

The Changes of Summer

Summer has engulfed us.

Summer ... with its gentle showers and sudden, roaring, pouring thunderstorms.

Summer ... with its thirsty grasses, shooting heavenward after nature's spray.

Summer ... with its woodland spires covered in green, bowing slightly.

Summer ... with its frisky squirrels and winging, singing birds.

Once summer meant a three-mile hike, along a bubbly-tar road and a winding dirt wagon path, to the swimming hole in a clear, rushing creek. Now it means motoring to a lake for the thrills of water skis or WaveRunners.

Once summer meant digging for worms and searching out a rusty old fishhook, to be used in the grassy shade of a willow tree on a river bank. Now it means buying a flashy rod and reel, casting from a boat with a high-powered motor that can move rapidly from one fishing spot to another, miles away.

Once summer meant chasing the ice delivery truck for chips of the cold, refreshing product stored under heavy tarpaulins. Now it means the jingle of a popsicle truck, calling boys and girls with the magic of a pied piper.

Once summer meant mowing a lawn with a balky old push mower. Now it means riding on a high-powered, motorized vehicle.

Once summer meant screen doors and open windows to cool a house. Now it means central air conditioning units.

Once summer meant neighborly chats on the porch in late evening. Now it means a steady diet of television after dark.

Once summer meant softball games and horseshoe tournaments for youngsters and adults. Now it means sitting in the bleachers, watching Johnny play.

Summer, you've come a long way, baby.

– Beecher Hunter