

Sometimes perfect moments arise out of ordinary circumstances. After a long, intense week at work, all I wanted to do was crawl into my pajamas and veg on the couch. Since our grandson stays with us in the evenings while his mommy works, that was not going to happen. I thought about ordering pizza, or hitting a drive thru for a hamburger, but grandma guilt assailed me. Toddlers need vegetables. So, after looking in the cupboard I realized that the only thing I could make was spaghetti. Since this happens to be the wee one's favorite meal, I did not think he would object. I figured I could throw together a vegetable salad; add some garlic bread and viola, grandma guilt gone.

I boiled pasta, chopped vegetables and listened to music, while my husband sat on the patio enjoying the grandkid. It was one of those perfect September evenings when there is just a hint of chill in the air, and everything is golden. The leaves had started to change, and every now and then one would float to the ground to be exclaimed over by the grandkid. With his dog and kitten following him, he wandered around the backyard, playing in his cozy coupe, yelling at the kids at the park across the street and generally doing what one year olds do.

Just as I was putting supper on the table, our son showed up from work. About a month ago, he bought a house and has been remodeling it every since. Needless to say, it was a treat to see him. So adding another plate to the table, we all sat down to a family meal. In today's busy world, it seems like this does not happen often enough.

As my husband and son discussed drywall, my grandson joined in; talking jibberish in between bites of spaghetti. Without skipping a beat, both my husband and son included him in the conversation. His big brown eyes opened wide in wonder and his hand waving to emphasis his point, he was in his element. Uncle Nathan reached for another piece of bread, breaking it in half and handing part to Kylan as the conversation moved onto cars.

As I sat there listening and watching the men in my life interacting, it occurred to me this was a perfect moment. Three generations of Hughes, gathered around the table sharing not only brown eyes and curly brown hair, but opinions and affection. It was not a special occasion; it was nothing more than a family meal.

And even if there was still bath time and dishes to get through, at this moment I did not want to be anywhere else.