

A Dramatic Move

By Lynn Cassidy

Moving to Steamboat Springs was a dramatic change for me. As a 6th grader in Littleton, I was to attend a large junior high school in 7th grade. I dreaded going to classes with 1,500 other teenage students! Instead, I found myself on the first day of school, climbing onto a bus that traveled up and down a beautiful river valley just north of Steamboat Springs. I remember trying to climb the steps of the bus on that first day and finding that my dress was too restrictive to make the first step! I had to hike up my dress to allow my foot to access onto the bus. Everyone looked at me and laughed. All the other students had known each other since kindergarten. They were mostly ranch kids who got up early to milk the cows or put hay out before 6 am when their bus arrived. We were farther down the road, closer to town, seven miles away and too far to walk.

At my school in Littleton, kids competed to get the best grades. Here, it wasn't "cool" to be smart. In Littleton, the girls wore skirts, in Steamboat the girls wore jeans. In the city, people always locked their front doors. Here, no one locked their houses, even when they went somewhere for the day. In the city, the girls waited for a boy to call and ask them out for a date. In my new home, the girls prided themselves on being able to beat up the boys. There were many ways that I had to adjust. I adjusted my clothes, my attitudes, and tried to fit into my new small town reality. The hardest thing for me to adjust to was the way that everyone knew everyone else's business.

The thing I loved the most about living in Steamboat Springs was the beauty of nature. Riding the bus, we would often have to slow down to allow deer to cross. I learned to ski both downhill and cross-country. I loved the peace and quiet and I would cross country into new areas on fresh, sparkling powder. I learned that lots of snow meant lots of shoveling – months and months of shoveling. We shoveled our driveway into tall piles over eight feet tall. We often had to shovel our roof to prevent collapse. Our house had icicles that would hang over the eaves in long, clear spikes. I remember my sister, Karen, climbing onto the roof from the tall piles of hard snow that had slid off. She climbed high to the peak of the roof and then slid down, jumping at the last minute to the soft part of the untouched snow farther out. She had a hard time climbing out. The snow was about six feet deep and would hang onto her boots!

All in all, it was a great move to grow up in Steamboat Springs and graduate from high school in the mountains!