

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!

Manners, Kid-Style

When I stopped at the gas station the other day to get the kids a snack, there was a “little person” working the counter – is that the preferred term these days for someone with dwarfism? I certainly don't want to insult anyone, so pardon my ignorance...

So anyway, I decided to give my kids a talk about why it's not polite to stare at people; I was especially targeting my almost-5-year-old since she is very curious about people and the differences in the way people look, that sort of thing –

and she's not very discreet about her curiosity. So I was explaining to her about why we shouldn't stare at people, and she had a sincere question: Is it ok to stare at broccoli?

I told my husband this story when we got home, and he was wondering if she was joking, but no, her tone was indeed sincere. My eldest daughter and I laughed when she asked it, but not AT her, we only thought it was cute and silly. But like I told my husband, I really don't think she was *trying* to be silly. Like us, my husband knows by now that Samantha is a very unique individual, and she just has strange questions sometimes. She was more than a handful as a two-year-old, but the further away we get from that stage in her life, the more we can enjoy her very individualistic personality and free spirit!

SAMMIE



The Bus Driver Did WHAT?!?

I read a news item a few weeks ago about Shawn Brim, a bus driver in Washington who stopped his bus, got off and adjusted his side-view mirrors, and then proceeded to punch a nearby McGruff the Crime Dog in the face! What was he thinking? He

thought it would be funny, he said. Understandably, everyone failed to see the humor in punching a children's hero in front of a crowd of horrified kids, and the bus driver was arrested.

On the other side of the coin and the world, there was another bus driver whose actions can only be described as heroic. Seems Brim has something to learn from Meher Mohammad Khalil:

LAHORE, Pakistan (CNN) – His job was to drive the bus. But Meher Mohammad Khalil is now being hailed as a lifesaver. When gunmen jumped out of bushes and began spraying bullets at the bus carrying the Sri Lankan cricket team Tuesday, Khalil quickly sized up his options and got everyone to safety.

"First I thought there were some firecrackers going off. Then, when I saw the elite force cars in front of me taking fire, I immediately lost my voice," Khalil told CNN on Wednesday.

"At that time, the other elite car that was with us gave me cover, and then, when I saw he was giving me cover, my courage and my patience returned. I decided to take the vehicle from there, and one way or another, even if I had to drive over someone, I would take this bus and escape."

Khalil returned to the scene of the attack in the Pakistani city of Lahore on Wednesday to honor those who were killed and to place flowers in their memory.

One of the dead was Zafar Khan, a friend and fellow bus driver who had been in a vehicle behind Khalil.

"My eyes filled with tears that these were people that I was eating with and who died in doing their duty."

Khalil had been part of a convoy heading to Gaddafi Stadium, where the Sri Lankan cricket team was to continue a match against Pakistan.

Six police officers were killed, in addition to Khalil's friend Khan who was driving a bus with the match umpires.

The Sri Lankan cricketers praised Khalil's quick thinking and action, saying he saved their lives. Six team members were injured by broken glass and shrapnel.

Team captain Mahela Jayawardene wrote on his Web site of Khalil: "He probably saved our lives, showing remarkable bravery in the face of direct gunfire to keep the bus moving."

Crowds mobbed Khalil as he paid his respects at the place where his life changed in an instant.

"He is a hero, a real hero, a real man of the people," a man in the crowd said.

Private donors in Lahore have rewarded Khalil with 300,000 rupees (more than \$3,000) – a small fortune for a Pakistani bus driver.

Today, Khalil says all he can feel is pain of the loss of life. And he called on the attackers to recognize that their victims are humans just like them, with mothers and sisters.

"For God's sake, please stop this terrorism and let this nation breathe a sigh of relief," he said.

