

Out of the mouths of babes

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To this day, I can remember how excited my brother and I were each time my parents took us to the beach. It happened every few years. We would pack up the car and head to Florida. My Mom would make sandwiches for the trip ...because there was no way in heck my Dad was stopping that car until he made it all the way to Destin.



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And when we got there we would always be lucky enoughto stay one block from the beach. My parents got the bed, my brother and I got the floor. We would cross two busy highways by foot to get to that pristine beach and would sit in the searing sun all day. At night we would beg my Dad to take us to Shoney's for the all-you-can-eat Seafood buffet. And sometimes, just sometimes, he would even let us get ice cream on our way back to the motel.

Three days later we would pack up the car and head home. And the whole way home we thanked my Mom and Dad for the glorious vacation.

Cut to today ...

As I spent the evening packing five suitcases of clothes, swim suits, sun screen, and beach toys, my 6-year-old son comes up to me and says, "What's the movie on the plane? I hope it's not Race to Witch Mountain because we saw that the last time we flew. Do you think we can go on-line and check out where our seats are because I don't want to sit in the back of the plane, it's soooo loud back there. Did you pack my ear plugs?"

Seriously! Seriously? Seriously!

Now before you chide me – I know it's my own doing. My kids have a sweet life. In fact, it's the life I always wished I had had instead of waiting tables in my parent's restaurant.

Nonetheless, as this boy's mother, it's my duty to "take him down a notch" as my Mom always says.

I immediately went into are you kidding me mode! "You know when I was your age, I didn't get to take trips like this. You are a very lucky boy and so you need to work hard so that one day you can take your own family on a nice trip."

He looked perplexed.

"My own family? I'm not getting married."

"You're not?" I asked.

“No. I want to live with you forever.”

No doubt, I thought to myself, this 6-year-old has got it made! It was time to take it up another notch.

“Well, you can live with me forever. But one day, I’m going to stop working and then you can go to work and buy my clothes, food and toys. That’s fair, don’t you think?”

Again, he looked perplexed.

“OK,” he finally said. “I changed my mind. I’m going to get married. I just need to make sure my Wife works.”

Seriously! Seriously? Seriously!

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