

THAT SATURDAY

That Saturday, April 27, 2002, I will not soon forget. I had been invited along with other retirees of the Winn Dixie stores to a fish fry. It took place on Little Lake Harris. Some of our members live there and secured their clubhouse for our activity.

My son, daughter in law and granddaughter left Friday afternoon for Merritt Island where they have friends. They were to return Saturday evening. Since they were not available to go with me I decided to ask a friend to go with me. Sophie had gone there with me one other time, and had enjoyed it so she was glad to go with me. I retrieved my container of potato salad from the fridge and went to pick up Sophie. She came out carrying a cake to take along. We enjoyed the ride, arriving at the lake about 10:30. The weather was great.

The fish along with hush puppies, baked beans, potato salad, and slaw were great. After that, we had many desserts. There was plenty of food left to take home.

We arrived home about 4:00; I dropped Sophie off at her house and decided to spend the rest of the day and evening watching ballgames. Around 5:30 I received a phone call from another friend Gloria, wanting to know if I would like to play cards that evening. I said I wouldn't mind, so she told me that Sophie and Sally would pick me up about 6:15 to take me to her house. So I called my son to tell him I would be out until about 10:30 playing cards with friends. They weren't home from the coast yet, so I left a message on the answering machine. When I arrived home from the card game my son's van was in the driveway and the house was all lit up. I was in a panic thinking some thing was vitally wrong.

THAT SATURDAY continued

Well, I guess they thought so too. When they left their friend's house to come home they called me on the cell phone, no answer. So they tried again several times on the way home. They stopped at my house instead of going home. Since my car was in the carport they thought something had happened to me. Well, I had locked all the doors, and two keys are needed to get in. They only had one. They went across the street to get the key I left with my neighbor. Guess what? She only had the one. My son went in the carport, broke out several jalousies and unlocked the door. Another guess what? I had locked the door between the little den and the kitchen. My son used some tools to take the lock out. Well since I wasn't there they started worrying about where I could be. So Jo—my daughter in law called a member of my retirees club to see if I had been to the fish fry, and was assured that I had been. My granddaughter wasn't feeling good so she called her boyfriend to come get her and take her home. She called back to my house and told them about the message I had left. I guess they were relieved but didn't go home, as they didn't want me to come home to a house that had been broken into. I had some spare glass in the store room so they replaced them and got ready to go home. Before they left my son said—"Mom, why didn't you call my cell phone when we didn't answer at home?" I am ever grateful for such a caring son and family and friends, and happy that "That Saturday " ended so well.