

FOX VALLEY REVIEW

VOLUME II | ISSUE 8

AUGUST 2026



ONE YEAR

★
*Celebrating the Stories,
People, and Places
That Brought Our
Community Together*

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Celebrate our first year through the stories, photographs, milestones, and memories that transformed a simple idea into a thriving community publication.

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This poem reminds that the air we breathe and the burdens we bear are more deeply shared than we often realize.

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01 Mission & Vision



WHO WE ARE

WHAT WE DO

WHERE WE AIM TO GO

FOX VALLEY REVIEW is a regional digital magazine dedicated to curating and elevating the voices, stories, events, and cultural expressions of the towns and communities along the Fox River. We strive to inform, inspire, and connect residents through thoughtful storytelling, critical reflection, and celebration of the local from neighborhood events to regional art, food, and civic life.

We envision a more connected and culturally vibrant Fox Valley where every town and resident sees themselves reflected in the stories we tell. Through inclusive journalism, creative expression, and civic commentary, Fox Valley Review aims to become the cultural compass of the region, building bridges between communities, generations, and ideas across the river.



One Year Later!
One year ago, we released the very first issue of Fox Valley Review with little more than an idea and a hope that the people of the Fox Valley had stories worth preserving and that, if given the opportunity, they would share them. They did.

Over the past twelve months, neighbors have become storytellers. Lifelong residents and newcomers alike have opened their hearts, entrusted us with family histories, celebrated local traditions, reflected on personal struggles, and captured the beauty of our communities through words, photographs, poetry, and art. Together, they have created something far

greater than a magazine. They have built a living archive of the Fox Valley. Writers found the courage to tell stories they had carried for decades. Photographers captured familiar places in extraordinary ways. Readers became regular contributors, and strangers became friends at our monthly release parties.

This issue is a celebration of that journey.

Inside these pages, Associate Editor Diane Kondratowicz reflects on our first anniversary through the story of

a simple fox figurine that found a new home, a fitting reminder that stories, like people, often find where they belong. Sue Grommes concludes her moving journey back to Perigny, France, where remembrance transcends generations and reminds us of the true cost of freedom. Granny returns us to the one-room schoolhouse, where life's greatest lessons extended far beyond reading and arithmetic. Jeff Weisman reminds us that the world reveals its greatest wonders when we are willing to slow down and

FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR IN CHIEF DR. BAUDELAIRE K. ULYSSE

“

*LET THIS BE
YOUR WINDOW, YOUR MIRROR,
YOUR INVITATION!*

”

simply listen. We also continue our exploration of the Fox Valley with a visit to Algonquin, where the Fox River bends through history, nature, and community.

Our anniversary feature, “Fox Valley Review in Words & Pictures,” offers a look back at our first year, one filled with unforgettable stories, inspiring people, memorable photographs, and countless moments that reminded us why local storytelling still matters. This issue also includes my poem,

“Smoke from Adjacent Land,” inspired by the Canadian wildfires that dimmed our skies this summer. It is a reminder that the air we breathe, like our lives, is shared. What affects one community eventually touches another. The same is true of kindness, compassion, and hope.

As we begin our second year, our mission remains unchanged: to celebrate the people, places, businesses, history, and experiences that make the Fox Valley unlike anywhere else.

A NIGHT OF CELEBRATION

From meaningful conversations, gifts, connections, shared food and drinks, and laughter throughout the room, the evening captured the very essence of the Fox Valley: community-driven, creative, welcoming, and full of life.





JUNE RELEASE PARTY | ARCADE THEATRE | ST CHARLES, IL



There are still countless stories waiting to be told.

To our writers, poets, photographers, artists, sponsors, advertisers, volunteers, readers, and everyone who has encouraged this publication along the way, thank you. You have helped create a community connected by curiosity, memory, and a shared appreciation for the place we call home.

Here's to another year of discovering the extraordinary in the ordinary.

Baudlaire Ulysse



Reflections on Our First Year

People, Places, & Stories

WRITER: Diane

PH: Staff

The icon for Fox Valley Review is, of course, a fox.

