

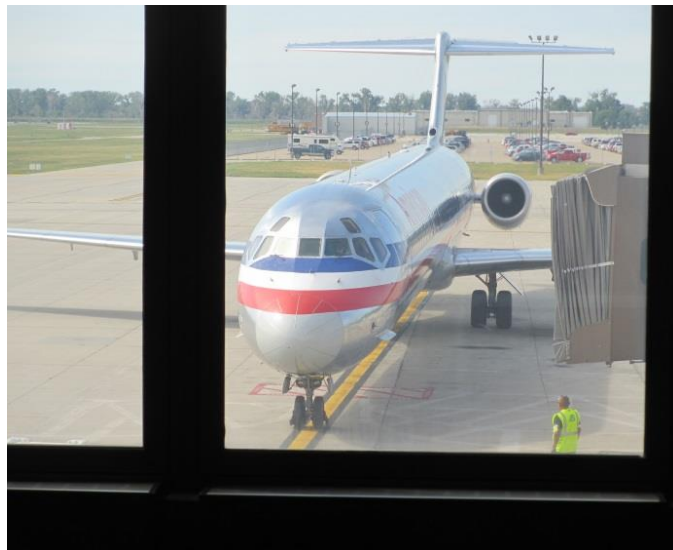
Lincoln, August 2013

Monica & Benji, and Gordon & Ursula, visit for a long weekend



August 3

Ursula and I flew into Omaha from Tallahassee (via Atlanta), and Monica & Benji from Austin (via Dallas/Ft. Worth). Our flight arrived in Omaha about half an hour before Monica & Benji's flight, and both were in the same gate area—so we were able to see their plane arrive.



We greeted them as they emerged from the jetway. Benji didn't respond to us at first, but seemed to gradually remember us.



August 3

We quickly found the rental car—in Omaha the car rental area is across the street from the terminal—but we had to wait a bit for the Hertz rep to bring Benji's car seat.

Half-way on the 50-mile drive south to Lincoln, we stopped at a rest area. We had stopped at the same rest area on a visit in August of 1985, when Monica was about the same age as Benji is now (Jennifer was almost five).

1985



2013



August 3

In Lincoln, Benji quickly met his great-grandmother. We decided he would know her as Granny, which is what her other great-grandchildren call her.



Granny had a great toy: a basket of lids from various jars. That was one of the two new things in Granny's house that most interested him.



Monica brought a travel stroller from Austin. It helps in airports AND makes a good emergency high chair. He didn't get too much of the pizza that my brother Mike had brought over, but he got plenty of other food.



August 4



We met my sister Barb the next morning for breakfast at a nearby Village Inn.



Benji is always busy at a restaurant. If there's no food, he'll play with the dishes.



Of course, as soon as there's food it has his full attention.



He'll try anything, even a slice of lemon.

I tried to get a picture of his startled reaction, but he was too fast for me.

The amazing thing is that he wanted it again. And again.



August 4

After breakfast and a nap, Benji played some more with the basket of lids, and with a peek-a-boo scarf.



Then he met his other favorite thing at Granny's house. Smores is an American Pit Bull who has been raised to be ridiculously friendly. He's much larger and heavier than Benji, however, which made for some awkward moments as they got to know each other.

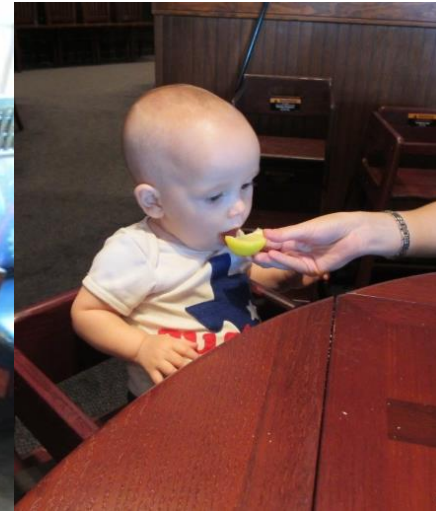
Benji was also happy to discover that, just like his dog Elgar, Smores has a water dish.



August 4

For lunch we went to the Red Lobster on "O" Street, with Granny and Mike.

Benji tried a lemon slice again, and again he kept trying it.



It was a pleasant afternoon, and we went for a walk up St. Paul Avenue.



August 4

Later in the afternoon, Benji renewed his efforts to play with Smores.



We finally decided it would be better for them to stay friends-at-a-distance.



August 4

Granny and her basket of lids turned out to be more fun than Smores.



August 4

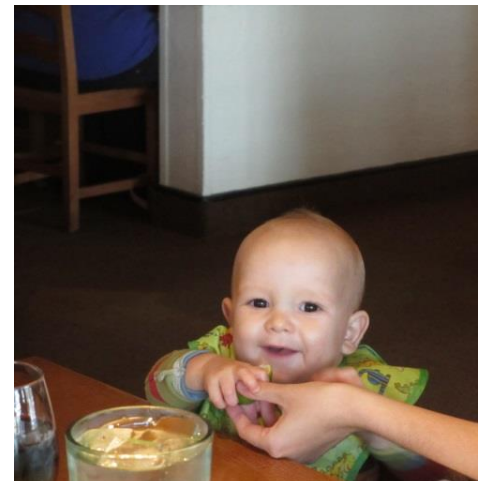
Time for some family pictures...

With Uncle Mike.

Four generations.



Dinner was at Olive Garden.



August 5

The four of us ate breakfast at the Holiday Inn Express on North 27th.



Later, Benji explored Granny's exercise bike, and Smores tried to explore Benji.



August 5

After a quick lunch, it was time to say goodbye...and then head back to the Omaha airport.

While waiting at the gate, Benji took charge of the stroller.



When the flight finally was ready, Benji was tired... but Monica coped.



Our flight was late leaving Omaha, and theirs was very late leaving Dallas /Ft. Worth, but we all made it home eventually.