The Mayor And The Macarena – Part Deux

About a year ago, I had a blog post called "The Mayor And The Macarena". It was about my family's first roller skating outing (it was a birthday party for the Girl Scouts organization), and my post was so titled because our county's only roller skating rink is owned and operated by the town mayor. Not quite being fully assimilated to small town

living, I guess, I got a big kick out of watching the mayor play DJ; especially when he spun old has-been but essential tunes for us to dance to on our roller skates like “The Macarena”, “YMCA”, “The Chicken Dance”, and “The Hokey Pokey”. So it’s that time of year again – Happy Birthday Girl Scouts! – and we attended the birthday party at the roller rink again on Sunday. That reminds me, did you know that the infamous chicken dance now has lyrics?

“I don’t wanna be a chick,
I don’t wanna be a duck,
I just wanna shake my butt”
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

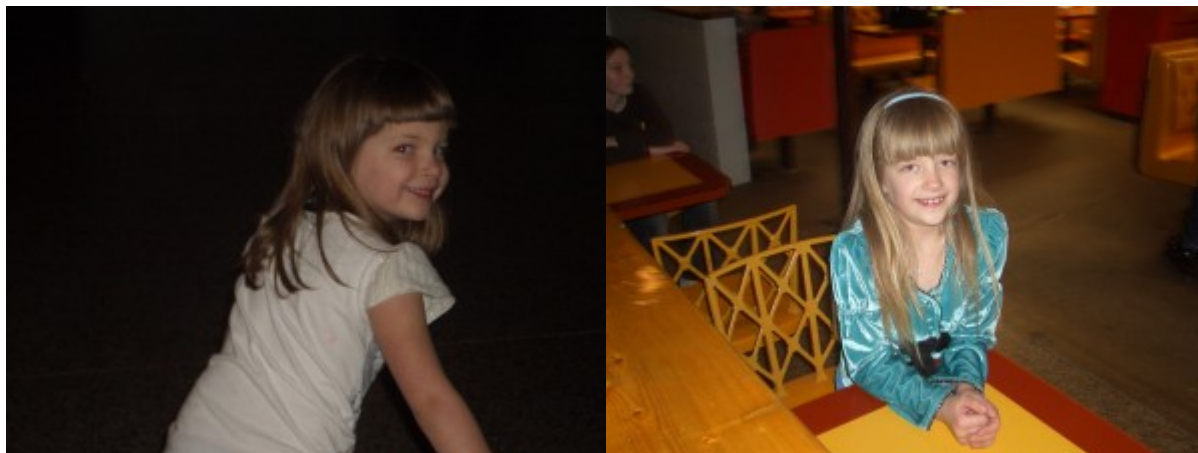
Well, that was news to me because as far as I knew, the chicken dance was just that – a dance with motions and no lyrics, but I bet you can guess which word the kids absolutely LOVED putting the emphasis upon... ah, kids!

Coincidentally, our Girl Scout’s younger sister was also invited to a birthday party at the roller rink on Sunday. Which meant 5 straight hours of roller skating! After 5 hours, the girls had showed so much improvement! We even got skates for our 2-year-old, but those skates were practically bigger than she was, and they were so heavy, she didn’t have a chance:



But like I said, after a few hours on the skating floor, the

older two really got the hang of it, despite a few spills and some breaks, err, rest periods, not broken bones, thank goodness!



The girls' baby brother even had a great time singing and bopping along with the music...



A great way to cap off an extremely busy weekend... we had so much fun, I think we'll make a few more trips over there even *before* the Scout's party comes around again next year!

The Lion In Winter

I am very glad we were able to arrange our obscenely busy schedule in such a way to be able to see the play The Lion In

Winter on Saturday night. A great friend and fellow blogger, [Jamiahsh](#) was a ~~sucker~~ kind enough to babysit all four kids for us, as this was not a play for children. Not that it was “adult” per se, but our younger two especially would NOT have been able to sit still throughout the entire production.

