

The High Point Pook

HPC strives to guide, educate, encourage, and support

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DREAMIN' OF SUMMERTIME FUN!

Summertime Is Made of Dreams

Summertime, a time of reflection, growth, regeneration, looking ahead and looking behind. Summertime is time to experience sights, smells, flavors, tactile sensations that can't be had any other season. There's cool rain, cold lake water, hot days, drenching humidity, concrete hot as an oven, the tickle of grass on bare feet.

Summertime out West smells golden brown; redolent of parched, baked grass and sunburnt dirt on the edge of the eternal breeze that blows across the high mountain prairies. Summertime in the South is definitely defined by the heavy scent of honeysuckle on the hot, humid, evening air and the sight of every stark, naked, winter landmark covered and shapeless under the kudzu vines. Summertime is full of flavors that only sunshine, heat, and patience can provide—watermelon cold on the tongue, blackberries hot and spicy right off the vine (blood sharp, rusty, and tangy when you lick the scratches you get from picking the said blackberries), cotton candy bought at the fair, the 10-hundredth loaf of zucchini bread from grandma's oven.

Summertime moves and breathes with rhythms that aren't found any other time of year. It marks it's passage with slow, cricket filled nights, long days in the shade, boat rides on the lake, far off sounds of children playing in the yards and parks, lawn mowers growling and roaring in the distance. Summertime for each of us has cadences that are created by our own nostalgia and our own passions. We are sharing some of ours with you, may you find your own and have a summer full of dreams.



Emily Dreams of...

For fun during the summer, I love to tend to my flower garden and experiment with a small vegetable garden. As you may have noticed in my office at High Point, I have many plants and at my home, the inside and outside is about the same! As I write this, the irises have just finished blooming. As they fade away, the Shasta Daisies, oriental lilies, bachelor buttons, and day lilies are breaking out their summer colors and making a show. I am excited because the upcoming summer months will bring more blooms and color to my yard!

In her book, *Braiding Sweetgrass*, Robin Wall Kimmerer writes, "Give thanks for what you have been given. Give a gift, in reciprocity for what you have taken. Sustain the ones who sustain you and the earth will last forever." Summertime is a season created to do just that.

My goal is to practice reciprocity with the earth as I derive joy from what it gives me and it blossoms because of the care and labor I give to it. This concept also influences my therapy at High Point. Each of you are a gift for whom I am grateful and I, in turn, give my best to you. Together we are sustained. May your summer be filled with kindness and reciprocity with others and the earth.

—Emily



Dr. Shaw Dreams of...

One man's fun is another man's poison. Many people would find my idea of fun to be anything but! I like to get outside and work my ass off! I enjoy building things, landscaping, and improving my environment.

As those of you who have been here awhile remember, I spent most of the pandemic landscaping the front of 203 and 205 to make it more beautiful and useful. I prefer doing things that you only have to do once, hence I hate cleaning and painting! I like to do it once and know it's done once and for all.

I much prefer to do projects than to sit inside and watch TV—yuck!! I think TV slowly sucks a persons brains out. So, my idea of fun may be a little different, but as they say, "Different strokes for different folks!" —Dr. Shaw



Dreams of Remembrance...

I remember the sound—the sound of the ice cream truck. The loud, the raucous, the carnival music sound cutting through the air—the hot, so hot, the humid, the hot, the very humid, the heavy summer air. Bringing life—the excited, the joyous, the life eruption teaming down the streets. All the children running to get a piece—a piece of winter. A piece of winter to devour. Taken, taken, like communion. Taken, taken in remembrance.

Madison Dreams of...



Summer—warm weather and humidity return, but also fruit is back in season. During the summer my favorite snack is a fruit salad. Many recipes say to make a fancy sauce and add every fruit that exists (see below), but a fruit salad can be anything you want. I usually just take what is in the fridge, throw it in a bowl, and call it a day. My most recent fruit salad creation consisted of watermelon, cutie oranges, and raspberries—I debated whether to add a banana, but in the end, I chose to leave it out. Try out this recipe or make your own version of a fruit salad. There's no wrong way to enjoy it!

