

To be careless again

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The first words out of Neill's mouth when we hit the beach were, "Nikoli, do you want to dig a hole?"

And so it went for a solid week. Each morning my youngest would rise and his day would go something like this.

Get up whenever he naturally awoke.

Breakfast was served to the little master. His only decision being, would it be Cocoa Puffs or eggs and bacon?

Decisions, decisions.

Immediately thereafter, he would put on his swim trunks and grab a newly washed and dried beach towel and would race out the door to the beach.

There he would find waiting, just for him... chairs, umbrella, pale, shovel, kite and a boogie

board. Together with his friends he'd spend hours and hours... digging a hole, running into the surf, catching a few waves and then back to... digging a hole.

His only worry all day was that crazy woman with the huge hat and cover up who would chase him around spraying him with sunscreen, every two hours.

"Not the face!" he'd scream out in pain.

At some point, a pang of hunger would hit and he'd reach into the pre-packed cooler to the wonder of cold waters and snacks.

The day would slowly come to an end with pool time, followed by dinner out. There the topic at the kids table would be centered around the hole and how big they might make it tomorrow.

Ah...to be careless again!

All our young lives we yearn to be older. Old enough to drive, to make our own decisions and to "leave this house!"

Only to find leaving this house simply means having to find another one.

Which means getting a job, a car to get you to that job and an apartment to sleep in when you come home exhausted from the job.

Who cares! Because you finally have money of your very own, that you can "spend any way I want to!"

But only after you give some of it to the landlord, the electric company, the water company, the cable company, the insurance company and the car company... because if you don't some guy will show up and tow your pretty new car away.

And when he does, you'll lose your job and apartment and end up back where you started!

But now that I'm older, I'm thinking that might not be so bad.

Because where I started, I, too, got to go to the beach each summer.

I'm not sure how we got there, who paid for it when we got there or how those slices of strawberries and watermelon just happened to get into the packed cooler waiting for me on the beach each morning, but somehow it all happened.

Like a magical dream.

And in that dream, I'm building a hole. A giant hole!

Ah...to be careless again.

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