

# Misc Kid Updates

My 10 month old's physical appearance is about to change dramatically. Well, first, let me start here – he's been suffering from lethargy, crabbiness, diarrhea, and diaper rash lately. You seasoned parents out there know what I'm talking about – teething! Sure enough, the other day when we were playing and he was upside-down, I saw not one, not two, but THREE little tooth buds on his top gums. Poor little guy. So pretty soon, he will have a *mouthful* of teeth! I just hope that's the end of his awful diaper rash – he's been taking about 3 baths a day; it's one of the things that helps his sore little bottom. And being 10 months old, he's been doing all sorts of other things: climbing stairs, pulling things down, pulling himself up on everything... they grow so fast and it seems that his trouble is just beginning!

His 2-year-old sister, Disney has gotten a Dora the Explorer obsession from somewhere. She wants to watch Dora constantly, and it's so cute to hear her talk back to Dora on the tv – she is even learning Spanish as a result!

And today is their sister Sammie's birthday! She is officially 5! We already had her birthday party, but I think we will take her out to dinner and maybe to the store. She has been a little better behaved lately, but still not as great as she was a few months ago – her behavior comes in waves, I guess. At least we're not stuck in horrible-acting Sammie-ness as a constant any longer – there have been glimmers of hope! She is getting ready for Kindergarten in the fall and has been practicing writing her name. A note about this – she would have aced the writing her name part already if we had just named her "Maps", a word she writes over and over!

Taylor is 9 and almost ready to go to middle school next year. You read that right – where we live, kids go to the

middle school for 4th-8th grades. She is VERY responsible with her school work and also when it comes to taking care of their 4 pet rats, so I think she'll do well in middle school. We have noticed an increase in her displaying a poor attitude – typical tween stuff, but I wish my child was somehow exempt. Is there an exemption card I can get for this?

So anyway, there's just been a lot going on with the kids lately, and I wanted to share some things before time passed me by and they moved out of the house before I had a chance to blog it. TIME FLIES!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SAMMIE!!!!

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## Busiest Weekend EVER! Part Two

*(continued from a previous blog post)*

So here's a recap of Sunday – church, brunch, Hannah Montana movie – and that is where I left off.

So we get to the Hannah Montana movie, and of course our 9-month-old son wakes up from his nap just in time for the movie (couldn't be awake to play at church, couldn't be awake to indulge in brunch, alas – that's always the way when you have kids – they sleep thru everything good, and I swear it's a rule – they always wake when the irony is thick!) But, because the Hannah Montana movie is a musical, our 3 youngest were kept too busy to perform their usual awful antics at the movie theater. It was a girly movie, especially with a double love story plot, but our little boy is only 9-months-old, so he didn't notice the girlishness. Instead he loved the

musical interludes, and he clapped to each one enthusiastically. For some reason, and I've written about this before, the movie theater turns our normally sweet 2-year-old into a little stripper. Luckily, by the time the idea to take her clothes off occurred to her today, it was near the end of the movie, so she only got as far as taking off her socks and shoes – although she did make sure to note (yell) while doing so, "Don't look at me – I take clothes off!" Ok, Disney, if you don't want people looking, why are you taking your clothes off? Such is the logic of a 2-year-old, I guess.

We had no major spills this time ( I'm referring to our last experience when we saw Monsters Vs. Aliens and we somehow dumped an entire soft drink into the lady's purse who was sitting behind us – major oops!), and today our baby was on his best behavior as well because of all the music in the movie – something that I think saved us as far as our 3 youngest kids' behavior at the movies today. As for the movie itself, I enjoyed it more than I did Monsters Vs. Aliens, probably because I actually got to watch this one. But an extra nice surprise for me was the country music add-ins – surprise performances from Taylor Swift and my favorite group, Rascal Flatts. They sang one of their best songs acoustically as if they were relatives just sitting around jamming at a family get-together (can this be MY family get-together?), and it was thoroughly enjoyable. Miley Cyrus even showed her country roots in a song which attempts to revive line-dancing; I guess kids these days (now I sound like I'm 80 – GREAT, when did THAT happen?!?) have a dance they do to this song, but whatever, I kind of liked the song. Overall, I truly enjoyed the country theme that was abundant in this movie – groovin' country music, gorgeous farm fields, cowboys ropin' horses... what's not to like? There was also a surprise (for me) appearance by Jan Levinson Gould from the tv show, The Office. Of course in this movie, she wasn't Jan – she was some southern belle who played Miley's dad's love interest – almost as far away from Jan as one could be, but I

