"One Mile High, One Hundred Layers Deep."

— a short tribute to Colorado, told like a story —

They say Colorado is just mountains and sky.

But that's like calling a violin just strings and wood.

This place doesn't rise. It breathes.

It's where ancient sandstone whispers stories in the dark — and where cliffside homes still hold the memory of corn grinding and ceremonial fire. It's where the wind knows your name if you hike far enough.

In one state, you can stand in the footprints of dinosaurs, drive through a gold rush ghost town, and eat peaches so ripe they don't make it home.

You can snowshoe in July, sweat in January, and lose your breath — not just from the altitude, but from the view.

It's a place where cattle parades block downtown traffic, where bighorn sheep ignore you like royalty, and where breweries are more trusted than banks.

Children here grow up knowing the stars by name. They know that thunder in the mountains means the trail's closing fast. That "14er" isn't just a peak — it's a rite of passage.

Colorado teaches you that wide open doesn't mean empty.
That silence on the trail is full of meaning.
That a snowstorm can be holy,
and that a sunrise on the plains is worth stopping the car for.

So no — Colorado isn't just mountains and sky.

It's stories stacked a mile high.

And we're all just passing through, adding our own chapter, one trail, one pint, one wind-whipped afternoon at a time.

Happy Colorado Day.Here's to the spirit that doesn't just climb — it soars.

<u>hashtag#ColoradoDay hashtag#CentennialState hashtag#OneMileHighAndHigher hashtag#AmericanWest hashtag#NatureKnows</u>





