

Seasonal Wardrobe

Storing off-season clothes doesn't really exist in my house. Mostly because there is no time any "season" may not come into play. During Summer, you can run through an entire four seasons' worth of clothes in one day. Heading out with the family in the morning? Skies are blue...birds are chirping...maybe there's a slight breeze. Shorts, it is. Be sure and layer on the sunscreen, and bring more to re-apply! Noon, and a few dark clouds roll in—wind starts kickin'. Hopefully you packed pants for everyone. Those hoodies you thought were overkill are now being yanked out of the bottom of the duffels. You stay with the plan to spend the afternoon checking out the farmers' market over The Pass—always popular, not because it's particularly amazing or unique but because people want to remind themselves that vegetables are actually grown instead of delivered in a semi-petrified, tasteless state floating on a cloud of diesel, arriving to their grocery shelves mere hours from their wilting expiration.

But suddenly you are surrounded by falling snow as you crest the Pass. "What the f&\$#? It's July!", you say. You say this every year. You are forced into wondering whether you'd hit any Winter outerwear sales in the middle of Summer in the next town over, if you skipped the Farmers' Market and bought coats, in the event that you are stranded, since you are now almost a whole mountain pass away from home. But you persevere. Just as you are mentally fashioning the emergency-kit heat blanket into what you hope looks like a hip take on a vintage poncho, the clouds part. Everybody unloads and begins walking, additional pieces of clothing and outerwear being stripped off one by one—your family turning into something of a burlesque show as they meander through the booths. You feel like a pack mule, arms and shoulders loaded with scarves and sweatshirts, hats and gloves. Until you realize you can tie them up knapsack-on-a-stick style to carry your \$5 tomatoes and gem tchotchkes since you forgot the bags you now have to use at the grocery store. It begins raining, and you make a run for it. Whatever gloves and hats didn't get dropped throughout the day are reached for...until you tell everyone that for the ride home, you're simply going to blast the heat, queue up the Bob Marley and Beach Boys and that the flakes of white falling on top of the pass on this Summer's-day are to be referred to as little bits of frozen sunshine.