still enjoyed the Office reference. Also, keep in mind that this is a Disney film, so there are LOTS of prat-fallish types of humor, as well as recurring movie themes. For example, 'lobster trouble' (ala Splash, circa 1984), 'switching identities for different dinner dates' (ala Mrs. Doubtfire, circa 1993), 'major celebrity comes in to save a town' (ala Wayne's World 2, circa 1993 or ala Mystery, Alaska circa 1999), it's always best to be yourself' (ala... wow, WAY TOO MANY TO MENTION – take your pick...)

So anyway, I have to (reluctantly) admit that I was pleasantly surprised with the Hannah Montana movie – plenty of stuff in this one for the parents as well as the tweens and even the stripping two-year-olds. But the movie wasn't as plot-less as I had hoped – in other words, we didn't get home until 2:55 – just 20 short minutes before we had to leave for a class we had signed up for through church. So for the next 20 minutes we scrambled around – letting dogs out, repacking diaper bags, changing diapers, etc. We arrived at our class pretty much on time, though a bit exhausted, thank you very much!

The class was great! We learned a lot about our church – their beliefs, their history, as well as their foundations for building a relationship with Christ – a very well-spent 3 hours. And we got to meet other couples at our table too – which is memorable for me because they were surprised to learn we had 4 kids – and I quote, "You don't look old enough to have 4 kids!" NICE!

Following the class was a great dinner of homemade pasta provided by a local chef. Following the delicious dinner was a tour of the north campus of our church – we worship in the south campus, so it was nice to learn the ins and outs of the north campus – so awesome! Our oldest daughter was so excited to show us where her Sunday school was held, and their rooms for youth were VERY impressive! There was a room with a stage for youth productions, and it even had backstage areas, which is almost more than I can say for one of our community

theater's stages, haha! Also, there was a game room with multiple foosball tables and 'carpet ball' – something new to me, but a game I'd definitely like to try! One of the youth rooms had state-of-the-art stage lights and restaurant-style booths for kids to 'hang out' in... Overall, it was a fun evening, and I learned a lot. But, as became common for today, we had to rush from the church class in order to be home in time for the community theater's play reading committee meeting and my much anticipated Cubs game. I was looking forward to this game for days. It was a long series (most are 3 game, some are 2 game, this one was 4 game) against the Cubs rival – the St. Louis Cardinals, with whom the Cubs are vying for first place. The game was at night, which is rare for a Sunday, so I was VERY excited about rounding out my weekend with such a game. But alas, the darn rain had its way, and the game was postponed. So only play reading meeting to look forward to for me – at least I didn't have to rush the meeting and kick people too hard to leave my house since there was no Cub's game! And for once, I think we actually achieved a lot at the play reading committee meeting. Probably because of the fact that there were only 4 of us in attendance – but hey, maybe that 's what needs to be done in order to achieve something... too many people get in each others way, I guess. It will be interesting to see what the absent members think of the decisions the four of us made while they were absent – I hope the decisions stick!

In summary, a great, if extremely exhausting weekend. Come on now, would I have it any other way?

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# Time Flies When You're Having Fun

I was musing today about something...

Sometimes my son gets this look on his face where he looks more like a kid than a baby. He's 9 months old, so he's still very much a baby, but more frequently I can see on his face how he might look as a toddler. It's hard to explain, but my husband feels the same way. The bottom line is, time flies when you're having fun, and I'm having the time of my life watching my kids grow up!

I got a little overtired and frustrated with them once during our last road trip, and I was thinking to myself, ok, no more doing **this** for at least five years. Then it hit me – in five years, my kids will be 14, 10, 7, and 5! No more little little ones, in just a short half of a decade!

So I asked my husband the question – why is time flying so fast? Does it fly faster as I get older? More quickly when I have more kids? Is it just because our youngest is a boy and we're used to how girls grow up after having 3 of those? I just don't know, but as hard as the work is with 4 little ones, 2 still in diapers, I still wish they'd stay little longer – I really do.

Sunrise, sunset, quickly flow the years...