The Lion in Winter tells the story of King Henry II and his family in 1183. Although the actual play is fictional, it is based upon real people and real events. King Henry has 3 surviving sons who share the same goal: to inherit the kingdom, although that is where their similarities end. Richard, the eldest brother, “growls out for gore”, as it is said in the play. He is the warrior of the bunch, and he has the temper to match. Geoffrey (played a little too convincingly, haha, by a great friend and fellow blogger, [justj](#) – great job!) is the scheming, conniving, if mostly forgotten middle brother. Geoffrey “hums treachery” and is the epitome of someone who suffers from middle child syndrome – and it’s that much more hilarious when his parents actually admit to not giving him the time of day! John is the youngest brother, who is favored by his father for some reason despite his lack of... well, his lack of much of *anything* upstairs (I’m tapping my head). Eleanor, Henry’s estranged and imprisoned wife, is a tyrant in her own right, although she is largely limited by gender roles in the twelfth century.

This particular production was co-directed by a good friend – someone whose many talents I’ve long admired – she’s a gem! She is a very detail-oriented, hard worker, and the finished production illustrated those attributes. Because The Lion In Winter is typically an historical drama, it wouldn’t normally be one of my favorite shows – I’m the type to much prefer good stagings of upbeat musicals like Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, The Wizard of Oz or slapstick comedies like Idol Night at the Karaoke Place, The Nerd, or even a good melodrama. That being said, I can honestly say (and to my surprise) that I was never once bored during The Lion in

Winter. And even being an historical drama, it's not without its (large) share of comedy as well. The dialogue (and hilarious insults!) fly swiftly and smartly, and I honestly wish time would have allowed me another opportunity to see the play as I think there were many more things I could have caught, especially if I weren't a walking zombie these days. The play is complex; its dialogue and characters almost too intricate to effectively absorb in just one sitting. The playwright, James Goldman, found many opportunities within the script to have the characters make clever satirical remarks, often making fun of the time period in which the play takes place. Among my favorites was the following exchange between John and his mother Eleanor, the Queen:

Towards the end of the first act of *Lion in Winter*, John is astonished and horrified when his older brother Richard pulls a knife on him. "A knife," he says, "he's got a knife." To which his mother, Eleanor, responds by saying: "Of course he has a knife. He always has a knife. We all have knives. It is eleven eighty-three and we're barbarians!" Just the memory of that line makes me smile, especially because the woman who played Eleanor was simply awesome – she gave one of the best performances I've ever seen on a community theater's stage. I would expect it to be difficult to give life to a character as complex as Eleanor; after all, in Henry's words, Eleanor "thinks heavy thoughts like molten lead and marble slabs." but she did it marvelously.

Actually, all of the acting was great in this production; King Henry came across as powerful yet emotionally weary and even a bit vulnerable, and King Philip of France seemed to be both a willing yet also an unwitting pawn in the treacherous game played by the royal family of England around 1183.

Also of note in this particular staging of the show was the remarkable set which exemplified an old European castle quite well. Although it amounted to hard physical labor for its extensive stage crew, the medieval set was easily (depends

who you ask, I guess!) transformed into 6 distinct settings for the play.

Overall, a good show, and a fine job by both cast and crew. I only wish I had a chance to review it earlier so I could have done my part in recommending it to and recruiting audience members. Well, such is a busy life with 4 little kids, I suppose!

Black Sheep

About 2 years ago now, we found out a “family secret” about my husband’s aunt’s husband, Uncle Marc. Marc is in his 40’s, and 2 years ago, he was arrested for having an inappropriate relationship with his teenage neighbor, which is alleged to have taken place between 2002 and 2006. The story made front page news where he lives because Marc was a college campus police officer, although shortly after the charges were brought against him, he lost his job. But the media has loved covering his story because of his former profession, and for any updates on the story, we have looked to the newspaper – it’s not like my husband’s aunt wants to call up all her family and friends and say, hey, guess what we’ve been up to? Which brings me to the reason I’m writing about this now. The other day as I was checking headlines in the newspaper (which I often do because I used to live in the area), I came across Uncle Marc on the front page – again. But let me back up a little bit...

