



A Season In The Sun

By Keith Thorn



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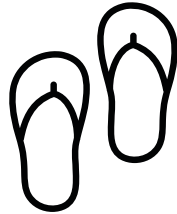
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*To Melody, my dearest wife, and best friend, the melody in
my life's song. Your unwavering support and love have
been my guiding light, inspiring every page of this journey.
With all my heart, I dedicate this work to you.*

Foreword

Whenever someone of significance shares their personal journey, it warrants our attention. When it's someone with the character of Keith Thorn, I urge you to lean in even more. As his personal friend for over 20 years, I have had the joy of both speaking with and learning from him in equal measure.

In today's world, wisdom is rare. *A Season In The Sun* is both a blessing and a challenge, prompting readers to dig deep and reflect on what truly matters.

Enjoy the read, yet be prepared for introspection.

The journey is well worth the effort.

Kevin Breeding

Friend & Aspiring Coach to People of Significance, like Keith

The Road South

The morning sun cast a golden hue over the suburban neighborhood as Emily and Jake stood in their driveway, the imposing silhouette of their RV looming behind them. The vehicle, a symbol of their impending adventure, gleamed under the sunlight, reflecting the culmination of months of meticulous planning and soul-searching.

Emily took a deep breath, the crisp air filling her lungs, and glanced at the modest two-story house that had been their home for over a decade. The white picket fence, the blooming rose bushes, and the familiar creak of the porch swing—all these elements had once epitomized their dreams. Yet, as the years passed, the house had become a repository of memories, both joyous and painful.

Jake approached, his footsteps crunching on the gravel, holding a worn leather journal. "Found this in the attic," he said, his voice tinged with nostalgia. "Thought you might want to bring it along."

Emily recognized the journal instantly. It was her mother's, filled with handwritten recipes, musings, and

pressed flowers from gardens long gone. She accepted it with a soft smile, running her fingers over the cracked spine. "Thank you," she whispered, her eyes glistening.

The decision to leave had been fraught with sleepless nights and endless discussions. After the loss of their only child, the house had become a constant reminder of unfulfilled dreams and lingering grief. The walls echoed with silence, and each room held shadows of a future that would never be. In an attempt to heal and rediscover themselves, they had sold most of their possessions, purchased the RV, and charted a course for the unknown.

Jake loaded the last of their belongings into the RV's storage compartment, securing the latch with a decisive click. "That's the last of it," he announced, wiping a bead of sweat from his brow.

Emily took one final look at the house, her mind flooded with memories—the laughter of birthday parties, the warmth of holiday gatherings, the quiet moments shared on rainy days. But intertwined with these were the hospital visits, the tears, and the overwhelming sense of loss. She exhaled slowly, releasing the weight of the past, and turned to Jake. "I'm ready," she said, her voice steady.

As they settled into the RV, the interior felt both foreign and promising. The dashboard was adorned with maps and travel guides, the seats covered with plush

cushions Emily had sewn herself. Photos of their younger selves, beaming with hope, were pinned to a corkboard above the kitchenette. It was a compact space, but it held the essentials of their new life.

Jake started the engine, the vehicle vibrating to life beneath them. The GPS displayed their first destination: Port Isabel, a coastal town in Texas known for its serene beaches and vibrant community of Winter Texans—seasonal visitors escaping the harsh northern winters.

The journey southward unfolded like a moving canvas of shifting landscapes. They passed bustling cities, their towering skyscrapers slicing through the sky, then vast farmlands where golden crops swayed in the breeze. Rivers shimmered under the afternoon sun, and winding mountain roads unveiled breathtaking vistas. Each mile between them and their past brought them closer to something unknown, yet full of possibility.

During the drive, they reminisced about their early days together—their first apartment with its leaky pipes and city skyline view, the spontaneous road trip to the Grand Canyon where they camped under the stars, whispering dreams of a life filled with adventure. These memories, once buried under the weight of routine and sorrow, resurfaced, reminding them of the bond that had always sustained them.

As dusk approached, they decided to stop at a quaint roadside diner. The neon sign flickered, casting a warm glow over the parking lot. Inside, the scent of freshly brewed coffee and sizzling burgers wrapped around them like a familiar embrace. They chose a booth by the window, the vinyl seats creaking as they settled in.

A waitress with a kind smile approached, her name tag reading Marge. "What can I get y'all?" she asked, her Southern drawl comforting in its familiarity.

They ordered simple meals—Jake opting for a cheeseburger with fries, Emily choosing a chicken salad. As they waited, they observed the other patrons: a family sharing stories over milkshakes, a truck driver engrossed in a paperback novel, an elderly couple holding hands, their connection palpable.

"I wonder what stories they carry," Emily mused, nodding toward the elderly couple.

Jake followed her gaze. "Everyone has a journey," he replied. "Some are just more visible than others."

Their meals arrived, and they ate with a renewed appreciation for the simple pleasures—a warm meal, shared glances, and the promise of tomorrow.

Back on the road, the darkness enveloped them, the RV's headlights cutting through the night. The hum of the

engine and the rhythmic passing of highway markers created a soothing lullaby. Emily leaned her head against the window, watching as the stars dotted the sky, each one a beacon of hope.

"Do you think we'll find what we're looking for?" she asked softly.

Jake reached over, taking her hand in his. "I think we will," he replied, offering a reassuring smile.

As the RV merged onto the interstate, the cityscape gradually faded into sprawling countryside. Fields of golden wheat swayed gently in the breeze, interspersed with patches of wildflowers that painted the landscape in vibrant hues.

The journey southward was not just a physical transition but an emotional one as well. Each mile put between them and their hometown felt like shedding an old skin, leaving behind the weight of unspoken sorrows and unmet expectations. The open road ahead symbolized a blank canvas, a chance to redefine their lives on their own terms.

As dusk approached, the sky transformed into a masterpiece—deep oranges fading into purples and blues. Jake glanced at the fuel gauge and suggested they find a place to stop for the night. Consulting their map, they

discovered a small campground near a serene lake just a few miles ahead.

Upon arrival, they were greeted by the sight of towering pine trees silhouetted against the twilight sky. The air was crisp, carrying the earthy scent of pine needles and the distant chirping of crickets. They parked the RV in a secluded spot overlooking the tranquil waters, its surface reflecting the emerging stars.

After setting up camp, Jake retrieved a bundle of firewood from the storage compartment. With practiced ease, he arranged the logs in the fire pit and struck a match, watching as the flames flickered to life. The warmth of the fire provided a comforting contrast to the cool evening air.

Emily prepared a simple meal of grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup, the aroma mingling with the smoky scent of the campfire. They sat together on a plaid blanket, their faces illuminated by the flickering flames, and shared their meal in companionable silence.

As the night deepened, the canopy of stars above seemed to stretch infinitely, unmarred by city lights. Jake leaned back, propping himself up on his elbows, and gazed upward. "It's been a long time since we've seen the stars like this," he mused.

Emily nodded, her eyes tracing the constellations. "I forgot how vast the universe feels out here," she replied softly.

The crackling fire and the distant hoot of an owl were the only sounds punctuating the stillness. In this serene setting, the burdens they had carried felt a little lighter, the wounds a little less raw.

"Do you think this journey will help us heal?" Emily asked.

Jake reached out, taking her hand in his. "I hope so," he replied. "I think giving ourselves space and time is a step in the right direction."

They sat in silence for a while longer before retreating into the warmth of the RV, the distant sound of waves against the shore lulling them into a peaceful sleep.