

## **Summer Solstice**

*06-25-2013 by Harry Zirkelbach*

A few days ago we were invited to celebrate the Summer Solstice by a friend.

This was a surprise for this had never happened in recent years. She and her friends do celebrate the winter solutes every December and when that day does not conflict with family obligations, we attend. The food is terrific and the ceremonies performed always mysterious, entertaining, relaxing

That winter celebration must have been in the Druid days, excepting luxury in the present circumstances. The incantations, songs, music are archaic and the evening passes quickly for all. We are never certain how seriously the others at the event hold these moments as serious, but they are definitely entertaining.

Our hostess was a girl friend to our oldest son. We have remained in contact since his untimely death ten years ago. In our visits he is never mentioned.

This summer solstice was without any performance. Just a recognition of the longest daylight of the year, in the backyard of a decorative estate in the University of Denver neighborhood.

The wine nor food were extraordinary, thoroughly enjoyable. And the conversation ranged from her recent trip to Patagonia, weddings of friends, sharing of hopes to accomplish for the three of us, for this woman is now fully retired, having joined all retirees from her life time in the Medical Profession.

Any visit with the children, their friends is enjoyable. This was more enjoyable for the outdoor patio was always bright in the setting sunlight, and there is a special joy in seeing everything on the table, flowers, food, drunk. This was such a night, with a yard filled with lighted candles, they a a new moon furnishing all the light this summer solstice.

An evening to remember, for many of the niceties of her property show the hand of our son who built or rebuilt much of these buildings, then she added a heavy feminine touch.

So without an outward mention of the fourth person there,  
his the persona that brought the invitation,  
the evening valuable to to the three who shared the warmth of a late dinner  
under a clear sky this summer solstice,  
water flowing loudly in an artificial stream of her colorful garden.