for others to follow.....*



Can you imagine! No one hurt! Well, not badly. Tom had the only misplaced luggage. And the bus home got out before the next snowstorm. Awesome trip. For those of us who stayed another week, it was spectacular, I mean - two weeks at Vail. 'Nuff said.



I take one last look at the skis - more trails, more friends, more magical moments zip through my consciousness as I slowly close my closet door.

