

Rick turned 49 today! To him, it's just another day, but to me it is a special day to celebrate his arrival on earth, 49 years ago. (And he's a little older than me, too) We got up late again (it's becoming a bad habit) to a very cold but sunny day. We wanted to explore some more of Kentucky so after a leisurely breakfast we set out on our trek. We were looking for a place called Sugartit, but it was nowhere to be found even though it's on the map. (What kind of name is THAT anyway?)

The unwritten rule is that the "Birthday person" gets to decide where to eat and Rick chose a Waffle House

in Florence, Kentucky. They serve the best pecan waffles anywhere; the restrooms are clean, coffee fresh, service friendly, great prices and are located all over the US. We don't always eat health food and here is a good place to cheat. Linda, a franchise trainer was very informative, lived in Ohio but traveled between the 22 franchises that she trained at. She had never heard of Sugartit, nor had anyone else in the restaurant so we stopped looking for it.

We decided to drive along a route we had been on yesterday to find an interesting, little, flea market we had seen but didn't have time to stop at. Charlie's Flea Market was quite a treasure trove. If we had a week, we could have found dozens of little gems among the thousands of

Rick's 49th Birthday

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items, but the best one of all was the proprietor. She was a colourful character who married a US soldier and moved here from Hamilton, Ontario in 1945 when she was 19. This wonderful weathered woman had stories to tell and we could have easily stayed and listened to her for hours. We never did find out how long ago she acquired this store, but we did learn that Charlie was her husband and together they had four or five children. (She wasn't quite clear on that part) She goes to auctions in the area and buys estate lots and lots and lots! We bought a couple of trinkets and went on our way. Again, we had a great day!