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One Day With Dad

I have never been an outdoorsy girl. I like the outside but I definitely love my couch, too. The best memory I have of the outside is with my dad and our summertime boat. The Sea-Doo speedster is its name. My dad bought this boat when it was still a huge hunk of junk. After dad fixed it up, there was nothing on that boat that was not new or renovated. One day in the summer before my junior year of high school, my dad and I went out on the boat. My mother, my little sister, and my best friend Danielle went with us. All piled up in our family SUV, we went to the closest dock. My family and I spent about two hours just wandering around Carter's creek, a wide, popular creek that connects to the Rappahannock River. The day was scorching and it felt like every ray of sun shine was aimed right at our faces. My mom and my little sister started to get tired and sun burnt after awhile and decided they wanted to be brought back to the dock. We sped to the dock and dropped mom and Mackenzie off, but Danielle, Dad and I decided to continue our day. I remember sitting close to the back of the boat and feeling the hot air crash against my cheeks as we flew over the water. I remember Danielle and I smiling at each other as Dad did donuts in the middle of the creeks.

Dad had brought this over-sized purple tube with AIRHEAD plastered on it with us. When we reached the Rappahannock River, we all tied the tube to the back of the Speedster and took turns riding. Dad even let me drive the boat so he could go once or twice. I remember later we parked under the White Stone bridge to take a break from all the action. Dad tied a rope to one of the nails sticking out from the huge concrete pillar that held the mile long bridge in place. Danielle and I took turns hurdling off the side of the Speedster into the waves of the river. I remember the ride home to the dock. It was late, probably around 4 or 5 and we were all tired. By then, my normally blonde, straight hair was in a nasty, brown knot on the top of my head.

Danielle had been stung by jelly fish several times and Dad had a pretty awesome lifejacket tan.

As we drove up to the dock, I, the self proclaimed first mate, helped Dad put our beloved Speedster on the trailer. Despite never having been an outdoorsy girl, that summer day with my dad and the Speedster was the day I started to look at nature in a whole different way. I started to see that Carter's Creek was not a large, wet mass of mud (my previous conclusion) but instead a world of possibilities. Now, I live for summer days with my family. My mind was completely changed by the Speedster. It only took one day with my dad.

Genevieve Campagnola is a Senior at Lancaster High School in White Stone and has been in the Red Devil marching band for four years and is a member of the Key Club, National Honor Society and participated two years in both Model General Assembly and Visual Arts. She spends her free time with her family that includes her mom, dad, two sisters, a dog and a mean cat. She is proud to say , “That my best times are spent on the boat with my dad.” Hence the inspiration for her touching article.