

It's the Little Things

Last Sunday we spent the day on the river with friends. It was a beautiful day. Not too hot, just perfect. Water felt like bath water. Our Sundays are so different from winter Sundays, but two things stay the same. Morning traditions and evening traditions. We always go to church on Sundays, no matter what the season. Typically, in the winter after church I make a big breakfast. Come home to a nice warm cozy house, change our church clothes into something warm and comfy. Then start frying that delicious bacon on the griddle or put something yummy in the oven like breakfast sandwiches or sticky buns. After brunch we typically just relax. Naps, tv, and just lounge till dinner. It's a perfect Sunday. We don't have many lazy days much in this family. Seems we are always on the go, so it's a nice change come colder weather.

Summer Sundays we typically try to be outside or always seem to be somewhere. This picnic to go to, swim day or outdoor chores to do. It's hard for me to nap when it's nice out. This year each Sunday we have been spending our days at the river on our boat we got back in June. Instead of breakfast, I pack us a lunch while the hubby hooks the boat up and off we go after church. Like I said, this Sunday we had friends with us. Spent the day at the "No Wake Zone" where it's shallower for the kids to swim, and people come anchor together. It's like a big party on the river, but so relaxing. Float, eat and watch your kids enjoying themselves. My son is obsessed with tubing, he loves it. I get suckered into going with him because he likes to go crazy. Hittin all these boat waves. "Mom you are so much fun to go with because you laugh so hard!" Oh yea, it's all fun and games until momma gets thrown off. I always remind him that if I get hurt, who will cook for him and do his laundry? (As he sits there giving his dad the thumbs up to go faster.) It takes me back to being a kid though. I grew up tubing. My dad had an old 7up tube. The one that was shaped

like a donut and had a clear plastic in the middle so you could see the water splash up. I had a ball, and was born a river rat. I am like a kid out there, forgetting I just turned 35. As soon as that boat planes off, it's like I'm Ty's age all over again.

This Sunday mid afternoon we took the Barrett's out tubing after relaxing at the no wake zone.

"Mom, I call going with you. You are the best to go with!" After letting our guests go first, my husband takes my son and I out. I was laughing, having a good old time and Ty say's....

"Mom, what are we doing tonight?"

I said, "Well it's Sunday night dude, what do you think we are doing?"

"OK good! I was wondering. Mom, you know, Sundays are my favorite day?"

Now, remember, we are on a tube getting pulled behind a boat, having a full blown conversation.

"Awe really Ty? Why?"

"Because. We wake up and go to church, come out tubing and swimming all day, and know when I go home we are having our family night. Nachos and cheese, whatever leftovers we have, and ice cream with our shows. It's something I never want to stop doing."

My two kids look so forward to our Sunday nights. I know I have talked about this before. Won't be the first, and won't be the last I am sure. When I grew up, I never dreamed it would be a tradition I'd carry on with my kids. Sunday nights of AFV, Nachos and Cheese and Ice cream with mom and dad was my favorite. Who would've ever thought that a silly one hour show, and a simple meal like nachos and sharp cheese would be something a child looks forward to?

My husband and I already said, when we have grandbabies (Someday in the very FAR future) that it will still be our family night. Everyone will come over, gather in the living room, and grammy is gonna keep this simple family tradition alive. Ty already said he will never not be here on a Sunday night. So he is bringing his family no matter what, and momma is just fine with that.

Weekday dinners as a family is my favorite thing in the world, but Sundays seem to be our favorite night, together.