



February 2019

The Warmth of a Loving Family

Rachel Ryan

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology

Recommended Citation

Ryan, Rachel (2019) "The Warmth of a Loving Family," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 55.
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss1/55

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Monographs at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

The Warmth of a Loving Family

Rachel Ryan

When I woke up this morning, I knew it was going to be a great day. It all started when my feet hit the floor. I turned around and my son, wide awake, was smiling at me. I got up, stretched, and got my son and myself ready for the day. I sat anxiously, waiting to see my aunt and uncle. It had been a long time since I had seen them last. I could hardly wait. We were going on a road trip to Wichita Falls. Finally they pulled up, and I grabbed our bags and my son. Of course, when I got outside, they took my son and started playing with him. I watched them, with eyes full of excitement, and it brought tears to my eyes. Caleb was happy to see them, too. He laughed and threw his hands all over the place. We visited the whole way. I look out the window. It was so pretty outside, the perfect morning for a road trip. Everything glowed with the morning sun and the morning air was a refreshing smell. The trees waved "hello" to us as we drove past. The wind painted our vehicle with waves of soothing motion. The morning air and the minty taste of toothpaste was a chilling combination on my tongue. My heart began pounding as we grew closer to our destination. My aunt and uncle playing with one another as if they were sixteen again made me laugh to myself. Finally, we arrived at our destination. Just then I started feeling guilty. I knew why we were here. We waited in the parking lot. I watched as my cousin pulled up in his big black truck. His truck had a trailer on it with a really nice white shiny car on the back. His wife Krissy was in the car on the trailer waving and laughing. Just then a knot grew in my throat, my eyes swelled with tears, and I tried to hold it back, but I couldn't. The car was for



me! It was a 2000 Olds Mobile Alero. I gave my cousin and his wife a great big hug. "There is only one thing I want you to do for me," my cousin said.

"Whatever you want," I said.

"Don't ever look at me like you have to repay me."

Once again there was that knot in my throat. I pushed it back and said, "Thank you." Krissy told me that they were blessed to get to give me the car. I couldn't believe it. They gave it to me, asking nothing in

return. Then we went to a restaurant to eat. The restaurant was very nice. The walls were painted green, yellow, orange red and black. The lights were turned down low. Family laughter and chatter filled the restaurant. The waitresses all walked, talked, and smiled in the same manner. Across the table I could feel the warmth of family. We visited, laughed, and told old stories. Caleb played in the high chair. He nearly jumped out of the high chair to get the chips and salsa. He was ready to eat. Gracin, my cousin Rusty's son, was telling the waitress he was a champion. Laughs set off around the table like a wild fire. It was so funny. After we were finished eating, we went outside and the kids played. Caleb had a handful of dirt, and it was heading right for his mouth. That would have been a mess. Gracin raced my aunt Tina to the end of the parking lot. He had grown two feet since I had seen him last. As we sat outside, I felt sad. I didn't want to leave. I sat in my new car and my cousin Rusty was showing me how everything worked. The leather of the seats felt cold on my finger tips. He turned on the radio, and there was that red dirt music we both loved so much. He burned me a CD for the ride home. Just before we left the restaurant, my cousin Rusty stood next to his wife and held my son Caleb. My son gave him the sweetest hug. As I watched this, I realized that my son may not have a father, but he has great men to look up to all around him. My cousin Rusty has done so well with his life. I look up to him so very much. He is a fire fighter, and is in school to do deep sea diving. He is also a great father! My cousin's wife Krissy also is doing well with her life. She is in school to be an RN and is a great mother. I look up to them both. We only have one life to live. So we have to give it our best shot. They are a perfect example of this. We don't realize the bonds we have in our family, until we aren't able to see them anymore. That day, I felt the feeling I had missed so much, the warmth and tight bonds of my lovely family.