

## Thanksgiving Celebration Results in a Wrinkle in Time

*By Marilyn Litvak*

This was to be an exciting Thanksgiving. A year had passed since the three grandkids and their parents had moved back East. From living just around the corner from us here in Southern California to being some 2,000 miles away was a big change. Now instead of taking a 2-minute walk for a quick visit, my bags were being packed for a 5 hour flight and a week-long stay.

Thanksgiving has always been a celebratory time for our family and we were all looking forward to this one with great anticipation. The chilly 30 degree temperature of the Michigan Peninsula was not going to affect us in any way—or so we hoped.

The trip was planned for optimum visiting time to get to know the area where the grandkids now live: their new house, their schools, their friends, their activities.

The flight is on time; and my son is there to pick me up. We take a little driving tour through Lansing, Michigan's capital, and around the Michigan State Campus as he points out the buildings where his research office and its nearby associated hospital are located. A 20 minute drive further on takes us to East Lansing and past the Cornell School where the grandson is enrolled in 2<sup>nd</sup> grade. Ironically the school bears the same name as his grandfather's college.

The new house is wonderful--lots of room on three different levels. The youngest granddaughter, now 2½, is asleep when we arrive allowing me time to unpack and shake out my wrinkles. I'm now ready to enjoy the moment when the 2 oldest grandkids return from school and the youngest wakes up.

And what a wonderful moment it is when the school bus stops and lets them off. Yes, they do remember me—hugs and kisses all around. Even the little one cries out "Nana" when she awakes. My day ends with a perfect sense of well-being and delight. The passing of time is erased.

Next morning finds me in the car once again with my son, but this time we are dropping the oldest granddaughter, age 5 1/2, at her kindergarten class. I'm excited to see her classroom and ask her if I might come in and meet her teacher and classmates. (I'd helped out at her California school when she lived around the corner.)

Well, imagine my amazement, when her reply was, "No, Nana, you have too many wrinkles." "Wrinkles, Me,???" You mean my clothes?" "No, Nana," was her reply. "Your face has too many wrinkles."

A quick glimpse in the car's mirror confirmed my granddaughter's observation. Time had been moving on, my face was definitely showing signs of aging. What an observant child. But that wasn't going to stop a determined grandmother from taking a look-see in the classroom.

A quick look around the school assured me the granddaughter was in good hands. And my son gave me a comforting hug.

The next few days were filled with viewing the grandkids at their Tae Kwon Do classes, playing table games with them, shopping for Thanksgiving goodies, making decorations for the table, helping to bake pies. Of course, any time I happened to look into a mirror at myself, I couldn't help but think of my granddaughter's comment. "Do I really have that many wrinkles?"

And then the big day was upon us with other family members arriving to help celebrate Thanksgiving. And soon the week had passed and it was time to head back to sunny Southern California.

How quickly time passes by. Wish the wrinkles would also.

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