



WHY
We Love
SARASOTA.

remember

how your heart fluttered when you first drove across the John Ringling Bridge and saw aquamarine waves dancing under a bright blue sky? Remember your first bite of stone crab claws at The Colony? Or standing barefoot on the cool, soft sand of Siesta Beach at twilight and watching the setting sun paint the sky in shifting shades of pink, gold and purple? We'll never forget what sparked our passion for this place; and, as in any great romance, we keep discovering enchanting new reasons, some rational, some sentimental and some just delightfully quirky, to fall in love all over again.

because it's the perfect car town •

We know it's politically incorrect, but we just can't help it. We love our cars. Our new Lexus LS 480, our BMW ragtop, our C-note Mercedes. Even our beat-up old Toyota Corolla. Is it our fault we live in the perfect car town?

Yes, we agree we need better mass transit. And we'll fight to get it. But what could be more exhilarating than coming back from St. Armands, with the Beach Boys blasting on the stereo, and cresting the bridge to suddenly see our fabulous new skyline laid out before us? It's a real "this is my town" kind of moment. We always feel a lump in our throats.

We bitch about the traffic, but in all honesty it's much more manageable than in most Florida cities. Have you been to Orlando lately? Or *Naples*?

And what wonderful blessing has given us perfect automotive geography? Everything is 15 minutes away. And even the longer trips—out to the south end of Siesta for a sunset dinner at Ophelia's, or up Gulf of Mexico Drive to the Colony—become magic journeys of astonishing postcard views. The turquoise water, the gorgeous homes, the Season of Sculpture whizzing past . . .

Anyone for a drive?