It’s not like we saw my husband’s Aunt Gerry and Uncle Marc all that often. They live in Illinois and we live in Ohio. But at least once a year, we would gather at my husband’s grandmother’s house, and they would be there with their two

adorable children. They seemed to be the perfect family; always doing things together, taking really cool family vacations and bringing their photos to the family gatherings to share. As my husband and I started growing a family of our own, our daughters began to play with their cousins at the family get-togethers, and I remember Gerry admonishing us for staying in a hotel for Christmas 2006 (just months before Marc was charged!). She said, next time, you don't have to stay in a hotel when you visit Illinois, you can stay with us! I thought that was so nice at the time, but looking back, I can't be more thankful we didn't take her up on that offer.

Let me clarify – Gerry is one of the nicest people. Marc was always kind of quiet, but despite his shyness, we felt he was also nice. When the news broke that he was charged with sexual assault of a minor, we were shocked – and immediately sympathetic toward Gerry. But she stayed by her husband's side, even getting herself into legal trouble in the process. We all thought she was being naive, although I can't really blame her for the 'stand by her man' attitude. In this case though, she was wrong, and she definitely should have put her children first. So anyway, Marc had somehow convinced her that the "rumors" about him and this young girl were untrue. There was video evidence, however, which is how the police became involved – seems the girl's father found the videos on their home computer. As I said, I like to be a person who gives others the benefit of the doubt. We met Marc and Gerry for Christmas at a restaurant in 2007 when no other family members would have any part of him. I felt weird when I didn't want him near my kids, and although we all dined together, we did maintain a safe distance. But even then, I was thinking that I didn't know the whole story. If what Marc is accused of really did happen, I told myself, then he is sick, and he needs help. But Gerry and the kids need some normalcy, and especially because the rest of the family is shunning them, the best thing I can do for her is to let her see my kids, and at the same time, I really wanted to see her

kids.

And then, months ago, my husband and I were curious about why this was not going to trial. We did a simple search on the internet, and what we found was extremely disturbing. It seemed that Marc's young neighbor had posted their wedding registry, their baby registry (all fictional), as well as an 'I love you' message on Myspace. The text was extremely crudely disturbing, and based upon what we read, we thought this girl was very sick as well as Marc, to say the least. It was reminiscent of the movie *The Crush*, if you've seen it. Clearly the adult man is at fault, but at the same time, he is a victim because the teenage girl is a stalker who will stop at nothing to get what she wants. So that's what we thought... And we thought that maybe her sickness is why the case was not going to trial...

As I said before, Marc was on the local newspaper's front page the other day – again. It's the only update we've received about his case. And what I read shocked me to the core – I guess that's why I'm writing about it now. As reported in the newspaper, *Marc* is the one who wrote those things on the registries and Myspace. Marc, who had us believing that this young girl was crazy and stalking him and everything else, is really the one who wrote these horrible, crude, and graphic remarks about their relationship on the internet. He fooled his friends and family yet again, and by doing so, he found a way to abuse his victim – yet again. How is this girl ever going to find a job? If you read the things that are on the internet about her, supposedly written by her, you can see that she doesn't stand a chance. It's horrible. And why am I sharing all this? Every family has its 'black sheep', I guess. Writing about it is a form of therapy for me, I suppose. In a way, I'm mad at myself for giving him the benefit of the doubt, even though I used to be proud of that aspect of my personality – I always try to give people a chance. It kills me to think that other judgemental family

members can tell me “I told you so” when they shunned Marc and his family early on when I thought they were wrong.

I hate the fact that we tried to give this man the benefit of the doubt, and he messed it up, yet again. I hate what he is doing to his wife, his children, his extended family, and most of all, to his victim. His actions are victimizing her over and over again.

It's interesting for me to read the newspaper readers' comments on the stories about Marc. They all like to talk about how he'll “get it” in prison and things like that. I read these statements, but because I know the person, it's different for me. I don't usually like to see people go to prison for non-violent offenses. And I'm a big believer in innocent until proven guilty, which I think is a concept most often left behind in the United States justice system. But in this case, I'm kind of wondering why it's taken so long to go to trial. I can't help but wonder how much damage could have been prevented if they had sent Marc to prison already. He is obviously a very sick individual, and I pray he gets the help he needs. Most of all, I pray for the healing of his family, which I don't see happening until he is out of their lives.

