

An Inn for All Seasons

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The snow fell without a break. When it was over, the hills had been covered in a plush blanket of fluff. To this point it had been a mild season with nothing more than a single dusting. Two weeks ago, the temperatures were in the 60's and next weekend they have predicted the same. Today, a cheerful fire welcomes guests to the Library, Parlor and breakfast while icicles decorate the turret like glistening crystal swords.

Was a time when restaurants and shops closed for the winter and the only folks on Main Street lived here year-round. Guests that have visited **The Oaks Bed and Breakfast** these past few months have shared a unique parcel of life in the Blue Ridge. Music is still alive in the night and it seems a little easier to get a beer and a table. Infinite vistas appear out of nowhere with unobstructed clarity. In the resolute darkness of the country night, the lights of the residences sitting high on the mountain seem to twinkle and shine, competing with the stars and making it difficult to discern where house lights leave off and the heavens begin. Some nights, here on the mountain, the stars are so close you feel like you can wear them like a crown. Stars like diamonds and planets like rubies and gems.

The bird feeders need to be filled almost weekly, proving that we are still a popular stopping off place on the migratory trail. Soon the snow will melt and invigorate the rivers, waterfalls and the streams. A hike to Pearson Falls and the Green River is on our list of things to do.