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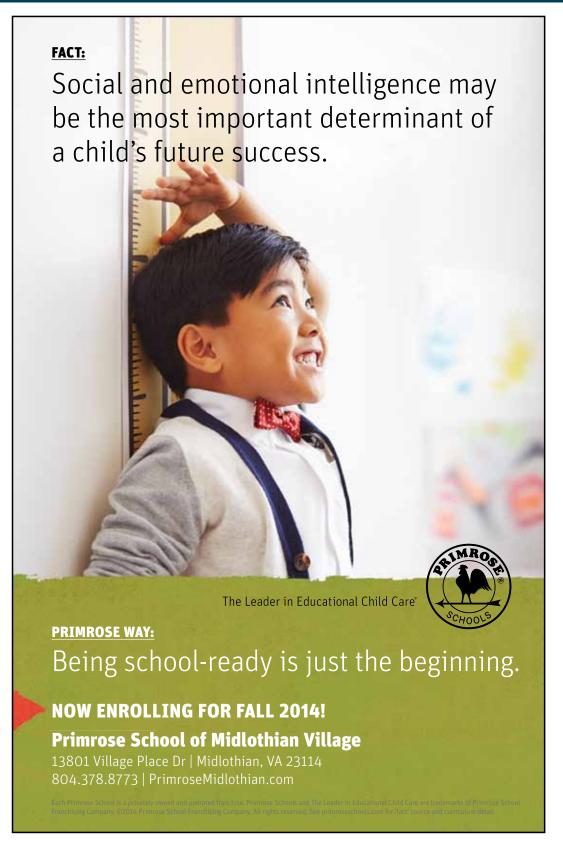
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Sherwood. Thanks for this nice shot!



The Homestead





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Monica Cassier
Contributing Writer





Cruising the Corridor Libby McNamee Contributing Writer





Exit Laughing Michele Dixon Contributing Writer

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The Homestead's Transformation

By Libby Carty McNamee

It's hard to improve somewhere as lovely as The Homestead, but Omni has managed to do just that since taking ownership. If you haven't been there recently, get thee to Hot Springs! With over \$24 million in renovations over the last several years, this historic resort has blossomed into an ideal location for a family getaway. After our visit earlier this summer, we joked it was like a cruise ship on land, only with large, lavish guest rooms and balconies instead of portholes. Even better, there is no chance of hitting an iceberg!

Dating back to 1766, The Homestead offers many diverse recreational activities. Spread over its 2,000-acre setting, they are easily accessible by efficient shuttle busses with stellar service. Regardless of the season or weather, you'll never find yourself

without something to do. Of the myriad of options, there's mountain biking, hiking, canoeing, kayaking, paintball, falconry, Segway tours, archery, horseback riding, carriage rides, shooting, miniature golf, as well as their world-class golf and tennis. On the back lawn, families love to play badminton, croquet, bocce, and shuffleboard with an incredible view of the surrounding Allegheny Mountains. Afterwards, homemade s'mores over an open fire are always a hit. Inside activities include the magnificent indoor pool as well as the history tour, chess and checkers, afternoon tea, and nightly movies.

Now is an ideal time to enjoy some late summer fun at "Allegheny Springs," the new two-acre water park. This sprawling attraction is filled with waters from the native springs. The "Mountain

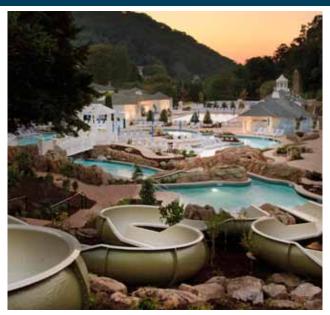
Rush" area offers lots of thrills and spills with two 100-foot water slides guaranteed to make a splash. They feed right into the 400-foot lazy river that meanders along past gazebos, geyserlike fountains, and under bridges. The water runs three feet deep throughout and is remarkably well patrolled. So grab an inner tube and jump in! Make sure to check out the daily rubber ducky races, too. Never fear, for younger tykes there is a special water play zone with a sandy beach, huge kiddie pool, and sprinklers galore.

