The Mother-Daughter Vacation Must Go On

By Sheila Yasmin Marikar

Constantly attempting to forestall disaster, it turns out, can produce blind spots. What I did not see coming: my mom befriending the team behind an Antigua-based animal-rescue organization, Flew the Coop, who invited us to a party on Prickly Pear Island and declared her the “MVP of the weekend.” Or that after two piña coladas, she’d gaze up at the sky, point out Orion’s Belt, press her cheek against my shoulder, and say, “I’m so glad you brought me here.” Or that during our trip, she would step on a tennis court for the first time in ten years, hitting a 21-shot rally with our tennis instructor.