

Random Kid Stuff

The other day, my husband reminded me of a cute story about something our oldest daughter did when she was younger, probably around 4 years old. He said I should write it down somewhere so we don't forget about it, so I decided to write something about all four of our wonderful kids, starting with the oldest and going down. Here's a visual:



TAYLOR – About 5 years ago, we began finding the letters “WCPL” all over the house. The letters were always written together like a word, and they were everywhere – walls, books, VHS movies, chairs, everywhere. We couldn't figure out what word our then-4-year-old was trying to spell, so we had a talk about not writing where we're not supposed to, cleaned it all up, and moved on. A few weeks later, I took my daughter to the library to check out some books and movies, and that's

when I saw the labels on the VHS cases – WCPL = Williams County Public Library! She had noticed that all of her books and movies that came from the library had those letters on them, so I guess she figured things were supposed to be labeled WCPL – hehehe!

SAMANTHA – Sammie is a very unique child. She can be a real spitfire, but she just has this incredible spirit about her... But she'll ask me questions that I have no idea how to answer. When her older sister was her age, she would ask the normal kid questions about life and how things work, and even if she didn't phrase her questions correctly, it was always easy for me to figure out what she wanted to know and where she was coming from. Not true with Samantha! Since half the time I don't know what she's asking about, I can't think of any of her confusing questions to share here on the blog, but I will say that she is the type of kid who asks the embarrassing questions in public – and *loudly*. We went to a nursing home to sing Christmas carols during the holidays, and there was a gentleman in a wheelchair who suffered from a muscle illness that made his tongue swell. He loved the caroling and really got into it, singing quite loudly. This got Sammie's attention. She asked me, "Does your tongue hang out because you get so old?" She just has such a different way of looking at things... This is the same kid who asked me one time (really loudly of course) why someone was wearing purple underwear in the bathroom stall next to us!

DISNEY – It's funny because Disney and Sammie look very much alike, almost like twins years apart. But their personalities are night and day. The other day, Disney, our 2-year-old, looked up at the sky and said, "Airplane! See it, on ceiling?" Awww....

CHRISTOPHER – I remembered something I forgot to mention about my son's 6-month doctor visit. The nurse said he should be eating 3 meals a day – something that seems obvious, but I'm actually really glad she mentioned it! When you have a baby

and you're used to popping bottles in his mouth all the time, you forget that when he's old enough to be eating solid foods that he needs meals just like big people! My son loves all kinds of food; he tries to grab as much as he can, and he shoves it into his mouth with his little fists. As he gets older, I'm starting to notice the difference between girls and boys, especially when it comes to their eating habits. Boys are messier and more enthusiastic eaters, while girls tend to be dainty and more picky. But again, maybe these are just differences in *my* kids, rather than a difference based on gender, who knows. And from what I remember, all the kids started out not being picky about their food – they were just so happy to be experiencing flavors after an entire life of only formula!

I have been blessed with 4 kids, and they have 4 very individualistic personalities. It's really neat to watch how they interact with each other. Well, except when the interacting involves fighting!

A Can Of Formula And A Pack Of Marlboros, Please

Yesterday we made a trip to our second-closest Walmart, and that location keeps their baby formula behind the counter, with the cigarettes. I guess formula theft is rampant, at least at that Walmart location. The cashier said something about it being used to make drugs, but I don't know if that's just her own hypothesis or if it's true, but it doesn't really make sense to me. Whatever the reason, it's so much more inconvenient for us regular shoppers. Not only do I have to remember to get the formula on the way out, but we have to

stand in a special line since only the one checkout lane has the formula. Then you have to be clear on which kind you want, and you have to make sure the cashier knows what you're talking about because there are at least 10 varieties. It would stink to come home and find that you were given the wrong kind or had forgotten the formula altogether, which did happen to me last time I shopped at that Walmart location. Anyone who has or has had little kids can understand how crazy kids can get in the checkout line. Not only is it boring (especially at Walmart, where it often takes forever and a day also), but they're nice enough to stock both sides of the aisle with plenty of tempting goodies for kids, conveniently all at eye level. So the kids often are going crazy in the checkout line, and now the weary parent is expected to remember they still need their formula (and probably cigarettes, the way the shopping trip is going!) and to make sure they get the right kind of formula. It's a stupid set-up, and I really hope they don't implement this change at my local Walmart where I do most of my shopping. I have a suggestion that would make things a wee bit easier if they insist on keeping the formula behind the counter. In the baby section of the store, have papers with bar codes on them corresponding to the different types of formulas. That way, we can just grab the slip we need and put it in our cart, eliminating the need for remembering to get the formula later or confusion with the cashier. This system works well when you buy large items, like swingsets, so why not try it with formula?

And while we got on the subject of drugs with the cashier, she told us an interesting tidbit about Walmart's cash registers. It seems they are trained to recognize the combination of supplies one needs to create a meth lab. If someone buys this combination of items, the register will alert the employee. Now I'm as opposed to meth labs as the next person, and I certainly don't want them in my neighborhood, but when the Walmart cash register is programmed to tell you what *not* to

buy... I think that's a little too much. Big brother, here we come...