Part of South's charm dying

by TOM GUARISCO Advocate Staff Writer

If it's not too much trouble, please read this story on your front porch.

Lay your back porch or your deck. The front porch just got out there and got comfortable.

Are you reading this on a computer? Just print it out and go sit a while. Take your time.

All settled? Now that's more like it. For readers without a front porch you'll have to use your imagination.

You're rocking in your old wooden rocker, or lazily swinging in the porch swing.

Maybe you can smell fresh mown grass or the

savory scents of a nearby cookout. For the first time, this spring you stop and listen to all the birds singing.

Before long, a friend from the neighborhood moses over and joins you for a glass of iced tea, and the glasses dripping with condensation.

Not to say? Then you just sit and chat.

At moments like these, there is no mistake where you are — smack dab in the heart of the South. You are doing what Louisianians have been doing since the late 1700's: porch sitting.

Now take a good look around you and remember what you see, because the front porch is a dying breed.