The large outdoor family pool is now open year-round, another fabulous new feature. Its spring-fed waters are heated to balmy temperatures, adding a decadent and steamy aura to an already gorgeous setting. In addition, there is a cozy all-season whirlpool with warm mineral-rich waters to soak in as well. To make the experience complete, the stone-face deck is also heated with chaise lounges for yet more relaxation in the fresh mountain air.

Aah, the new Spa at The Omni Homestead offers sublime pampering! Its luxurious Aqua Thermal Suite is a spectacular place to unwind before and after a signature treatment. The adjoining Spa Garden is the ultimate outdoor haven – and for adults only.

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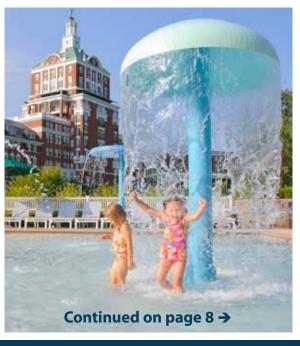












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Lush and secluded, its various pools incorporate the "taking the waters" tradition that Thomas Jefferson enjoyed so much. This ultimate sanctuary is available year-round with heated walkways during the colder months.

Other spectacular additions are the Great Hall's dapper new Lobby Bar as well as the elegantly modern Jefferson's Restaurant and Bar, replacing the Presidents' Lounge and 1766 Grille. Families enjoy this comfortable new area with wood paneling, widescreen televisions, and electronic entertainment. Just downstairs is "DownTime," the amazing new family game area with mini-bowling, pool tables, shuffleboard, and arcade games.

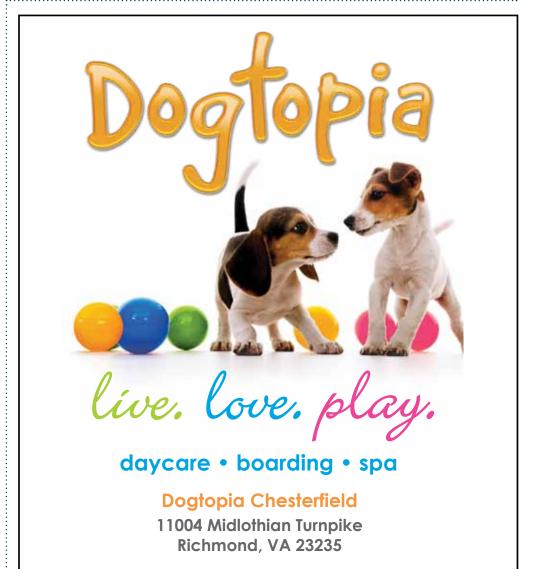
Never fear, when the cold hits, The Omni Homestead transforms into a winter wonderland! There is downhill skiing and snowboarding right on the grounds. The resort also offers ice-skating, snow tubing, and snowmobiling.

For kids between the ages of 3 to 12, The Omni Homestead's KidsClub is brimming with activities. Kids love their time there just as much as their parents, if not more. In fact, our son always asks if he can go back again! Children must be potty-trained with pre-registration recommended.

By Libby McNamee
Check out her blog
"Libby With a Y" at
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It's Just My Opinion...

Dear Robious Corridor,

You've been my hometown for more than 25 years, and we've made lots of great memories together. I know I can be hard on you, but I promise that every expletive-laden diatribe comes from a place of love. That is why I simply cannot stand around and do nothing as you jumbo retail yourself to death.

Let me be direct: You have a grocery store problem.

You say that you have it under control. You say that you only do it "to be social" and "to help the local economy." People eat stuff, you say. What's the big deal about making it easy for them to buy all the bread, milk, and choco-filled donuts they so desperately need? You're quick to remind me that you never go as overboard as say a Hampton Roads or a Northern Virginia. But you know what? They're much bigger than you; they can handle it.

Grocery store addiction is a disease. And Robious Corridor, this disease has changed you.

