

# Summertime

IT'S Summertime, Summertime, sum-sum-summertime...

Do you remember what the last day of school used to feel like?! Picture the hours leading up to the last bell ring of the year. Can you hear the antsy shuffle of students feet, the tapping of pencils, the smothered bursts of happy laughter... remember how muggy it was in those rooms, how the teacher tried to sound stern, trying to hide her own excitement? Remember the bittersweet g'byes, signing autograph books and yearbooks... remember what it was like to have that delicious, unformed anticipation?

Then there's the first bite into a boardwalk hotdog... the first time a wave lifts you and you throw your arms up in delight... the first sand in your bathing suit... the first lightning bug in a jar... the first chance encounter with a new friend or flame... the first star you wish upon... the first surprise rain, breaking up a sticky, humid afternoon... Remember the crowd's roar, the crack of a bat at a baseball game... the enveloping perfume of honeysuckle... the sweet-musky taste of toasted marshmallow... the smell of Indian summer, as the season begins to shift... Summer was filled with months upon months of secrets and surprises and joy, lazy hot days and titillating nights, new friends, and boundless adventure.

What I want to know is, why did things change?! I'm not sold on this 'being grown up' thing. We don't laugh as much, get as excited, or stay as open to wonder as we did as kids, and I MISS it!! Perhaps the patina of novelty has worn off... we are cynical and bored and don't hold out much hope that magic will happen. Besides - we're too darn busy to wallow in dreamy expectations - there's laundry to be done!!

We see this pandemic through a lens that only clarifies what we are losing. But what if, as best we can, we devote our time this summer to regaining some of these past treasures?? After all, I don't think it was selfies or expensive restaurants and trips, but rather the sleepy, brilliant journey that held the magic. There's nothing to keep us from relocating this path! All you have to do is imagine...

and believe...