

Sour Grapes

Yesterday was quite an interesting day. I worked from 2pm-9pm (my Friday to close up shop. Around 8, my oldest brother and a surprise visitor (Mr. John Truitt) came in. They informed me that my 3 year-old niece had been choking on a grape. 9-1-1 was called and I was assured that all was well. I had no second thoughts about going to a loooong overdue game night. Unfortunately, it seemed that I knew how to clear a room as everyone except some of my best friends departed ☐ Later, Megan and Carol arrived. Megan and I were the last two remaining. Does this seem to happen a lot?

This morning, I learned that Sydney's grape mishap was more serious than Jeff led me to believe. Mom was totally shaken even then. Apparently, the little dear was sitting on grandma's lap. All of a sudden she started choking and gasping for air and eventually had her air supply totally cut off. Grasping at her throat. Somehow, Mom was able to calm down enough to get the grape out before the ambulance arrived. My cousin's husband was on call and it seems that he had to look after Mom more than little Sydney.

After hearing the entire story this morning, I began to consider whether I should have not gone to game night. But I was assured that everything was fine and there was nothing else to be done. Praise God, Sydney was back to her normal 3 year-old self earlier this morning... even if grandma and the rest of us were a bit shaken.