Remember a few months ago, when I asked what happened to the trees near Midlothian Turnpike at Charter Colony? You told me that you helped move them to the country where they could grow wild and be free. But did you really expect me to believe that the trees left without their stumps? Now there's a Super-Martins rising up from the earth in the exact same spot. Coincidence? Not likely.

You also knew that I had high hopes for the 15 acres of vast green space off of Winterfield Road by the rail road tracks. It could have become a place where old people do slow-motion kung-fu and spandex moms push strollers around as if they're late for important baby appointments. But sadly it's just a bank-owned, giant pile of dirt fronted by a senseless roundabout made by bulldozers and old men in suits and hard hats. I asked what happened to the grass, and you looked me in the eye and said, "What

grass?" You probably didn't realize it, but your breath reeked of freshly poured asphalt. I'm not the only one afraid for you... knowing your penchant for Trader Joes and Harris Teeter.

I'm worried about this bender you're on... building a Super-Martins across from the Mall and then mega-expanding a Super-Kroger at Bellgrade... you woke up not remembering a thing.

Did you even realize that they put a Pizza Hut Express and a Star Bucks inside the Target (where, incidentally, groceries are sold) at WestChester Commons? You helped do that. Now we all have to live with the consequences.

We both know that you've never been perfect, need I remind you about the lot you cleared many years ago near Stonehenge across from Sam's and Walmart? Both of which are huge grocery stores. And to build what? A Wegmans, maybe, someday?

If you stay down this road, we'll all go "full-blown Fairfax" in less than two years. Is that what you want? Because that's what your behavior shows me you want.

I hate to throw down ultimatums, but either you seek serious help to wean yourself from grocery super-store dependence, or I'm taking my EZ Pass and moving to the fan. Once I get there, I'll start liking VCU sports, walking my dog down Monument Avenue (without a poopy bag), attending the 2nd Street Festival, and forgetting you were once my beloved home. I will become another fugitive to the unpaid parking ticket system and you will mutate into a grotesque amalgamation of mega-chain stores and empty parking lots. Unless you change.

Please, Robious Corridor, will you take the treatment that is being offered to you today? Lay that backhoe down. Let's get better, together. ■

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When I was young, and my sisters or I would have a petty, silly whine, my father would wryly smile and say - his voice dripping melodrama – When I was a little boy... If we were complaining about having to wake up early to catch the bus to school, or bemoan my mother's lack of culinary ability, he would complete the sentence along the lines of I had to walk 5 miles to school, uphill both ways, with a warm potato in my pocket to keep my hands warm. Then the potato would be

Kids These Days By Monica Cassier

my lunch. It was a big fib and we knew it, but he'd tell us other stories of his childhood and we would settle into an appreciation of how good we had it then. Thanks to him I've always been grateful for the modern convenience of indoor plumbing.

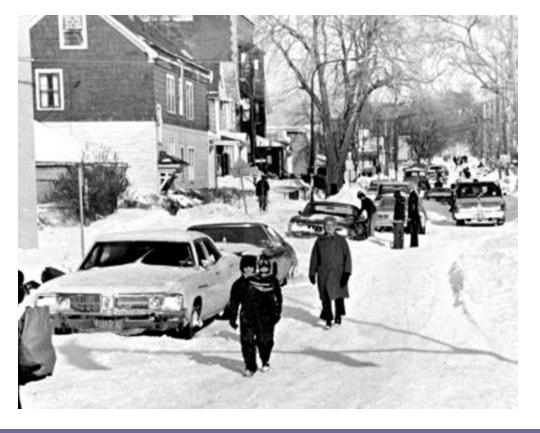
Time and stuff is all relative of course. and I have had more than my share to turn the tables on my own children's ever-ready litany of complaints. After hearing of only 3 channels (and no remote control), no color television until I was 12, a microwave? What was that?, and phones that hung only on walls, they think I was raised in some savage netherworld. I've told them about the first Texas Instruments calculator my dad brought home when I was in the 6th grade. This 6-funtion marvel was so big

it could also double as a doorstop. They can't imagine how I lurched through my childhood without a VCR, let alone a DVD player. We aren't even going to go to the world of 'on-demand.' I explain to them that the smartphone they hold has more capacity and computing power than the first desktop PC, which was something that came along well into my college years. They have a hard time understanding composing a paper on a typewriter that didn't have a backspace that would delete a mistake, let alone spell check whose inventor should have won several Nobel prizes.

