

# Embrace the Ordinary: A playground picnic

Even though the weather has been exceptional this summer, we haven't gone on as many picnics as we usually do.



So the other afternoon as the work day was ending, I emailed John to ask whether he'd like to have a picnic for dinner. John is smart and he knew that meant I had no idea what I was cooking if we ate at home. And who doesn't love a summer picnic?

John offered to pick up food, and we met at the playground.

Our boys sped into the park and played while John set the picnic table.



Then he called us over to eat.

You can't have an insect-free picnic, and there were bees hovering over our table as we ate, so we talked a lot about bees.

We discussed bee allergies and that time three years ago when one of the cousins got stung by a bee. Leo was only 3 ½ and he remembers it vividly.

John and the boys talked about what kung fu moves they might do if they really knew kung fu and if kung fu were actually effective on bees. It might be, but we didn't find out that night.

Then we hit the playground.



It was a simple night—swinging and sliding and supper.

But it was just what we needed on a summer night, a night without homework or extracurricular obligations, a night when the breeze was blowing gently and the grass was green, a night when the only thing on the schedule was spending time together as a family.

And then seeing who could go higher on the swings, of course, and kick the napkin Baba was holding high in the air.



No wonder I [don't want to see this summer end](#).

***Linking up with Gina today to [Embrace the Ordinary](#). How are you embracing the ordinary this week?***