

As my husband and I travel to Columbus today for his flight to Baltimore, we will talk about his trip to see our niece and keep vigil over our "little man" in the back seat.

It's time for the annual dance competition and the love of my life will be gone for a whole week and two days.

When we decided to embark on our frantic search for a furry friend to fill the gaping hole in our heart in January after our sweet Sadie Lou passed, it sealed my fate to once again stay behind and hold down the fort. It doesn't mean I don't want to see Lotus the Awesome dance, I just have to take care things at home. I hope she understands.

I am observing a "stay"cation.

The most exciting thing on my list is the first home visit for Cameron. Mom and I will pick him up Sunday evening and he will return to Toledo Tuesday evening. He earned this privilege by staying the straight and narrow these past months while at the Volunteers of America Community Treatment Center.

Cameron is doing very well. He has a full-time job and is eager to continue on his path to freedom.

We have zillions of things we'd like to do but on the first visit, he must stay at our home for 48 hours. Someone will be checking once each four hour shift the whole time he is there and he needs to be able to talk to them on the phone.

That's OK. Our top priority is movies and visiting with family and friends. The second priority is spaghetti and some other of his favorites.

It has been nearly 6 years since Cameron was home and I'm a little beside myself. This has been a long haul. Each day he makes strides to becoming who is supposed to be.

He'll be meeting Ringo for the first time and I'm sure the house will hold memories of the one that came before. I had promised him I'd try my best to keep her around but it didn't happen. So vacation, "stay"cation, it's all good. I'm doin' what I want.