

Happy Easter!

I was right about something – I said it was going to be a great weekend and it was, even now, Sunday afternoon, when it's time for the Easter comedown the kids get when their sugar highs from all that candy wear off!

We celebrated our 10th wedding anniversary (again!) Friday night with a game night, and as usual, we had lots of fun! Without announcing it to anyone, I decided to have a sort of Mexican theme, which simply meant making a taco dip and margaritas. It's not like I usually have themes for game night; I just happened to read a recipe for the taco dip earlier in the week, then we almost got the kids a snow cone machine which inspired the margaritas. Even though we didn't get the snow cone machine, my husband said we have a little device that crushes ice; except when it came time for the margaritas, he decided he didn't want to crush the ice, and we ended up with glasses full of crushed popsicles (?) instead. So anyway, I don't remember telling any of my friends it was Mexican game night, but about 4 of them showed up with salsa and/or taco dip! When the last person arrived a little late and brought salsa, we gave her a standing ovation – hey, most of us are theater people; it seemed like the thing to do! I forgot to mention that before the game night, we went to Walmart where they had an Easter bunny to visit. My youngest daughter was afraid of him, so that explains how I got in the picture:



Saturday the community theater had their first-ever Easter egg hunt. We were actually going to go to the drive-thru zoo / safari park in Port Clinton, Ohio, but we decided to stay and support the theater's egg hunt instead. And that was a great decision – the egg hunt was a blast! There were organized games for the older kids while the toddlers hunted, but our little 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ year old daughter, Disney, was a little shy about picking up the eggs. The eggs had prizes in them, ranging from candy to tickets for large prizes to coin dollars – and Disney got one of those! The older kids enjoyed a variety of games; including a relay race where they were to race to a table and finish two boxes of Peeps – no hands allowed! It was a riot!



The kids enjoyed doing an actual egg hunt, unlike at our town's annual Easter egg hunt where they've resorted to throwing candy on the floor of the middle school gym rather than try to plan around the weather every year and do it at a

playground where they can actually *hide* the candy. They even sold lunch, which was great because after the hunt, we were ready to take off for the zoo and the kids had already been fed!

So we got to the Toledo Zoo and it was a little less than two hours before closing, so we had to pick and choose exhibits to see. Our oldest daughter really enjoys the Aquarium, so we began in there, and made our way around the back half of the zoo, ending with the great apes. The orangutans were bedding down for the night, and the gorillas were eating – allowing for some great up close views since a few of them chose eating perches right in front of the viewing glass. Because the weather is getting nicer, many animals were outside, and we enjoyed activity from the tigers and sloth bears – one of which is our “friend” and enjoys smelling us through the glass and playing with dangling car keys and hats. My favorite animal of the day were the hippos – the Toledo Zoo has full-size, humongous hippos (not the smaller pygmy variety found in many zoos), and Saturday they were hungry! The keeper had them cordoned off while he put out their food, and we got to watch as he let them at it, one by one. The poor hippo who had to wait got anxious and was opening his mouth really wide and rolling over in the water – hippo version of begging, I guess... but after seeing that huge animal charge and buck in the water like that made me realize just how dangerous a boat ride on the Nile River would be!

The zoo closed, so we went to a few of my favorite types of stores – \$1 stores, which was lucky I thought because I was sure they would close around 6ish on a Saturday. I thought I remembered that about stores from my youth – I remember being disappointed about not being able to stay at the mall later on Saturdays... but I’m glad I was wrong and they were open until 9 because I was able to stock up on some snacks and birthday party goodie bag trinkets for our soon-to-be 5-year-old’s upcoming party. When we got home, I was dead tired, but I did

catch the end of an awesome Chicago Cubs game before playing Easter bunny. The Cubs came from behind the Milwaukee Brewers to tie up the game and then win it with an Alfonso Soriano home run – that guy is on fire this year!! We got the kids' Easter baskets ready and hid the non-perishable eggs and went to bed.

