Humble Resort

Talk about meaning of place to me.

Pick up insights, bring something to the audience for deeper understanding. These types of places are important to us in childhood, especially in the stage that we are in (college students), leaving childhood, having memories of life being simple and enjoyable. This is probably my main point is what those memories mean to me and others

Something about grandparents? They are still happy about loss. This may be another point

Put a story in instead of just pure description.

We think about these moments because we miss them, we want them back in some shape or form.

My stick jabs the ball creating a distinct smack. The sound reverberates off of the walls and back onto the green pool table, it then travels down the staircase and into the kitchen where it dissipates. Sometimes the smacking multiplies, creating a chain reaction, causing balls to fly across the green table and fall into any of the six holes located at the edges of the table. Light is cast into the room from a single window, no wider than a twin bed. This natural light is accompanied by the warm, yellow bulbs above. Allowing me to see all the gold and silver trophies placed on dark wooden shelves centered on the wall. At the opposite end of the window are the bedrooms and bathrooms. Next to the window is the staircase, leading to the rest of this humble resort. This so called “resort” was known as my grandparent’s house.

When I was young I came here nearly every summer to relax, enjoy the sun, eat food, and just be. My life was similar to that of a dog. I was fed, had many “toys” at my disposal, and the word stress was hard to find in my mental dictionary. It was a time of relaxation and timelessness. A time priceless enough to want to slip back into. It was also a speechless time for me. I didn’t talk much, being that I was rather shy. And because of my shyness I never really had much to say, and therefore I didn’t get to know people as much as I could have. Relaxation techniques? Meditation? Maybe talk about wanting to feel that way again, could bring up meditation. Or it could be brought up later.

“If you hit the bottom of the ball, you can put a reverse spin on it.” My uncle Corey explained this to me one day as he caught me playing pool. He was in his 20’s, and I was somewhat distant from him. I never saw him much, and had minimal interactions, probably due to my shyness. There was a conversation here or there, but nothing of extreme significance. His workout equipment occupied some of the garage, as well as his room. He enjoyed dirt bikes, motorcycles, and anything that could go fast. I believe he even got into trouble with the cops at times, but that is in the past. Eventually a motorcycle accident took his life right outside the neighborhood, and his room became a place of memories.

As I step down the soft wide stairs, to my left is the front room. Filled with furniture some are leather, others soft, this is the first place I see when I come here. Most of the furniture is focused toward the neglected television. My family and I once spent a Christmas morning in this room, it was filled with many memories of which I do not remember. Although one thing I do remember is that I like spending Christmas back at home, where it snows. It never snows here in Arizona. When it’s snowing back at home, it’s a cool summer day here. It’s honestly quite odd to be thrown into 70° weather during Christmas time. To the right of the stairs leads to the outdoors. But before that there is the kitchen on the left, and another mini living room at the right. The flat-screen television here definitely wasn’t neglected, as my grandpa Stan crushes the poor couch, it flinches as he gets comfortable. The leather is probably stretched and discolored in his favorite spot. He always seemed to be watching some kind of documentary show, or shows similar to “how it’s made”. If you sat next to Stan he would always tell you all about the show he’s watching. The kitchen was to his back, normally where my grandma was cooking or cleaning. In the center of this spacious kitchen was a complementary table, many meals were served here. I also stuffed my face with bowls upon bowls of cereal at this table countless times. I walk past the kitchen and the mini living room where my grandpa Stan sat and bring myself up close to the backyard door. Right as I slide open the back door I can see the glimmer of the warm, clear pool water peeking out past the braches of cactus plants. I walk clockwise around the plants to get a better, closer view of the water. The water is calm, yet volatile as the gentle waves are pulled in every direction. It just so happens that I’m in my bathing suit. I love swimming. I’m ready…

Living and experiencing life itself changes a person. But the act of thinking about past experiences that have impacted them also changes a person. Throughout the years each and every one of us slowly ramps up our lives. We take on more roles, make new friends, remember things, forget things, etc. And the next thing we know we, as a society, are stressed out. And we think about memories in the past and we admire them, we want something from them. In some shape or form there is some kind of satisfaction we get from thinking out past events. People shouldn’t live in the past but they should remember it, and learn from it.

I step down into the cool, refreshing water of my grandparent’s clean pool. The palm trees make a distinct sway as the warm Arizona wind flows with them. The wind chimes sing, and birds converse. I take a deep breath and submerge in the clear liquid. All sounds are gone, except for my slow beating heart. As I travel deep down I feel my ears press against my skull. I can hear myself think again, I can feel the soothing water against my tan skin. Then suddenly my heart picks up, lungs grow tense, I look up at the other world. The world outside the pool, the trees disfigured by the warping of light through the waves. I accelerate upward and burst through the surface like a shark, and gulp the summer air. As oxygen returns to my vitals, so do the birds, wind, bells, and smell of dinner on the grill… But as I open my eyes I realize I’m not surrounded by water anymore. I’m not in the upstairs pool room, living room, or the kitchen. I’m nowhere to be found in the long lost humble resort. I’m off at college, working on a degree just like many of my other peers. We are all caught reminiscing at times, each one of us has our memories, experiences, and reflections. I wish I could be a child again, living the life of a pet. One simply has to eat, sleep, and do as they please at this humble resort. That house is gone now, taken by a crashed economy. Today my grandparents are happily retired and live in an RV that they travel across the states with.