

Holiday Drive-in; Creative Non-Fiction
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A Hostess pink coconut marshmallow Bundt cake haunts me. A bite of it would trigger memories and cause me to gag. The shreds of coconut would stick between my teeth, and the sugar would cause anxiety. The caffeine in the chocolate would affect my blood pressure. One bite and I would break into tears. The adults offered it to us kids attending my best friend's brother's funeral.

Boulder: 1961-1968: it was the best of times and the worst of times. I have never eaten—or enjoyed the taste of coconut since. It disturbs my soul.

Duck and cover drills, new homes offering bomb shelters, people fleeing their homes for caves dominated the images on Walter Cronkite's news show, "that's the way it is." Food from grocery stores emptied, gasoline lines grew, survival equipment collected, and iodine selling out made the panic real. We would soon experience the war or wars — the horror, the horror, the horror of the Cuban Missile Crisis.

God told our family in prayer to meet up with Him in Boulder, Colorado, in 1961. We arrived, from Virginia Beach, riding in a 1955 Lincoln with a canvas army tent, no floor, and heavy poles to prop up the front and back, four kids, and a dog. We prayed, and He told us to stay in Peaceful Valley in the hills above Boulder. We obeyed and put up our old canvas tent, dug rain drains around its parameter, and blankets down to make a bed for us all, and the dog.

The 1960s elections had happened a year ago. We were on the road looking for a place to settle. We traveled from Va. Beach; to Ca; on every road available, all under construction now with Eisenhower's freeway/toll road projects. "Detour there's a dusty road ahead" was the

popular song. Howard Johnson's and small family theme-based motels with pools and playgrounds beckoned for the large American families on the move after WWII. Everyone wanted to move West; it was the second greatest pioneer migration in America. Like most of the WWII vets, my father wanted to move to California, the land of sunshine and opportunity, but it would take him years to achieve that goal.

Kennedy was in the white house. Cuba was a crisis. Boulder being in the military-industrial zone with nuclear fuel technologies, was a target. My dad got a job at Rocky Flats Nuclear Production Plant as an electrician. Rabbits on the grounds glowed.