




## A Sweet Tooth with Papaw

Often in my idle moments I remember happy times gone by. Hidden way back in the dusty corner of my mind, I recall the wonder of childhood when I could stay up late and eat lots of sugar. I had every child's dream come true: late night, sugar, baseball and Papaw.

While living with my grandparents I looked forward to summer vacations from school. It was my grandparents who taught me how to love baseball (America's favorite pass time). Papaw worked till 11 o'clock every night and during the summer I was allowed to stay up and wait for him to come home. Late baseball games made this wait even better.

After arriving home on these special nights and putting his things away, Papaw and I would venture into the kitchen. Two bowls, two spoons and three kinds of sweet cereal. One-by-one I watched excitedly as his tanned hand poured each layer of cereal into the waiting bowls and dividing each layer with a coating of rich brown sugar. He would then pour ice-cold milk on top of it all to seal the deal.

My mouth watering with wild anticipation I would take my bowl and follow my gentle giant into the living room being careful not to spill a single drop. A recliner for Papaw and Grandmaws' chair for me, we would eat our super sweet concoction as we listened to the end of the baseball game.



It didn't really matter to me who won the baseball game. Spending time with my favorite person and satisfying our sweet tooth was the perfect end to long summer days.

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