

PORCHES OF THE QUAD CITIES

Guest essayist: Linda Bowers, chair, The Cultural Trust



“Two of my favorite things are sitting on my front porch and playing my harmonica.” -Abe Lincoln

The front porch.

The first room of the house.

A home’s first impression.

A proud place for your flag.

The cocktail start to my parents’ dinner parties.

(Bourbon and pimienta cheese spread.)

Where my newspaper lands *(sometimes)*.

Where I slept on sweltering summer nights.

Where you drip-dry after a morning sled ride.

A place to greet your neighbors.

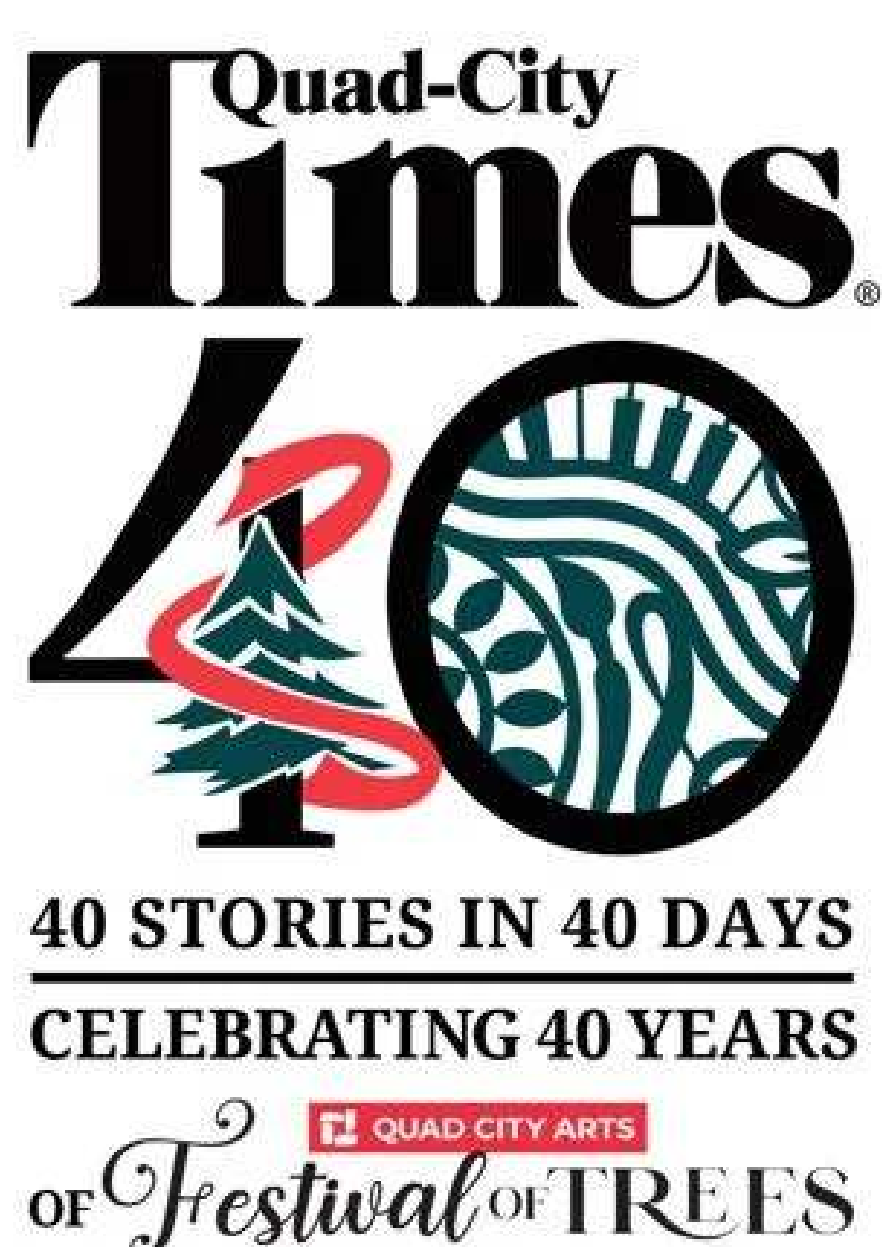
Where the porch swing awaits.

Where I sobbed over a dead baby bird.

The Festival of Trees gets it. They get the importance of a welcoming porch, whether it’s on an antebellum house or a rustic cabin. A porch hugs you and invites you to sit a spell.

This year’s Festival has a new entry along with trees, wreaths, and fireplaces. It’s the porch entry (double meaning intended). Porches are enjoying a resurgence in American home architecture. After COVID, families have moved from the backyard to the front porch in search of the sweet-tea-sipping camaraderie of their ancestors. We want a cozy visit.

My first house, a tiny brick Cape Cod, had the coziest, screened-in side-porch with AstroTurf carpet on the floor and ivy growing up the outsides of the screens. It was such a luxury to bring my Quad City Times and steaming mug of coffee out to the porch table to sit, read, listen, and immerse in solitude. Those days are gone but I crave them, still.



I crave opening The Times.

I miss the ink on my fingers.

I miss the newspaper smell.

I want to read a PAPER not a virtual version

Maybe the PAPER will have a resurgence like our porches. Maybe.