—Madison

SUMMERTIME FRUIT SALAD

Sauce:

2/3 cup fresh orange juice
1/3 cup fresh lemon juice
1/3 cup packed brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon grated orange zest
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon zest
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Salad:

2 cups cubed pineapple
2 cups strawberries, hulled and sliced
3 kiwi fruit, peeled and sliced
3 bananas, sliced
2 oranges, peeled and sectioned
1 cup seedless grapes
2 cups blueberries

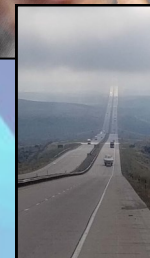
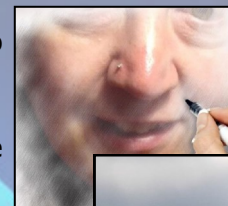
Larae Dreams of...

Summertime means travel to me. In all the seasons of my life, I've spent the summertime traveling—when I was a child we would load 6 people into a four-door with no AC and drive from Illinois to California. My dad had a speaking engagement and we rode along because it was our vacation.

But seasons change and I was an adult on my own. I was always traveling home—back to my roots, back to my family. Summertime meant a chance to be in God's country again and get my soul set right. I would happily hop in the car for the 24-hour trip from TN to WY, just to enjoy another summertime in my childhood home. The minute I hit the point where the road met WY and looked like it drove forever into the sky (known as the highway to heaven), I knew it was summertime.

But seasons change and I got older. Now my family wasn't in WY so summertime came and meant day trips and weekends out with my Mom. We would dig up (not literally) old relatives buried in Revolutionary War cemeteries. We went to Nowhere, TN, (I don't recommend the gas station restroom). We visited Cade's Cove, the Sandburg Home, even took the hike from hell to see the haunted Norton Cemetery and Ghost House.

But seasons change and my mom is no longer able to travel like that. Now summertimes are still made up of family, but it's children and grandchildren traveling to visit us. Staying home and visiting. Going to DQ for a sundae. I know this season will pass too but who knows what summertimes will look like then? - Larae



Rene' Dreams of...



Dear Summer. I look forward to you every year. There is just something about you that is endearing to me—exciting and fun. I am not thrilled with sweating on a hot summer day, but a myriad of summer refreshments soothe me from the inside out! Like a wonderful homemade butterscotch popsicle! Memories from my childhood summers begin to come to mind, transporting me to a comfortable seat on the porch swing at my grandparents' house watching the butterflies during the day and lightning bugs at night; or listening for the ringing of the ice cream truck on the distant roads on a Saturday afternoon. I can feel the growing excitement as I wait with eager anticipation for that first icy bite of my first-choice ice cream assortment—Kay's ice cream and Lemon Custard Ice Cream.

And who would have thought that an "ice cream cake" would be a good idea? But it certainly hits the spot on a hot summer day after a cold sandwich and chips! How about homemade ice cream?! Have you ever made home-made ice cream? It's better than snow cream made in the winter! It can be made in all flavors, with any or all fruit additions for varying concoctions of flavors. My favorite—vanilla, plain and simple.

Enjoy the moments offered to you this summer. Find a way to feel gratitude in the moments given. May it remind you of previous summers when you are able to feel the soft breeze upon your face and smell the sweet aromas that are your summer. I hope and pray that we are all able to be reminded of the summer fun of our childhoods, of the joy simple moments bring to life, and that we are able to bring some fun to this year's summer. Don't let the summer pass you by without remembering to enjoy it! And, maybe you can make some ice cream of your own.—Rene'

HOMEMADE ICE CREAM

2 C milk 1 C sugar Dash of salt 4 C (2 pints) half & half 2 T vanilla 4 C (2 pints) heavy whipping cream

Scald milk until bubbles form around edge in large pot on stove. Remove from heat. Add sugar and salt. Stir until dissolved. Stir in remaining ingredients and place in ice-cream maker can with cover. Place in freezer for a minimum of 30 minutes. Remove and place in your ice cream maker and follow their directions to freeze as directed! -ENJOY- :P

Laney Dreams of...



It's one, two, three strikes and you're out of the old...Something I have really come to enjoy in the last couple of summers is watching baseball!

I love the sound of enthusiastic fans following the pop of the baseball meeting the bat, the organ guiding the crowd in chants we all somehow know, the aroma of hot dogs, the sun in my eyes, and the way it feels to walk back to our cars with a crowd of strangers that act like friends simply because we share the joy of the game. I didn't grow up with a particular loyalty to any team, so it was pretty easy for me to cheer for the Cardinals when I met my boyfriend who is a lifelong fan. Last summer we snapped a picture at the game—summertime fun captured as a memory!

While I love going to watch the Cards play, I have also gotten to enjoy the perfect summer activity of watching baseball right here in Johnson City when the Doughboys play! I am so glad that we have a local team so that I can get my baseball fix without having to go far.—Laney