Recently, Sue Grommes, one of our longtime faithful readers and regular attendees of our monthly Fox Valley Review Release Parties, kindly gifted me with a decorative statue of a fox that she found at a local thrift store. As she noted, she “just had to buy it,” because it was perfect for me.

While someone had decided that this decorative fox was no longer of value to keep in their home, they thoughtfully chose to donate it to a thrift store, likely in the hope that someone else might find it useful or meaningful.

As we publish our August issue (Volume 2, Issue 8), we celebrate the first anniversary of Fox Valley Review. This



*“Fox Valley Review has become more
than a collection of stories, photographs,
and poetry; it has grown into a community.”*

“The vision for Fox Valley Review began with a simple idea: to create a place where the stories of the Fox Valley could be shared, preserved, and celebrated.”



“Our release parties have become spaces where strangers become friends, collaborations begin, and a shared appreciation for the Valley flourishes.”

milestone gives us an opportunity to pause, reflect, and express our heartfelt gratitude to everyone who has helped bring this publication to life.

The vision for Fox Valley Review began with a simple idea from Editor in Chief Baudelaire Ulysse: to create a place where the stories of the Fox Valley could be shared, preserved, and celebrated. Stories that might otherwise remain within families or private conversations now have a home where they can inspire, encourage, and connect an entire community. Over the past year, our writers and poets have entrusted us with remarkable stories. They have shared joyful memories and family traditions, while also writing with extraordinary honesty about infertility, adoption, caregiving, grief, military service, faith, resilience, neurodiversity, and personal transformation. Through their willingness to be vulnerable, they have reminded us that every life contains both struggle and hope, and that sharing our experiences can help others feel seen and understood. Many contributors have done more

than tell their own stories. They have sought meaning in difficult experiences, raised important questions, and encouraged conversations that can strengthen our communities. Their work invites all of us to reflect more deeply on the richness and complexity of the human experience. For that gift, we offer our sincere thanks. Over the course of twelve issues, Fox Valley Review has become more than a collection of stories, photographs, and poetry. It has grown into a community of writers, photographers, artists, local businesses, readers, and neighbors who gather each month to celebrate creativity and one another.

To every writer, photographer, artist, sponsor, volunteer, reader, and supporter who has joined us on this journey: thank you. Your encouragement, generosity, and belief in this publication have made our first year possible.

As we begin our second year, we look forward to discovering new voices, telling new stories, and continuing to celebrate the people, places, and experiences that make the Fox Valley such a remarkable place to call home. With sincere appreciation,

Diane Kondratowicz
Associate Editor

Legacy Series

Three Missions from Home: A Fox Valley

Story of War, Loss, and Remembrance



03

Prt IV: Return to Perigny

Let Freedom Ring

FREEDOM & MEMORIES

WRITER: Sue & Diane

PH: Sue

Sixty years after the loss of my mother's first husband, Alvin Samuelson, our family returned to Perigny, France, at the invitation of the village that had never forgotten.

The visit became far more than a

memorial ceremony.

It was a journey through history, remembrance, and gratitude. We walked the same countryside where Alvin's B-17 bomber fell from the sky on August 8, 1944.

We stood where villagers

“

*I had never experienced anything like it**before or even since... Fear overwhelmed me.**I thought I might never see him again.*

”

had recovered pieces of the aircraft, cared for the fallen with dignity, and preserved their memory for generations. Later, we traveled to Normandy, where the scale of sacrifice and the enduring friendship between France and the United States became even more profound.

One of the most moving moments of our visit came during the memorial ceremony held at the crash site itself. More than 200 village residents gathered alongside local officials and representatives from the United States Embassy. Behind the speakers stood the quiet reminders of history—including one of the bomber’s wings, carefully preserved against the side of a nearby barn.

There, my mother delivered a speech she had spent weeks preparing. She titled it “Let Freedom Ring.”

