

The Irony...

First, in honor of Memorial Day, I'd like to begin with a special thanks to all of our vets – thank you for all your sacrifice, no matter how high the price you paid while serving our country.

My family had an action-packed super-fun weekend planned starting the Friday night before Memorial Day. It lived up to its expectations, but not quite in the way I expected. It began with a Friday night plan to go to the last home game (Fort Wayne Indiana is the closest) of the CIFL – arena football. But we got a call on Friday afternoon from the Memorial Coliseum saying that the game had been canceled due to the fact that the opponent's team – the Marion Mayhem – had folded on Wednesday. That's right, the team went out of business. And they didn't tell us ticket holders until two days later, which was the day of the event. And we had had so much fun at the first arena football game we attended that we had invited and planned for a large group of 11 to go with us this time... including some last minute emergency babysitter finagling when our regular one had to cancel days before. So anyway, I was not going to cancel on our new babysitter, so after much searching (there was NOTHING else going on in Fort Wayne Friday night!), we ending up finding a (cheap!) movie theater that still had a great movie playign though it's an old one for the theaters: Book of Eli. A fun time, though not quite as fun as arena football, and I can't help but feel that the entire league is going to fold also, so that's the end of that kind of fun, I guess... But it was just ironic that we had told everyone how fun it was, then I planned this big outing only to find out mere hours before that it was canceled! Ironic.

Saturday and Sunday saw mucha fiesta as our friend [Derek](#) was able to visit from Illinois, and I will save on the detail since I am EXHAUSTED. All 3 of the little kids have been in

challenging stages lately, and my mornings have been beginning at 6am; waking up to screaming and fighting between the middle two, which is constant and does not stop until well after 10pm. I was seriously considering going to bed at 9pm Tuesday night, but we got home around 8:30 and found that our daughter's rat had passed away. We knew it was coming; he had been sick for a while. But we had to find a "coffin" (dog biscuit box) and have a burial, no matter how late it was or how many mosquitoes there were. And of course it was the best rat we had, and the one that belonged to our most responsible, well-behaved daughter. Ironic.

But the weekend involved a super-fun game night, a really great graduation party, some go-carting, movies, and just good old-fashioned catching up with friends. Hopefully I can catch up on my sleep soon, and hopefully the kids won't drive me too crazy being home all day, every day – today is their last day of school. Thanks to those of you who helped to make the weekend awesome!!

RIP

BOBBY JACK

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