

Perspective



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A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away.

Ohio, Summer of 1977

I was eight years old and the Devine Clan was about to take a journey.

As a rule, we spent the summers on a lake in Wisconsin. My childhood summer vacation memories are peppered with visions of that lakefront property. Fishing, playing cards, catching dragonflies and running from swarms of deer flies. Bow and arrow excursions eventually turned into pellet gun wars with the impossible creations of my imagination. By my late teens and early adulthood I'd just row out onto the lake with a good book. No bait or tackle required. Fond memories are those.

The summer of '77, that was a different vacation all together.

For reasons unknown, we traveled to Huntsville that summer. Being only 8, or perhaps it is because over three decades have passed, most memories of that singular trip elude me. What I do recall is this: at some point we were BORED. Looking back, I imagine that bored children, in the summer heat of Huntsville was what prompted my parents to check movie times. I don't recall anything but them reading off names of movies, and settling on, what I thought was the oddest name of a movie ever. Star Wars. "How could stars fight?" I asked myself.

Needless to say, I was wowed. Those of you around my age probably can relate to what I experienced; the feeling of seeing something never before seen in movies. I do not have the words to express how powerful this movie was for an 8 year old. At that time the "good" movies I had been exposed to were of a different variety; Cannonball, Rocky, Close Encounters, and Benji.

It left its mark on me. So much so, that I have forgiven the horrid prequels that came out a decade ago, and am looking forward to the new chapter this evening.

Yes, I'm in Huntsville, and about to see Star Wars with my family.

Life is good.