

Our Trip to Ocean City

We wanted to get an early start, but we didn't get out till 9am and didn't even get to Ocean City till after 12. Mom used the internet to find an electric charging station there but when we parked there, it wouldn't work and didn't charge up the car. We didn't actually get on to the beach till after 1pm.

While we were sitting in our beach chairs, Mom looked down at her book and saw a yellow patch on it. A bird had pooped on the book and on her. She had to jump into the ocean. That was the first time in about 50 years that either of us had ever gotten pooped on by a bird. And then the second time happened a few minutes later, when some landed on Dad – even worse, in his hair! Then Dad had to clean off too.

There weren't many restaurants around and Dad was too dehydrated to walk to the restaurant we went to with Grandma and Grandpa before, so we just ate in an Italian restaurant nearby. Then when we got back to the car, Mom realized that she didn't have her driver's license. We went back to the restaurant to look for it there because it must have fallen out when Mom paid, but the waiters hadn't seen it, or at least that was what they said. We didn't get home till after 11 and Dad still felt so dirty from the bird that he took another shower.

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Even though it was already after 8am when we woke up, Mom asked if Dad wanted to go to Ocean City. The weather was really beautiful and Dad knew that if they waited for the next weekend and it rained, they would both be in a terrible mood. So Dad said "Let's go" and by about 9am they had finished breakfast, packed, and were ready to go.

There was almost no traffic at all and we made it to Ocean City by lunchtime. Even though the electric charging station that Mom found didn't work, it was one of the only free parking spots around and it was pretty close to where we wanted to be. We went to the Dough Roller pizza place that we had gone with you boys before. The old go-to-the-bathroom-and-food-will-come-trick worked; Mom went right after we ordered and the food appeared in about 2 minutes. The pizza was pretty good, and soon we were on the beach, right next to the water. We didn't have to worry about the water washing our stuff away, because Mom had carefully planned things so we would get there at high tide and Dad would be able to jump in the water without any angst.

After digesting a bit, that's what we both did. Mom was soon grinning from ear to ear as the perfect waves lifted us up and down in the water. The air temperature and water temperature were both perfect. We went back in a couple of times and then Dad figured he wouldn't be able to make himself go in again. That's when the bird poop incident happened, and Dad was so motivated to get clean that he just ran into the water and dove in like Grandpa Rudy. He was very proud of himself and wasn't even that bothered by the bird poop since the salt water washed it away.

The Italian restaurant we found for dinner was pretty cheap, the food wasn't bad, and we got to look out at the ocean from our table. When Mom couldn't find her driver's license Dad figured she must have left it at home because it didn't make sense that it could fall out on the table without her seeing it. No traffic on the way home and we watched the round orange sun sink behind the trees. When we got home Mom found the license and everyone went to sleep happy.