

My Parents Went To Alaska And...

all they brought back for me was this stupid tshirt. Well... not really stupid. I like it and was not expecting anything. I just remember some friends who went to Hawaii when I was really young and brought me a shirt with that momento printed on it (with Hawaii instead of Alaska, of course).

Like their trip last summer to California, their excursion had many memorable moments. As I knew he would, my father found plenty of time to engage in what must be his favorite pasttime: lawn maintenance. He mowed the lawn, pulled weeds, and whatever else he could find to do. However, all outside work had to stop at 9PM following the playing of Taps or there would be trouble. The sun rose at about 4AM and did not set until 11PM every night. Funny that I was asked if dad had sneaked his lawn mower in his carry on bag.

We were greeted by a slew of stories that seem unbelievable but with my family are quite probable. At the Army PX (store) there were three different areas: grocery, clothing, and miscellaneous. You had to pay for the items you picked up in their respective departments. For example, you could not pay for a ball of yarn in the grocery area... as my father attempted to do. And you could not pay for anything without a military ID. Problems ensued and I half expected to hear that the three adults and two small children had been arrested for shoplifting, but no such luck.

While taking a walk along the beach (in 50 degree weather... I would almost take that after the past few days), they happened upon many musicians trying to make a buck. A person from China attempting to return to his native land and a woman trying to pay her way through college were just a few.

As this is a family friendly site, I will not go into detail on my next topic. Charnel has a friend who sells products ala Avon. However, the catalog she sells from is anything but beauty care. Charnel was asked if she would like to start selling. She vehemently turned the offer down. However, I can see where the woman could make money selling her wares.

Finally, the parents had as memorable a return flight as they did going. All of the flights on the return voyage were packed. Consequently (and I don't know how... only they could be so lucky), they only had one seat between the two of them following the layover in Newark, NJ. Thankfully, the airline took volunteers to be bumped to a later flight giving dad a seat.

As they got off the toll road after driving home from Detroit, the toll collector asked where they had been. Don't you wish you had stayed another week when it will be cooler? I was thinking the same as I heard the forecast over the last week...
WELCOME HOME!