

to complain. Nowadays my commute to church, work and shopping is under 15 minutes. I love this town!

7. Flip-flops: The quintessential footwear for the Golden Isles. I had no idea they were acceptable attire for graduation, proms, weddings, funerals, Sunday service and even appropriate to wear early on a frosty morn. Look away, look away, look way down-right cold in Dixie. If you don't mind, I'll cover my toes in winter.

8. Sweater Weather. Sweaters, even 100 percent wool sweaters, come out when the temperature dips to 70 degrees F, which is equivalent to 70 degrees below zero to those born and raised in the Golden Isles. I itch at the mere thought. Get my lotion, please.

9. The flip-flop and sweater combination. My only thought on this winter ensemble is – cold feet, warm heart.

10. Georgia Shrimp. Nothing could be finer than eating boiled shrimp a few minutes after it is caught. Try it and you will love it.

11. Low-country Boil: Whoa doggies! this dish was one of the most pleasant surprises for me and my family. This coastal concoction that melds the flavor of corn, potatoes, sausage, string beans and shrimp is a well-kept secret from the rest of the country, just like an old-family recipe. Some things are just too good to share.

12. Shrimp and Grits. Here I go again with the shrimp, but who knew grits could be elevated to such a Cordon Bleu level by the pairing of this delectable duo. Move over Risotto.

13. Slow down, we're moving too fast. In our previous life up North, we were pretty much able to shop, eat and be tired all the live long day. We soon learned that here in the Golden Isles, some of our favorite restaurants close by 3 p.m. and some stories are not open on Sunday. This has been a great boon to our family life.

14. "May I hold that?" I couldn't understand why people kept asking to hold my various possessions. Did they admire them? When the woman ahead of me in a checkout line asked if she could hold my pen to write a check, it finally dawned on me that they were asking to borrow an item. Duh! Now hold that thought.

15. Golf Carts, not just for golfing anymore. They are everywhere, driven by everyone throughout the Golden Isles. Kids still dripping behind the ears pile in a six-seater golf cart to happily cruise my neighborhood. I am puzzled to learn that I am the only one in these parts to think that this might be a little bit dangerous. Oh well, with gas prices the way they are maybe I should join them to commute around and about town.

16. The beach, the marsh, the moss, the people. We didn't know how fast we'd fall in love with our beautiful new home. Tara's got nothing on the Golden Isles.

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