

First Things First

Noah and I just got back from an overnight camping trip to Kopachuck State Park.

Do you know how little kids pick up a saying sometimes and then repeat it over and over like a mantra? This trip, Noah kept repeating the phrase, "First things first." Whether it was unpacking the car or walking down to the beach, before everything we did he'd say, "First things first Grampa. First things first!"

I don't know where or why he picked that one up but that little saying got stuck in my head too. And for 24 hours I stopped thinking about problems at work and car repairs and doctor visits and replacing the worn-out carpet in our living room at home and I thought about what things should come first.

Maybe it's s'mores and swimming and stories by the campfire, watching a bald eagle flying over Puget Sound, tall trees, stars, a small child's fascination with counting tree rings and a thousand questions about the way fungus grows on an old stump, little pockets filled with white quartz pebbles picked up on a hike and a happy little face all sticky with melted marshmallow and blackberries...

...and getting to share all of that together before he too grows up and becomes preoccupied with problems at work and car repairs and doctor visits and replacing old worn-out carpets.

I really hope that my grandkids will take their grandkids camping at Kopachuck State Park someday too...

...and a pox on replacing the old worn-out carpet.

First things first!

Grampa Will