She reflected on the enduring friendship between France and the United States, the courage of the Allied forces, and the mission of Alvin’s

squadron.

She recounted the final moments of the aircraft after enemy fire struck multiple sections of the bomber, igniting the bombs still aboard and causing the aircraft to break apart over the fields surrounding Perigny.

She then shared a deeply personal memory that she had carried with her for sixty years.

“I went out to his parents’ home in order to prepare and wait for his return. They lived in a big old two-story house, and the upstairs was not used much.

I always went upstairs to write letters to Alvin in a room which had a big calendar and a map of Europe on the wall. On this particular day, I sat at the desk wondering what I should write.

Suddenly, I became intensely aware of the space around me. It felt as though that small area of the room had become the most important place in the world.

I had never experienced anything like it before or since.

My thoughts turned strongly toward Alvin. I cannot explain how, but I felt he was near. I wasn’t seeing him or hearing his voice, yet I distinctly sensed him saying, ‘I’m leaving your life.’

The feeling was so powerful that I thought perhaps he was angry. Then I wondered if he had been hurt...or was dying.

I rushed toward the open staircase, convinced that if he was leaving me, he would have to walk down those stairs. I stood there, imagining him descending one step at a time, disappearing around the curve and out of sight.

Fear overwhelmed me. I thought I might never see him again.

I walked back into the room and drew a large ‘X’ across the calendar. It was August 8, 1944.



Pat, Sue, & Gabrielle (a representative from the U.S. Embassy in Paris) posed for a picture at the memorial service in Perigny, France.

As her remarks drew to a close, my mother reflected on the enduring cost of liberty, words that resonated just as deeply sixty years after the war as they did during it.

"Freedom costs a lot, but we are committed to fight for freedom at any price. It is an eternal struggle between good and evil. We thank God for giving us victory.

After sixty years, untold numbers of veterans and families, American, French, and Allied, still remember those life-changing days of World War II. We did not simply walk away and leave them behind. We live with those memories every day.

We were forced to fight, and we won the war, but we paid a tremendous price that still lingers in our minds and stirs our emotions. Many veterans continue to live with old injuries and with the losses they suffered. Yes, freedom costs a great deal.

In my own immediate family, four served in the military and five worked in defense plants. Only one, my husband, Alvin Samuelson, gave the supreme sacrifice.

These are members of America's Greatest Generation whom we honor today with this memorial. Freedom cost them everything."

As I listened to my mother speak, surrounded by the fields where history had unfolded and embraced by a village that had faithfully remembered for six decades, I understood that remembrance is far more than preserving history. It is an act of gratitude.

Our journey to Perigny, and later to the beaches of Normandy, became far more than a family pilgrimage. It was an experience that connected generations, nations, and hearts through a shared commitment never to forget those who paid the ultimate price for freedom.

It remains, without question, an experience of a lifetime.

Sue Grommes (reported by Associate Editor Diane Kondatowicz and edited by Chief Editor Baudelaire Ulysse)



Pat is being interviewed by a local radio station as another resident looks on during the 2004 memorial banquet honoring the American servicemen.



WOVEN QUILT SERIES

THE ONE-ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE IN MONTGOMERY

“

*SHARPEN YOUR PENCILS AND YOUR**EARS; GRANNY'S TEACHING TODAY.*

”

WRITER: GRANNY**PH: STAFF**

04

Let me tell you something, child. Back in my day, school didn't sprawl across brick buildings and digital screens.

No, sir. It was a little white clapboard house at the edge of Montgomery, nestled under an old elm tree that's long since been swallowed by time and townhomes.

We called it the one-room school-house. And that's exactly what it was one room, one stove, one chalkboard, and one teacher who taught everything from your ABCs to long division.

Her name was Miss Clara. A tall woman with silver-streaked hair always pulled back in a bun so tight it looked like it could hold up the roof.

We walked to school, no matter the weather. In spring, our shoes squished in muddy ditches. In winter, we huddled in pairs to share warmth and breath clouds into the frozen air.

