

The waiting game for the fireworks display at the Sports Complex began even before 6 pm, and by 8:30 the entry roads around the park were full, as were the accessible pieces of bare earth on both sides of the 602 Bypass.

And still traffic flowed – sometimes cautiously, sometimes not – as more and more vehicles searched aimlessly for a spot with a view.

It was after 10, and full dark, before the thump, whoosh, and bang concert got started, breaking open the night sky with drizzles of colors and starbursts of quickly fading light.

With shutter speed of the camera turned down by a notch, the images became more surreal. These lasted longer in your memory than the sharpness of 'the bombs bursting in air.' Both types were a wonder to behold, and the neighborhood accompaniment, stretching all the way to the city's north side, kept most heads on a swivel so as not to miss any of the action.

Happy 240th birthday, America! We wish you many more!

By Tom Hartsock

Sun Correspondent

240 Years of America

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