

Weekends at the cabin

Our cabin has a special place in my heart. As my brother, sisters, and I grew up there on weekends, now are our kids. It's full of wonderful memories of swimming all day long with mom keeping a close eye and watching dad play horseshoe as we routed him on. The place for family gatherings through all the years of growing families and less sleeping space. No running water and an outhouse in the back. Listening to crickets break the silence of the night.

Having no heat made it hard in the winter. We did once manage to get down the driveway, dig out the horseshoe pits, and barbecue while throwing horseshoes, even though it was about 20 degrees outside. This was the cabin. We always have fun. No matter what the weather.

The old cabin got pretty rickety. We tore it down piece by piece and had yet another gathering on the floor that was cleared of walls and rooms. Then another on the slab of cement poured for the new cabin. We now have pictures of the old hanging in the new. We stay up late sitting around a fire talking of all the memories, the fun we had, and what is yet to come with all of our children being a part of it now.

I could never say enough about the cabin. It is wonderful and I would like to thank my mom (Delphine Grundstrom) and my dad (late Jim Grundstrom) for making it possible for my brother, sisters, and I to have these memories forever in our hearts.

Terese Foucault (Grundstrom)

(216 Lakeview Dr.)