Sunday we let our baby wake us – usually my husband wakes with the baby and lets me and the other kids sleep in when possible. But today I wanted to be up in time to hide the real eggs, so we put our two youngest in the bath, started the coffee, and began hiding eggs. But not soon after, our oldest starting coming down the stairs, so we had to re-direct her and give her a “job” to do upstairs while we finished so she wouldn't see us. We had a great time, but my camera's battery died, so I don't have any pictures of that...

Then it was off to church to learn about the real reason we celebrate Easter (how did coloring eggs get involved anyway? Maybe something to look up later when the kids are in bed and the Cubs are creaming the Brewers!). I never get bored at church, but I do get awfully tired – today my coffee wore off despite the energizing music and the pastor's entertaining sermon involving hot dogs and Jesus, of course! I guess I just get so relaxed since I don't have to worry about any of the kids for an hour – that's a good thing! We did go to bed late last night though... maybe I'll catch a nap while the kids play Easter bunny to their pets. They are hiding carrots in plastic eggs for their rats and hiding dog treats in eggs for their dogs. The bird got a new toy also, but he screamed at me while I was doing laundry again, so he's back on the sh*t list. My friend is running an 'ugly pet contest' for a play she's in, and I think I'm going to enter the bird for revenge – he's molting and his feathers are nappy right now – HA!

Happy Easter everyone!

Small Town Networking

The other day, I had signed up to work the annual county business and industry show – this is my 4th year working the show; third year for working it for the community theater. I always sign up for this job because I find it fun. Lots of people in the theater thank me profusely for working it; I guess they don't find it fun? I wonder why I like it so much... Well, first of all, I get to hang out with adults all day – that's a plus and not something I'm used to. And there's the food – Dairy Queen has a booth about 5 away from ours every year where they give away samples of ice cream cake – YUM. And then there are the spice people in the gym – they give samples of delicious spiced chicken. Also in the gym are the dairy farmers with their samples of cheese – usually, but I didn't see them this year; darn economy, I guess. But a new booth this year was [Myro's Pizza](#), and they were giving samples of their baked potato soup (for a donation – you can't give that stuff away for free, it's TOO good!). Most of all, I like working the Business and Industry show because I like meeting people from the area, spreading the word about the theater, and just being a part of and learning about things going on in the county. I always see many people I know; people I haven't seen in awhile and some I see every day, and that's always fun. I usually work the show with a friend beside me, and we can chat in between “customers”. That person usually introduces me to people whom I've heard of but haven't yet met which is also fun.

This was an exciting year; we were very busy until about 2-3 pm, and during the busy time, we had many people who were interested in our theater – from audience to backstage stuff to kids stuff to donating things – I saw interest in almost

every facet of the theater. And there was interest in auditions for parts in plays; including a *male* who *sings*. Those are an endangered breed around these parts. I sure hope he shows up for auditions for our musicals.

At our booth, we had a display of pictures from our last show. A passer-by pointed at one and said, "He used to be my neighbor." And I said, "That's funny, he used to be my neighbor too!" Turns out, the lady has been my next door neighbor for 2 years, and I didn't even know it!

And the Humane Society had 6 adorable 6-week-old kittens at the B and I show! I want a cat so badly – I did research on the internet to find out if they've come up with some miracle cure for cat allergies, but they have not. In fact, webmd.com kept saying that people with cat allergies should refrain from getting a cat. That's enough to stop me for now, but I don't know for how long...

So anyway, it was a great show – I did actually get a little bored, but only because the action slowed down right as my co-worker had to leave. I read our theater's cookbook cover-to-cover, which was nice because I've barely had a chance to look at it before now. It's a nice cookbook, and I'm going to try a recipe from it for game night – had another frustrating trip to Walmart to shop for the ingredients. But I don't want to go off on a Walmart tangent right now; things are calming down for nighttime. I did notice that the cookbook has my peanut butter bars recipe (MMmmmm, peanut butter bars!) under Halloween treats, where they don't belong as they're just a regular dessert. Oh well, they're somewhat easy to make and really good – I have to make those again soon!