And heaven help you if you showed up late, not because Miss Clara was mean, but because she believed promptness was the first sign of respect. She taught us that.



Grades one through eight sat together on wooden benches with backs worn smooth by generations. The older children helped the younger ones, and everyone listened because you never knew if you'd need to learn something again when it was someone else's turn.

Lunchtime was a quiet hum of tin pails and boiled eggs, biscuits wrapped in cloth, and apples from someone's backyard tree. We took turns fetching water from the pump outside, and if you got in good with Miss Clara, she'd let you ring the bell at the start of the day, a sound that sang across the fields like a hymn.

Discipline? Oh, it wasn't cruel, but it was firm. One time, little Thomas Weller stuck gum under the desk and Miss Clara made him write an apology in cursive fifty times. But she also kept a jar of peppermint sticks on her desk, and if you spelled "chrysanthemum" right, she'd hand you one like it was gold. Those days were slow and steady and



***One teacher. Eight grades. A lifetime of lessons
learned beneath one roof.***

sacred in a way that I didn't understand until years later. The one-room schoolhouse didn't just teach us arithmetic and penmanship. It taught us patience. Community. Pride in small things. And reverence for the kind of wisdom that doesn't come with age, but with humility.

So sharpen your pencils and your ears; Granny's teaching today. And class is always in session when you listen close enough to the stories that built the towns we love.

Granny



If you earned Miss Clara's trust, you rang the bell—a joyful honor whose echo welcomed another day of learning across the Fox Valley countryside.

Stay tuned for the next story from Granny's Woven Quilt Series. It's coming up in the September Issue.



You Make Me Proud, Kid!

Every parent dreams of watching their children grow into people of character and purpose. My son has always made me proud, but seeing him honor his commitment to become a United States Marine fills me with a pride that words can scarcely express.



WRITER: Allison Stefansson

PH: Staff

THE MARINE MOM DIARIES

Part II: Boot Camp, Excitement, & Anxiety

Sam shipped out to recruit training, better known as boot camp, in San Diego, California, on January 19, 2021.

The details of those moments leading up to that day are somehow hazy and crystal clear all at once.

There was the video compilation, crudely put together by my decidedly non-techy self, of friends and family offering well wishes and encouragement. Sadly, the ever-present reality of COVID prevented us from having the going-away party we had hoped for.

There was the unexpected moment

“There was something strangely freeing in knowing that what he was experiencing was entirely beyond my control.”



“Life on the outside continued much as it always had

but internally everything had shifted.”

when Sam’s buddies showed up at the house for one last goodbye, resulting in one of their cars getting stuck in our snow-covered driveway, just minutes before we had to leave for the recruiting center.

Then there was the phone call we hoped for, but weren’t guaranteed to receive, letting us know we could pick Sam up from the hotel near the airport for one final dinner together. We celebrated with an all-you-can-eat Brazilian steakhouse feast, sending him off with both his belly and his spirit full.

Looking back, I can still feel every bit of it.

What I recognize now is that those anxiety-provoking moments, the emotional highs and lows that felt so completely outside of my control were only the beginning of my journey of learning to let go.

Those thirteen weeks of boot camp became an era all their own.

I thought about Sam constantly.

I wondered how he was doing. I

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***“No photograph.
No letter. No update on-
line. Nothing compared
to simply hearing his
voice.”***

d about him more times than I
count.

t, there was something stran-
ge in knowing that what he
experiencing was entirely beyond
control.

y, boot camp felt like a sus-
pension of time. Life on the outside
continued much as it always had, but
suddenly everything had shifted. I
renewed my own daily routines
with a different lens, measuring
every moments against what I
only imagine was Sam’s reality.
Was it warm enough?

Was he exhausted?

Had he eaten?

Was he discouraged, or thriving?

My questions quietly accompanied
me through my own everyday life.

Looking back now, I recognize much
of my thoughts and feelings as the
expressions of a mother’s love
and compassion for her child.

hindsight has also given me ano-
ther perspective.

