



THE PARTY'S OVER

Description

Sure enough, Spring has arrived and signs are certain that the annual trek back north (for some) can be seen all over Whisper Creek. Clam shells are lowered, golf cart batteries disconnected, and carts are covered. Bikes are put away and sheds are locked up.

?FIREBALL! ?

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The last drops of FIREBALL have been consumed (it would have been silly to waste it) – and kitchen shelves have been emptied of canned goods and sent to the clubhouse for further distribution to the needy. Borrowed books are returned to the library. Potential summer weather patterns are considered and debated while Creekers live with the hope that we will be spared by a hurricane.

The park settles in a kind of semi-hibernation and the hearty group of summer year-rounders are checking to make sure the AC is working OK. Although activities are fewer over the summer, the sense of community is strong. The over-the-summer crowd tells me that they are an intimate group and they share an activities schedule on their own.

Although it's been a full six months since we arrived here, it seems that the time has gone by quickly. As we pull out of the gate for the last time this season our focus is on the drive ahead. My wife and I prefer the "stop and smell the roses" kind of journey back north. We take our time getting home and will stop on the route for 2 or 3 nights. Our kids load us up with Cracker Barrel gift certificates for Christmas and so we happily overnight there on the way home. Their parking lots offer us a safe, quiet respite from our taxing 65 mph journey. We'll enjoy a nice dinner or maybe a breakfast before continuing our trip the next morning.

Some friends of ours, a few campers over, raced home recently, doing the entire 24 hour journey back to frigid Michigan straight away. They parked their camper in the driveway only to discover a burst water pipe in it the next morning. Oh that fickle finger of fate!

Another friend told me that it was so cold ("How cold was it?") that a snowman the grandkids had made in the yard last winter had moved indoors and was seated by the fireplace with a glass of cocoa.

We try to time our exit just when the temps at Whisper Creek climb into the 90s and the temps up north settle into the 70s. There's a lot to do when we get home. The motorhome needs to be unloaded and the dogs need to investigate the neighborhood smelling for "signs" of winter visitors. The yard needs a heavy raking after the winter snows and we need to get the pier out in the water. The gravel road in front of the house needs to be smoothed by a tractor to get rid of the ruts and the shoreline has to be cleaned up. Woe is us, ? LOL.





I'll take a quick walk around the neighborhood to check in and make sure everyone has survived the winter. A fox has moved into the woods behind our house and it's driving our Springers crazy. They are not sure whether to make friends with it, or chase it into the woods. Our hostas are popping out of the earth just in time to make a delicious salad for the newborn deer.

It always feels good to get back to Wisconsin again. Familiar patterns renew and things set themselves right. As soon as I pull into the driveway, the neighbor will come over to return my snowblower and borrow my lawn mower.





It's good to be home.

MEET THE AUTHOR ??

Fellow Whisper Creeker Greg Stangl comes to us from the great state of Wisconsin. He and his wife Colleen spend summers on Lake Wisconsin and enjoy the leisurely winter months here in our little paradise together with their beautiful Springer Spaniels Isabella Rosalini and Sophia Loren.

Greg is a professional photographer, speaker and writer who not only owned a photography studio for 40 years, but also taught college courses and lectured on the subject in 35 states and 7 countries.

Greg's other passion is writing. He has published works in 10 national magazines and also authored workbooks employed in photography and marketing. Whisper Creeker News is both honored and excited for Greg to share his creative writing talents with us as well!

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