

Hot Town - Summer In The City

July 6, 2003

Summer officially arrived in Wellesley on June 27th when the temperature hit 90° for the first time. Like most of the East Coast of the United States, we had been suffering through rainy days and cool temperatures including rain every single weekend since the beginning of May. The beach crowd was getting a wee bit depressed wondering if summer would ever start! But now that's it here, it's always interesting to see the impact on our little town. My favorite Wellesley summer "thing" is the weekly outdoor concerts on Town Hall Green ... it's a throwback to a time in American when life was much simpler and slower. Our new library also ramps up its children's programs and there are the usual town league softball games. Morse's Pond provides relief from the heat and there always seems to be a BBQ somewhere that's open to the public.

Summer is the season for lemonade, barbecue chicken, and potato salad, and for watching fireflies and fireworks. Summer is not the season for "type A" personalities or micro-managers. Summer is for "chilling" and kicking back and, if you're lucky enough to have one, having a swing or a good rock on your outdoor porch. Summer is watching thunderstorms and arranging trips to the beach. Summer is fishing and if the fish aren't biting, going for a swim. Summer is the season for vacations. Needless to say, summer is my favorite season.

Yet life can't always be a summer season. Several of my close friends are battling cancer right now. Other friends are desperately looking for employment while trying to keep the proverbial "wolf" away from the door.

If there is one thing I've learned at the ripe old age of 53, it seems to me that life is composed of seasons - we all seem to go through "winters" - when we wonder if things will ever get better... "autumns" - when life seems to be going pretty much according to plan - everything seems to be maturing rather nicely... "springs" - when we are optimistic and living pretty much in anticipation of future events... and of course "summers" - when we are pretty much living for the moment.

Maybe that's what Solomon had in mind when he wrote "There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven..." He then follows this statement with several "a time to _____ and a time to _____."

It's time for me to catch some sun and surf... what's it time for you to do?