Now I see that I had become
personally enmeshed with Sam in

ways I hadn’t recognized before he
left. It wasn’t that I was an overpro-
tective “helicopter parent.” This was
something more subtle, a dynamic
between us that remained invisible to
me until distance finally exposed it.
Maybe it was because he was my
firstborn.

Or perhaps it was simply the way our
personalities fit together.
Whatever the reason, I somehow
carried an unspoken belief that I was
responsible for Sam’s happiness, or his
unhappiness.

In an unexpected way, while the Mari-
ne Corps was training Sam...

...they were also training me.

Beyond my own emotional journey,
boot camp brought moments of genui-
ne joy.

For a little while, checking the mailbox
became exciting again. Receiving a
handwritten letter from Sam felt like
opening a priceless gift.

I rarely sing the praises of technology,
but during those months I was deeply
grateful for it. Through social media I

connected with other recruit parents
and followed updates from MCRD
(Marine Corps Recruit Depot), where
photos and videos offered brief glimps-
es into the recruits’ daily lives.
Each new picture became an opportu-
nity to scan faces, hoping to catch a
glimpse of my son.

Sam excelled in both swimming and
marksmanship, earning the highest
shooting score in his platoon. As a
reward, he received the privilege of
making a surprise phone call home.
Hearing his voice that day was pure
joy.

No photograph. No letter. No update
online. Nothing compared to simply
hearing his voice.

The final test of boot camp, the mo-
ment every recruit must endure before
earning the title of United States
Marine, is known as the Crucible.

Even now, just thinking about what it
demands brings tears to **my eyes**.

For recruits, the Crucible is the culmi-
nation of thirteen grueling weeks of
physical exhaustion, mental enduran-
ce, teamwork, and sacrifice.

For parents...

It is another lesson in letting go.

Because by that point, there is nothing
left to do but trust that everything you
have poured into your child over a life-
time is enough.

And perhaps that is the greatest
lesson of all, not only for the recruit
becoming a Marine, but for the mo-
ther learning, one step at a time, that
loving your child also means learning
to release them.

To be continued...

ON THE TRAILS

WRITER: Jeff Weisman

PH: Staff

Let the World Come to You



"Just listen... and watch."

“The whole world opens up to you when you stay quiet long enough to let it come to you.”



Every parent knows that one of the hardest things to do is get a child to be quiet. Getting them to sit still may be even harder. But being quiet? That's quite the challenge.

The whole world opens up to you when you stay quiet long enough to let it come to you. I wanted my daughter to experience that, so one early summer morning I took her to the pond near our house to show her what happens when you're willing to simply wait and watch.

We left the house around six o'clock. She was about seven years old at the time, so waking up early wasn't much of a challenge. She brought a sweatshirt—even though it was summer—along with some Goldfish crackers (her ubiquitous snack back then), a sippy cup filled with apple juice, and her Ariel backpack, which I slung over my shoulder. My hope was to arrive before the neighborhood had fully awakened. We did.

After a short walk—about a quarter mile through a field—we reached the pond and found a comfortable spot along the bank. The pond, about the size of a large ice rink, was bordered by a few oak and willow trees but otherwise stretched openly before us. “Now,” I said, settling onto the ground where dirt mixed with random tufts of

grass, “just sit quietly and listen.”

“I’m hungry, Dad,” she immediately replied, fidgeting with her hands and feet.

“We just had breakfast. You’re fine. Trust me.”

“But I don’t understand why we’re doing this. No one else is,” she said, scooting closer to the water’s edge, clearly unconvinced.

“Just listen,” I replied, taking in the stillness around us. The sun sat low on the horizon. The water was as smooth as glass. Everything felt so quiet and peaceful it could have been a photograph.

“Trust me.”

“Fine, Dad,” she said reluctantly, leaning back on her hands.

We managed about three seconds of complete silence.

“Can I have my sippy cup, please?”

Trying not to laugh—or sigh—I reached into her backpack, handed it to her, and said, “Take a quick drink, then give it back. We need to be quiet.”

