

# Toledo Blood

While I've been recently listing my many recent medical procedures and complications, it seems I forgot to mention the blood transfusion. When I found out I would need one after the surgery, my mom generously offered me some of hers, but the nurses politely refused her, saying our hospital gets its blood supply from Toledo. So, there you have it – I guess you could say I'm now an official Ohioan with Toledo blood and everything! Go Buckeyes!

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## Flashback!

In the last few days, my recovery from the emergency c-section has not been going well. I awoke from a nap Thursday night feeling awful, but luckily my medication kicked in, and I was able to enjoy the midnight showing of *The Dark Knight* – more on that later. Friday we met Grandma in South Bend Indiana which is halfway between Chicago where she lives and Ohio where we live to transfer my kids for a week's vacation with Grandma. I felt awful all day, and I started shivering in the restaurant. I knew there was something really wrong when I went outside into the 90° oven and actually *enjoyed* it – uh oh.

When I got back to Ohio, I had an appointment with my doctor for her to take out my staples (yes, they had to actually use *staples* to put me back together, yuck) and that actually went well. Hardly hurt at all, just a little pinch, and it didn't take long. I brought up my symptoms to my doctor and she said everything was normal, and I believed her because when I had my other babies, I would heal up right away, so I figured

these were all just side effects from the cesarean. But I took another nap when I got home and when I woke up, I felt like I was dying – that’s really the only way to describe it. We took my temperature and it was 102.7°, so of course I had chills, the sweats, headache, and pain. A quick look on the internet gave us the diagnosis: mastitis – a common infection often suffered by breast-feeding mothers. We called the doctor and they wouldn’t prescribe any antibiotics over the phone, so we headed to the hospital for the 2nd time in a week...

The admissions people panicked when they saw us coming in with the baby, but we quickly explained it wasn’t him, thank goodness. Anyway, after a quick look, the ER doctor confirmed our internet diagnosis and sent us home with a prescription. But since all the pharmacies were closed in our town, they gave me some medicine right then and there. “Name and birthdate”, they always ask at the hospital before they give you your meds, and I was like, FLASHBACK! I thought I was done with this for awhile! But for spending a Friday night in the ER, it wasn’t so bad; we were actually in and out in an hour. If this had happened in suburban Chicago where I used to live, it would have taken 3-4 hours to wait our turn in the ER, and they would have wheeled a few body bags past us while we were waiting. So today, I feel much better comparatively, and since the girls are with grandma, I slept until 11:30, so I’m sure that also helped. The antibiotics seem to be working already, and it was nice to wake up and not feel like I was dying, something that hasn’t happened for a few days. I also feel better that now I think my recovery from everything is headed in the right direction, whereas when I felt crappy and didn’t know why, it was discouraging because I was thinking, will I ever feel better?

My husband is peeved at my OB-GYN for not checking me more thoroughly during my visit with her yesterday. I agree; I did mention my symptoms and she was too dismissive, but being a

man (especially one who won't listen to doctor's orders – if the doctor tells him to do something or recommends some sort of exam or test and he doesn't want to do it, he just won't) I don't think he understands how important to me it is to have a woman OB-GYN, and she is the only one in town. Besides, I do like her, she is gentle and she has been through 3 c-sections herself, so she knew exactly what to tell me about what to expect. If we do have any more children, there will be some debate about which doctor we will use. Well, anyway... off to Walmart to get my *third* prescription this week!

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## Congratulatory Dinner

Our small hospital does offer at least one benefit when you have a baby there: the congratulatory dinner. They have a woman who caters a dinner, and the nurses give you a choice if you want baby to join in or be babysat at the nurse's station to give mom and dad a "date". Although the setting is in the hospital, they take you down to a special room that overlooks the city, and we're not talking about hospital food! This is gourmet, delicious, and for dessert, a cake to celebrate baby's arrival. The dinner was so good when we had my 21-month-old that I told my husband we have to take pictures next time because it was hard for our friends to believe that food this good existed in our small town. But it does, and here are the pictures to prove it! I only wish they sold it in the hospital cafeteria on a regular basis – now that would totally redefine the term "hospital food"! By the way, those are giant shrimp in the picture that tasted like lobster; complete with a vat of butter for dipping. And that isn't a bottle of wine but sparkling grape juice, in case you were wondering why they would give a breastfeeding mom a bottle of wine ☐



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## An American Girl – The Movie?

Because I have 3 daughters, I am no stranger to the American Girl doll franchise. Given their extremely high price tags, I was once a big opponent, however like any parent, once I saw how much my kids enjoy something, I've changed my mind. Grammie bought our oldest daughter an American Girl doll a few Christmases ago, and then her little sister got one for her birthday, so at least the fighting over who gets to play with the one doll has ended. Their other grandma has made clothes for their dolls, thus saving us money on the really expensive clothes. Overall, the dolls really haven't been that expensive for us, probably because we don't buy them any clothes or accessories; thankfully there isn't a place in our rural area that carries any American Girl doll stuff, so that helps also.

