

Three Full Moons

Growing up, my family did not go on vacations that frequently, but after my older sister graduated college and the end of school was near for me, we decided to take a family vacation to Siesta Key, Florida. A family friend had a quaint, single-level condo in a quiet, one-street community filled with snow-birds and retirees. The brick road that was surrounded by tiny condos, dead ended after a quarter of a mile to an inlet. Boats would pass by regularly to get from the boat yard out into the open Florida waters.

My mom, dad, older sister, and I would walk down to the inlet at least once a day and sit on the bench that faced the water. We would bask in the warmth of the sun, sip on a cold Corona and lime, and watch the slow current of the water push the boats out to sea. The bench that faced the inlet was a peaceful spot – we wouldn't say much when we would go out there. We would just sit and listen to the water pass by, letting the stress from home slip right off our shoulders.

At least, that was the case until the last night of vacation. My dad and I walked down the street to the inlet. The brick street was dark. All the retirees had turned out their lights and had long been asleep. It was lit only by a full moon. We watched the evening dolphin tour boats coming back to the boat yard... one...then another...and another, and my dad and I sat quietly waving occasionally at the tour boats. After a few minutes of silence, my dad said, "Wouldn't it be hilarious if somebody mooned these tour boats?" We laughed for a second and then exchanged a look. We both knew that momentarily there were going to be two more full moons out. We set our empty beer bottles under the bench, waited for the next boat to approach and waved to the tourists who were quickly approaching. We then turned our backs to the water, quickly wiggled our pale, bare butts at the tour boat, and took off running down the street. Over the pounding of our feet, we could hear a symphony of gasps and laughter from the tour boat. We belly laughed all the way home, not paying attention to the number of bedside lamps that were turning on in windows, but most definitely curious about what all the ruckus was.