

Summer returns

By Sarah Sobanski

Who's made it to a dock, beach or a riverbank already? Maybe all three?

Summer is finally upon us ? lawn chairs, floppy floppies, sun-kissed skin, cannon balls into almost too cold water and so much more.

What a relief. I didn't think we were going to make it. I may have said that before. It was really touch and go for a while there.

There's just something about sitting somewhere you can hear the water ? the babble of a brook, the wish-wash of waves lapping against our stony bays. It calms your soul.

As does the whistling laughter of crickets now nearly tangible at night. They're a choir punctuated by the deep, resonating bellow of a frogs and toads.

Then there's the blackflies, then the horseflies, then the deerflies. Don't forget about ticks and mosquitoes. And, ?That heat out there is God awful don't you think??

Isn't it curious that we trudge through every season to get to summer, and then complain about it once it's here? Ah, well, nothing's (nobody's) perfect.

Summer just seems to wake you up ? animals and people alike. There's calves out in the fields with their mothers on the drive home from the city, beavers waiting to cross the road to work on their dams and moose chewing, unimpressed, as you point at them through your windows.

I can't help but think of how we'll blink and it will all be over. Look at the calendar!

Already we're upon the first long weekend of the season. Victoria Day Weekend is essentially the kickoff to all things summer and fun in the sun. And it's here.

I had a chance to take a beer and a lawn chair out to the riverside with a few friends recently. I asked them what my next editorial should be about ? a little inspiration never hurt anyone.

As a beaver left a quiet trail through the water, one friend leaned back and said, ?Make it about pacing yourself.?

?What does that mean?? I asked.

?Well,? he said. ?Look at this.?

And so I did.

Isn't it a wonder that it's hard to make yourself stop and breathe? Isn't it a wonder that we're surrounded by so many incredible instances that we forget to recognize them at all?

How about that small miracle of a loon call or a wide-eyed toddler cupping his hands around a glowing bug or an evening where everyone comes together and just enjoys each other's company?

Sometimes we dream of grandiose adventures in the season that sizzles. We plan expansive camping trips, the conquering of reading lists and schedule projects we never get to. All those things can happen, but so can a nap in the hammock.

All I'm saying is all this Vitamin D will allow for a little extra positivity. It's so exciting that the sun has returned. But if I've said it once, I'll keep reminding myself: time can't be found by those who look for it, it comes to those who make it. That being said, the best gift you can give yourself is to forget about it.

Enjoy the sunshine, you deserve it.