

A wet, snowy journey home

It seems as if yesterday I skipped over Saturday morning, so I guess I will go back to it before skipping ahead to Sunday. Saturday morning several of us met at Ritzy's (did I get that right?) for breakfast. For those who weren't there, they somehow interpreted a party of 12 as a party of 20, so here were five tables put together in a C shape. Most people sat together, but Jamiahsh and I kind of sat alone on the opposite side, though in my defense there was only one seat between C and I. The eldest girls and their cousin Austin had some fun being little animals under the table. The look on J's face when he was caught unawares one time was priceless- sorry J! ☹

Following breakfast (oh yes, the food was good) L's family bid farewell and headed out. The rest of us headed back to C and L's house. The girls invited J and myself into their room to play with their pet rats. Now, I never had rats growing up, but we did have hamsters, gerbils and guinea pigs at various times so I was familiar with rodent pets and didn't freak like the preschool teacher mentioned in T's blog. I was happy when they didn't relieve themselves on me during this playtime as often happens with rodents. After we had enough of the rats, T took us into their closet and showed us some Viewmaster (R.I.P.) slides on the ceiling using their projector. Call me old-fashioned, but I think the whole point of the Viewmaster was lost by using the projector, that of the images in 3D. I think we went through their entire library. Finally, T and S put on a puppet show for J and me, during which time I was called away and we finished organizing our fun activity- see previous blog entry.

So... Sunday rolled around and I got up and showered, then went to Mickey D's for a small breakfast before church. Too bad for me it was 10:28 and they had just closed breakfast. I'm I the only one who thinks anything before 11AM should be considered breakfast? I must be in the minority, else why

would McD's have changed to 10:30 so long ago and stuck with it? So breakfastless, I headed to the house. Fortunately I had bought a box of Crunch and Munch at the dollar store the previous day. That worked.

We headed to their church, which I had to admit was pretty nice. I'm not sure I liked their pastor's preaching style, but that's probably because I'm used to my own pastor constantly on the move while he gives his sermons. I did enjoy the worship time though. Following this service T, who had gone to children's church was waiting for us- apparently grade school kids can be trusted to be let out on their own, or maybe their teachers were still watching, I don't know. The younger ones still needed to be retrieved from their rooms though. After church, we headed to a hotel by the turnpike for brunch. There was no waiting time to be seated as there were plenty of seats, but there was definitely some waiting to get the food. I would have to rate this meal lower than Saturday's breakfast unfortunately, but at least I could eat as much as I wanted since it was a buffet.

Back at the house again, C and L pulled out their Office board game and we played. Unfortunately, I learned that seeing every episode only once, including deleted scenes for seasons 2-4, did not mean in any way shape or form that I would remember the details. I did manage to get three Dundies, though once by a complete guess and once because C pretty much gave the answer away (thanks!). L won the day though, but even C earned more than me even though he took the harder ("regional manager") questions while I barely managed the "assistant to the regional manager" ones. Oh, well. Finally, they had to do some cleaning for the meeting that night and I bid my farewell. This, however, doesn't end the post...

As most of my readers here are well aware, Sunday was a day of rain, starting after brunch. For much of the trip driving was fine, but as it got later it started coming down pretty hard. The worst parts were the trucks- just approaching one would

cause a torrent of water to be unleashed onto the windshield from their wheels. Passing them was a nail-biting experience. Remember- the speed limit for trucks is 15MPH less than for cars until Illinois. Speaking of Illinois, when I got there- you think I'm going to say traffic, don't you? Well, traffic can be a hassle, but I lucked out. While there were some traffic spots, for the most part it was fairly light for suburban Chicago. Maybe people just weren't driving because of the sleet. That's right- the rain turned into sleet and snow. Wonderful. No longer was it a nail-biting experience just to pass a truck- now just driving was problematic. But as I said, traffic wasn't bad at all and I did manage to make it home in one piece. Next time I think I will check the weather report before I leave, even if it might mean having to leave earlier.

So, that was my weekend, how was yours? ☐