A few weekends ago, I took my girls and a friend to see the new American Girl doll movie, [Kitt Kittredge](#). I wasn't expecting much, but I just love [Abigail Breslin](#), and I also really like to learn about the Great Depression era. The movie did a great job of portraying life during this period in history, at least to the best of my knowledge. It seemed

historically accurate; complete with hobo secrets and terminology. I really enjoyed it – it was a cute little movie, and it even had some twists and turns that I didn't see coming and which supplemented the plot nicely. Abigail Breslin was delightful as always, [Joan Cusack](#) was a riot, and [Stanley Tucci](#) was wonderful as a mysterious magician. Their roles were all well-played along with most others as the movie was very well-cast.

The only problem I had with it was that if you didn't know any better, it didn't seem to have much to do with American Girl, and especially not dolls. But if you know anything about the franchise, it makes sense. Each doll in the series has a "backstory" – she comes from a different background and time period and there are books that explain the backstories. However, on our way to the movie, I asked my girls if they knew what the movie was about, and they suggested that maybe a girl's doll comes to life or something. But like I said, the movie actually had nothing to do with dolls at all – it was the backstory of the doll named Kitt Kittredge. The girls didn't seem disappointed, and only the 8-year-olds got a little rambunctious. I also had an 11-year-old with me who really liked it, and a 4-year-old who seemed to enjoy it also – especially the use of animals in the movie. My 4-year-old daughter LOVED the monkey and his antics.

Overall, it was an entertaining afternoon; well-worth the matinee price for the girls to see it, and I was entertained as well. My husband didn't want any part of it, so he stayed home with our 21-month-old who can't sit through movies anyway. But it's a good family movie; although it might add some wishes to my girls' list when they visit the American Girl doll store in Chicago with their grandma next week – not an accident on the part of the American Girl doll franchise, I'm sure.

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# The Weed Saga

We became home-owners about a year and half ago, and as fellow home-owners know, it's a lot different than renting. For one thing, we now have a yard to maintain and being 2 very busy people who know absolutely nothing about landscaping, we've found this aspect of home ownership quite challenging. As many of you know, my husband is a very hard worker, and when he is off work, we are usually out and about with the kids – no Saturdays working on the yard for us! So I usually venture outside while I'm playing with the kids in the summer and make a haphazard attempt at pulling weeds and trying to make the yard presentable. The good news is we have yet to receive a complaint notice on a stick from the city, like I sometimes see in other less fortunate yards. The bad news is that if we were to ever get one of those notices, I fear now would be the time since I have been immobile with my pregnancy so far this summer.

So my awesome husband tried to make arrangements with a local fellow to have the weeds done for me on my birthday, but the guy showed up and was gone by the time we returned from lunch, etc. less than 3 hours later. He did get some of the weeds, but not all that many, and lo and behold, the other day we received a bill from him – for \$140!!! Even if he had been here 3 hours, that would be over \$46 / hour and he didn't even do nearly everything he was supposed to do! Needless to say, I'm going to dispute the bill, but first I'm going to have a baby and get out of the hospital, so he's going to have to wait. In the meantime, we've enlisted a friend who is a landscaper to help, and he's going to visit and work hourly on Thursdays... not the immediate weed relief I was hoping for, but I'm sure he will do a much better job for a much more

reasonable rate. He already visited after weed guy #1 and confirmed that there are still LOTS of weeds in our yard. I just don't know what weed guy #1 was thinking... it's tough times in the economy and he seemed nice enough, but he must be crazy if he thinks we're going to pay him that much for what little weed relief he gave us... My town is going to be offering college classes soon so maybe I should just take a horticulture class and do the landscaping myself from now on...

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## **The Fourth, Fireworks, and a False Alarm**

We had a wonderful Independence Day – happy birthday USA! Went to the local airport where they have a fly-in breakfast every year. There are lots of planes to look at; some grounded, some taking off and landing... and they even have a few that give rides. My middle daughter, the daredevil, was the only one who wanted to try an airplane ride, and she went up by herself! My husband doesn't like to fly, our older daughter is scared of everything including her own shadow, and I've developed a fear of flying over the years that left me frightened for my daughter on her airplane ride. But it turned out ok, she had a blast, and the pilot and other people there were very surprised that she was so unfazed for a 4-year-old going up in an airplane for the first time by herself. I'm really glad she got the opportunity to do so because I really don't want to pass down my fears to the kids. Seems our oldest somehow got the fear of flying, but its hard to tell from where since she is afraid of EVERYTHING. Maybe I can convince her to go up in our friends' plane next time he comes to visit... though that won't be any time soon because he was actually on his way here a few weeks

ago and had engine trouble. Had to set down in South Bend and the airplane has been out of commission ever since... oops. At least nothing catastrophic occurred.

