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Kennedy Arno

A picture is worth a thousand words. I have countless pictures taken at the Tibbetts Point Lighthouse. These pictures symbolize the history of the lighthouse in my life. Too many to remember when they were taken but some are forever rooted in my memory.

At age seven when my mom was training for her first half marathon and I begged to join her and bring my scooter. My mom ended up carrying the scooter and my dad joined us for the sunset after he was called to come pick me and my scooter up. The sky was angry in the picture but my memory of dad laughing that mom let me try it brings joy. On Father's Day when I rode my bike to the lighthouse with my dad, I fell and skinned my knee. I thanked a good neighbor who brought me in, cleaned up my knee, bandaged me up and caught the sunset with us. The lighthouse looked grey in the picture but making a new friend sure brightened my day. The first time I was allowed to ride my bike to the lighthouse with my sister, this resulted in an argument over the role of our lighthouse. That wasn't settled until we raced freely around the lighthouse and were mesmerized by the sunset. The picture wasn't focused but my sister was clear on telling my mom just how wrong I was. I learned that day the lighthouse isn't just a place for me to take pictures and make memories. My mom put it in terms for a then 10 year old. It is a historical gem where the lake and river meet and it guides ships. The night we celebrated my papa's life, exhausted and hungry, an ice cream cone and a ride to the lighthouse with my Nana to watch the sunset was just what we needed. The picture was blurry but the memory of my Nana's laugh is vivid. The day I got my driver's license and my parents let me take my first solo drive to the lighthouse to catch the sunset. Music loud, with my shades on. I arrived to take off my shades and see a sky of clouds and what looked like a storm approaching. I did catch a picture of a ship passing. Ironically, the ship was named Thunder Bay. The day my sister left for college, a ride to Tibbetts and a selfie with the sunset signified my loneliness that my best friend had gone to college 500 miles away. The picture of the sunset and the lighthouse was spot on. The selfie of me with red eyes was not to be shared. The night we got our black lab puppy during quarantine, we all decided she needed to see our favorite spot in our hometown. She instantly loved it as much as we do. A family selfie was captured with a ship, rough water and the lighthouse in it. We somehow missed the sky.

Most of my trips are in the spring, summer and fall. I don't visit the lighthouse often in the winter. It was a cold snowy day and I was feeling pressure. College coaches were calling, acceptance letters were coming in. People were asking "What next?". This night, at the lighthouse everything was clear. I snapped a picture in my mind not on my phone and returned home ready to commit to leave home and attend a four year college. I have pictures to fill my walls of my dorm room 165 miles away from 44°6'00"N 76°22'12"W. These pictures will remind me of how blessed I was to have such a beautiful place in my backyard and that St. Lawrence sunsets are proof every day can end beautifully.