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**Dog       Toys,       Wires,       and**

# Tablecloths, Oh My!

My son is crawling – uh, oh. I don't remember what his 3 sisters got into when they started to crawl, besides trouble, but my son's favorite things seem to be dog toys (and the dogs' food and water bowls, what a mess!), tablecloths (which he yanks on – I'm going to have to remove the one in the living room before he yanks it and pulls the heavy computer right down on his head!), and wires (I don't think I need to explain why he shouldn't be pulling and chewing on wires. If I do, let's hope you don't have any kids of your own). He smiles so sweetly when we say no-no; I think he likes the attention. A more stern NO just makes him grin widely and start waving at us. So how do you discipline someone so incredibly cute? I can't help but smile back when he grins – he's so cute with his little toothies sticking out from his bottom gums. Could **you** say no to this face?



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## Checkup Time!

INSERT DISK HERE:



My son Christopher passed his 6 month baby checkup at the pediatrician with flying colors. If only adult physical tests were this easy – pass a block from hand to hand, pick up a raisin (which was promptly taken away because he's too little – where's the reward in that?), a turn of the head when your name is called... He has mastered all of it and is right where he should be developmentally. Except for one thing – sitting up. No I didn't forget the 'p' – he *has* mastered *spitting* up... haha. But he can't *sit* up unassisted yet, and he doesn't even seem to be close to doing so. The problem is that he refuses to bend at the waist. If I can get him into a sitting position, (and that's a big IF!) he arches his back immediately and tries to stand. I tried to explain this to the nurse so she wouldn't think he is physically slow, but he lost points anyway. Never mind that he can use his legs to jump vigorously in his bouncer that hangs from the doorway, or that he can single-handedly pull and move a heavy dining room chair with his iron grip – he still loses points for not being able to sit unassisted. Oh well, if that's how they score it, that's how they score it. It's not like it bothers me at all; I actually find it amusing. I think he might be crawling and walking before he sits...

Other news from the doctor appointment is that he weighs 16 lbs. 13oz. which is in the 30 percentile for weight. An easy explanation of the percentile comparison is this: If you take 100 babies my son's age, 30 of them would be at his weight or



lower and 70 of them would weigh more than he does. He is  $27\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, which puts him in the 75th percentile for height. His head circumference is 45.2 cm which is exactly average. I think he is probably our most average-sized baby; our oldest was always small for her age and the two in the middle were huge – Disney was once in the 100th percentile for height! Just another example of how different kids are, even ones in the same family. My 4 children physically remind me of each other, yet it's so fun to watch their differences emerge as they learn and grow! Here are Disney and Christopher, my two youngest:



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## Where's My Happy Little Guy?

My son (after having only daughters for the past nine years, it seems weird to say the word son) must be teething. He will be 6 months old on Sunday already, and for the last 5 days, he's been crying constantly. Yesterday was the exception, but 4 of the 5 last days, he's been crying nonstop – it's quite taxing for both of us. Mostly, the exhaustion comes because I just feel badly for the little guy – he used to be the happiest baby and smiled constantly. But after trying everything to cheer him up, sometimes I selfishly think about

how hard it is on me as well. I can't imagine the pain he's going through, but in the mean time, I can't get anything done around the house – and leisure time? Forget it. It's hard to get anything done while holding him, and holding him offers one of the only ways to keep him from crying – sometimes even holding him doesn't work. Sometimes there is no choice but to put him down somewhere, like when I'm cooking for instance, and he's not happy anywhere right now... not in his playpen, his bouncer, his bouncy seat, his crib, the floor, nowhere, which means he is screaming, and it's a draining form of torture to hear a baby cry all day. The only reason I'm actually able to sit down and write this blog (YES! Leisure time after all!) right now is because he is passed out (after a crying spell) sitting on the couch next to me. He sometimes likes it there too, but that means I'm glued to the couch – can't leave a baby unattended on a couch of course. So I can sit here and type this blog, but I can't do things like tackle my accumulating clutter or begin the task of cutting Mt. Washmore down to size. Mt. Washmore is the never-ending, magically replenishing pile of laundry often found lurking in households with 2 or more kids – I have 4 kids, so our Mt. Washmore is taking on a life of its own. If we have any more kids, I'm afraid people who come to visit us will just arrive at the foot of a gi-normous pile of clothes where there once was a house and a family who lived inside.

