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“Too Cold to Travel”

By
Tom Holbrook

Whewww! Gone two weeks for Thanksgiving and began to think we'd never be home again.... What a difference 40 degree difference in the weather will do for a person. We just got back from the hinterlands up north and boy was it cold. The first two days we thought we had been stripped and hung in a deep freeze. We were chilled to the bone and couldn't get warm... you know the feeling. As much as we love our kids, grandkids, and great-grandkids, we told them it is doubtful they will ever see us again in the winter or late fall. Don't look for us at Thanksgiving or Christmas or any holiday that has a chill in it... spring and summer will be our seasons of choice for travel from now on. (Of course if there's a funeral or a wedding we *might* make an exception.)

I don't see how you guys who go north before the frost gets off the pumpkin continue to expose your frail and now aged bodies to the snow, ice and frigid temperatures. I won't say you're a better man than me but you're definitely a better insulated man than me. Listen real close and you'll hear me rationalize our decision.... “You know Thanksgiving and Christmas really aren't all that important in the sense that they demand that we expose ourselves to the elements as we do. Besides, the kids are always at work and the grandkids are always in school, except for the babies of course, but honestly... they don't even know we're there... right? We should make our “special” holidays “Cinquo de Mayo” or “The 4th of July.” Think about it... what could be more important than the birth of our nation?” See how easy it is to make up your mind? Now if we can only sell the idea.

We did get to see 11 of our 14 grandchildren and 3 of our 4 great-grandchildren and the parents that are responsible, and it was fun to see how they've grown and get to hold the little ones. We all know there's no more perfect baby-sitter than grandparents. Your kids are very comfortable with allowing the grandkids to stay with their grandparents..... for long periods of time. Of course, now you see why Judy and I moved to Florida. Babysitting for so many kids would drive us totally bonkers... besides using up all our ambulatory retirement years.

We were very fortunate to meet a new couple while waiting in the Roanoke, VA airport to come home. Dalton and Mary, who have lived in Santo Domingo Village for 7 years, had flown north to visit their kids and were flying back on the same plane as we. Isn't it truly a small, small world? The four of us sat there gushing about how fantastic it is to live in The Villages and Mary even stated she feels she gets younger every year she lives here. No argument from me. We also got to meet their beautiful daughter Sara who joined them for lunch before our plane left.

For your information guys and gals, Mary said their flight to Roanoke only cost \$15 per person under a special promotion by Allegiant Airlines. They only fly non-stop routes and frequent the smaller airports like Orlando-Sanford, St. Petersburg/Clearwater and the like. The travel restrictions are different than most airlines but the bargain prices far outweigh the miniscule differences. Normally, prices are in the \$49 to \$60 per person range each way so check them out at www.allegiantairlines.com and you might be able to make more trips home than you thought possible.

Well, as expected, the Heart of Florida Barbershop Chorus performed for two sold out shows this past Saturday at Savannah Center and everyone in attendance seemed to love what they heard. Our special guests, the “Ditchfield Family Singers” from Sarasota, totally wowed the audience with their blend of voices and a Capella sound. The Ditchfield guys showcased their quartet aptly named “My Three Sons,” featuring daddy and his three boys. Really a treat for all who heard them... hope you were one of them.

Well, just enough time for a closing joke... You know Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen... Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen were Santa’s 8 reindeer and Rudolph was his 9th... but... do you know the name of Santa’s 10th reindeer? It’s Olive..... “Olive, the other reindeer, used to laugh and call him names!” Sorry!

See you next week!

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