

The Sunroom

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Time: Frame - Susan Leopold

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On a white sand beach in a small Canadian town, lies a quaint 1910's english style log cabin. It has a hip and valley style roof with a wooden sliding front door, and a central field stone fireplace. The cottage is filled with memorabilia: vintage family photos hanging loosely from the walls, hand-me-down mismatched floral pillows scattered along the floor, and old painted pond sailors mounted beside the fire place. It isn't the most architecturally beautiful home, but it's character and the memories that lie within are nothing short of extraordinary.

The exterior of the cabin is cuddled by large windows, allowing natural light to flush each room during all times of day. Morning sun to moonlight. As the late afternoon, blood orange light pours into the sunroom, a group of young couples gather to watch it slowly disappear. Reminiscing as they sip from their glasses of wine and beer cans. Their faces glow pink with laughter from the sun beams that invade the room. April, the young girl eagerly refilling everyones wine glasses, used to come here as a child. It was her grandparents cottage, and coming back remains just as enjoyable. Life might have become more complicated than worrying about lifejackets and nap time, but the beach will always be her happy place. Despite a few repairs over the years, the cottage looks the same as it always has. Theres a drawer in the bathroom still full with her childhood

bathing suits, and the flags she won from the summer games stringing along the bedroom walls she still sleeps in. Their laughter and conversations last deep into the night. With dawn eagerly approaching, each couple goes to bed. Tomorrow they will return home, back to their jobs and everyday lives. With the difficulties that occur in young adult hood, the cottage acts as a place to escape to. Disappear for a weekend with close friends to enjoy summer sun and each others company.

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The bright morning sun glows white as it spills into the sunroom. Kids giggling as they sit and play cards eagerly awaiting their parents awakening. April stands in the kitchen cutting up fruit as her daughter sits on the floor hugging her legs. Together they carry breakfast out into the sunroom. Everyone gathers as they eat and stare out at the rising sun. Like most summer days, today will be spent on the beach swimming, drinking, and playing games. Things that satisfy both the young and old. The kids are running around the sunroom naked hitting each other with their swimsuits as all the parents laugh with entertainment. One by one all the kids and adults follow each other out the back door, down the stone steps and along the path to the beach. April collects the dishes, but sets them down again on the coffee table as she sees whats happening outside. As she sips her morning coffee she stares out the windows and watches as her children, husband and their dearest friends follow each other into the sunlight. This is a place filled with tradition, a place where her parents used to come when they were younger, and then her. She watches and realizes the historical significance of this space

within her family. It's the atrium to family gatherings, a place to spend effortless time with your loved ones. As time passes, the cottage grows older and older. The fabric on the furniture in the sunroom fades from the always beaming natural light. The floors become more squeaky. It's physical appearance might be forever aging with time, but the moments that take place within this room are intangible.

April smiles, forgets the dishes as she leaves the sunroom, and makes her way outside to the beach.