Celebrating A Decade Of Love

Well, more than a decade, actually – Friday is the 10th anniversary of our wedding day, although we were together for a few years before we got married. We would actually have celebrated our 10th anniversary over a year ago if we had gone through with an elopement at the chapel in the Mall of America we contemplated back in the day, but we had a beautiful wedding a year and a half later instead. At the time, I was sure I had the man of my dreams, so it wasn't cold feet stopping me, but I guess I was just too immature to get out from the parental nest at the time to get married after only knowing my husband for a few weeks – I was only nineteen, after all, twenty by the time we actually tied the knot – not even old enough to legally toast my own marriage – hehe! But anyway, back to the awesome weekend here in 2009...

We had a wonderful anniversary celebration. Our family and friends are so awesome; we had a great time and got lots of lovely gifts, including a brand-new top notch microwave – now I just have to figure out how to work it! But seriously, that was so nice; they didn't have to do that – we were just glad they came to celebrate with us. We had a little ceremony at the community theater that's become such a huge part of our lives, and I was SO nervous for WEEKS beforehand about getting on stage and talking in front of people. The Sunday before the ceremony, my husband and I actually had it worked out where HE would read the vows I wrote to him. But as the week went on, I just couldn't rest with that decision – I wanted to say how I felt and be the one to read my own words – and I'm really glad I found it in myself to do so. Besides, my anxiety about the event actually calmed as the day went on – the miracle I was praying for, maybe? A small miracle; no one's life or health was at stake, but I was far from my normal "freak out", and that was new for me. So maybe I will find it within myself to audition for Joseph and the Amazing

Technicolor Dreamcoat, ha. I do love the show and could probably handle being in the chorus, but I don't think I'd be able to sing in front of the director to try out. And what if I actually did that and didn't even get cast in the chorus – YIKES! Just not worth it to me – I'll have to settle for taking my usual role as "groupie" and seeing every performance if my husband makes it into the show.

So anyway, back to this weekend – after the ceremony, we went across the street and had dinner, which was very good. There was dancing, ahem, "dancing" – better put it in quotes because, well, you'd understand if you saw the video, hehe. But the usual party dances were fun as always – The Chicken Dance, YMCA, The Macarena – though time has allowed me to forget how to do that one – I'll have to practice for the next party! It was awesome to spend the evening with family and friends and to watch my little ones dance in their gorgeous matching outfits my mom had made for them – here's a pic of my two middle girls, Disney and Samantha with their cousin Austin:



And it was super-fun to be able to slow dance with hubby again – been awhile since we got to do that too! Thank you sweetheart, for the best 10 years of my life – I love you!

And for all the guests who attended and are reading this, thanks SO much for coming – it was a BLAST!!! See you in 10! Well, ok, see you before that, but we do plan on doing this

again for our 20th anniversary!

My Bad Day

I'm taking yet another diversion from writing about my great weekend to write about a bad day I had today – I need to vent. And yes, it involves Walmart – when *don't* my bad days involve Walmart?!? First, my husband's business clients blew him off, yet again. We were on the verge of a big business deal, but now the clients are stalling and becoming difficult to get ahold of – not a good sign. So I took the kids to Walmart to get them out of the house so my husband could have some peace when he called the clients – not that it mattered; they “weren't home”. Sigh. So anyway, at Walmart, I discovered that they finally did it – raised the prices on diapers. I knew it was just a matter of time; the diapers have been the same price since my almost 5-year-old was a baby. So after absorbing the reality of the price increase on diapers (I have two kids in diapers! Time to rush the potty training, I guess.), I go to check out, and I'm next in line, ready to put my stuff on the counter, and an employee says “I can help you on lane 6”. So I went over to lane 6, but it turns out, the employee was wrong. They wanted her to take over on lane 5 instead of **open** lane 6. So I went back to lane 5, right where I had started, and now someone has gotten in the line with a SUPER-full cart in front of me. Of course. And I had hungry kids who now had to wait in a line with all that candy at eye level. Have I mentioned that I hate Walmart?