She drank nearly half the juice before handing it back.

“Thanks,” I said, putting it into the backpack. “Now let’s be quiet.”

A second or two later, a fish suddenly leapt from the water just a few feet to our right. The splash startled both of us.

“What was that?” she whispered.

“A fish,” I whispered back. “I don’t



Swinging Into Fall With Fireworks and Smiles

From release parties, sunsets, and fireworks to beloved community festivals, these moments capture the people, places, and traditions that make summer in the Fox Valley unforgettable. At Fox Valley Review, we're proud to celebrate the stories that continue to bring our communities together.



"If you're willing to let the world come to

you, you will be amazed at what you see."

know what kind. But it was a fish. Just listen... and watch."

To my surprise, she did.

A few moments later, she quietly pointed across the pond.

"Look."

A muskrat's head glided across the surface of the water.

"It's a muskrat," I whispered. "Keep watching."

For the next twenty seconds or so, we watched it swim across the pond.

Then several fish skimmed just beneath the surface a few feet away.

"There," she whispered again, pointing toward an oak tree beside us. "There's a squirrel."

"I see it too."

For another fifteen minutes, the pond rewarded our patience.

We spotted a turtle sunning itself on a log, several more fish breaking the surface, the muskrat returning for another swim, two rabbits along the edge of the field, and three or four different kinds of birds whose songs filled the morning air.

Eventually, my daughter grew bored, and we started the walk back home, talking about every animal we had seen.

Honestly, I don't know if she fully understood the lesson I was trying to teach her that morning.

But she did discover something important.

If you're willing to let the world come to you, you'll be amazed by what you see.

I count that as a win.

WRITER: Fox Valley Review

PH: Staff

One Year: Fox Valley Review in Words and Pic- tures

One year ago, we set out to tell the stories behind the places we call home.

Along the way, we discovered something even greater, a community.



There is an old saying that every community has stories waiting to be told. During the past year, Fox Valley Review has set out to find them, not by chasing headlines, but by listening to the people who quietly shape the character of our towns. One year ago, this publication began with a simple belief: every community is richer than it appears from the windshield of a passing car. Behind every storefront, neighborhood, trail, church, park, family business, and front porch are stories worth preserving. We believed those stories deserved more than a passing social media post. They deserved to be remembered.

Twelve months later, that belief has become something much larger than a magazine. It has become a community.

Over the past year, our pages have wandered through river towns and prairie communities, historic downtowns and hidden parks, neighborhood festivals and quiet moments of everyday life. We have celebrated the familiar while discovering places many lifelong residents had never visited. Our writers have trusted us with stories that required courage to tell.

They have written about infertility and caregiving, military service and wartime sacrifice, grief and healing, moving beyond loss, finding faith, building families, rediscovering hometowns, and learning to see familiar places through new eyes.

Alongside those deeply personal journeys, recurring series such as Granny's Woven Quilt, Three Missions from Home, The Marine Mom Diaries, and Jeff Weisman's thoughtful reflections have become cherished companions for our readers.



***“Our greatest accomplishment isn’t
measured by pages published,
but by the connections created.”***

Photography has also become one of our defining languages.

Whether capturing sunrise over the Fox River, the character of a downtown storefront, the excitement of a community festival, or the quiet beauty of local parks and neighborhoods, every issue has sought to remind readers that extraordinary moments often exist just around the corner.

The numbers tell part of the story.

During our first year, Fox Valley Review published 96 stories, introduced readers to 232 local businesses, highlighted 190 towns, landmarks, and community locations, and developed seven recurring story series that readers have come to anticipate with each new issue.

Yet our greatest accomplishment cannot be measured by statistics. It is measured by conversations.

It is measured by the writer who discovered the confidence to publish a first story.

By neighbors who met one another for the first time at an Issue Release Party.

By readers who paused to revisit a hometown, take a scenic drive, support a family-owned restaurant, or simply appreciate the beauty that had always been nearby.

