Hey ho, you lucky devils! I’m one of the ancient spirits of Shakespeare-at-Winedale’s past. Decades ago, when I had a license but not a car, my Mom

dropped me off at Miss Ima’s House (now two stone chimneys at each end of an empty space). I introduced her to Doc (Jim Ayres), kissed her goodbye and took off running across the dirt road, through the green, past the trees, towards the Barn. Mid-way I threw myself into the air and turned a flying cartwheel. Amazingly, I landed on my feet not my head. I’m not a gymnast. I have no idea how I turned that cartwheel, much less turned it in the air. It was sheer exuberance. The total joy of anticipation. I had already spent one summer at Winedale, already knew it was a place of woe and wonder, a place of constant surprise. It can render you in awe of yourself. Welcome! I wish I could be there with you.