

Park Newport View

July 2022

General Manager's Comments

I cannot think of summer without remembering a motley crew of teenagers crossing the Sonoran Desert in a barely roadworthy '65 school bus without air conditioning or fully functioning shock absorbers. It was July of 1972, and our twenty-year-old bus driver, who called himself "Sundance," was heading to Vietnam before the end of the year, he thought. He and our other chaperons, aged seventeen to twenty-one, wore leather headbands over shoulder length hair, bead necklaces dangling with peace signs, and burned sandalwood incense whenever matches could be found. Cat Stevens' "Ruby," and our Summer Anthem, "Peace Train," reached through my shrill transistor radio like a divine proclamation, and scorched air danced on the road. On the horizon, a monsoon was forming.

The Grand Canyon was little more than two hours away when Sundance announced the temperature was one hundred twelve, and we were changing plans. We would exit Route 66 and pick up a dirt road to the Havasu Canyon trail head. From there, we would hike to the bottom of a red rock gorge, where a tributary of the Colorado River flowed into the Grand Canyon, and fabled pools of aquamarine holy water have cooled the locals for centuries. If we started hiking after midnight, the moon would be full, so we would see the trail clearly. Best of all, said Sundance, it would be 75 degrees when we reached our destination. "We cool?" He asked, as if he trusted us. "Can you dig it, campers?" Why yes, yes, we could. "Right on," said he. We picked up some fuel at the only gas station in sight, filled the radiator and canteens at a random faucet and ate stale sandwiches with several sides of melted Reese's Peanut butter cups. We arrived at the trailhead before sunset under orders to nap for a few hours.

We did not nap, as directed, on the rim of the world's greatest natural wonder—sheer excitement and melted peanut butter cups saw to that. But we did commence the grueling eight-mile descent to Supai Village, past the ancient rings left by receding waters from the great flood, where it is still possible to find seashells in the limestone strata at five thousand feet above sea level, and sandstone monoliths stand like sentries at gates to another world. I do not remember the bruises and blisters I earned on that trail, although we campers were blissfully unprepared, but my shredded converse high tops would later be a badge of honor. A snake slithering across my foot, a Cholla cactus spine puncturing my leg, and the faint warning of someone yelling, "scorpion!"... these are the things I recall. It is also a fact that under the spell of the summer moon I was transformed and came to understand the world could be more than the war in Vietnam, the breakup of John, Paul, George, and Ringo, or the imminent end of NASA's Apollo space program.

(Continued on the next page)

Just before sunrise, a scout along the dark trail reminded us that we must check in at the permit office upon entering the Havasupai Reservation. Two miles further, and we would make base camp along Havasupai Creek. Then, for four glorious hours, we were enchanted by the sunlit falls, framed by damp red earth, and green cacti. Sundance made pancakes and said a prayer. He also reminded us that all trash would have to be packed out when we left this dreamscape behind in the morning. Happy and tired, we settled into our campsite. Then, came the storm. Like an egg cracked on a microphone in the open underbelly of a drum, thunder and lightning raced along the canyon walls with heavy curtains of rain which lasted for 24 hours. Such a fury of nature I had never seen.

Had the weather been clear, I would have missed the quartz caves thirty feet above creek-level, where dozens of sheltering hikers could remain dry in a summer storm and crystals as big as fingers were strewn throughout a network of natural vents in the canyon walls. I would also never have known that prickly pears taste much like pomegranates and can provide nutrition and hydration for days if a weary camper should find the trail washed out and a return to civilization delayed by unforeseen circumstances.

And so, we returned to a world of hectic headlines and the last gasps of childhood. I can still see my dad standing in a high school parking lot as the hot dusty bus rolled to a stop. He would hug me and tell me a new baby sister had been born while I was away and that my mom would be spending a few extra days in the hospital. "How was the trip?" he would ask. "Cool, Dad. Very cool."

For those who are ready for a summer of your own adventures, good times and plenty of sunshine await you in Newport Beach and your home in the center of everything, Park Newport. We look forward to seeing you at our day-long July 4th celebration and fireworks from the vantage of the Clubhouse and Main Pool. For a schedule of events, including DJ Sherri at the Main Pool, food trucks in front of the Clubhouse, and a calendar of movie nights and other Club Activities, please save a copy of the newsletter or call (949) 644-4664 for details. Thank you for remembering there is no alcohol allowed at the Main Pool area, and entry into the Clubhouse and pool area is through the front entrance only on the first floor of the Club. Thank you always for your business and loyalty. Your Park Newport team looks forward to seeing you soon!

Friday Food Trucks

Coconut Food Truck
Friday, July 1 - 5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Barcelona OntheGo Food Truck
Friday, July 8 - 5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Fiesta Gourmet Food Truck
Friday, July 15 - 5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Dragon Dogs
Friday, July 22 - 5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.

Kala
Friday, July 29 - 5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.



Barcelona OntheGo: Chimi Churri Steak Fries

Pastries & Juice

Saturday, July 9 - 9:00 a.m. Clubhouse

Kids Movie Day

Finding Dory – Saturday, July 16 – 2:00 p.m. Main Theater

Tennis Information

Happy 4th of July! Our cardio clinics have been so popular this year that we are staying on schedule for the fourth of July week. Come out and join us for a clinic on Saturday morning from 8:30 am - 10 am, Friday morning from 9 am - 10:30 am, or Wednesday evening from 8 pm - 9:30 pm. These clinics are open to all levels and are a perfect combination of cardio, technical instruction, point play, and fun! The clinics are \$25 a session or a package of 10 for \$200. As we enter the summer season, please remember a few basic tennis etiquette rules, shirts and shoes must be worn at all times, and glass bottles are not allowed on the court. Additionally, dogs are not permitted on courts, and all guests must be with a resident. Lastly, please remember that only Park Newport tennis staff is allowed to teach lessons. Email: pntennisres@aol.com.





Employee of the Month



Congratulations to Park Newport’s employee of the month, Christina Brost. Christina has been with the company for almost two years and is an integral part of the Leasing Department. She earned this award for her continuous hard work, outstanding customer service, and taking on extra daily responsibilities. Christina enjoys sailing and spending time with family and friends in her spare time, as well as dining at new and different restaurants. Next time you see Christina on the property, please congratulate her on a well-done job.

DJ Sherri & Food Trucks

Sunday, July 10
3:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m.
Cruisin Fusion Food Truck

Sunday, July 17
1:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.
Meat Up Food Truck

Sunday, July 24
1:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.
Buen Appetit Food Truck

Sunday, July 31
1:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.
Graze Burgers Food Truck

Movies & Food Trucks

Join us in the Theater for Friday & Saturday movie nights at 6:00 p.m

- July 1, 2 : Dog
- July 8, 9 : Father Stu
- July 15, 16 : The Breakfast Club
- July 22, 23: Hustle
- July 29, 30 : The Batman

Tuesday Food Trucks

- Taco Miendo - Tuesday, July 12
5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.
- OC Tacos - Tuesday, July 26
5:00 p.m. - 8:00 p.m.