

OUT & ABOUT



By Gayle VanVooren, Mascot Editor

The last weeks in July and now into August have produced some really hot and humid days. One of the days I think of was on Tuesday, July 27. To this writer, it was very comparable to living in an armpit. Hot, humid, and you just wanted to get away from it! I would love it if we had a lake right around the corner. The air is always a little cooler near the water and just getting a little of the wet on you is a quick cool-down.

While we don't usually like to have the air conditioner running too much, it has gotten a workout this year.

Having one's home a comfortable temperature just makes life better.

This takes me back to the days on the farm when not only was there no air conditioner, but we also cooked huge meals, baked pan after pan of bars, and did so many things by hand.

I remember being so hot with no recourse but to keep working alongside my Mom. There were always extra men to feed, family members stopping in, and the heat made no difference.

In the evenings, I would often slip down the stairs from a hot upper level with my blanket and pillow. Sleeping on the floor by the open door was much cooler than my upstairs bedroom.

Now, that doesn't happen so much. Everything is air conditioned and we have become accustomed to the luxury of it. But it wasn't always that way.

The funny thing is — I don't remember too many days that we just quit or became irritated due to being too hot. It was accepted, it became a challenge, and usually the cool breezes would come back again.

One terribly hot night here in Minneota, my two older boys and I decided to take a chance and

sleep under the stars in the back yard.

No pop-up tent, mind you, just our sleeping bags out over the grass. I must have been desperate!

What I do remember is the boys whispering in the dark, looking at the stars, and being a bit afraid of all that dark around them.

What I remember next, however, is being awakened by rain. What a rude thing — we got rained on! It was a mad dash to the house, a drying off, and heading to normal beds for the would-be outdoors people.

Memories are made doing the most trivial things. A hot day can be remembered for the root beer floats, the water pistol fight in the backyard, or the quiet time until it cools down.

Make some memories.