You Are Under Arrest... But It's Past My Bedtime

I found the following story amusing. Lots of people have tried to impersonate the police, but this one is noteworthy because of the impersonator's age, his lack of bad intentions, and the fact that he was so successful at it – seems this 14-year-old worked an entire shift as a cop, including a role in

apprehending a suspect!

March 3, 2009 (CHICAGO) (WLS) – A teenager impersonating a Chicago police officer played a minor role in an arrest on January 24, according to Police Superintendent Jody Weis.

On Tuesday, Supt. Weis called on the U.S. Secret Service for a review of the security breach, which he called “outrageous, angering, disturbing and unforgettable.”

“In my mind it’s almost incomprehensible it could have happened. Unfortunately it did. It’s very disturbing, and that’s why we want to send a message that this can’t happen again,” said Supt. Jody Weis, Chicago Police Dept.

Weis said an internal investigation shows seven Chicago police officers broke department rules during the incident. All districts will be re-trained, according to Weis.

The 14-year-old boy- a former police cadet and apparent aspiring police officer- entered the back door at the Grand Crossing District Station on the city’s South Side on January 24. He was dressed in regulation clothing and police say it’s not clear where he got the uniform. He had no gun or CPD star, but was issued a radio and was sent out with a traffic officer. He worked an entire 5 1/2 hour shift.

“During that time the subject drove the squad car for approximately two hours, interacted with the public while responding to at least five assignments, operated the portable data terminal and participated in the detention of a suspect,” said Supt. Weis.

The impersonator played a minor role in the arrest of a violation of order of protection, Weis said. The boy briefly held the suspect’s arm behind his back.

After the shift, the teenager and the relatively new female officer he was riding with returned to the station, where a

supervisor, unidentified, realized the teen was not an officer and had him arrested.

How is it so many others missed the fact the teen was not a cop- and unable to legally drive?

"I don't know. They weren't paying attention- perhaps- maybe they were lax. That's why we did the investigation. Those answers we have to hold tight until we go through the adjudication stage," said Supt. Weis.

For that reason, Weis said, the names of the 7 officers facing discipline, and the nature of the recommended sanctions cannot now be disclosed.

"Based on contract agreements we can't identify the officers and in these situation if we gave out the ranks it wouldn't take a rocket scientist to realize who they actually were," said Supt. Weis.

The boy's name has not been released. He pleaded not guilty in juvenile court.

He is no longer in custody, but is wearing an electronic monitoring device.

What Sets Him Off?

What sets him off? Everything under the sun and even the sun itself. I'm talking about our lovely scarlet macaw parrot. I would not recommend these things as pets for ANYONE – it's true when they say that wild animals cannot be tamed! Why we have our bird is a long story, and it's not important now because we're stuck with him. I'm not one to just "get rid" of pets unless the circumstances are extreme. It's a pet

peeve (pun intended) of mine when people get animals and then discard them just because they're sick of taking responsibility for them. And in a way (though I can't dwell on this right now because I'm extremely upset with Squawky – who really lives up to his name), I love our parrot and wouldn't want to ~~curse~~ see him go to another home.

So that brings me to the point of this post – parrots scream constantly. They might be beautiful to look at, but their ear-splitting screams are beyond annoying. They're unstoppable and headache-producing, and more than once, our parrot's screams have made our kids cry. We've adjusted our lifestyle to avoid his upsetting the kids, and for the most part that works; it seems to be me who feels the brunt of the negative parrot side effects. Thank goodness we were able to move into a bigger house a few years ago where Squawky was given his own room. Unfortunately, he shares the laundry room, and since somehow I was voted the family laundry-doer (gender?), it seems that Squawky's screaming affects me the most. I cannot do laundry during the day because I can't bring my young children in the laundry room with me. I do have a basket of toys in there, and they enjoy playing in there because there's lots of light and a nice soft carpet to lay on. But we get screamed at by the parrot. By nighttime, I'm too tired to do all the laundry, so much of the time, I'm left to worry about when to do it. Ideally, I'd do some here and there in between kids' lunches, naps, diaper changes and my errands, but then the parrot gets all riled up and screams me right out of the laundry room.

