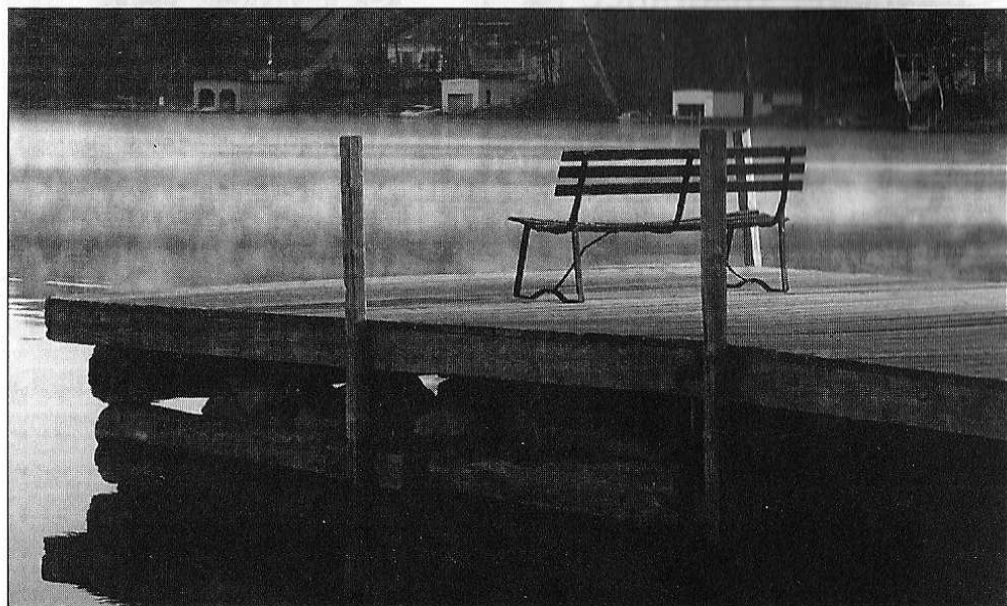


# Happy Landings



*Time out for reflection on time gone by - Photo by Ron Garceau*

## Magical Memoirs of Lake Sunapee:

**Through the Eyes of a Child**

**by Julie Osgood Knight**

One of the tragedies of adulthood is the fact that we often lose the ability to view the world with an air of innocence and mysticism that made so many of our experiences larger than life when we were children. I find this true in many aspects of my life, but not in my memories of Lake Sunapee.

I like to say that I grew up on Lake Sunapee. Some of my earliest recollections are of visiting my great grandparents at their cottage in Jobs Creek. I remember the anticipatory car ride and the gratification of turning down the steep, winding driveway and the sound of the gravel underneath the car tires. The pine trees stood tall around the small red cottage and coated the ground with orange needles. There was a small flower garden with a weather-beaten stone frog perched nearby. I came to know the scent created by the mix of flowers and pine trees as that which could only be described as 'Sunapee'.

Out of the car and as soon as my feet touched the earth, they were undoubtedly headed for the

dock. I would run straight to the end of the dock and just look out over the lake. I would absorb the echoes of nearby boats and neighbors across the cove. On a perfect summer day, there was a light breeze and the lake was placid and breathtaking. It seemed larger than life.

I remember swimming for hours and begging any nearby grownup to rate my dives on a scale of 1 to 10 until I reached perfection. It seemed I would only break to eat and sleep. With my diving mask and fins, I knew every rock and twig like I was a topographer. I used to make up stories related to the fire ring of rocks on the bottom of the lake. I still ponder whether the ice fishing was any good in Jobs Creek. I never could seem to catch much in the summer. That was my brother's forte and thankfully, he baited most of my hooks for me. I was much more in my element being a fish rather than capturing one.

I learned a lot on Lake Sunapee. I learned how to do a 'perfect 10' back dive. I learned to water-ski, drive a motorboat, sink a dinghy, turn

# Happy Landings

over a canoe, and how to scubadive. I learned that there was nothing like coming into the 'No Wake Zone' in the harbor on a hot, sticky July day headed for the ice cream parlor. The cold treat lent relief to the heat and my family would walk around and watch the boats and people come and go.

As much as I love Lake Sunapee in the summer, autumn is by far the most spectacular.

Bright crimsons, yellows, and oranges hug the border of the lake. The reflection from the glass-like surface doubles the beauty. The peace of post-Labor Day traffic creates a resounding echo of birds that are preparing to go south. The serenity I feel while anchored down at the sandbar on a sunny autumn day is overwhelming.

As a child there were limitless adventures to be had on the lake. I would, and still do, visit the historical museum and daydream of what life was like when the Ben Mere was in its hey day. I imagine the steam-boats coming and going. In an unforgettable day, my father and I scuba-dived to the Weetamoo. We were challenged physically and grew emotionally as we gained a new respect for each other and for the lake, its beauty and depth.

Not every day on the lake was perfection. Life naturally comes with some pain. Living truthfully

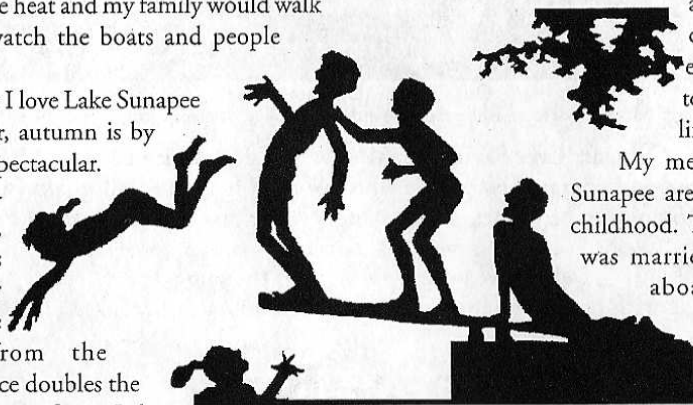
with oneself and coming to grips with reality is part of growing up. So, of course, there were rainy days, terrible thunderstorms, and cabin fever. I couldn't have evolved in a more beautiful place and being so close to nature eased some of the tougher times that life had to offer.

My memories of Lake Sunapee are the best in my childhood. Two years ago, I was married on the lake, aboard the M.V.

Mount Sunapee... right down in Jobs Creek. I wanted

to begin a new phase of my life in a place where I felt most content. The cottage was sold years ago and while I still mourn the loss, in a way it preserves my memories. My thoughts are unfettered by the painstaking work that was done to maintain the summer home for generations. As a bonus, it never shrunk on me like the "huge" rock that I used to have picnics on did. Indeed, it still remains larger than life.

You may see me this summer at the harbor. I will be the one standing at the end of the dock, absorbing the breathtaking views, sounds, and smells that are to me the essence of my childhood. To me, Sunapee will remain larger than life because I will always see it through the eyes of a child.



07/15/98

## Don't Miss an Issue of SooNipi!

If you would like to have issues of SooNipi mailed directly to your home, just fill in this form and return it with your payment to SooNipi Magazine, P.O. Box 18, Sunapee, N.H. 03782, and we will add your name to our subscriber list.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Town: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Start:  Winter  Spring  June  July  Aug  Sept  Oct  Holiday

One Year Subscription (8 issues) \$7.00

Individual Issues \$1.00 ea. (Specify Month)

