

WINTER AT THE BEACH

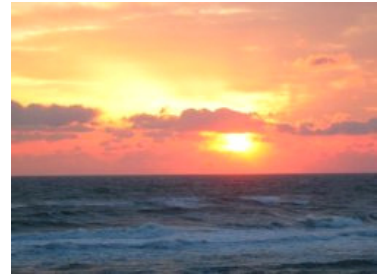
March, 2006



In early March, Sybil and I decided we needed a couple of days at the beach. We both enjoy our time there during the winter because the summer crowds are not our thing. We called one of the Inns in Kitty Hawk and reserved an ocean front room on the third floor. We like to face the ocean and sit on the balcony when the weather is warm enough.

After the drive from Elizabeth City, our first stop is always the Rest Stop after the bridge. From there we did a little shopping and then we went to the Lone Cedar for lunch. The food there is always good. Now a person can only do so much shopping when you want to pass time so we went to the Inn early hoping to be allowed in. That didn't happen. We think our room was the last one cleaned and we got our key at exactly 4 PM.

Thursday was warm. We think the temperature must have hit at least 75 degrees! We walked on the beach with young men without shirts and young ladies with shorts and tops and no shoes. It was a beautiful day! During the night we heard the wind start to blow. By morning the North East wind had brought in bitter cold and rough surf. It was cold, but another lovely day. We enjoyed a beautiful sunrise and remarked how fortunate we are that God has blessed us with not only vision but color vision!



We went for breakfast in high winds and bitter cold weather. We had almost finished our breakfast when our waitress came over and told us, "Mary paid for your meal." We wondered who on earth Mary was. The waitress told us she was a nice lady who did that now and then and had already left. That had never happened to either of us before and we were dumbfounded! As a matter of fact, we thought it was such a good idea, we have decided to pass the favor on. If, in the future, someone buys a meal for you for no reason, it may be that Mary's generous gift has returned to you!

We did a little more shopping at Nags Head. Sybil paid for the items and didn't notice that I had another one in my hand. The price was just over one dollar and I wanted to get rid of some change so I counted out the correct amount. Or, so I thought. The lady at the check-out looked at the change in my hand and made no move. I didn't understand and offered it to her again. Finally, she told me the price and still didn't make a move for the money. Again I offered the money and finally, she told me I was trying to give her three quarters instead of four. Trying to cover my embarrassment, I said, "It didn't work the last time, either." She asked Sybil, "What corner did you pick him up on?" Sybil replied, "The wrong one." I don't know about the cashier, but we laughed about it the rest of the day.

Saturday morning we left the beach for the return trip home. It is always good to get away but it is also great to be home again.