I thought I'd run out of topics in the When I was a little girl... until given the teaching gift of The Polar Vortex. I grew up in the suburbs of Buffalo, New York. When I moved to Richmond a dozen years ago, I was happiest at never having to use the term 'lake-effect snow' in the foreseeable winters. If I didn't have to shovel the weather, I was happy to pay that price for a lack of White Christmases. I was in 9th grade when the Blizzard of '77 howled through the region, closing schools for a week and more, and leaving a snow drift that started in our back porch and rose to the second floor window. My last winter in Buffalo included a storm that dumped 7 feet of snow in the city. In the 'southtowns' suburbs, we were spared - we only got 5 feet. The kids could play on the plowed driveway and the street, but the snow in the yard was over their heads.

Now, when the forecasts come out

Continued on next page →



for a significant snowfall (and in Western New York, that is typically measured in 'feet', while in Richmond, I laughingly say it is measured in 'flakes') we get a 'robocall' from our school with a friendly message telling us that school is delayed or cancelled. We can also go online to the CCPS website and get updated school closing information. But when I was a little girl...my clock radio alarm would go off, I'd jump out of bed, open the shade, and check out the landscape. On mornings when snow blanketed the yard and the plows hadn't been through, I'd jump back in bed and wait. If I was lucky, they'd be announcing the school closings when the alarm went off. Otherwise, I'd have to wait until they read 'the updated list'. I lived in Erie County, but the school systems weren't county-based. Each town had its own - or multiple - school districts. They'd also read the names of the schools in the neighboring Niagara and Cattaraugus counties. In alphabetical order. And the name of my school district was Williamsville. It was like listening to a horserace, and I'd bet it all on Williamsville to Close:

And they're off. Albion Central breaks first followed closely by Akron. They hit the first turn and Amherst Central has taken the lead... I hear 'Amherst', my anticipation started to rise. Amherst Central is abuts my own and is the first of the Triple Crown that needs to close if we are to have a chance. Batavia Central is first out of the turn with Canisius High and Cattaraugus Central making it a race. Chautauqua central makes a move and Cheektowaga Central is not being denied. And here comes Clarence Central on its heels... my heart start pounding: Clarence Central our neighboring district to the east. The second horse has scored. We're in the looooong back stretch of school closings. Depew Central is making a play with East Aurora Central, Falconer, and Frontier Central storming past Gowanda central and Iroquois Central. There's a lot more of the alphabet to get through, and it feels if seasons are changing, nations are rising and falling in the time it takes to run through the list. Kenmore Central schools join the group pounding down the backstretch... Kenmore is also a good sign. Close enough that it adds some good mojo. I'm under my electric blanket, hoping against hope that my ticket will pay off, that I'll get to sleep in and feel the freedom of a snow day that only kids feel. Lancaster Central has joined the chase pack as has Marion, and here comes The Nichols School! Pioneer Central is making its bid as they approach the turn. Salamanca schools charge past but fade as SWEET HOME CENTRAL TAKES THE LEAD! The race is on. Sweet Home is the Triple Crown. There is a near certainty we will be closed! Tonawanda Central is within a neck as they come off the turn... AND DOWN THE BACKSTRETCH THEY COME! West Fall's jockey is showing the horse the stick, and West Seneca schools – in the Blue and Yellow silks makes a charge for the finish. They are coming to the wire its neck and neck it could be a photo finish... and it's... it's... WILSON BY A NOSE!

