

A month of goodbyes



May is always a fun month for me.

It's got Mother's Day, which is awesome. Even though I can't visit Mom anymore, I'm not sad, since she's always with me (it's probably time to do another tribute to Mom, for you new readers). Plus, there are tons of other Moms I know and admire.

May also has my birthday, which is cool. I usually do a big barbecue to celebrate, though not this year since this May also kicks off my Great North American Baseball Road Trip (GNABRT).

It appears as if my GNABRT is creating quite a stir among my friends and family. Everyone all of a sudden wants to say goodbye.

I think I must be like that old photo album in the back of the closet. You know it's there and you remember the frowns and smiles it contains, but you only need to pull it out once in a great while (hopefully, I've provided more smiles than frowns). It appears that a few of my circle have decided this month would be a good time to pull it out again.

For instance, today, my terrific and saintly next door

neighbors took me out for a birthday lunch. Sure, it's day 1 and I'm on day 27, but they'll be out next weekend and I'll be out as well (next paragraph). After that, it's only two weeks until departure. They're the ones who have my duplicate keys in case of emergency or (horrors!) a hurricane.

The following week, my good friends invited me to join them with their daughter and grandson for a four-day weekend at Disney World. Considering the daughter is 7 1/2 months into their first granddaughter, I expect I'll be pulling duty as the extra arms, legs and eyes on the soon-to-be amazed and always active tot. Still, how could I resist? Is there any better way to view the adventures of Disney than through the eyes of a 4-year old?

My Dad and Stepmom have already booked the weekend before I leave on the GNABRT and I have requests from some others to schedule time with them.

Funny thing about my Dad and Stepmom. At our last lunch together, they mentioned they were worried about me. I acknowledged driving all those miles alone was a bit scary, but I could always rest if needed. They dismissed that concern and told me it was more about "bad people" out there.

Of course, I love that they care about me, but I explained to them that "bad people" are here too. And, really, there aren't actually *that* many "bad people". I'd wager that there are over six billion more good people than bad in this world.

Still, I promised them I would do my best to avoid "bad people" (as if they wear a sign). They are going to worry no matter what I say to them.

So, a month of goodbyes, but not my final goodbyes.