

## It Was Nice the First Time

Carolyn and I arrived in this area in the mid 1990's. Shortly thereafter, we went to the Bellingham library (in the pre-internet days, you must understand) and looked up "hot springs" and "hot tubs" in the northwest and found "Sunny Trails" in British Columbia.

On one warm summer weekend motorcycle trip towards Harrison Hot Springs, B.C., we found "Sunny Trails". The sign said it was a nudist resort and warned that we may encounter nude people beyond the gate. Taking a deep breath, we decided to enter and see what was to be seen.

We entered and found a wonderfully green, plush campground. Dave, the nude receptionist (chief cook, dish washer, manager, psychologist, counselor, Master of Ceremonies, and everyone's truly trusted friend) greeted us and took the expected sting out of entering a totally different world. We parked our motorcycle and accompanied the nude Dave on our clothed walk-about of the resort. Obviously friendly (but oh-my-gosh!) nude people waved at us as we inspected the campground.

It was only about 20 minutes before we both sensed that this atmosphere was truly "nice". In contradiction to this "nice" atmosphere, we remembered some recent news reports about shootings in Seattle. We commented to Dave that we appreciated feeling safe being in British Columbia, because there were such strict gun control laws. Dave immediately pointed out to us that it was certainly nothing to be concerned about at Sunny Trails, because "where would anyone conceal a gun?!"

That was all we needed to hear! We set up our tent, removed our clothes, smiled, and met all the other guests. It was "nice" in the best way to define "nice" – we were comfortable.

That's been the overall feeling at all the nudist resorts we've been to since that date.

Ain't it great!

Bart B.