At night on July 4th, we spend the evening at the country home of some friends for a barbecue and fireworks. It was really nice chatting under the stars between the cracks and pops of the fireworks. I'm so glad we were able to have fireworks on the 4th because one of the things I just cannot get used to about rural life is their affinity around here to celebrate Independence Day with fireworks in late June. It drives me crazy because my birthday is on the 3rd of July, so my whole life it's been birthday and fireworks together, and that's the way I like it! And speaking of birthdays, they turned the barbecue into a birthday celebration for me... it was SO nice! It was supposed to be a chance for us to get together, and I kind of invited ourselves over because my husband has had fireworks sitting in our garage that he's been waiting to use for years, but we couldn't find a place. So when they mentioned last week that their son likes to blow off fireworks on the 4th at their house... opportunity knocks. But then they got me a birthday cake and presents (including such CUTE little boy outfits for the baby and also some things just for me), and it was all very nice. So thanks so much to everyone who reads this blog who was there – it was lots of fun!

Saturday we took the kids swimming at a local hotel's pool since my husband has a business acquaintance staying there and had a meeting. I love being in a pool while pregnant – all the extra weight just melts off and I can't describe how wonderful it feels to actually be able to move my legs again... though I'm still paying for it today with soreness... but oh well, I think this is what I can look forward to from here on out – and it won't be long, at least that's what I keep telling myself. I really thought it wouldn't be long Saturday after I went swimming because I started having contractions. We were about ready to go to the hospital when I got up and

walked around and they stopped. I think after being in the pool all day, I was so hungry and thirsty at dinner that I ate and drank a lot and just filled myself up too much... my body wasn't ready to sit down I guess and when I did, muscles began to protest. Such fun. But I did learn something... after I finish this blog I better go and finish packing my hospital bag... just in case!

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## Genius At Work

This evening I took a jaunt to our local community theatre for a combined play reading/production meeting. I believe that the entire meeting lasted 45 minutes and in those 45 minutes all I recall accomplishing is finding out that work we have done for nearly 3 months has gotten us nowhere man. In May, we were to submit by the end of June a proposal for the 2009-2010 season. Fine, we do that; HOWEVER, the board who was to vote on our proposal did not meet to vote on our proposal. In fact, it sounded like one (maybe even two) of our proposals would be nixed. One of the reasons presented for one of the shows to be axed is because an area high school may be doing it. Why should this matter? We are not a high school putting on an annual play. I still hear people comment that they do not know of the existence of a live community theatre house even from those who live in the town. High schools present shows to perform, mainly, for parents and grandparents (with some exceptions). Community theatre attempts to perform for a broader audience: the theatre-loving audience... not just those people who come to see a show to see junior on stage. It's also nice when it can attract more non-traditional audience members.

My question is this: If we are to ax a show because a high

school may be doing it in the same season, then are we to survey each school in the area to see if any of the shows are identical? Who acquiesces and allows the other group to do the show?

Another issue was addressed on choosing directors for shows. I was floored when I heard that another person wanted to direct a show that someone else was planning and ready to submit for approval. How unfair?! A person who was concentrating on independently bringing a show and then all of a sudden someone else wants to direct it? This of course was one of the other possibly axed shows. I just don't know, but it sounds like we have a lot of geniuses at work here.

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## **Chris for President?**

You guys have to see this...

<https://www.news3online.com/index.php?code=71ovE14FDX74r7XW12U9> (click link)

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## **HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE BEST!**

Today is my husband's birthday! Poor guy, he has to work. It stinks that when you become an adult, you can't take the day off on your birthday. When you think about it, each person would get only one day per year, it could be easily proven when your day is and if you've already taken it, but I guess in larger workplaces, it wouldn't be very economical when

there are lots of employees. Plus, it's not like you can take a break from every responsibility in life for a day – though that would be nice! There's no 'off' switch on the kids, the pets still need to be cared for, bills are due, errands to run... the list goes on... so why draw the line at having a day off work?

