

CELEBRATING 40 YEARS

Porches of the Quad Cities

Sponsored content by 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.

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 newspaper not a virtual version.

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

Coming tomorrow: Legacy in motion

**Scan here or visit
qcfestivaloftrees.com
to learn more!**



40 STORIES IN 40 DAYS

**Quad-City
Times®**