

Does Anyone Really Know What Time It Is?

AHHH, Chicago... great band that saw its heyday in the 1980s, but this is not about one of their signature songs.

My tale begins nearly two weeks ago when I had admin, taylhis, and their 4 young'uns over for an evening of fun. Of course when you get a group of kids together one thing inevitably arises: SLEEPOVER! I was young once upon a time and remember those days quite well. So, I helped arrange a date which my niece (not to be confused with another) Elizabeth could possibly stay over with her new chums. This took a bit of doing since Elizabeth would be spending a week or so with her mother.

Finally, we decided that we would all go to the opening of the WCCT's youth theatre extravaganza. This was not a problem with my brother – at first. When I first asked, there was nothing going on. Then everything snowballed. Thursday night was fine... BUT... Elizabeth had to be home the next morning by 10AM. Wednesday, I was informed that she had to be home by 9AM so they could make their way to Columbus before COSI closed.

Now for the title of the post, Elizabeth rode her bike to the store to fill me in. In so doing, she kept insisting that it was Thursday instead of Wednesday. I kept offering logic to the contrary but there was no convincing the 9 year old. It was nearly 6PM; I get off Thursday at 2PM. But there was no convincing her. I wonder if she really thought that it was indeed Thursday or she really does need to be in the youth production next summer.

I hope the little ones had as much fun as the older kids. The 37 kids on stage were all adorable. Maybe [Tay](#) will post about

the experiences the kids had during the sleepover.