

StoneMountain

Stone Mountain, Georgia was a favorite place for us. In the summer, or on weekends, we might just mini-van down Five Forks Trickum while picking-up a watermelon along the way.



Spending a day at the park could include swimming, hiking, playing in the park, visiting a petting zoo or museum, perusing the gift shop, or hanging-out in the antebellum village dressed in 1860's period clothing. In short, Stone Mountain offered a lot of enjoyment and adventure.

As we neared the park, a vista on the road gave a clear view of "the rock". At that point, I would prompt Wesley with the usual reply, "Look, there's Stone Mountain"; after which, he would get all excited and prepared for the day.

One particular spring, we participated in the annual antebellum festival as civilian or military re-enactors. Abby loved to hang-out at the one-room school house and pretend that she was a pupil. Matthew would assume his role as a courier in the 125th Ohio and muster-up for his day's duties and activities. Ben and Brain would generally watch and play with the simplicity of the period and imagination.

I was very proud of my daughter who, by reports from the Pedagogue, received good marks for her conduct and studies. Ben did not do quite as well but still got to ring the bell for class to commence. Wesley was best left beyond the confines of the school house among the soldiers or near the camp. Matthew was too pre-occupied with the protocol of the army to concern himself with schooling. It was a fine scene that leaves lasting memories for my mind to cherish into my years.

If the rocks really do cry out, Stone Mountain would murmur a wistful expression regarding the time and distance of my children who played and danced below her dress skirt and who, on occasion, climbed into her arms. The mountain might lament on the matter; that somehow, her apparent and imposing hardness caused such a condition. But she is majestic with her forest, lakes, and venues; adorned with all these qualities, she has confirmed the very attraction to and enjoyment of her presence.

Having recently called on her once more, Stone Mountain remains resolute that one day she will see these children again - one day they will play and dance beneath her, and climb into her outstretched arms.

In a

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