



We are in “Makai-land” now and needless to say, we are having a ball with him. At seventeen months he is at that age of inquisitiveness, cuteness and fun that can be so adorable, it’s hard to get enough. He learns new words easily and it seems for now, Rick and I have become “Boppa”. We will be working hard over the summer to change that into Granni and Grandpa because his paternal grandfather is Poppa and we don’t want any confusion later on.

Both Rick and I slept soundly last night and didn’t wake up this morning until 8:00; no doubt partly because we were exhausted from our early morning departure yesterday. Once breakfast was out of the way, Ian and Rick went outside to scope out the yard for the changes needed to better accommodate the Moho. At one point Makai was running to catch up with them and lost his balance, falling on his forehead. He added a scrape to the pre-existing bruise from another fall a few days earlier; something I remember seeing often on my sons foreheads when they were his age.

This afternoon, Karley and I went grocery shopping with Makai while Ian and Rick did some rewiring and other “man stuff”. I had forgotten how exhausting a little one can be and I was quickly reminded why I needed the extra time away (after my surgery) to recover. It is 8:30 PM as I write this and I am ready for bed.