We traveled further down the road and  almost to the end of Grantsville we turned up West St. This Street was as  low class of a tarred road as one could go. It was once nicely tarred but  now is bumpy. It always is covered in gravel and dirt because of everyone  coming back from the Canyons. Either because of camping or some sort of  outside recreational activities. We started talking about everything that  has happened sense the last time we saw each other and life’s endless  torture and ravaging of teeth on two teen-agers like us. When before I  knew it, we turned down my favorite place and canyon on this the planet  earth. South Willow Canyon. There are several canyons through out Tooele  County. South Willow, North Willow, Timpee, Bouer, and Middle Canyon just  to name a few.

And there is no sunset like the sunset in  the western skies of the desert. You watch the sun slowly glide down. Just  so it looks like it’s hovering over the clouds. The sun cascades off the  clouds near the top of the mountains. They send vibrant colors of oranges  and yellows, purples and reds through out the whole sky. The colors blend  and swirl together so perfectly. Like each color was supposed to be in  that given spot. There is a point when the sunset is at its peak and the  sun hit’s the clouds at the perfect angle, and you can see heaven open and  for a couple brief but beautiful minutes heaven and earth are connected.  All your worries and cares about the world disappear. The frustrations of  day to day life go down with the sun. Peace and serenity feel your senses  and mind. While all you can think of is where heaven ended and the earth  began. The air is different in South Willow Canyon. It’s fresh and clean.  But yet there is a whiff of the past that lingers. The smell of a simpler  time when life was about working for what a man needed. Instead of working  for what he wanted. With cowboys and their horses on cattle drives. Their  six shooters at there waste side. The smell of old fashioned gun smoke  lingering on the wind. The sunset combined with everything else seems to  tell a different story every night around 6 a clock. All one needs to do  is go up there and take in everything that can be taken in. Then you have  all the beauty and entertainment that anyone could possibly need. But this  beauty can’t be sold in stores or seen on television. You can see pictures  but it’s not the same. You need to be in the dust, and the dirt. You need  that smell of sagebrush and weeds running up through your nose. The  crackling of a small campfire as you sit beside it. Telling your own  stories. The sound of the crickets at dusk; sounds like a symphony just  waiting to be directed as their song dances merrily on the cool breeze.  Birds sing their sweet lullaby, as if they were singing to the cricket’s  symphonic orchestra and mesh together to make perfect harmony. While they  get ready for the night. But most of all, you need that beautiful sunset  that tells the story of cowboys long sense gone. And a time long sense  remembered. You have not lived until you have seen the lights, or heard a  coyote howl at night.