

Sunday, May 13, 2068, 9:00 a.m., Tracy Island

"Happy Mother's Day!" Jeff said, beaming at his mother as he came into the dining room, a bouquet of roses in one hand.

"Oh, my!" Emily cried. "I wasn't sure you'd get home in time!"

He leaned over to kiss her, and presented her with the flowers. "We managed. And now we're ready for a second breakfast."

Dianne glanced up from where she was presenting Lisa with a similar bouquet. "You'd better get on into the kitchen then, Jeff. After all, the tradition is that the children make the breakfast for the moms."

Jeff laughed, and disappeared into the kitchen.

She kissed her own mother on the cheek. "Happy Mother's Day, Ma!"

"And to you, too, honey," Lisa replied, smiling as her daughter took the chair beside her. "I think the children have something more planned, perhaps for dinner. They weren't sure when you'd get back."

Dianne exchanged Mother's Day wishes with Emily as Gordon came out of the kitchen, a huge pile of pancakes stacked precariously on the plate he was carrying. "Hey, Mom!" he cried. "Happy Mother's Day!"

"Thank you, Gordon," Dianne said with a smile. She peered over the top of the plate as he served three pancakes to Lisa. "What do we have here?"

"Blueberry pancakes," he explained. "And believe it or not, Scott made them!"

She inspected the pancakes that he slid onto her plate. "Are you sure? They're not burnt."

Gordon chuckled. "Yes, I'm sure. He's got Kyrano out there watching his every move like a hawk! Virgil's frying up bacon, the kids are squeezing orange juice, John's in charge of the coffee, and Alan's doing the fetch-and-carry."

"Well, at least the coffee will be drinkable," Emily commented. "John's got a deft hand with the coffee maker."

"What's Jeff up to?" Lisa asked, cutting into her stack of pancakes with the side of a fork. Gordon left the plate on the table before them and went back into the kitchen.

"Double checking that we have the table set properly," Jeff said as he came out, a small stack of

plates in his hands. He counted the places at the table, and did a quick computation, then set two more places just as Tin-Tin and Brains came into the dining room.

"Happy Mother's Day, Mrs. Tracy!" Tin-Tin called, giving the old lady a kiss on the cheek.

"Now, Tin-Tin, I told you a long time ago to call me Grandma!" Emily protested even as she accepted Tin-Tin's kiss. She returned the salute, saying, "Thank you for your lovely wishes, my dear."

"And happy Mother's Day to you, Dianne," the Malaysian girl said with a smile. She came around the table to kiss Lisa on the cheek. "And to you, too, Lisa."

"Thank you, Tin-Tin," Dianne replied, echoed by Lisa a second later. Brains gave the three women a slightly nervous wave, and wished them a happy Mother's Day as well. He spied the plate of pancakes and asked permission to take them down to his end of the table. Dianne watched out of the corner of her eye as the engineer politely served his assistant, who sat next to him with a big smile on her face.

Alan came out with a pitcher full of fresh squeezed orange juice. "Now, if there are any seeds in this, you can blame the kids," he said as he poured glasses for each of the celebrants. He glanced down the table to where Tin-Tin and Brains were talking quietly, then he sighed and marched down to pour juice for them as well.

Dianne leaned across the table to Emily, glancing down the table. "What's going on there?"

"I'm not quite sure," Emily replied, frowning on the sight of the three young people. "But I intend to find out."

"Mom!" came a cry from Tyler as he pelted out to give his mother a near strangle of a hug. "You're home! Happy Mother's Day!"

"Of course she's home, silly!" Alex said, following at a more sedate pace. "You saw Dad in the kitchen." He leaned over to kiss his mother on the cheek. "Happy Mother's Day, Mom."

"Thank you, Alex, Tyler," Dianne returned. She took a bite of her pancake, and a sip of her juice. "You did well with the juice, boys. Where's Cherie?"

"Right here, Mom," said the teen as she brought out a thermal carafe and poured coffee into her mother's cup, then moved onto fill each of her grandmothers' cups. "Happy Mother's Day."

Dianne chuckled. "Thank you, Cherry." She glanced at her mother and mother-in-law. "I have a feeling we're going to hear a lot of that today."

The three women laughed together, then applied themselves to the meal as more food and more family came to join them at the table for the special celebration.

From: Tikatu Sent: 9/24/2005

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