Soaking Up Summer

When summer rolls into Central New York, there are few places I’d rather be. It’s a time for some of my favorite activities. There’s fishing, with the splash of a smallmouth bass rocketing out of the water after striking a lure; ripe cherry tomatoes plucked from the garden, bursting in my mouth; the crack of a bat tagging a baseball; and the seemingly endless swinging, running, and chasing that accompany hanging out with an energetic 4-year-old.

But summer is also a time for travel, whether it’s a daytrip to a local music festival or a family getaway to a new distant destination. As much as I enjoy knocking around the backyard, I also like to explore places beyond my traditional haunts, seeing new sights and meeting folks whose lives and experiences are anchored elsewhere.

In this issue, whether you’re an armchair traveler, a frequent flyer, or just running on empty, you can circle the globe. For starters, take a look at the photographs of SU Abroad students. You can journey to India with illustration professor John Thompson and his students, or visit Tanzania with social work professor Keith Alford and Meghan Hall ’07 to learn how caregivers there provide comfort and support to patients with HIV/AIDS. For a truly global perspective, hit the trail with Meg Noble Peterson ’50. Considering the treks she’s been on, that alone may exhaust you.

I also felt myself traveling in time and mind this issue through the works of writers from the Creative Writing Program. In “My Flamboyant Grandson,” I stumbled into George Saunders’s satirical vision of the not-too-distant future and followed his characters down a Manhattan street, where each step can be a reminder of personal consumption habits. In the opening chapter of Phil LaMarche’s novel American Youth, I returned to the lazy days of distant summers ago, when there was no telling what kind of mischief or downright danger that imagination and boredom might lead to on any given day for a few friends.

So no matter where you find yourself this summer, enjoy it while you can. For summer is always worth the wait—and always slips past us quicker than we’d like.