



Here is a fun memory:

When we were children we'd spend most of our summer playing around the South Fork of the Kinni. We'd ride banana seat bikes through the river and along the trails on the banks of "Pete's Creek" before there were mountain bikes. Other days we'd spend playing beneath the Swinging Bridge on our "water slide". We were of course forbidden to go beneath the bridge and play since it was dangerous and there were snakes down there. We just could not resist that forbidden place since there was so much to explore! So in order to cover up our secret adventures under the Swinging Bridge we would go and jump in the Glen Park Pool to rinse off the Kinni water and get a good dose of chlorine smell on ourselves so we'd be ready for inspection upon returning home before supper. Sometimes now when I visit the bridge I listen very carefully to the falls running below, and somewhere in between the gurgles and mist I can hear the laughter and splashing of some very dear times!

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