

Kids' Choice in Boston

March 22nd, 2010 by Lissa

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I just spent a long weekend in [Boston](#) with the kiddies and have to rave about the Hotel Commonwealth, located in Kenmore Square, just steps from Back Bay and Fenway Park. I elected the Hotel for Kids package. Upon entering our room, two plush Teddy bears rested against two goodie bags. Inside? Sunglasses and a blow-up bat and baseball, as well as a special goodnight treat: flashlights, Red LL Bean slippers, and a Curious George book. As the kids were "oohing" and "aahing" over their bags of goodies, room service knocked on our door, bringing forth a plate of cookies and tall glasses of milk. The perfect end to a long day spent in the car.

The hotel also offers free DVD selections, so we selected "Shrek" and "The Wizard of Oz," both brought up within a half an hour so we could settle in for a cozy night. What I especially liked about the room was the separate sitting area, complete with pull-out sofa and flat-screen TV, could be closed off from the bedroom area with heavy tapestry-style drapes. This way, I could put the kids to sleep at a reasonable hour but stay awake and watch my own flat-screen TV. My only regret was not bringing swimsuits to enjoy a dip in the indoor pool.

Boston experienced a wonderful first weekend of spring with temperatures climbing into the upper-60s. The weather made for perfect exploring weather, and we hit Faneuil Hall and [Quincy Market](#) for lunch. I let my kids choose the restaurant and, while it may be a touristy spot, they choose Dick's Last Resort. What a riot of a place for the kids. The service staff holler at each other and playfully rib customers. Some unlucky diners were wearing dunce caps with balloons. A group of teenagers were in heaven as they took a beating from their waitress. Our server went easy on me and my kids, since they were young, and I got a laugh when my four-year-old son yelled at a server, "Who are you?" The server replied, "Who am I? Who are you?" And when my innocent babe told him his name, it took the server aback. He stopped what he was doing and came over and introduced himself while shaking my son's hand. He later brought the kids over to a station to get balloons, and I swear my son kept that balloon on him all weekend, showing it off proudly to anyone who would listen.

What I loved about this little getaway is that we were in one of the country's most historic cities, surrounded by a plethora of sites and attractions, but to my kids, it was the little things that meant the most. I'm glad I spent the weekend just sitting back and letting them pick and choose what they wanted to do and see — even if it meant five hours at the [Children's Museum](#). No rush, no worries. Just an enjoyable weekend together.