

Out & About with Lori Sunflower

“When I first came to Crestone...”



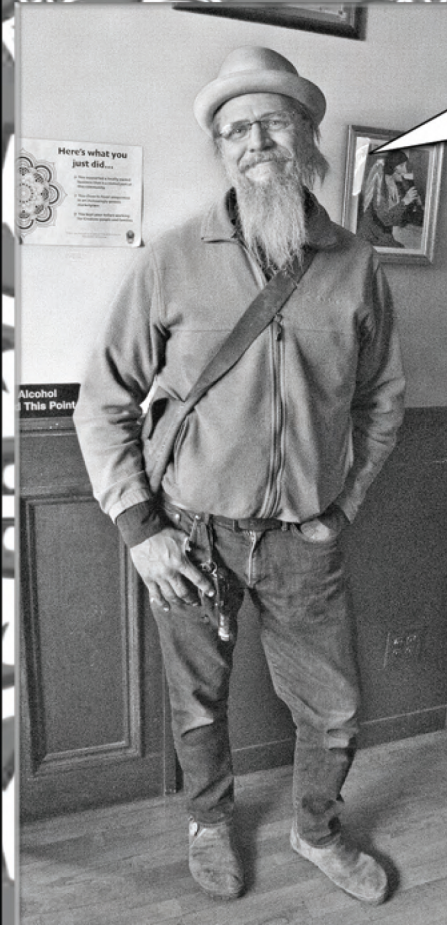
Denise Johnson

When Kathy and I moved to Crestone we brought our stuff with us from KC. We didn't figure our table would be an issue. Well, it was! So, now we had to do something with the table and all the chairs and leaves. We decided to take them to the free box. It was going there, but there was a guy watching us take the chairs out of the truck. He says, "Are you giving this stuff away?" "Yes, sir, we are!" "REALLY!?" "Yes, sir!" "Can I have it?" "Sure, you can!" "I have no way to get it home." "Well, we can take it to your house!" "REALLY!?" "Really!" So we took them chairs, table, and the leaves to his house. His wife lost her mind! "Oh, we really needed this. Our table and chairs are broken." We were happy to give it away, and ironically to someone who absolutely needed those items. Icing on the cake: the gesture has come back around for us 2-fold! We like it!



Elianna Krakauer

My very first experience in Crestone was over 20 years ago when my son and I came to volunteer at the Crestone Music Festival. That weekend, we met a man who became our first and closest friend. At Camper Village, they had showers we could use, so upon arrival, the first campsite we came upon was the very creative home of Paul Rovinelli. I inquired as to where the showers were and he pointed down the hill and off we went. However, Paul apparently followed on foot and decided it would be interesting to watch me in the showers. I was embarrassed for a moment until I realized he was harmless. After getting dressed, I fearlessly reapproached my "peeping Tom" and we had a good laugh. Then, I inquired about where I could get some magic mushrooms and he told me that if I massaged his shoulders, he would give me some. Well, that was easy. And there began a long friendship. We were best of friends until the end of his life, as I cared for his body and even acted as fire keeper at his cremation, where his humor continued with popcorn in the fire.



Grateful Eric

It's a lifelong dream of mine to move to Colorado, ever since I was 19 years of age. I always said I was going to someday live in Colorado and live near the hot springs. And after being diagnosed with stage 4 cancer in 2017 and going through three years of intensive chemo and two stem cell transplants, I promised myself when I survived that, that I was going to sell my house and move to Colorado. So, I got in my car and found my way here, as it's one of the last affordable places in Colorado; but I had no idea what a paradise it would be when I first pulled into Joyful Journey parking lot on December 2, 2023. It felt like pulling into a time warp or a different planet or something. But I knew I was home as soon as I got here. I've pretty much been embraced by the community right from the start. Open mic was one of my first experiences that month. I was living in my car at the time with my two dogs, and I went to T Road Pub, where Noemi was running open mic. I did my three songs on my cigar-box guitar, and people loved it. She made me promise to come back, and well, I've been back ever since. Also, I'd like to mention my plans to resume building my cigar box instruments. That's part of my dream here as well. I'm in the process of rebuilding the roof on my workshop so I can get started on that again this winter, instead of just sitting and feeding the wood stove.

Eric Carpenter

I came to the valley years ago to climb Mt Blanca, Humboldt, and Challenger. I really appreciated the natural beauty here. I grew tired of living on the front range and had the opportunity at the time to work remotely. I found a room for rent in Chalet 1 and decided this was an opportunity I could not pass up. Here in the valley, I am sandwiched between my two favorite mountain ranges: the San Juan's and the Sangre de Cristo's.



Mike Booth

When I first came to Crestone... We backpacked to the North Colony Lakes from the Westcliffe side years ago. On the map (yes, paper, there was no GPS) we saw a little town on the other side of the mountain. Later we retired and decided to drive to the other side. We pulled into Crestone and were surprised at the closeness and calmness of the mountains. It felt like we stepped back in time. We immediately felt like this is the place. And so it is..



Cathy Govert

Approximately 13-14 years ago I heard a story on Colorado Matters about the open-air funeral pyre. I spent the next 10 years investigating Crestone, coming out on long weekend vacations, wanting to make sure I was a good fit for it, and it for me. On my first trip here, I was at Saturday market, swaying to the music of the jam session, and my friend I'd traveled here with said, "Yeah, you'll fit in fine here." One of the first people I met was Michael, Ginny's husband, who died earlier this year. I was wearing my Bernie 2016 shirt and he said, "That Goddamn Bernie, he made me believe in politics again." And on an early trip to check out Crestone, William said, "If you are meant to be in Crestone it will keep pulling on your heart until you are here." Boy, was he right! I moved here in November of 2021 and haven't regretted a moment.

Osha

When I first came to Crestone in 1995, the current town hall was the liquor store at that point. It was a high school trip, and so the young men who I was with were 17. They were really heavy-duty alcoholics, and our teachers knew it. And they walk into the liquor store there, get their bottle of vodka, and we proceed to go to the Sand Dunes. They sat there the whole next morning drinking their vodka and orange juice right in front of our teachers. And we were 17 years old, and the teachers didn't give a hoot, and it was great.