Then I get home and starting making dinner, and I have a crying baby underfoot – I don't know why he *always* cries at home. He's the happiest little guy everywhere else, but when

we're at home, he only wants to be held, and I can't hold him while I'm cooking, doing laundry, cleaning or blogging, so... he cries a lot. I guess I can get rid of most of the toys that are starting to take over my living room since no one plays with them! And all day I've been looking forward to a nice hot relaxing shower, so after dinner, I went to do just that. But apparently running the dishwasher, giving the kids a bath and hand-washing a dinner pot drained the (new!) hot water heater, and my shower was lukewarm with a cold rinse at the end. Of course it was. I can only hope that my day turns around when the Cubs begin their season-opening game tonight – I've been looking forward to this for months, so hopefully my bad day wasn't a precursor to the tone of tonight's game. To quote Tom Hanks from A League of Their Own: "May our feet be swift, may our bats be mighty, may our balls be plentiful..." GO CUBS!

Earlier this morning, we ruined our chances of sleeping in (since our oldest daughter is on spring break) by signing up to bring a pet to my second-oldest daughter's school – we forgot about spring break when we signed up for pet day for first thing in the morning, oops – so adding to everything is the fact that I'm tired today also. We let our little ones play at my daughter's preschool; they had a blast, and we had fun watching them. My husband read a book to the kids, and we brought the rats for pet day – and it was SO fun to see certain teachers pale and shriek with fright – hehe!

So I guess the day wasn't all bad; it was just Walmart getting under my skin, AGAIN. Oh, and get this – I saw the store manager (I'll call him Mr. Palindrome, since his last name reads the same backward and forward) park in one of the handicapped spots right in front of the store. To be fair, he does have a handicapped tag, but I know from my sources that the handicapped tag is not for him but rather his elderly mother whom he cares for. But I still think he should only be able to park in the handicapped spots when she is with him,

and I definitely don't think he should take those spots away from his customers when he is perfectly able-bodied. Well, just my opinion, the guy irritates me because of all his dirty price games he plays at the Walmart and the small businesses the store pushes out of the way. Not that it's a small business, but Kmart is the latest victim of Walmart in our town – it's closing for good in May. What a shame – and to think the Kmart in our town was opened as the test store to see if Kmart would work in small town America. The test was successful, but that was decades ago, and times have changed – just like Walmart's prices!

UPDATE – The Cubs are on, and they're winning – YAY! Soriano opened the game with a home run **on the first pitch of the game!** How cool is that? But, for some reason, the game is not on ESPN 2 like tvguide.com said. My husband bought me mlb.com, but that seems to be broken at the moment – they're showing video during the commercials and nothing during game play. Not only that, my husband's clients have called (but I guess that's a good thing), leaving me with the two little ones at their crabbiest time of day. So I have 2 screamers and no Cubs game. At least they are winning (I think). When I put the little ones to bed here pretty soon, I'm tempted to join them just so I can start over tomorrow – every attempt I make at relaxing tonight has just made things worse!

April Fool's!

As many of you may have found out the hard way, today is April Fool's Day. Thankfully, I was the victim of only two pranks, and one I kind of figured out... But the other one came out of left field and went something like this: my 9-year-old daughter comes up to me and says, "Mom, Christopher (her 8-

month-old brother) is bleeding!” She said it nonchalantly, but come on, something like that would just strike an instinctual panic button in any parent! So I dropped what I was doing and ran into the living room, and she let me off the hook – April Fool’s!

Obviously this type of prank is not cool, and my daughter and I had a little chat about the inappropriateness of jokes involving injury (I did tell her it was a good one though, since she didn’t know anything about prank etiquette when she thought of it).

But for future reference, I don’t make a very good prank victim anyway. I tend to be gullible in the first place, so I’m easy to get. And when I’m not being gullible, I’m cynical, so I might be paranoid I’m getting “got” or at least lied to. And most importantly, if you do get me, depending on the severity of the prank, I might get mad at you – I guess I don’t like to be fooled... So consider this your warning, and catch me on April Fool’s Day next year – at your own risk!

Some Things I Should Clear Up...

Whenever I take a road trip, I find myself wondering about random things. Since I don’t have access to the internet while I’m on vacation to look up these random things, I make a list to look up when I return home. Here is some of my look-up list from the trip to New York we just took:

– Are there bears in Pennsylvania? YES! I was wondering this as we were driving through their beautiful wooded hills, but I was still surprised to learn that there are black bears (who

aren't always black) in PA. In fact, bears can be found in 50 of PA's 67 counties!