Yes. There was always the horrible, terribly, and unlucky occurrence where seemingly every school in our area code was closed but ours. Williamsville Central threw a shoe down the homestretch. I'd sit there feeling betrayed and terribly oppressed, spitting venom at the radio announcer, my head screaming the invective CURSE YOU WILSON CENTRAL! It would have taken many minutes for this list to be read, and there were times I'd double check the weather outside, and think I hadn't heard correctly or that the

DJ had skipped a name. I'd change the radio station until I found another one reading the list, believing in my heart of hearts that school district administrators had made an error and would realize the madness of their ways, that in hearing this long list of school closings would succumb to peer pressure and close ours as well; Most of the time they wouldn't. I'd roll out of bed, rip up the mental horserace ticket, and race as fast as I could to the bathroom, to beat my 3 sisters to the hot water, and a shower.

If we were complaining about having to wake up early to catch the bus to school, or bemoan my mother's lack of culinary ability, he would complete the sentence along the lines of I had to walk 5 miles to school, uphill both ways, with a warm potato in my pocket to keep my hands warm. Then the potato would be my lunch.











As you drive into Salisbury, the welcome sign proudly announces the neighborhood dates back all the way to 1956. As it turns out, there is a whole lot more history to the story. There is a gray historical marker posted in front of the Country Club on Salisbury Road. Have you ever read it? I have, but don't feel bad. It was only last week, and I've lived along the Corridor for twelve years. That's pretty lame. However, let's not bother crying over ignored historical markers though. Let's take a look at what the sign actually says with some supplemental info from the Salisbury Homeowners'

Robious Corridor's Own Founding Father By Libby Carty McNamee

website. Holy moley, Batman, it sure was worth the stop!

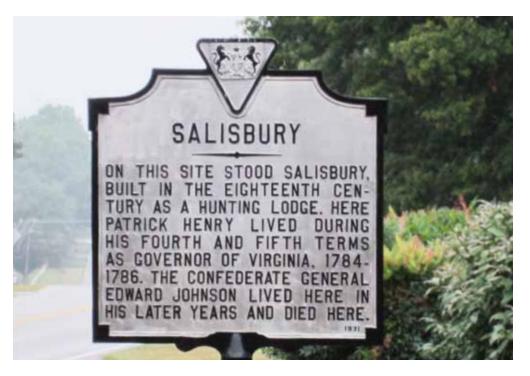
During the 18th century, the Randolph family built a hunting fort by the name of "Salisbury" on the land. If you are not familiar with the Randolphs, they are cousins of Thomas Jefferson. Anyway, they actually lived full-time directly across the James at Tuckahoe Plantation. Perhaps this is when the whole West End/ Southside rivalry began, way back then in the 1700s. You see, their main residence was on that "genteel" side north of the river. These here parts were an uncivilized area perfect for hunting wild animals. See where I am going with this? The tough thing is trying to figure out how the whole concept of "Dogtown" came into being. Perhaps they left their dogs here, ready and available for their hunts. (Although the origin of the term is

unknown, I'm quite sure it was intended to be derogatory. Nothing gets by me.)

Then along came a citizen by the name of Patrick Henry who rented the home and surrounding 1500-acre farm. He lived there from 1784-86. During that time, he also happened to serve his fourth and fifth terms as Virginia's first Governor. Yes, it's THAT Patrick Henry – the "Give Me Liberty, Or Give Me Death" – one! And yes, that legendary symbol of the American struggle for liberty lived RIGHT HERE. Of course, times were radically different (i.e. no golf course, swimming pool, or tennis courts). Still though, the truth remains. Patrick Henry lived HERE!

That revelation begs the next two questions. (1) Did he have the option of staying in the Governor's Mansion? (2) If so, why didn't he just live there? Well, a quick Google search revealed the mindblowing answer. As it turns out, there was indeed a mansion designated for him. However, it just so happens his family was a bit too large for it. How could his family be too large for a MANSION? After all, closet space was insufficient everywhere back then, so it couldn't have been the lure of walk-in closets out here in the 'burbs. However, the crucial fact was that he had -- get this -- SEVENTEEN children. Six came from his first marriage, and eleven resulted from the second. Sounds an awful lot like the Colonial Duggars! However, we don't know if all their names started with a "J."

