

## When is it just too much?

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I know when I was younger I would usually answer this question — NEVER!!!!. But I must admit with time and yes, with age, my perspective has changed. What brought on all this reflection? The answer is Las Vegas.

It was our big 30th wedding anniversary this year and my husband and I thought we would venture west to the city that never speaks: what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas. But in this case, I am making an exception.

We stayed at “Paris.” It was true to its name and brought to life the beautiful side of that French capital. When the airport shuttle dropped us off, we entered onto Paris’ cobblestone streets. Our first site was miles and miles of penny slots and quarter slots and dollar slots and gaming table after gaming table as far as the eye could see. The “Eiffel Tower” was built almost to scale INSIDE the resort and the “avenues” darted off in 20 different directions. We had to ask for directions three times just to make it to the front desk. That is when I figured out us little ole’ Delphos folk were going to be in for a real eye-opening experience.

We were starved after our long flight and food became a priority. Endless buffets, crepe cafes, pastry shops, full French cuisine restaurants — and that was all just on the first level of the hotel. How can we possibly choose? We were roaming aimlessly. We felt like Hansel and Gretel. Should we have left bread crumbs or maybe poker chips to find our way back?

We thought a good plan would be to just check out things and keep a mental note of where we might like to have our anniversary supper. We walked and talked and wandered about and finally made a decision on where and when to eat. Amen, I said. No second thoughts. We made our choice for the night. But, after countless turns, rides on escalators and elevators, we couldn’t remember how to get back to the chosen spot. Where was that trail of poker chips? The resort was just TOOOO BIGGGG and we were SOOOOO LOST and of course it was all Bob’s fault because he was supposed to keep track of where we were. (You would think after 30 years of marriage he would understand that directions are ALWAYS the husband’s job. This is also when we also decided the older you get, you need to make mental billboards instead of mental notes.)

Venturing out the next day, the casinos and resorts got bigger and bigger and bigger, each one outdoing the one before. Is this the real world or just some dream I am having from a full tummy of mimosas (which I had never had before and are indeed delicious)?

Then on about the third day of walking, walking and walking and realizing that there was no way we were going to get to half the things on my pre-trip “had to see” list, I began to contemplate on the TOO MUCH theory. If I only had 15 choices of restaurants instead of 2 million, I would have been happy. If we only had to choose between Cher, Barry Manilow or Garth Brooks shows and not 35,000 others, I would be happy. Don’t get me wrong; I loved seeing it all but I realized I don’t need it all and so much of it. We had a wonderful trip and I am glad Las Vegas is what it is — unique and beyond believable in more ways that I can describe. But it is just tooooo much for me.

We decided right then that it’s not really any better to have more, it’s not really any better to be bigger and it’s not really any better to be grander. I think sometimes we think we need it all or more of it and never realize we already have just what we need and that should be enough.

Makes you appreciate Good Ole Delphos — just like the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears: not too big, not too small — it’s just right.