

Happiness with the Young  
*by Kenita Gibbins*

Without children in my life, it would make me very sad. Our granddaughter called last week out of the blue. She is now 19 years old, taking online college classes this summer. Averie keeps a four-point grade level and holds down a part-time job in a dangerous place called Nordstrom's. The department store has beautiful clothes, and she does love to keep up to date. Surely she didn't inherit shopping from me! Having a conversation with her made me happy. I haven't heard from our grandsons, but I know they have taken up fishing big time. I overheard George talking with Reece, our oldest grandson, about fishing. It is too bad Reece can't come to Colorado, and I can't risk driving to Oklahoma.

Landon, youngest grandson, and I planned to go to Italy this summer. We heard early on that Italy had been hit hard with coronavirus. I postponed that trip to next summer. He wants to go to the Amalfi coast. I've been to Italy, but not that far south. I've taken his siblings on trips, so this will be Landon's turn someday.

There is no telling when the Denver Art Museum will open for school tours, which I love to do. The museum is not open for tours, but you can go to the museum with a reservation. I do recommend you see the Norman Rockwell exhibition.

I'm sitting on the lanai with my computer. I hear a young child crying. I want to go down to the canal trail and see if I can make things right. A stranger probably couldn't be much help.

As I type, I can see the veins in my right-hand pronouncing, look at me. I can remember looking at my hands one day and wondering when they changed to look like my mother's hands? A little boy I was teaching in St. Lucia wanted to know what was wrong, and he ran his little finger across the protruding bumps. I will always try to answer a child's questions. I explained to him since his hands are black veins don't show, but assured him they exist.

Learning about different cultures will always be relevant to me. The best way to learn is to volunteer and live close to the natives. I've found opportunities to do this from headquarters of the United Methodist churches, and Global Volunteers housed in Minnesota. The expensive way means going on a photography trip. I spent two weeks in the southern part of India with photographers. I just happened to have a friend who lives in Trivandrum for three months every year.

Sometimes I can talk my husband into traveling, but he prefers to look at my pictures when I get home. I always ask permission to take pictures. I wouldn't say I like asking to make children's pictures because the adults still want them to stand up straight and smile. I love photographing them running around like they were when I first saw them.