

Every Easter

We color the eggs, hide the eggs, find the eggs and then eat dinner. The children in our family are growing up now, and the next generation of egg finders are in a place too far. How long will we be able to keep the tradition. We will see.

The dinner was far from traditional. There was ham, but that was in a soup. The meal was wonderful and the company of family was greatly desired.

Another time to cherish and remember everything we hold dear in our lives. Something that is needed at all times of the year.

No matter what your faith, this time of year hold the promise of new beginnings. A time to remember what was and what can be. A time to look in your own heart and think of everything life can be, not just what it was.

Happy Easter.