– Where did the airplane land in the Hudson River a few months ago? As I was looking at the Hudson from our hotel room, I was wondering if we were viewing the very spot (or crossing it on the ferry) where the plane landed. I found that it was just north of where we were. We probably would have seen it happen from our room; definitely from the boardwalk behind the hotel, and definitely if we had been on the ferry.

– What was that story about the chicken who lived for many years without his head? I don't know how this one came up in conversation, but it did, so here are the details as printed in wikipedia.com: *On Monday, September 10, 1945 at 6:45AM PST, farmer Lloyd Olsen of Fruita, Colorado, had his mother-in-law around for supper and was sent out to the yard by his wife to bring back a chicken. Olsen failed to completely decapitate the five-and-a-half month old bird named Mike. The axe missed the jugular vein, leaving one ear and most of the brain stem intact. On the first night after the decapitation Mike slept with his severed head under his wing. Despite Olsen's botched handiwork, Mike was still able to balance on a perch and walk clumsily; he even attempted to preen and crow, although he could do neither. After the bird did not die, a surprised Mr. Olsen decided to continue to care permanently for Mike, feeding him a mixture of milk and water via an eyedropper; he was also fed small grains of corn. Mike occasionally choked on his own mucus, which the Olsen family would clear using a syringe. When used to his new and unusual center of mass, Mike could easily get himself to the highest perches without falling. His crowing, though, was less impressive and consisted of a gurgling sound made in his throat, leaving him unable to crow at dawn. Mike also spent his time preening and attempting to peck for food with his neck. Being headless did not keep Mike from putting on weight; at the time of his partial beheading he weighed two*

and a half pounds, but at the time of his death this had increased to nearly eight pounds. In March 1947, at a motel in Phoenix on a stopover while traveling back home from tour, Mike started choking in the middle of the night. As the Olsens had inadvertently left their feeding and cleaning syringes at the sideshow the day before, they were unable to save Mike. Lloyd Olsen claimed that he had sold the bird off, resulting in stories of Mike still touring the country as late as 1949. Post mortem, it was determined that the axe blade had missed the carotid artery and a clot had prevented Mike from bleeding to death. Although most of his head was severed, most of his brain stem and one ear was left on his body. Since basic functions (breathing, heart-rate, etc) as well as most of a chicken's reflex actions are controlled by the brain stem, Mike was able to remain quite healthy. Other sources, including the Guinness Book of World Records, say that the chicken's severed esophagus passage could not take in enough air properly to be able to breathe; and therefore choked to death in the motel. So Mike the headless chicken lived for about 18 months without a head.

– Kent State Massacre – We saw lots of signs for Kent State on the trip, and we decided there must be a few campuses. We were wondering where the massacre happened, what year, how many people were killed, and what happened to the murderer. Kent State happened in Kent, Ohio (a little bit outside of Cleveland and Akron – so that was the same Kent State University we saw signs for). 4 students were killed and 9 wounded, some paralyzed for life. But what makes this massacre significant is that the students were shot by the Ohio National Guard – not a lone gunman gone crazy. The 3 adults in the car decided that if Kent State would have happened in more recent times, it would not be nearly as historically significant because sadly, there are many more of these types of massacres nowadays. However, I don't think any of us realized that it was the National Guard doing the shooting – which I should have; I remember studying this is

Sociology class, but apparently the knowledge didn't stick...

– Murder in Small Town X – Do you remember this reality show? It was basically like a reality show of a murder mystery; there were actors, witnesses and victims. I thought it sounded cool, but I didn't watch it when it aired even though I wanted to. I was in the middle of moving out of the state I grew up in for the first time and busy with my first 2-year-old. The show was cancelled, but what was significant about it was this: The final episode aired on September 4, 2001 – exactly one week before the infamous terrorist attack on the US – 9/11. And the last contestant standing, the guy who won the jeep and the \$250,000 prize, Angel Juarbe, was a firefighter from New York who perished in the attacks one week after the final episode of the show aired.

