

## Vacation

Marianne opened her eyes and saw her husband standing beside her bed. It was still dark out, but the soft glow from the night light in the bathroom showed he was looking down at her and smiling.

"Is it time to go?" she asked.

"Everything's ready" he said. "We wanted to make an early start of it, remember?"

Marianne sat up and stretched. Then she yawned and rubbed her eyes. "I still don't like the idea of leaving the kids" she said.

"They'll be fine," her husband reassured her. "They're old enough to look after themselves now. Besides, remember our anniversary trip to Europe? We left them at home then and it worked out OK."

"Yes, but I paid extra to get international coverage for my phone so I could call them." Marianne searched the floor for her slippers.

"Right, and you only used it once. Scared the daylight out of Marjorie, as I recall."

Marianne giggled sheepishly. "I miscalculated the time difference," she said. "It was the middle of the night for her. She thought something must be terribly wrong." She slipped on her bathrobe. "Are you sure you've got everything?" she asked.

"I'm sure" her husband replied. "This will be the best vacation we've ever had."

"Promise?"

"I promise." He took her hand and they walked out the door together.

They left as quietly and unobtrusively as possible, but her departure still made the local paper.

Mrs. Marianne Stover died peacefully in her sleep at the Shady Grove nursing home. She was 92. Mrs. Stover is survived by her son Andrew in Cedar Rapids IA, and a daughter Marjorie (Stover) Andrews in Santa Fe, NM. Her husband of 62 years, Philip Stover, passed away five years ago. Services will be held. . .