Those moments remind us that local journalism and storytelling still matter, not because they report events alone, but because they strengthen the connections that transform neighborhoods into communities.

None of this would have been possible without the people who believed in this vision.

Image 1 : Fireworks at Pistakee Lake

Image 2: Fireworks at Pistakee Lake

Image 3: Fireworks at Pistakee Lake



To our writers, photographers, artists, volunteers, sponsors, advertisers, contributors, readers, and supporters: thank you for trusting us with your stories and allowing us to share them with the Fox Valley.

You have made this publication far more than a magazine.

You have made it a gathering place. As we begin our second year, our mission remains unchanged.

We will continue searching for overlooked places, remarkable people, forgotten histories, inspiring businesses, and everyday moments that remind us why the Fox Valley is such an extraordinary place to call home.

There are still countless stories waiting around the next bend in the river. We look forward to discovering them together.

ALGONQUIN

Where the River Curves and the Town Follows

Algonquin's story is written not in straight lines, but in gentle curves, following the Fox River that has shaped its landscape, history, and way of life for generations. The Fox River doesn't rush through Algonquin. It bends. It slows. It lingers.

The town has learned to do the same. Long before neighborhoods spread across the hillsides and businesses lined Randall Road, the river served as a gathering place for Indigenous peoples, including the Algonquin-speaking tribes whose

WRITER: Fox Valley Review

PH: Staff

name the village proudly bears. Early settlers followed the same waterway, recognizing what the first inhabitants already knew: that rivers do more than carry water. They carry people, commerce, stories, and community.

Today, that legacy continues along Algonquin's riverfront.

Unlike many suburbs that seem built around traffic, Algonquin still feels oriented toward the water. The river remains the village's quiet center, inviting visitors to slow down and notice what often escapes hurried lives.

Walking paths trace the shoreline,



Algonquin Riverwalk

connecting parks, overlooks, and peaceful stretches where kayakers glide silently beneath the bridges.

In the early morning, mist rises gently from the water. By afternoon, anglers cast lines from the banks while cyclists and families enjoy the Fox River Trail. As evening arrives, the setting sun paints the river in gold and copper, transforming an ordinary commute into an unforgettable view.

Downtown Algonquin reflects that same rhythm.

Historic storefronts stand alongside locally owned restaurants and cafés where conversations linger as comfortably as the river itself. Community events, from summer concerts and farmers markets to Founders' Days celebrations, bring residents together not simply to attend, but to belong.



Algonquin Square

Nature remains close at hand throughout the village. Nearby preserves, wooded trails, wetlands, and neighborhood parks provide opportunities to hike, paddle, fish, birdwatch, or simply sit beneath a tree and listen. Even amid continued growth, Algonquin has managed to preserve something increasingly rare: room to breathe.

In a region often defined by movement and momentum, Algonquin offers something quieter. It reminds us that progress does not always require haste, and that communities, like rivers, find their greatest beauty not by racing ahead but by embracing their natural course.

The Fox River continues its slow journey north to south, curving gracefully through the village.

Algonquin simply follows its lead.

Oh Smoke from Adja- cent Land

WRITER: Beau

PH: AP News, NPR, AccuWeather

*Invade my skies;
Fill my eyes
With itch and tears
To wash away the dust
That clouds my sight,
To clear the wax of my ears
That I may hear the silence.*

*Of forests once alive.
Drift over borders
That only maps can see.
Remind us that the wind
Recognizes no nation,
That another people's fire
Soon becomes
Another people's breath.*

*That I may learn
How another nation's fire
Can darken my noon.
Your passport is the wind.
Your visa, the jet stream.
You crossed no checkpoint,
Yet every nation received you.*

*You stole the horizon,
Yet showed me
How close we truly live
To one another's suffering.*

*We measured forests in timber,
Rivers in gallons,
Mountains in ore—
Until the air itself
Presented us the bill.*

*The ancients watched smoke rise
From altars toward heaven.
Ours descends instead,
Searching for hearts
That have forgotten the forest.*



Promotions

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