I try to tell myself that things like backed-up laundry and clutter don't really matter in the long run. Heck, I'll probably even be bored and WISH I had lots more laundry to do once my kids are all grown and in school during the day. But just as I convince my brain that this is true, my feet stumble over something that's in the way and shouldn't be there – clutter or a basket of laundry to put away. Speak of the devil, the laundry buzzer just went off... if only my son will sleep through the transfer from the couch to his playpen so I can go fold it and put it away, thereby avoiding feeding Mt. Washmore.

HE DID! He's asleep in his playpen! But now the dogs are barking at the neighbor's cat again and WAAAAA, WAAAAA!!! Those dogs have woken the baby again! Sigh...

I guess today will see yet another expansion of Mt. Washmore after all.

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## The Prize

In my previous post I was looking for the title of a song and the artist who sings it, and I promised a prize to anyone who could provide me with the info. Two readers and fellow bloggers, [justj](#) and derek, successfully completed the challenge. So what's their prize? A blog post of recognition, of course!

Alright, that's dumb. It's going to make sure that people never take any challenges I offer again. Isn't just knowing that you helped a friend enough? Of course it is, but you were promised a prize. Maybe I can treat your ears to a round of *Senorita Mas Fina* (that's the name of the song I was looking for in case you're wondering, and it's sung by Kevin Fowler).

Just kidding! I won't make you listen to the song. It really seems like something only a country music lover would like – cheesy lyrics, hokey theme, obscene amount of twang – the kind of song I can really use to tease my friends who hate country music!

Well, thanks again derek and justj for playing and for coming up with the info I was looking for. And it's ironic, I did do searches myself, and I did come up with the name Kevin Fowler, but before I was able to listen to the song, I had to do

something else (the baby has been crying for 3 days straight – teething), and I guess I forgot I was close to a result when my computer crashed. So thanks for helping me, and you will get more than the blog post recognition I had planned – I will have a real prize the next time I see each of you – something small, but maybe a little better than blog recognition and being made to listen to an extreme lesson in the country music technique of twang. Thanks for playing!

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## Happy New Year!

Happy New Year! Holy cow, 2009 already! I hope you had a good New Year's. Ours was wonderful. We hosted a bash, which is always great so that we don't have to pack up the kids and all their luggage just to haul them out somewhere to stay until the wee hours of the morning. We played charades and other games and ate lots of yummy treats. Our kids – #2 and #4 in birth order – fell asleep way early. The older one stayed asleep all night, but wouldn't you know it – the baby woke right as we crawled into bed at 4 in the morning. I was able to sleep for a few hours, but that's more than I can say for my husband who woke with the baby. But then he got a short nap while I ambled downstairs to do some much needed cleanup from the party. After that, we were ready to drag ourselves over to a friend's house for a New Year's Day chili feast – I'm told the beans bring good luck in the new year. More food, more fun, and we didn't plan on staying long but ended up getting home about 7 in the evening. I did miss the hockey game at Wrigley Field, but the Red Wings beat the Blackhawks anyway. I'm not a big hockey fan; I just thought it would be cool to see Wrigley all decked out for hockey. I wonder what they would have done if they had gotten some of that freak 60 degree weather again – how to maintain an ice

rink in those conditions? Oh well, that's a tangent, good thing this site is called tangents.org

So the chili and rest of the food at our friends house was great, but I wish I could have enjoyed it more – seems I partied a little too hard the night before and felt a little tired and queasy come chili feast time. But it's my own fault – I should know that I'm getting older and can't handle the late nights (or early mornings for that matter) like I used to. But oh well – my friend did give me some delicious chili to take home, so hopefully it will be more enjoyable now that I was able to rest last night. Now I'll just have to get used to writing 2009 instead of 2008 all over the place...

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## Toy Culling

A few weeks ago, our kids were chronically misbehaving. Our oldest, a tween, was sassing back and saying “no” too much, her younger sister (the “spirited” one) was throwing lots of tantrums and trying to cause trouble with her sisters, and our youngest daughter was constantly upset and insecure about the continuous chaos in the house. Desperate times call for desperate measures, so one day while the oldest kids were at school and the younger ones were sleeping, my husband took off work for an afternoon of “toy culling”. This is a drastic discipline measure we only use in emergency situations. It is time-consuming and intensive labor for the parents, but well worth it, at least in our house.