I looked to the Internet for advice, and one site suggested noting his "triggers". What sets him off and makes him scream? Making the list of his triggers hasn't helped, however. It's only made me see that getting screamed out of the laundry room seems unavoidable. Here are his triggers (if you're thinking about getting a pet parrot, use this list as reasons on why you should NOT):

the sunrise or light of any kind – it's a parrot's natural instinct to be quiet in the dark so predators won't find them. But heavy drapes and a sheet over his cage do not block out all the light during the day, and it's really difficult to do laundry at night in the dark – believe me I've tried more than once!

yelling – any yelling in the house gets him going – kids fighting, kids having fun, just raising our voices to hear each other when we're in separate parts of the house. He especially likes it when I yell at him for yelling!

singing – if my husband is in a show and needs to practice, everyone has to leave. And not because my husband is a bad singer – he's actually very talented. But the bird will join in, and HE is a BAD singer!

talking on the phone – any time anyone is on the phone, the bird thinks we're calling out for him I guess, but he takes it upon himself to yell. So I can forget folding laundry while talking on the phone, which was a great way to pass the time while doing this boring task.

having his door open – closing his door not only muffles his screaming, but it makes him scream less for some reason

something he likes on tv – he has a tv in his room, which was put in there for me to watch while doing laundry. But I can forget about hearing anything on the tv while I'm in there, thanks to the parrot. Sometimes Animal Planet or his favorite show, The Price Is Right makes him scream along with the audience.

happiness – if he's happy, he will get rowdy and play and scream.

anger – if he's upset about not getting enough attention, he will scream.

hunger – if he's hungry, he will scream.

thirst – if he's thirsty, he will scream.

dogs barking – if our 2 dogs bark, which they do at least 4 times per day, the bird will join right in and scream.

So, I guess for now I've decided that the laundry must be a family affair. I've gotten upset several times about this same issue and came to this conclusion before, but it's never worked. My husband works during the day, and at night, we're usually busy or the kids have their own chores or homework to do, so my getting help with the laundry has not been a consistent solution. The other thing we've thought of is to move the parrot out of the laundry room, but if you look at my list of Squawky's triggers, you'll see that he must be in a room with a door, which eliminates the other spare room we have on the first floor because it's doorless. I can't imagine that he'd do any better on the second floor closer to the bedrooms either. The laundry room is right below my bedroom so once he gets going in the morning, I can usually forget about sleeping in anyway.

Well, I guess I'm done venting for now. I have a good hour to catch up on laundry since we have a meeting tonight and we took the kids to the babysitters early, so I have to make it productive. I guess I will have to blast my ipod and leave my husband to fend for himself on his business call... Well, it is HIS bird after all!

Here's a picture of the jerk:



Don't let his cuteness fool you. This is actually a "baby" picture. He's much more obnoxious looking now!

Push

For date night on Tuesday, we really enjoy going to the movie theater, and this time we were between the movies Frost/Nixon and Push. We actually decided to see Frost/Nixon, but we messed up on the movie times and ended up arriving after the movie had already started – so [Push](#) it was.

Push is a very unique type of movie. It is action-packed, and I was never bored, but the intricate plot did tend to go over my head at times. Not only that, it wasn't exactly a feel good type of movie, and it carried a constant theme of doom and gloom.

[Dakota Fanning](#) (man has she grown up!) stars as a teenage "watcher" – a type of fictional person with psychic abilities. "Watchers" can see the future which they draw on paper, and there are also "movers", "sniffs", "shadows", and "pushers" to name a few of the superhero-ish types of characters in this movie. Dakota Fanning's character, along with a "mover" named Nick, must find a girl who holds the key to helping their type survive. And they must constantly stay one step ahead of The Division, the secret government agency who uses these psychics like lab rats. The movie is set entirely in China, so the foreign element really helps to establish the complexity of the unknown in this movie.

