

Reunions over the Years

Our family reunion started with Grandma's birthday and Uncle Len's homecoming from WW2. Seven siblings and their families attended.

Fourteen years later, at age three, a picture of me at Gull Lake with tangled brown hair and a dirty face made me look like a little urchin.

Mom's baked beans, campers, booze, and families hosting every seven years.

Alone, rejected, too young, too old, mad, happy, fulfilled - every year has a new emotion.