Continued on next page →



Just imagine for a moment Governor Henry's commute to get to his office at the State Capitol. So presumably he'd either ride his horse or bump along in a carriage. There was no heat, air-conditioning, or Starbucks along the unpaved road for 16 miles EACH WAY! Heck, it must have been more like a big path then, not even a road. Even our beloved Robious Road was still in its fledgling state as Huguenot Trail. What if things ran late at work? He would've had to "hit the trail" and ride home in the pitch dark with no iPod, GPS, or means to text his wife to say he'd be late. (No Blue Tooth option either. Can you imagine?) That all sounds pretty stressful. Of course he didn't have any tolls to pay, speed traps to avoid, or mileage to track. Nonetheless his commute downtown sure adds a whole new (rational) dimension to wanting to avoid "crossing the river."

It's hard to imagine that Salisbury was a really happening place out here back then. (Some would argue it still isn't today, but that's an entirely different subject often discussed at local high schools.) Surely there was no Lucky's when you ran low on milk or gas, no blinking red light, and certainly no Capital Ale House. So here's my theory. Perhaps he enjoyed and looked forward to the solitude along the trail, far removed from his 17 offspring and many responsibilities. Who wouldn't? Can't you just picture him shouting at his rowdy brood of kids as he tried to write a stirring speech, "GIVE ME PEACE, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

No doubt many years later, subsequent owners sold off most of those 1500-acres. Eventually they further parceled them out as lots that now make up our many vibrant neighborhoods along Robious Road.



Here's to Patrick Henry, Robious Corridor's own Founding Father! Take that, West End! ■



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Husband & Life: The 3 Things That Other New Parents Do That I'm NOT Going To Do

By Matthew R. Strange

I know my life's about to change. I'm about to have a kid (by the time you read this, he or she may have already made their entrance into the world). And I know that means I'm going to have to make some sacrifices. But I'm not ready to change everything. So here are the three things I'm NOT going to do.

1. Stop Seeing Movies:

Whenever I ask my sister (who has spent the last 4 years raising her wonderful daughter, and who gave birth to a new little boy about 6 months ago) if she's seen a new movie, her response is always the same. First, she laughs. Then she explains, "We don't see movies anymore. The last movie I saw in the theatres was the original Iran Man." It's the same with any friends I have who are raising kids. They don't see new flicks that come out. And I understand why, sort of. I understand they don't want to go to the theatre to see a movie—screaming kid, bathroom breaks, etc. So sure, maybe my wife and I won't be hitting up Cinebistro for a few years. But with Netflix, Redbox... is it really impossible to plan to stream or rent a movie? I don't buy it. These same people schedule time to go to the park, to have date nights, to do any number of other things. It seems that movie-night just isn't a priority to

them, and that's fine. But for me, I love film, studied it in college, dreamed of becoming a director. So I'm just going to be sure to schedule time to sit down on a couch and watch movies.

2. Stop working out:

I've spent much of my life going back and forth between being incredibly active (running, playing soccer, tennis, hiking—you name it) and being injured (broken knee, broken nose, concussions, major burns and surgery). It's very frustrating to be athletic but unlucky. I had back surgery about 2 years ago, and have toned down my activity level since, but have also managed to remain largely uninjured (knock on wood). I'm running again, lifting, and may even try soccer this fall. I would be very disappointed if this kid coming into the world put an end to all of that because I couldn't manage to find the time to work out. Again, I think this one is about making it a priority. I need to be active to be happy. So, I'm going to make this happen. Believe me? Or think all my movie-watching will get in the way of my running and I'll end up with a substantial belly as my reward for becoming a father? Keep an eye out for me at Huguenot Park—as you may remember from my last article, I'm not a fan of strollers—but if running with one is the only way I'll get my workout in... then I'll put it to good use.

