

Family reunions — they are just like ice cream sundaes — mostly sweet with a few nuts. Oh but how fulfilling! We had our share recently during our Spring Break getaway. This year once again we traveled to Peachtree City, Georgia to spend time with my brother and the rest of the gang, and our mom, who had flown over a few days earlier. We had a great time; it was fun and also relaxing.

Ah yes, relaxing is an understatement when you talk about Peachtree City or "Pleasantville" as I like to call it. It's definitely a change of pace from Miami life that's for sure. But what really attracts us to Pleasantville time and again is our clan over there. Even though we do keep in contact daily via phone and e-mail, there is nothing like live interaction and the touch of a loved one; just no substitute for that. And we made sure we had plenty of that going on while we were there.

Of course, for us is a given that when in Georgia, a visit to Conyers is going to take place. And so it did. Our pilgrimage to the Farm,* the site of our Blessed Mother's apparitions, provided us this time around with a different experience, but just as special as the last. It was similar though in that again we were the only visitors there during our entire stay. Nothing like some solitude for the spirit. Wow! Our detour there is always an added bonus on these trips.

Speaking of added bonus, both my husband and I are very close to our families. That is a blessing for which we are thankful to the tenth power, if you know what I mean. We've had some tough heart-felt losses along the way, so we've learned to appreciate the time we have with those still here and take advantage of every opportunity to spend time with those who love and support us. And so on the way back home we made a scheduled stop in Gainesville to attend my other nephew's graduation at UF, where we hooked up with all of my husband's family. More ice cream sundae. ;)

Like I said, it was a great getaway. You know, it never ceases to amaze me how our families recharge us. For us it doesn't matter what's going on in our lives, or how much we think or feel we need to get away and disconnect, and do. Right after, we promptly look to reconnect like craving lunatics. No matter the array of characters,

because trust me, that is vast in our families. But I think it's our own perfect imperfections that bring balance to one another and ultimately what has taught us acceptance on many levels. Bottom line is, at the end of the day, it is difficult for me to imagine anything more nourishing to the soul than our faith and our families. This getaway was definitely travel for the soul. :)

It's no wonder Jane Howard was so right when she said, "Call it a clan, call it a network, call it a tribe, call it a family. Whatever you call it, whoever you are, you need one."

May God always bless you and your families with time together. +

*[For background and details about the Farm, link to my 3/31/08 post entitled Travel for the Soul: A Different Kind of Farm].

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