

Road trips

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I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy road trips. Especially when they're with someone I care about deeply.

In a few days, I will be off to Californ-eye-ae with Daughter Two for a visit to my side of the family before she moves to Chicago. We will spend a long day in the car together making fun of stuff we see along the way and discussing life. Then, three days of my sisters and their offspring and me bro and his wife, perhaps some hiking and lots of time sitting around making inappropriate comments about politics and politicians, old acquaintances and anything else that appears on our thought horizons.

Then another drive back during which Two and I will laugh about the folks we've just visited (but nobody tell them, 'kay?).

My next scheduled road trip will entail driving Two to her new digs, which will involve three-plus days on the road during which I'll regale me dotter with shameless lies about the origins of all the sites we pass along the way.

After a couple of thoroughly boring days spent keeping out of the way whilst Mary and Daughter One help Two with her move in (my contribution to the affair consisting of carrying the heavy stuff in from the car before becoming scarce for the aforementioned two days), I get to drive back home with One. We haven't had a road trip together in several years and I am really looking forward to so much alone time with the young woman I so love and respect.

Okay, so I'm also looking forward to torturing the girl, what of it? Four days of mooing at cows, commenting on passing drivers, singing the wrong words to show tunes, pointing out buttes where there are none, occasional pressure relief with the windows up (Prove it was me – I dare ya!) and discussing the meaning of life. Could the girl ASK for a better time?

This is unfolding as a really good summer, yuns.