

# ALL the TIME in the WORLD

Kids know we have all the time in the world.

We took our grandson to New York City by train. He loves trains, think Thomas the Train and also the Polar Express. Both are trains that kids know and love.

He did not have concerns as to the length of the trip or if we were on time. He was entertained by the train, the ticket agent, and looking out the window. He didn't miss anything and asked questions all the time. No timetable, just fun.

The city is big with lots of people and tall buildings for a kid used to living in a small town. He acclimated quickly, and off he went, darting from one thing to another, taking it all in and asking questions. It was amazing how fast he became comfortable with the noise and all the people. He fit right in and enjoyed it all. Just walking the streets was fine. The storefronts were interesting. He'd stop and explore them and then take off again. Non stop energy for sure.

FAO Schwartz, a famous New York City toy store, is a must for kids. We were able to steer clear of the candy section at the last second. He went from one toy to another. The trains, as always, were a big hit. He played for what felt like hours with the small trains and then watched the big electric ones running around with them. Energy!

Then, off to Serendipity, a famous ice cream parlor. The brownie sundae made it worth the trip. His eyes were huge, and he dug right into his ice cream. The sugar was the extra energy needed at the end of the day.

Then, back to his aunt's apartment. He hit the buttons for the elevator. He was in charge. Having done it once before, he now knew the routine.

With energy to spare, we went to the park before dinner. It was packed with kids, and he took it all in seeing who he might play with. He played on the climbing equipment and slides until he was able to interact with the boys with shovels and trucks. Soon enough he was digging with them. Kids make fast friends and then work together, well, most of the time. Territory and possessions are closely guarded.

Leaving the playground was not easy, but it was starting to get dark, and it was time for dinner. In the city it's easy to order take out and have it delivered to your door. Soon enough we were eating, tired, and ready to finish our meal and get to bed early.

My grandson had the best time. The rest of us were concerned with time, where we had to be when, transportation, ordering dinner, and the normal details of life. Not my young grandson.

He enjoyed every minute. He wasn't anxious about what was next, how we were going to travel, nor what was for dinner. He enjoyed fully what was right in front of him. He enjoyed the NOW. He lived in the NOW.

Oh, to be a kid, to live and enjoy in the now. How great would that be? We can. We should. We worry too much. Let it go. Let it go.