

Outer Banks Vacation: The Last Hurrah

Description

Though I hear the classic novel turned movie starring Spencer Tracy is highly rated, our [Last Hurrah](#) on vacation has nothing in common. I'm not a fan of politics anyway, so that's how I like it! Instead, our last hurrah was just as it's defined, our final act before heading home from vacation. Some may sit and sulk brooding about the inevitable return back to reality, while others, take Avery for example, make the most of it.



Keeping spirits high, our little family soaked up as much beach as we could on our last day before returning home. By this point, with Avery's staph our main concern, we were ready to get home to put all efforts into fighting the infection sans antibiotics. But we pushed our worries aside to enjoy the rest of the time on the beach. Including a happy crab dance with Daddy!



and getting chased by Mommy.



Showing no signs of a bad staph infection, our tough toddler kept a giant grin on her face as she ran non-stop across the sand.



Nothing could stop her. Well, one thing worked its magic [just like it did on Daddy](#)! seashells.



Once she found “œa keeper”, she was locked in on the thing. Not even an airplane ride on Dad Air could break her from being honed in on her find.



Oh yeah, cool, Iâ€™m in the sky! good job, Dad

Going Mom must have a stronger power since Avery at least broke her stare to smile for the camera.



Oops, but only for a second. Then she took advantage of being off the ground to scan more of the area.



Ooooo, I see one, set me down!!

Pure and simple play was how we enjoyed most of our day. That, mixed with loads of laundry and packing in an attempt to be ready to go early in the morning. Ugh. After exhausting ourselves enough for a while, it was time to eat and take a nap for the little one. Avery took a ride on the Dad Express as usual.



During her nap, I had to take my daily dip in the ocean. Motivation was low on the last day as it was chilly, windy, and the waters were the craziest I've ever seen in person. But I'm an extremely stubborn/determined guy, so I walked back down, sand blowing in my face, to take the plunge, literally.

I could count the number of people bearing the less-than-ideal beach weather on both hands, me included, and sat staring at the crashing waves. Figuring I needed pictures (or else it never happened, right?), I waved down a family as it started to rain and asked a kind lady if she'd take my picture

with the ocean behind me. With a cocked eyebrow and a bit of hesitation, she finally agreed to my request.



Not feeling satisfied enough, I pushed her patience and asked if sheâ€™d photograph me as I jumped around in the water. Again, she hesitantly agreed, and did a fine job.



I spent awhile trying to move against the strong current only to get nowhere but sucked under a few times. No worries, though, I thoroughly enjoyed the thrill and am appreciative someone was kind enough to take pictures of me so I had proof. Turns out no one cared that much, but I still felt cool. Or maybe thatâ€™s from all of the shiveringâ€¦!

Packing was mostly complete by the time the sun started to set, and the family decided to make one last trip down to the shore to bid their farewells to the ocean. It was still windy, which was a perfect time for Aunt Tammy to test out her new kite with Uncle Paul.



Paul prepared for takeoffâ€¦



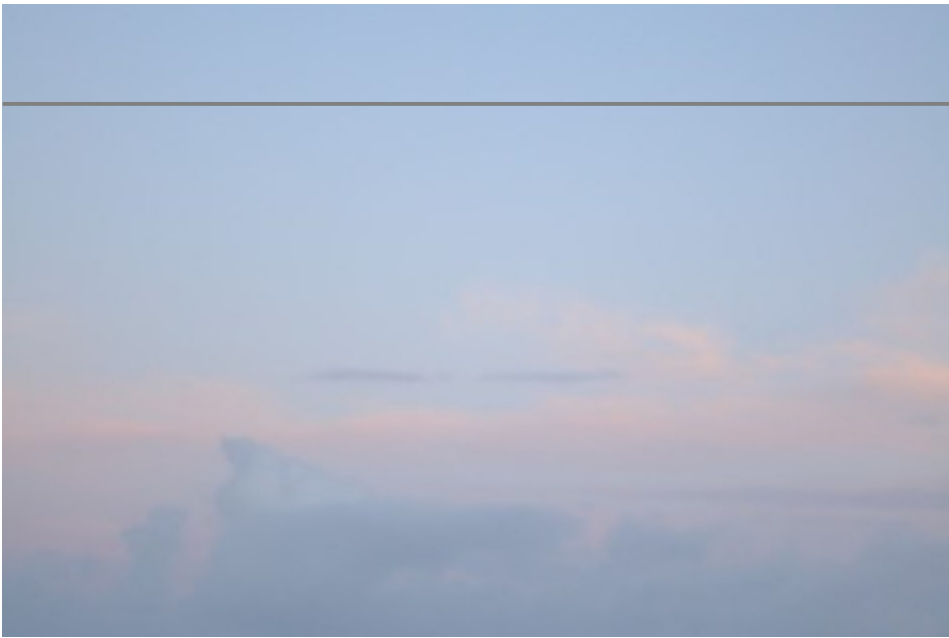
â€¦followed by an immediate landing. aka flight failure.



Meanwhile, Avery picked right back up where she left off with running across her sandy track. Wide grin and all.



Once more, nothing could stop her untilâ€¦!



the MOON! Then G-Ma and

Uncle Preston grabbed her for a windy pic together.



After getting our fill of watching the kite keep grounded and gritting sand between our teeth, everyone headed back to the beach house for the last night. I had left ahead of time to cook dinner, but on their way back, my wife and Avery spotted a couple of Axis deer crossing the road.



Never knew they lived in the area, but a cool sighting for sure.

With our last hurrah complete, we settled in for the night to get the few hours of sleep we had before beginning our trek back home. It would be a long day filled with driving and flying with a little stop to eat and play in Newport News before finally arriving back to a home filled with cat pee and a very tired family. You know, the usual stuff when you come home from vacation, right?

Date Created
2016/07/02