

Spring Break comes knocking at the front door; a ding-dong to be precise. Amid the luggage, the personal pillows, the favorite “stuffies” spills in the preteens and parents, and later tumbles in the teens and the parents. Not all at once, thankfully. Our castle is smaller than the King and Queen variety. One family exits, then another enters three days later.

Family Covid-19 vaccines that were injected this past two months breaks into the quarantine. A new form of normalcy grows from a “Miss you” to “This is Cool. Laughter, screams of delight and basketball tournament cheers embed into the ceiling of our living room. Upstairs dust bunnies underneath the two guest beds find hiding places amid the family photo albums, inside the birthday wrapping paper and settle inside the box of 1940ish valentines. (Papa’s memories collected by his mom eons ago). Family noise is key to a good vacation from work in the bedroom office, from online school at the bedroom desk.

Our house becomes a home with numerous bare feet stomping up the stairwell, with wet towels lying in a puddle following a shower at Grandma’s house. Colorful quilts dress cold bodies following a trip to the sound to get we while collecting water to make salt.

“My quilt already smells like your house,” an 11-year-old granddaughter says as she snuggles to breath in the ambiance.

A two-day visit for each family at their favorite bed and breakfast (The eating part is continuous) is a treat. Eating anything and everything is allowed. The visit is a guarded one, a facemask kinda Spring Break.

However, all doors open to a real Shot-in-the-Arm Spring Break. A real feel better time together, again.

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