3. Start partying again:

In this constant-social-media-lifestatus-update world we live in, it's hard to avoid seeing what people are doing, even if you don't spend much time with those people, or don't happen to know them particularly well. And one thing I've seen in posts recently (luckily not from friends or family) is that some young parents have their kid, start getting a babysitter as much as possible, and then go back to the lifestyle they were enjoying before the baby came along. I'm not talking about going out with your significant other for a guiet, relaxing night over a bottle of wine. I'm talking multiple shots of liquor, sexy outfits, inappropriate hand gestures, and an apparent all-around disregard for behavior and appearance. One of my favorite parts of my wife being pregnant has been that I've lost weight, and I think that's had a lot to do with less drinking. She can't have a beer with dinner, so I don't. She's not that excited to go meet our friends for drinks after work since she can't partake, so we stay home and watch a movie. I'm not saying I'm never going to sip my favorite bourbon again while savoring a tasty steak at Ruth's Chris on one of our future date nights... but I think when I buy a six pack from now on, it'll probably last a lot longer than the one night it used to.

I'm sure everyone has things like this, aspects of their life that they're terrified to give up once they have a kid. That's why I only chose three. I tried to limit myself. At least I was semi-realistic; I didn't include I will not allow my child to keep me from getting sleep.
Wish me luck.

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A word association game: "Summer" = Heat, humidity, and brown grass. Swimming, sunning, fishing. Beach, pool, lake, river. Real tomatoes, corn on the cob, fresh peaches. Picnics, cookouts, fireflies, and mosquitoes. And..., Family Reunions.

For some, Family Reunions are a cross to bear. It's hours of forced frivolity with a bunch of people you haven't seen in at least a year. There's no way to avoid it unless you move to another continent so you show up and make the best of it. You coo over an ugly baby and air-kiss an old lady to whom you're barely related. You hear the same "remember when" stories that you've heard a dozen times and you're told news that you're going to read about in a future Christmas Letter. You stay away from your crazy uncle and hide somewhere with your favorite cousin. You tolerate it and vou're thrilled when it's over.

I feel bad for those people. Too often, family members don't really like each other and turn themselves inside out to stay away from each other. That's never been an issue for us; I was once accused of coming from a family who are too close, but that's the way we are and that's the way we like it. For us, the 4th of July is THE family party of the year; the New Yorkers head south, the rest of us head

Exit Laughing: The Family Reunion by Michele Dixon

north, and we meet at my uncle's lake house.

So, the husband and I set off on the 850-mile roundtrip; 14 hours of driving for 15 hours with my family. You have to love a man who will comfortably barrel up and down I-81, in holiday traffic, to sit in a lawn chair and drink beer. Then again, he fits my crew like a hand in a glove, maybe because they're just regular, unpretentious guys like him, maybe because he's the fourth "Jim" in the family, or maybe it's because he just loves me, and them. I wasn't as comfortable as he was, but only because I had a molar begging for root canal and I couldn't bring myself to mix a margarita for the ride.

Traveling from our sophisticated suburb to so far north in Pennsylvania that you can spit to the New York line is like entering a time and good taste warp. I spent every summer of my youth up there, at my dad's lake house, but I'm still consistently amazed by the cultural differences. Nowhere in Midlothian will you find a toilet filled with plastic flowers displayed proudly on a front lawn. Nowhere in Midlothian will you see a vast front porch lined with broken appliances. And, certainly, nowhere in Midlothian will you encounter an Amish buggy festooned with halogen lamps coming at you in the pitch-dark, making you think that you're about to hit a UFO. To me, there's something comfortable about this area, as easy as elastic-waist seersucker clam diggers on a fat old woman (and this is the home of both). It's the comfort of knowing that some things

never change.

The actual reunion always takes the same form: Aunt Shirley in the kitchen, making too much food, Uncle Jimmy on the front lawn, laughing at everything and anything, and all of us teasing each other mercilessly. It was too cold to swim this year, a first, but that only precluded my family from stealing my underwear and stringing it, like a flag, high up a tree while I was swimming (2011). My uncle's shed is gone, so there was no special outhouse, complete with signage and a derelict commode, created just for me (2010). Nobody said, "somebody's gonna get hurt..., I TOLD you someone would get hurt," and nobody yelled at Shelly and Jimmy for random acts of idiocy (every year from about 1970 onward).

