

Family time... sort of

Today I took a trip back in time, sort of. For just a little while, I was back 20+ years ago having a donut with my little girl. She's no longer the 2 or 3 year old I would carry on my shoulders for 4 blocks to the donut shop, and she definitely eats more than 1/2 a donut now. But just for an instant I saw that very young father, and his daughter in the reflection of the door entering the donut shop.

The shop changed in the past 20 years. There is no longer a bar with stools to sit and watch the frenzy behind the counter. The library and store that was across the street no longer exist in that location. The apartments still looked the same.

They say you can't go back, and of course that is true. I would never want to try to live in that little apartment again. I've grown to comfortable living in the country away from the noise, the lights and the people. I like the silence and the darkness. Most of the time this suits who I am.

I've changed over the past few years, but I haven't changed to the point where I can't enjoy a quick trip to the donut shop with one of my girls. I hope all my girls have some special memory of things they did with their parents. I know I have some for each of them...