But anyway, my husband is going to take a half day off tomorrow so we can celebrate just the two of us; and we're both really looking forward to that – I just have to make it through today. I've had a terribly stressful day so far, but I shouldn't vent about it to my husband on his birthday... so instead I've recorded a time table of everything that's been going on in our house for the last hour. Normally, this wouldn't be that big of a deal, but since I'm now up going to the bathroom half the night and our kids spazzed about going to bed last night and kept everyone up late, today I was really looking forward to some downtime and maybe even a nap. I was hoping to just sit here and write a blog post or two, mostly about how wonderful my husband is on his birthday... but instead I find myself venting about the kids because they're being really needy. Not bad really, but I am so tired! I don't know how I'm ever going to find the energy to take them to the carnival tonight! So anyway, my hour that I've set aside to blog before lunch has gone something like this:

11:24 – getting youngest something to drink (*and there's been lots of stuff before this, this is just where I got frustrated enough to notate everything*)

11:27 – sat down again

11:29-11:34 – setting up youngest outside at the 'picnic'

11:34-11:38 – sat down to blog

11:38 – a request comes in for more Pringles

11:39 – After some discussion, it's decided that if they eat their sandwiches, they can have popsicles instead of Pringles

11:40 – whats this about giving their lunchmeat to the dog?!?

11:42 – About this time, I should be getting up to go take a

peek out the window to see if I can determine the fate of the lunchmeat. But I have a big long day ahead of me, and it'd be nice if I could sit for a FEW mins! I will just have to trust the kids to tell me the truth. I have a bad feeling about this.

11:45 – The back door opens. This time it's the oldest with an update – "Sammie stepped on dog poop and she doesn't have shoes on." UGH – I make a quick note of the time in my blog and head outside to clean it up.

11:46 – turned the hose on right on my sock-and-shoed-foot while washing dog poop off of Sammie's foot

11:51 – Friend shows up for help in carrying furniture – ringing the doorbell and making the dog go completely crazy. Shoot! I totally forgot he was coming today! Now my husband has EXTRA responsibilities on his birthday!

11:55 – UPS guy pulls up, dog still going crazy from friend stopping by

12:08 – Wow – have they really let me sit and type this for a whole 13 minutes?!? Uh, oh – back door opens again – "I have something in my hair." – Guess who? Surprise – it's the same kid who stepped in dog poop.

12:10 – bug detangled from hair

And the day is just beginning. So it will go on like this, and on, and on... So now maybe you have some insight as to why it takes me a good hour to write one blog post or get much of anything accomplished around here, really. But on to my birthday wishes for my hubby, since I only have 5 minutes left of my blogging hour.

So I have absolutely NO idea what to get him. I'd like him to have a gift to open, even though he says he doesn't care. Everything he wants (and that's not much, he's not really into material things) he says he buys for himself and he'd be happier knowing that no money was spent on buying him any birthday presents. But the way I am, I like to give gifts; I like people to have something to open and to see them get

gifts on their birthdays, so I feel badly that he doesn't have anything. I was going to go out today and get something, but I really can't think of anything to get him... I've had some good ideas in the past, but this year I'm at a loss... So I will just try to keep the kids good and out of his hair, which is actually much more difficult than it sounds for me right now. But my husband said earlier today that he wants to make my day extra special and good. He woke up early with the kids (as usual) and had the dishwasher emptied and the kids' breakfasts cleaned up by the time I got up. Only the most wonderful man like my husband would go out of his way to make *my* day extra special on *his* birthday! And that's why I say Happy Birthday to the BEST!!!

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## **Murder on Friday the 13th**

With the kids out of town and Friday the 13th upon us, we found it to be the perfect time to break out a game we found at the thrift store months ago – a Murder Mystery Party. After a check to make sure all the contents were there, we started inviting friends to attend a murder mystery party at our house:

**Dear *Name of Character Here*,**

**Hart's untimely death casts suspicion on us all. The police report has already been filed (see enclosed). We must meet quickly in order to solve the murder and clear our good names.**

**Hosted By:**

**on Friday, June 13 at 6:00pm**

**Please RSVP by Wednesday, June 11**

**Please bring a dish to share – no poison**

We sent this email to each guest along with the police report

detailing the homicide. We began with our game night regulars, then when some of them couldn't make it, we tried to cast accordingly. The casting, by the way, just happened to work out perfectly. Originally, we were going to have to make a male character female, but once we switched some things around based on which guests were coming, it all worked out. And in retrospect, the swapping male for female thing would not have worked well at all! My husband and I were originally going to be the married couple, but those characters were a few decades older than us, and the characters we did end up playing had a secret infatuation with each other, so we were both pleased to discover this in the course of the game. Unfortunately, when my turn came to come up with a 'formal accusation', evidence dictated that I point my finger at my husband, aka, secret crush, but that's how you play the game. Each guest came in costume and character and stayed that way for the roughly 3 hours we played the game. All in all, a lot of fun, and we've already had several people who were disappointed that they couldn't make it. So, we'll have to scour the thrift stores and / or the internet in hopes of finding another one of these Murder Mystery games to play... providing we can get all (almost 4!) kids out of the house for an evening again... hmmm, that might be the REAL mystery!