

On August 7, 2026, I wrote this little piece, “Driveway Kids” and shared it with two of my brothers. Here is the piece:

Driveway Kids

Reflecting back on my privileged upbringing got me to thinking about driveways. Yes, of course there was the house and my room, but we really lived in the driveway. It was where we first tried to pedal a bicycle, where we started our go-cart, where we would bang basketballs for hours off the backboard over the garage entrances.

And, yes we were privileged to be of the generation of kids who were told just to go out and play until dinner, or the street lights came on. So we roamed over the neighborhood. And once we were back on our driveway, we were home free.

I really don’t know, but I suspect that this driveway-is-home mentality is common among Boomers. It may explain something about our quest for the picket fence, for a strip of land that is our safe place.

Later that same day, my brother Ross wrote:

Driveways

Of course, there was the family house; my bedroom a childhood’s private world. Still, the driveway was our field of play. On soft, forgiving asphalt passed our endless parade of fun.

There, I learned to ride my bike, wobbly yet determined. There began our go-cart adventures, wild excitements, mind and body. There, the patient hoop, ever so high, waited for endless shots as we sought perfection.

Play was the thing: little matter what form it took. Our driveway: the blackboard on which childhood fancies were drawn. Get outside we were told and little did we balk, roaming far and wide until, at dusk or dark, with driveway asphalt underfoot we were home.

Shared among my generation, these driveway lives? I like to think so. A rooted, if privileged, commonality. Youth’s formidable creations, soon faded by age and dreams abandoned.

When grown full height, did our driveway days frame the quest for picket fences and land of one’s own?

What is home without driveway’s soft asphalt?

Incomplete.

With it, an abode of bliss.

My brother Bruce wrote his version on August 8 with the help of some AI:

Ok, I had some fun by having AI have a go at it, and here's what I got:

Driveways, by Faulkner and Joyce

"The memory—not memory as a neat ledger of dates and names but as that slow, ambient accretion of dust and sunlight pooling in the mind—returns not to the shelter of the roof or the specific sanctuary of the bedroom, but to the gravel and the asphalt: the driveway. It was there, upon that stark and communal apron of stone, that they truly existed, measuring out the long, unhurried afternoons of a lost decade with the frantic, turning spokes of a first bicycle, the sudden, oily combustion of a go-cart engine, and the rhythmic, hollow thudding of a basketball against the backboard mounted high above the garage doors like a crude altar to youth. They were the privileged ones, though they did not call it that then, born into an era whose singular decree was simply to vanish into the neighborhood until the dusk thickened and the street lamps flickered awake to summon them home. They roamed wide and unreckoned, but it was the return to that singular strip of pavement that marked the boundary of safety—the place where they were finally home free. It remains an unproven thing, yet deeply sensed, that this modern American mythology—this binding of the soul to a stretch of concrete—is the common inheritance of an entire generation, explaining their subsequent, frantic quest for the picket fence and the private lawn, each man seeking to wall off a small, sovereign kingdom of earth to serve as his own inviolable refuge against the world."

"The memory—no, not memory, but the sudden, sharp scent of warm tar and rubber in the sun—calls back the boyhood days. Not the house, nor the quiet room under the eaves, but the driveway, the wide grey apron where life actually happened. Balance now, push off, pedal, pedal, tottering on two wheels, then the sudden, spluttering roar of the go-cart, oil-choked and eager. High above the garage doors, the basketball banged against the wood, a dull, rhythmic thud-thud-thud in the afternoon heat.

Privileged we were, yes, the street-lamp generation, cast out into the wide world with a mother's blessing and a command to stay until the gas-lamps flickered or the cow-bell rang. We roamed the lanes and the back-alleys, a tribe of young Dubliners—no, Americans—conquering the neighborhood. But the return! Ah, the turn into the gate, the tires crunching on gravel, home free at last.

Is it a generational mark, then? The great Boomer epiphany? A driveway-soul. Perhaps it explains the later years, the middle-aged pilgrimage toward the neat white paling, the frantic desire for a suburban plot, a tiny garden, a safe, gated sanctuary of one's own against the modern world."

AI had the "Joyce" voice use "tea-bell" in the the paragraph above, not "cow-bell", but for me it was just too jarring to come upon "tea-bell", so I switched to "cow-bell" in order not to jar *you*.

Talk soon...