

Life is full of moments. Sometimes we make a lot more of a fleeting moment, yet other times we don't realize the importance of a moment until we look back and see that the moment was a starting point of a fork in the road in your journey.

Our days become a series of moments that will determine if your day was a good day or a lousy day. Moments have no rules. They don't have any time requirements, nor size requirements. Many positive moments can make a vacation the best ever, while one negative moment can make that same vacation a disaster.

Moments are just moments. They are good and bad, big and small, fleeting or just the beginning of many more to come.

We need moments. When we stop having moments is when we stop having life. It's the moments that makes our life unique and such an adventure.

As I muted a commercial break during a baseball game on TV, I was aimlessly looking around and saw it quietly sitting on my shelf. An old model pickup truck with a surfboard sticking out it's back. Not a work of art, mind you. I certainly hope that nobody ever picks it up to take a closer look at my creation and realize how limited my talents are in building model cars. Those small details that reflect the elite artist of a seasoned model creator is nowhere to be found on this truck, that's easy to see.

But it does reflect a moment of my journey that will always bring a smile to my soul.

It was early Summer and my grandson was returning home from a travel team week of baseball in Florida. His family would be out of town, so I was asked to hang with him at the house for a day or two. He didn't need a babysitter, but if he needed to go anywhere, he needed the reliable dudePa Taxi Service to be available. Besides, hanging with his grandpa is not nearly as boring as it sounds when it involves the ever immature old geezer named 'me', that's for sure.

The first night was easy. He unpacked his travel week then we went out to dinner to hear a play-by-play of his week of games over a feast of fine dining that we didn't have to clean up after.

The next day was pretty boring.

I casually mentioned as we wrestled with ideas of what to do, that I had fun building model cars when I was his age and told him that's a good activity for killing time. He was open to the experience, so we headed to a local craft store to see if they had models.

We both got a truck - mine an old surfers truck, his a hot modern pickup - and loaded up with glue, paints and all the works and headed home to kill an afternoon trying to create something that looked close to what the picture on the box had.

It was a great day. We both laughed a lot as we tried to navigate through all the tiny pieces that the model creators know will never fit where they belong and we will give up and just throw them in the trash anyway.

In the end, we both had trucks that were missing quite a few parts, but to our defense they were not being created to drive around in, so the missing parts were parts we could certainly live without.

It was a moment when my grandson and I needed something to kill an afternoon with and we certainly succeeded in doing just that.

Will we do it again?

I have no desire to do so, and I'm pretty sure my grandson will not do so either.

But we sure had a lot of laughs doing it.

An old man and his grandson doing something neither had much talent in doing. We just needed to kill a boring afternoon.

Those are the moments you want in life.

That's why that truck sits on my shelf with it's many missing parts.

That's why I look at it and smile from ear to ear.

Just a moment in time.

A moment to cherish forever.

Just A Thought.