Like I said, Push is a very different type of movie. It was both clever and entertaining to see how the different psychics would use their powers to both work together and against each other. The most intriguing of the psychics to me were the

“Bleeders” whose screams could burst blood vessels (creepily done), and the “pushers” who could get inside people’s minds and make them believe things that aren’t true. “Shadows” could cloak people from “Sniffs” who could smell a person from miles away using just an old toothbrush.

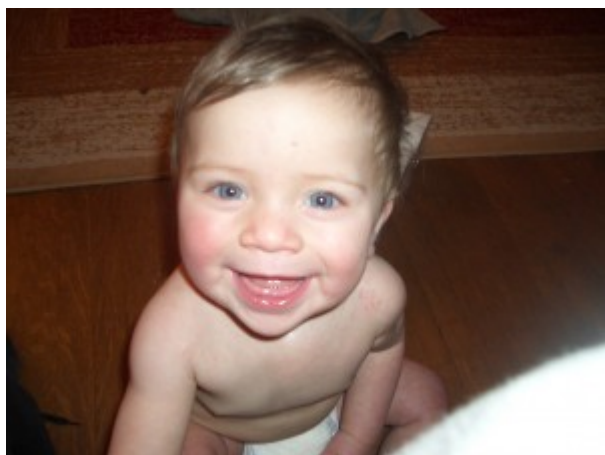
I enjoyed Push, which is not normally my type of movie. I would be careful who I recommend this one to as well. If you can get past a lot of violence (though worthy of only a PG13 rating), and you like superhero-like tales and/or science fiction, check out Push – you might be pleasantly surprised!

Snagglepuss

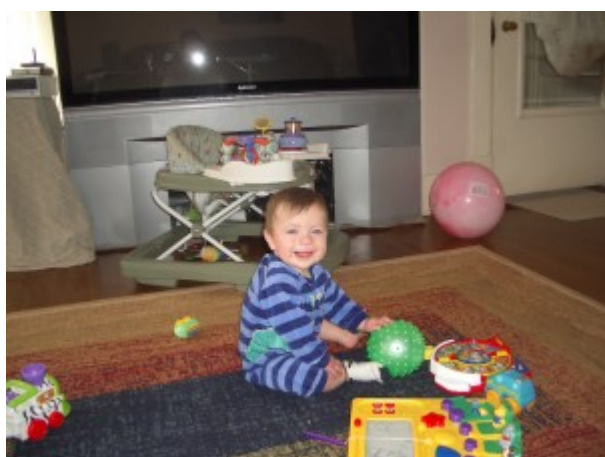
Today my son is 8 months old – how time flies! Gone are the days when I could cradle him like a newborn baby and sing him to sleep. There is no better way to relax than that, and I really miss it. Yesterday when I was in Walmart, I literally almost cried when I saw the itty bitty baby outfits. Why do they grow so fast?

So anyway, today is Christopher’s 8 month birthday, and he’s been growing by leaps and bounds lately. He popped his first tooth a few weeks ago, and I swear, every day that tooth gets a little bit taller. He just has the one tooth so far, like a snaggletooth, so we’ve been calling him “snagglepuss”. I don’t think that nickname will stick though, it’s not quite as cute as his nickname of “Beeber”, which is how our 2-year-old used to say Christopher.

Here is “Snagglepuss” – note the little tooth on the bottom:



And he is finally sitting up! A little late, but it seems as if now he's doing everything at once! He can scoot on his tummy, roll from his back to his tummy and his tummy to his back, and he can also sit up by himself when he's laying down. Now that he's sitting, he can be busier because it's easier for him to play. Here he is sitting up:



And of course, after all of this activity, he gets tired, and sometimes, he doesn't quite make it up to bed:



HAPPY 8 MONTH BIRTHDAY CHRISTOPHER!!!