The annual family vacation has arrived once again.
By the time this column hits the press, we will be with my husband’s family on the beach for a week of sun, sand, water and fun.
And I couldn’t be more excited.
James has grown enough to have a little more bravery when it comes to getting into the water. He is now ten feet tall and bulletproof. With his latest obsession with sharks and other sea life, I am sure he will be “on the prowl” in the waters of the Gulf this week.
Baby Elsie has also grown into a full diva since her visit to the beach last year. At only a few months old last year, she spent most of her time in my lap under an umbrella. She went up to the beach house for quite a few feedings and naps.
But now I have got a feeling that she is going to be running full speed over the sand. I expect sudden rushes toward the water. And sitting with Momma is gonna be the last thing on her mind.
I’ve got a feeling that I won’t get much reading done this year. I’m gonna be chasing babies around.
But the one thing that I am not excited about is the sense of urgency to get to the beach from my husband Jason. Refusing to let anyone else drive, he takes it pretty serious.
Like most men, he won’t take the time to print the map out.
“I’ve been going here my whole life,” he says. “I don’t need a map.”
Oddly enough, he will ask me hundreds of times what exits or routes the maps says to take. But he will never make visual contact with the map I have stashed away.
And when he does take the wrong exit, I will get blamed for it.
“I’m taking over with the directions,” he says. “You have failed in your duties as navigator.”
Jason also has problems with letting people take bathroom breaks. He has an obsession with “making good time.” I don’t know why because we can’t even get into the beach house until his mother arrives with the door key.
Jason promises James the world with candy, toys, juice, radio songs and so forth if he can wait to use the bathroom for another five exits.
But don’t let Jason see an Arby’s or Stuckey’s. He will run people off the interstate to get to the exit. One year, James’ car seat titled over in the back seat because of the sheer force Jason used to make the exit.
But I am very happy to have a getaway with my family. We enjoy watching the kids with their excitement. We are thankful for grandparents and aunts and uncles who allow us to have one date night while they entertain the kids. With the postcard worthy scenery, sitting on a back deck is heaven on earth with the waves in the distance.
And with Jason at the wheel and two excited kids in the backseat along the way, it will be one

wild ride to get to it all.