

SURPRISE!!!

Last weekend, we had a birthday party for my “boys”. My little guy turned 2 at the beginning of the month, and his father turned 35 in June. Since my husband had mentioned that he would like a party, I decided to tell him that we were having my son’s birthday party, but I also made it a surprise party of sorts for my husband. Having the party a month and half after his actual birthday helped to add to the surprise, though it wasn’t entirely my choice. A friend had had a party at a local park’s shelter house in May, and it was a perfect place for a party, and the rental fee was quite reasonable. The only catch was that the last Saturday in July was the only Saturday that it was free. But I booked it anyway, and we ended up getting great weather, especially for this time of year. Lots of friends came, and many helped bring stuff and to set up the party which was necessary to keep Hubby in the dark about our real plans.

There were a few bumps in the road before the surprise was unveiled though; especially Saturday morning which had me vowing to not do another surprise party for a long time...

A few days before the party, I slipped and told my husband that he couldn’t plan anything for Saturday “because of your party”. He knew that it was our son’s birthday party, but I had said “YOUR party”. I agonized over that one for a few days – sure that he had caught on and didn’t ask me what I meant because he didn’t want to let on that he knew about the surprise because he didn’t want to ruin it. But after the party, we talked about it, and it turns out that he had no idea that the party was also for him! It went well, and it was a fun party, but I was frustrated Saturday morning – I awoke to the sound of the front door slamming, so I ran downstairs and started waving like a lunatic at our car which was pulling out of the driveway. Turns out, my husband was going to let me sleep in, and he was going to take the kids to

Walmart to pick up snacks for the party. I had been mulling this over Friday night – perhaps I planned the party TOO well, and maybe I was having my secret party preparer (thanks Jamiahsh) doing too much of the work. Turns out, I was right – Hubby was not suspicious, but he was thinking that we wouldn't have enough food (we did), so he figured he'd pick up some snacks and even pick up the cake while he was at it. In my half-asleep stupor, I thought about Hubby's helpful nature and realized that he just might be leaving the house to go get the cake – the cake with HIS name on it next to our son's! Luckily I caught my family in the driveway, and tired as I was, we enjoyed a morning out together – even though I had to tell Hubby that someone ELSE was picking up the cake, and I also had to start putting on the rush when I realized that we just might run into said secret party preparer / cake picker-upper. WHEW!!!

Oh, and then there was the party guest who calls my cell phone 10 minutes before we were supposed to be there and says simply, "Where are you guys?" I did not know how to answer that, and the call thoroughly confused my husband. He thought maybe I had told the guests the wrong time, which I guess I did, in a way – it really depends on what the "right" time was – when the party started or when the birthday boys arrived! So I kind of stammered at my friend on the phone, and I resorted to lying to Hubby about what time the party started (I am ashamed) – which is another reason why I probably won't do the whole surprise thing again; lying to Hubby was awful. But when we got to the party, he didn't recognize anyone's car, and when we walked into the shelter house, everyone was gathered in there and shouted out SURPRISE!!! That was fun, but it was also kind of funny because again, my husband was confused – he knew that it was our son's party, and he was thinking that my son wouldn't understand a surprise party... We sorted it out and the fun commenced and that reminds me, there was one other bump in the road to the surprise: my daughter had been trying to get ahold of her friend to have her come

over, and I knew that her mother was bringing their family to the party. So I let my daughter in on the secret, but when she called her friend, my husband decided for some reason to stay on the line and listen to the phone call – which is when he heard my daughter’s friend’s mother tell my daughter that their family was coming to the party. The simple thing to do would have been for me to just admit that I invited them to our son’s party, but I’m not really fast on my feet sometimes, so instead I just acted confused (I’m good at acting confused) about the “mis-communication”. Sneaky, huh?

But my boys had a good party, and that’s what counts. Thanks to everyone who helped with everything, and thanks to those who were able to come celebrate with us!