I should attribute this to the fact that all of us "kids" are now adults, with kids older than we were when we were terrors, but, in truth, it's only because Cousin Jimmy couldn't make it this year. Otherwise, I'd have been thrown in the lake or the two of us would've tumbled over a fence and taken out a row of tomatoes while horsing around, or been caught doing something that we've never been caught for before (highly unlikely; we usually got caught). It's Jimmy's fault that all I did this year was sit and drink tequila. I missed him badly.

Somewhere around the 4-hour mark, the "remember-when's" made their appearance. I think we hit all the highlights: Uncle Jimmy getting a

Continued on next page →



Pictured left to right: Steve, Jimmy, Tom, and Brian

fishhook imbedded in the back of his head (his son Brian's fault) and having to go to the hospital to get it out; the crazy Nemo-Chemo fishing hat, complete with Pippi Longstocking red yarn hair, that my uncle made for my mother; the year Uncle Jimmy read aloud the metric ton of junk mail that my dad sent him over the winter months and my dad laughed so hard that he cried; our grandfather's anxiety over fireworks, and on, and on. We covered everything but that time the Amish man yelled "vubbah verm" after I'd told him what lure I'd used to catch a bass. The stories and teasing continued until dark.

Poppy had good reason to be anxious, as my family does fireworks like no one else. The fireworks themselves are semi-legal: good old PA will sell them to any out-of-stater but, unless you have a permit, you're supposed to blow yourself up across the state line. With no law enforcement for miles, my family goes for broke. Literally. They spend a couple mortgage payments on giant boxes of destruction with names like "Lock and Load", "Mayhem" and "Rain of Fire", each decorated with a skull and crossbones and the ridiculous warning, "Shoots flaming balls." This year was sedate compared to other years; Cousin Geoffrey wasn't there, wiring cakes to fountains to mortars with his bale of fuse, creating in an unending line of terror.

Thankfully, my own son wasn't there, either, though he dearly wanted to be. I'd finally understood my grandfather's anxiety in 2010, when my cousins tricked me into letting Tom help and assured me that he wouldn't be lighting anything. Yeah, right, Brian, just try to keep a teenage boy away from a grill lighter when there's that much ammo around. Yeah, right, Jimmy, that's why Tom is hunkered down with you at the front of the dock, grinning with a pyromaniac's glee. That rite of passage is one of my favorite photos: my three goofy cousins clapping my son's shoulders, the smug, "I'm so cool" look on Tom's face doing little to convince me that he'd survived because he was smart. Steve is the smart one in the family; he stays off the dock. Still, it's better that Tom learned from my cousins than my uncle, who actually trampled his own kid one year while running from a cake that went rogue. It was every man for himself so Jimmy just curled into a fetal position and sucked up sparks until the thing burnt out. Too often, the real show is on the ground; the combination of giggling fools, gunpowder, and fire sometimes makes it hard to hear the "whoosh-bang" of a rocket.

Obviously, you have to look UP to watch fireworks. Conversely, basic physics says that anything that goes UP has to come DOWN..., somewhere. The breeze that night made injury inevitable, so the shrapnel that landed in my eye wasn't a surprise. It was just a tiny flake, enough to be thoroughly annoying in its refusal to wash out with my tears but not enough to do any lasting damage. Having stepped barefoot on more than one hot sparkler wire over the years, I soldiered on in true, tough, hereditary fashion.

Once the show was over, it was time to say good-bye and head for home. My family can't say "hello" in 25 words or less so good-byes take forever but nobody minds. There's always one more story to share but, this time, they're related to the drive: a reminder to drive carefully because a deer jumped in front of soand-so's car that one year, or how to spot the tiny, invisible-at-night landmark for the turn onto the twisting, winding road that leads to the hilly, bumpy road that leads to the dirt road that leads to my dad's lake house. My mom was the only one who never missed the turn; we've missed it every year since she died and we missed it again this year. I think that's symbolically appropriate.

We spent the ride home rehashing the day, wishing that absent family members had been there, and, as always, ended with the harbinger of good times yet to come, "Wait until NEXT year!"

Here's hoping that your summer was full of family, fun, and lots of tiny little burn marks on your arm from shooting bottle rockets out of beer cans!











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