

Campers and Ice Cream

One memorable anecdote about my family occurred when I was very young, around four or five years old, yet I can still picture myself in these moments. My grandfather, whom I called Poppy, and my grandma, whom I call Nonny, owned a giant blue camper that was the color of the sky, old yet functional and to me, appeared as though it were the size of a large living room. When my grandparents were not using the camper, it was parked in the driveway of their house, which is often where I played in it. I remember it as a tall rectangular, drivable camper. The best feature that it had was a sliding screen window, which is where the wonderful game of ice cream shop took place!

I would position myself at the window with an apron on, ready to take any orders for ice cream. My Poppy and Nonny would take turns ordering ice cream and give me coins in exchange. We would play this game for what felt like hours, laughing and enjoying the summer days. Playing this game is one of my fondest memories of my grandfather, as he has since passed away. Sometimes, my Nonny would even give me real ice cream and cones, which always ended in a mess, but was my favorite! My Nonny always ordered strawberry and my Poppy chocolate. On the days with real ice cream, I can remember enjoying a cone with them when we finished playing. I would give anything to relive those moments, especially with my Poppy. I'll always remember these summer days and treasure the game of ice cream shop.