

Out & About with Lori Sunflower



"What are some of your cherished summertime memories?"



Jeff deMers

Some of my most cherished summer memories are as a kid visiting Crestone for Independence Day and while the adults danced at the firehouse all the kids got together and lit our fireworks together in the street for one big communal display.



Natalie Jean Revah

My favorite summertime memories are of all the parties, hikes, and swims I've experienced. Concerts and festivals where I saw so many talented musicians and danced like there's no tomorrow. Dancing, I am fully alive, energized, connected, and present – a blissful thrill like no other. The crescendo, in 2015 I danced on the Jolly Roger pirate ship in the middle of the lake at the Transformus festival in Asheville, NC and felt as alive as I could be, elated, wild and free. Wild and free, I traveled for some years and often called the Forest my home. Dolly Sods and Gordon Gulch are my favorite spots. The Forests, God's Gardens. There is a magic in each place that loved to create rainbows. I saw so many, and saw incredible beauty in the sunsets and clouds in the sky. I was awestruck by the feel of these places. The feeling of being in Nature, amongst the trees, and all of the life living there. Swimming, I feel like I could have been a dolphin in a previous life, also, wild and free. I love swimming in the springs and beaches of Florida. I spent a month of my travels living on the beaches of Florida swimming in the ocean for hours a day, coming out of the water to sunbathe and picnic. I swam so much I felt the waves still moving my body as I would settle to sleep at night. Walking the beach at sunset is one of the most beautiful experiences one can have. The warm breeze, the sound and smell of the ocean, watching the birds, the clouds in the sky playing with the light of the sun, the light reflecting off of the water. It's mesmerizing.



Violet Leah

When I think of my cherished summertime memories, I picture fresh fruit and veggies from the local farm stand, soaking up the sun at my favorite beach with friends and family, sunflowers blooming and riding bikes around town.

Bryan Brattin

The summer after kindergarten was my best summer memory, circa 1966. My younger brother and I went with our paternal grandparents to Lac La Ronge in northern Saskatchewan for the entire summer. When we arrived at the lake, we had to wait a week for the ice to break up to launch the boat. It was a 45-minute ride to the island, where we pulled into a little cove and saw the cabin Grandpa built, and painted a brilliant pink for Grandma.

Every morning we would get up at 5 and walk the same path around our half of the island, setting wire snares and checking the snares we'd set the previous days. We caught lots of squirrels and rabbits, and the odd goose or turkey. The dog mostly ate the squirrels and we ate the rabbits.

After breakfast Grandpa would take us boys in a little motorboat out to deep water and we would fish near the bottom for lake trout. We only caught three of them the entire summer, but each one was huge – as long as we were tall. Grandpa would fillet them, salt them, and smoke them in the smoking shed.

After lunch we would all work the garden. Over the course of the summer, we nearly doubled the size, mostly to expand the strawberries. We'd clear the trees and stones by hand, smooth it out, and then transplant the runners from the berry plants. The string beans and peas were amazing.

After supper we would walk to the neighbor's house and he would take us in his big boat to a waterfall on the lake and fish for walleye for several hours, and usually caught our limit. Occasionally we'd hook a pike, which was always more interesting than hooking ourselves.

My brother and I came home with the best education we could ever learn. We also came home with pocket knives, Copenhagen, and a whole new vocabulary. But I think what upset my mom most was our new understanding of what an allowance was, either way it was the first and last time we saw those grandparents.

It was epic. No electricity required.

Bruce Becker

Camping and canoeing and hanging out with my friends for a few days on the lake up in the middle of nowhere in the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York, and fishing and having campfires. That's about it, hanging out together, being with my friends. That's where it's at for me. I don't know what else I could say that means more than that.



Jadz and Joy

Our favorite summer memory isn't just one moment—it's a rhythm we lived by, year after year. Every evening, we'd take a walk around Spring Lake. The bullfrogs called, the crickets sang, and fireflies lit our path. We started those walks when I was pregnant with Joy. At first, she rode quietly in her stroller. Then she toddled beside us. And before long, she was zipping ahead on her little bike.

The music of Spring Lake still plays in my mind. Some nights, our neighbors would fall into step with us. Other times, we'd pause to listen as a friend's band practiced nearby. No matter what the night brought, those walks were always special.



Kyle Lydon

One of my most cherished moments truly was the first time driving over Poncha Pass on my way to start a new chapter of my life here in this awe-inspiring valley! I think it was technically Spring still – it was mid-May. That summer was one of my most adventurous summers ever. Hiking up mountains, rafting, ATV's, dirt bikes, cliff jumping, camping, ziplines – all sorts of things. That summer was also my first time going to the Orient Land Trust / Valley View Hot Springs. 'Twas indeed a great summer!

I still do things like that but with an 18-month old and working as much as I do it's hard to find the time. Hopefully, I'm working towards getting there again.

