



Just suppose I had to choose the best vacation destination for this year, and were allowed to go back in time to enjoy it absolutely free while someone else foots the bill. Sorry, but I couldn't settle on just one. Therefore, here are my five choices, and not necessarily in rank order:

1. I'd take my golf clubs to Pebble Beach, California, and participate in a 72-hole golf tournament against Tiger Woods and Annika Sorenstam.

I'd win by ten strokes, and with TV cameras rolling, Tiger would hand me a check for a million bucks, and Annika would plant a big kiss on my cheek and present me with a huge silver trophy full of California champagne. We'd then find a shady tree, sit down and all drink the champagne together.

2. I'd book four nights in a sky-high penthouse suite at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. I'd indulge in room service breakfasts, lunches at the endless buffet and dinners at the city's best restaurants. I'd also take dips in spas, followed by soothing massages. In the evening, I'd have front row seats at world-class entertainment, and top it off with late night dancing at a dozen or so of Sin City's sinningest night clubs.

3. I'd schedule a camping and touring excursion with my family in a super-luxury RV, the kind rock stars use to get around, for a week at the Grand Canyon National Park and another week in Yellowstone National Park. Each night, we'd all gather for pan-fried steaks, marshmallow toasting and sit around the campfire while belting out all the old camp songs and telling whoppers of lies.

4. I'd sign up for two weeks in General MacArthur's luxurious penthouse suite at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, enjoy room service breakfasts on the terrace overlooking Manhattan, attend a dozen Broadway hit shows, enjoy front row seats at concerts in Carnegie Hall and lunch on super corned beef on rye sandwiches at the Stage Deli. After a horse ride through Central Park, I'd indulge in dinner at the super-expensive Alain Ducasse Restaurant in the Essex House. Did I mention that whoever is paying for my dream vacations will also take care of all the required tips?

5. I'd take my adult children and their little kids for a week's fun at Walt Disney World in Florida, where our family visited annually during the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s. We'd wander all over and do everything throughout the park, including visit the Hall of Presidents (is Obama there yet?), ride the roller coaster at Big Thunder Mountain, and sail on the underground boat trip at Pirates of the Caribbean. We'd all drive the little cars at the Grand Prix Racecourse, sit down to a classy dinner at Victoria and Albert's in the Grand Floridian, and watch the nightly fireworks above Cinderella's Castle.

Of course, I'd wake up and find, as everyone else does, I must face reality again. But, it wouldn't be so bad if I could hold on to the memories of those fabulous dreams forever.

*Submitted by Alex Grandstaff, Harrisburg PA*