

# Pedal To The Metal

Yes, a fun day indeed, if you read Jamiahsh's blog, then you know what I'm talking about. To get our minds off of certain medical dramas (not like House or Grey's Anatomy or anything like that – our real-life medical dramas taking place right now are much worse than some crappy tv), we decided to have a day of fun. It began with go-carting, which is always fun but even more so if you can fill up the track and drive with people you know – which we were able to do. I like the place we went to because they don't charge any extra if you take a kid along with you, and seeing as how we had a few nice adults who didn't mind chauffeuring some little kids, all 3 of our daughters got to go around the track a bunch of times. But I'm the dummy who forgot my camera, so I didn't get a picture of my little almost 2-year-old in a go-cart like I wanted. It's funny because I had the camera with me, just forgot to use it, which should signal how scatter-brained I've been lately because of the worry and lack of sleep resulting from my husband's as-yet-unidentified medical condition. And while we're on that subject, we won't know anything until next week now, because they've ordered further tests for Thursday, and they won't get the results back until next week. But they've eliminated gallstones, so at least we know that much. He blogged a little update [here](#).

But anyway, enough *tangents*, back to the fun day. After go-carting, we decided to practice in the batting cages for our upcoming annual theater softball game. The batting cages reminded me how hilarious last year's game was – I mean, theater people playing softball? It was a riot!

After that, we went to a nice little restaurant we like on the river. If you sit outside, you get to enjoy the beautiful weather, the view, and a game of cornhole while you wait for your food. I like cornhole; if anyone has a set, we should bring it to the theater family fun day and play that along

with softball... Why is it called cornhole? Is that a NW Ohio term for it? They have that where I come from in Illinois too, but I don't think they call it cornhole. In case you aren't from NW Ohio and you don't know what I'm talking about, I'm referring to the game with the wooden ramps with holes in them... you have 2 of these and station them about 15-20 feet apart with half of the team at each end; then you throw bean bags into the holes – hopefully.

After dinner, the kids fell apart (what else is new? They've been acting HORRIBLY lately!), so we had to leave, but I hear the rest of the group went mini-golfing. I was actually tempted to mini-golf earlier in the day but I knew the kids would drive me nuts because they get bored of it after about 6 holes. So we left, thinking maybe the kids would fall asleep in the car, giving me and hubby a much-deserved and needed night alone together to watch a movie. Didn't happen. And starting with the kids spazzing out at the restaurant about bees (and there weren't that many – our almost 9-year-old is a wimp about certain things and her craziness got her sisters going – don't you love how they chain-react to one another? Hence the name of my blog), things went from bad to worse.

I'm going to blame Carol and Megan for this one, since they brought it up earlier in the day, but what a coincidence – we got pulled over on the way home. So thanks Carol and Megan for jinxing us!! Just kidding, of course it's not your fault... I guess poor Chris really got used to putting the pedal to the metal on those darn go-carts. The state highway patrol officer who pulled us over had the personality of a housefly, and she wasn't going to act like a human being and be thankful we weren't drunk driving or even think about giving us a break on labor day, so our fun day ended up being pretty expensive when you include the \$100 speeding ticket. Our luck SUCKS lately, but if we can get the all-clear on my husband's health, then I will stop complaining.

Oh yeah, so anyway, when we got home, our almost-2-year-old

was the last one awake, and since she had only napped for about 10 minutes during the day, we thought we were almost home-free for a nice evening together – WRONG! About 30 minutes into the movie, our oldest came down, asking for a snack. No biggie, but “Did you wake your sister?” we asked her, panicked beyond belief because our 4-year-old has been a little hellian again lately. She said she didn’t think she woke her up, but 5 minutes later, guess what happens? Sammie comes down the stairs, and now we’re in the middle of an R rated movie with all 3 kids awake and downstairs. So much for our peaceful early night, sigh. We sent the oldest 2 upstairs, and that’s actually the last we heard from Sammie, believe it or not. Disney, the youngest besides the baby (and he’s not old enough to cause any trouble yet, thank goodness!), got so OVER-tired that she started crying for about 45 minutes straight until she finally fell asleep. But then Taylor, the oldest, must have come down the stairs at least 3 more times because she was worried about various bugs that were in her room and in the house, according to her anyway. If this were still the age of the VCR, our movie would have been eaten by the VCR by now because of all the pausing and unpausing we were doing... but ultimately, we just gave up anyway because I was falling asleep during the first part of the movie, and we could tell Taylor was going to be “bugging” us all night... So we missed the end of [No Escape](#) – some crappy [Ray Liotta](#) action film from the 90’s. I think it was crappy anyway, I really didn’t see much of it – let me know if it’s any good and maybe we’ll go back to it.

But for what it was worth, the day provided a nice distraction from the worries that have been plaguing us lately, so thanks to all who participated. Now we just have to wait *another* week to find out more medical test results... ugh, I hate the waiting!