

children. This is a vacation, not only from work and school, but also from an over-reliance on servants. What a source of memories which they will value when their kids become adults. They will return home but the memories of their naughty children will remain as a beautiful film which plays in a silent moment like a bell ringing out from a forgotten corner of the mind.

The third table is the kind which dumped the children with the maids. The mother absorbed in the latest fashions, the father attached to his phone, and two maids keeping watchful care of the shopping bags along with two children. Only if the parents knew the valuable moments they waste by just leaving their children with maids.

But the forth table was by every means the worst. Two young girls wearing hijab, yet at the same time not wearing hijab. In other words, their hair is half covered and half sticking out, their *abayaas* don't completely cover their bodies, and they're gazing around intensely trying to catch the eye of the men sitting around them. I nearly forgot to mention the type of beverages they had ordered, showing respect to neither their religion, their country, nor the other families around them. The real problem I have with this is trying to hide their behavior behind religious clothing. If you're going to act any way you want, don't bring your religion and culture into it.

Finally the biryani and naan arrived, we said *bismallah*—our grace—and I told myself, leave the creatures to their Creator, dive into your lunch and enjoy your time with your grandchildren, before age outruns us and they are gone.