– What the heck does “poppy” mean? In a bizarre episode I forgot to put in my trip diary, my husband pulled up to a full serve gas pump in New Jersey without realizing it. The attendant came out and tried to take the nozzle away from my husband, who said, “I already swiped my card.” – he had no idea what this guy was doing since he didn't know he was in full serve. The attendant snapped, “Stop asking so many questions!” and proceeded to pump the gas and kept calling my bewildered (and very tired) husband “poppy” and “boss”. As we pulled away from the gas station, we noticed we had in fact been in the full serve area, but that still didn't clear up the mystery of all the alleged questions my husband asked and what the heck poppy means. I remembered an episode of Cops I had seen where a perp kept calling the cop “poppy”, and the cop was getting extremely irritated. “Stop calling me Poppy!”, he said, to which the perp replied, “I'm sorry poppy” and it kept going on and on like that until the cop finally charged the guy with something and hauled him off to jail, probably because they guy really just couldn't help himself from saying “Poppy”. So what does it mean? When I looked it up, all I found was stuff about flowers and

something about a nickname for a grandpa (sorry Hon!). But I tried changing the spelling, because it seemed like the guy was speaking spanish, so I tried to spell it in Spanish, and I came up with Papi. When I looked that up, I was scared about the results – it was one of those wiki-answers places, so here is a direct quote: *“To me, papi means: Daddy, Baby, My Love...you say it to the boyfriends, husbands, and sons...if you are in a committed relationship. If you are single, then to a man you have an interest in getting to know alot better.”* Giggling, I read this quote to my husband, and his eyes got really wide and he insisted that I do further research on the subject. I don't have a lot of time on my hands for this kind of stuff, so I found the fact that different cultures have different meaning for Hispanic terms, and apparently it's common for Dominicans to call other males “papi”. But it seemed to be condescending when the attendant was saying it, and I'm not sure I even have the correct spelling of papi. Anyone want to offer any help on this? Any spanish-speakers out there? Mary, you love a good mystery, I hear ☐

Well, anyway, that's about everything on the list, or all I have time to put into a blog post, anyway. I hope you learned something, least of all the randomness 3 adults talk about on a very long road trip when the kids are asleep! Some day, I will probably have internet right there in the car with me to look up these things. In fact, I will probably be *blogging* on the road trip – let's just hope I'm not the one driving!

Buried Treasure

In our local newspaper lately, there's been multiple stories covering the demolition of an old high school in the county. The demolition uncovered a few surprises; one was a time

capsule, placed in the brick walls by students and faculty in 1922 when the high school was built. I found it really neat that no one knew the time capsule was there until a few weeks ago when a bulldozer found the vintage peanut butter can filled with letters from students and other 1922 memorabilia.

The high school was finally knocked down, but construction crews are still deconstructing the foundation of the old building. In the newspaper the other day was an item about another buried treasure. It seems the school was built with a long-forgotten swimming pool, whose existence was uncovered after many weeks of demolition. Upon further investigation and interviews with surviving former students, it was discovered that the former swimming pool did actually exist but was never actually used since it was contaminated with raw sewage (eww!) shortly after it was built. They filled in the swimming pool with clay and built over it, and it was forgotten about until the school's demolition all these years later in 2009.

The story of the legendary swimming pool was of particular interest to me because at my own high school (located in suburban Chicago, far away from the rural Ohio area where we now reside), there was always a rumor of an ill-fated swimming pool. Our gym's floor sounded hollow, and there was always chatter about the existence of a secret covered-up swimming pool underneath the gym floor. I never did find out if there was any truth to the rumors, and I wonder if students attending that high school today talk of the same legend?

Dream Sequence...

