

To Ever Go Again or Not, That Is the Question

By Sharon Buchan

I had been preparing for our four-week camping trip for the better part of the week. We were planning to take our three children, all under the age of eleven, on a glorious trip so they could experience three or four of the National Parks. We were also taking our Boston Bull Terrier, Niki with us. I had arranged to have friends come in to feed the cat and the fish, hoping all the while that the cat did not eat the fish while we were gone.

Then there was the in-door plants as well as having someone take care of the lawn. I packed tents, sleeping bags and ice chests. Making countless trips to the grocery store and drug store. I had the First Aid kit, but almost forgot the bug spray. The paraphernalia was stacked so high I worried about seeing out the back window.

About four blocks from the house our six year old said, "Are we there yet?" As we began to climb the mountain pass Beth began to cry and say, "I am afraid of sliding off the mountain." I passed out the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and Karri stated, "I don't like peanut butter and jelly." Then I heard, "Mommy, Niki just ate my sandwich." "That is okay. Karri doesn't like hers. You can have it and she can eat Niki's dog food." Then Todd said, "Niki just threw up on me, she doesn't like peanut butter and jelly either." It was Beth's turn and she complained she had to go to the bathroom immediately.

I made the mistake of looking over at my husband who was now beet red, clenching his teeth and the steering wheel. My solution was: "Let's Sing a Song." My red-as-a-beet husband said, "You mean like, 'Show Me the Way to Go Home'?" Bill jerked the car to the left and I screamed, "You cannot do a hairpin turn on a one lane narrow road." He exclaimed, "The hell I can't. Watch me."