



A journey into the past

17/04/2018 For our guest authors Florian and Simon Roser, the dunes of Bjerregaard represent one of their childhood memories. On the road in Denmark, the "Roserbrothers" set out to rediscover traces of their past, except the family car has now been exchanged for a 911 GTS.

Every person has a place that they associate with the rose-tinted memories of childhood holidays. For us, that place is the Danish west coast – specifically Bjerregaard. 15 years after our last visit, it was time to journey back into our own past.

Times have changed

Back then, the whole family piled into a VW T3. We were the whinging kids in the back, our parents in the front. And in between, a stack of toys for a relaxing break in the Danish dunes. Today it's just the two of us in a 911 GTS Cabriolet. There's only just enough space for our small bags, but in exchange we are enjoying a new level of comfort, maximum sportiness and, most importantly, no roof.

Our arrival at the Ringkøbing Fjord feels somewhat bizarre. We haven't been here for 15 years, and yet

straight away we know our way around. Where the road leaves Nymindegab and unveils the views of the fjord, it feels as if we have never been away. Even today, the same sailboat is still swaying by a small jetty among the reeds – its colour even matches our Porsche.

However, our next moment of rediscovery shows us that a lot has changed here since we transitioned from children to adults. Ulla, which used to be a small shop, is no longer there. Instead there is now a branch of a large chain. And yet, arriving here and collecting the keys to our little cottage in the dunes brings just the same joyous feelings as before.

Wide eyes for the 911

The road to house number 309 is short and bumpy. The Miami Blue Porsche attracts everyone's attention – be they young or old, man or woman. Then it dawns on us that this holiday resort has most likely not yet seen a vehicle bearing the proud name of Porsche 911 Carrera 4 GTS. If a car like that had growled past our family back in the day, even our eyes would have grown wide.

Something very special happens next: My admiring glance out of the window, meant for the 911, falls on two little boys. One slightly older than the other, both stand awestruck in front of the speed machine from Zuffenhausen. And I think to myself: They could almost be the Roser Brothers from 20 years ago. Two things remain the same – our love for this extraordinary place, and our love of cars, which are more than simply a means of locomotion.

Searching for the next déjà vu

We didn't intend our visit to the holiday resort of our childhood to become a search for déjà-vu moments, but the "Gran Turismo Sport" makes you want to explore more and more. Even with a speed limit of 90 km/h, the winding roads make for a thrilling ride – even if the Danish weather only rarely allows us to open the roof.

Numerous cyclists, defying the weather in their functional clothing, acknowledge the unique sound of the 911 with an appreciative nod; the family man we come across at the entrance to the bakery beams when he sees the Porsche key in my hand. It is at this bakery that we find the same cinnamon buns that used to sweeten our afternoons behind the dunes.

Looking back with a smile and a tear

We leave Bjerregaard with mixed feelings. We are certain that to us, this place will stay magical forever. At the same time, we also know that we will come back at the earliest opportunity when we have our own children. There would definitely be space for enough toys in a Cayenne or Panamera Sport Turismo. Until that day we will continue to chase our dreams in thoroughbred sports cars.

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