My youngest daughter Disney has a cold, so lately, she's been waking up every hour (at least). So my sleep has been totally interrupted, which, for a person like me, is not good. I'm barely functioning. My body aches, my head pounds, I have no attention span, no patience with anybody, and I've been very grumpy – the fact that I'm admitting it says a lot :). It's been difficult for me to find joy in things lately, just because I'm so tired, and the thought of retiring to my bed at night now fills me with dread because of the 'night terrors' – waking to my daughter's screams and demands. Even if I don't wake up, I can still hear them in my sleep, and it's causing chaos in other aspects of my life. I'm barely even looking forward to this business trip we're taking this weekend to New Jersey. A few weeks ago, before this all started happening, I was ecstatic about this trip because it's right next to New York City and I've never been there. Not only that, but we're planning on stopping at TWO zoos on the way there, which as you might know, would normally put me over the moon with excitement. But now I'm just worried about getting there in one piece. My husband is the one who is actually crawling out of bed with our daughter; he is the slave to her every demand. So if I feel this bad, is he going to feel well enough to get us through the 10-hour drive and back safely? He assures me he is, but I don't know; I just feel SO crappy all the time!

Anyway, to help try to regulate my sleep until this passes, I've been taking the diet supplement Melatonin. It's been providing me with some calm before I fall asleep; I used to lay there for about 30 minutes at least with a pounding heart and tense muscles before I could fall asleep, just waiting to hear my daughter's screams. But the Melatonin is helping me calm down a little bit, and hopefully it will make my bedroom feel less like a prison and more like the restful haven I was

used to. One side effect of the Melatonin I've noticed is that it's given me VERY vivid dreams. The other night, I dreamt that my mom gave us these yogurt containers all stacked in rows that spelled out some sort of life advice. You know how they print stuff on product containers? Well, she had collected different flavors of yogurt that said different things and stacked them all up until they made a few sentences of wisdom. It was a gift for something; we got to read the advice and then keep all the yogurt. I wish I could remember the life advice they spelled out, but I don't. And after she gave us the gifts of yogurt, we found out that she and my friend Megan had been awarded shared custody of one of my daughter's friends whose parents were getting divorced and didn't want her anymore. *That* was random... but aren't dreams always that way? Here's to hoping our family's sleep can regulate in the near future. I'm taking Disney to the doctor on Thursday – I'm at the end of my rope. Luckily our pediatrician is also a sleep expert, so maybe he can help. I have so much going on right now that it would be SO great to be able to actually enjoy it!

Have No Fear, Polyp Man Is Here!

You heard read me right – I did say Polyp Man. Found this amusing picture in the newspaper the other day and I couldn't resist posting it:



It's a little goofy, but hey, whatever works to raise awareness to help people detect and combat colon cancer. If Polyp Man saves lives, more power to him. I do have a little sympathy for the guy in the Polyp Man suit though; he looks like he feels ridiculous. Is being Polyp Man a resumé builder I wonder?

Multi-Tasking

Because being a Stay-at-home-mom (SAHM to laypeople) is my current profession, I am required to multi-task on a daily basis in a way some people have never experienced. My "pay" (bringing up healthy happy children who turn into independent, admirable adults) is by no means immediate, and it also depends upon my ability to multi-task. Consider the following 2 scenarios most SAHM's must endure on a daily basis (and these are just 2 of MANY!): Can I fold and put away a load of laundry while planning and preparing a nutritious lunch for 4 kids while simultaneously managing "surprise" but necessary tasks that appear; like changing diapers, washing hands, and refereeing any arguments that break out? Can I accomplish buying everything I need at Walmart while staying within our

family's budget AND concurrently fulfilling the needs of my two youngest children in a timely enough fashion to be able to pick up their older sisters at school at the time I'm expected?

Man, when I put that all on paper it sounds difficult. And sometimes it is, but most of the time, I do it without thinking because I love and treasure my family. But if you know a SAHM and she seems like an airhead or like she's not-so-bright or even a little bit loopy, just remember everything that must go through her mind on a daily basis, then multiply that by how many kids she has... It just might provide enough explanation for her scatter-brained behavior!

Gee, being a SAHM-of-four sure makes my working-mom-of-one days look easy. Back then my multitasking consisted of paying bills and doing paperwork while I sat in traffic... And although my current lifestyle is much more hard work than I've ever had before, it's that much more rewarding also, and I wouldn't trade it for the world!