Toy culling consists of us going into the girls' room (the three oldest girls share one big room, and our baby boy isn't yet old enough to cause trouble) and taking out every toy. We leave the tv, computer with educational games, books, and the

clothes and board games in the closet. Everything else goes – dressup clothes, doll clothes, dolls, stuffed animals, all the little miscellaneous toys that can really junk up a child's room quickly, etc. If you have lots of time, you can sort it all by what you want to keep and organize the rest, but we are very busy people and so we just took all their junk and put it in our son's room for now. He's a baby who wakes in the night so he's still in our room. When it's time to move him into his room, we'll have to clean it out obviously, but for now it was a means to an end of the horrible behavior of the girls. We leave the board games, and they know that they take one out and put it away when they're done, just like the books that are left. If the rules aren't followed, anything that's left on the floor in subsequent days gets culled. You need to check their room everyday, and it's **imperitive** that you follow through with rule-enforcing. And for some reason, this process really works. I don't know what it is... Perhaps a feng shui effect where the much more pleasant ambience of the room and the *mucho* extra space is what leads to the kids being in better moods and hence, less trouble and more obedient. It could be the fact that there are less toys over which to fight. Maybe they're happier not having it constantly hanging over their heads that they're going to have to clean their room. But I don't care what the reason is, the toy culling has worked wonderfully the 3-5 times we've had to set aside a chunk of time to do it. My kids are now putting their dirty laundry in the hampers that are provided, and their trash is going into garbage cans. Also, their room is staying clean, and I don't have to worry about it staying that way because they don't have anything with which to mess it up! And, as the behavior improves, they can earn their toys back – you don't have to spend money to get them any special reward PLUS the kids feel senses of accomplishment = WIN/WIN. Toy culling proves that less is more, and it helps put a damper on the sense of entitlement that can cloud the good attitude of even a generally well-behaved child.

I think I first read about the method in a parenting column in the newspaper. I'm not sure which expert gets the credit, but I do know that I highly recommend toy culling! And oh yes, early December is a perfect time to do this – makes room for the burst of new things they might receive for the holidays!

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## Not Even A Snow Day!

Our first ground-sticking, hill-sledding, angel-making, sidewalk-shoveling snow of the year is here. And why not – it's already December 6th!

I slept in this morning, which is more than I can say for my poor husband. Ironically, last night, he was all gung-ho about staying up late. He's like, "And we can stay up late because the kids have been sleeping in lately – nothing to do tomorrow until later..." And he was right – the two littlest ones *have* been sleeping in lately – until today, of course. We stayed up really late last night thinking the kids would sleep in, but WRONG! They woke my poor husband at 7:20 in the morning today! Myself, I didn't stir until 9:30ish, and I was lolling out of bed when WHOOOSH! The door to our walk-in bedroom closet flies open, and it is **snowing** into the closet! Turns out, the closet window was not locked, and so the winter storm had pushed it open, which pushed open the door to the bedroom, and all of a sudden, we had a winter storm *in our house*! 'I guess we're getting some snow," I thought as I pushed the window shut, closed the door, noticed the baby was still sleeping and climbed back into bed. A few minutes later, and WHOOOSH! It happened again. "Wow, we're *really* getting snow!" I said to myself as I noticed the ground was already blanketed when I shut the window the second time. This time, I manipulated the frozen lock until it was shut so

we wouldn't have to experience the WHOOOSH effect again. Well, that's a heck of a way to wake up, especially twice. Besides, it was late enough and time for me to contribute to the daily household stuff. Once downstairs, I checked weather.com, which informed me that we were forecasted to get 1-2 inches of snow during the day, and another possible inch at night. Immediately we began making plans to go sledding, especially since our 4-year-old had been waiting for this all year. Well, it took us all over an *hour* to get ready. And that didn't even include lunch. We dressed everyone in 2-3 layers, and then we realized we should probably have lunch before we tackled the sled hill. Seeing how difficult it was to unravel everyone from their winter clothes enough to find mouths to insert the lunch, we munched on a few pieces of lunchmeat before heading to the sled hill.

Well, the baby wasn't happy on the sled hill – and before I get all kinds of nasty comments, YES he was bundled intensely! 2-3 layers, then a snowsuit, then a fleece bag-like thingie, then a few blankets, and my husband and I built a little tent-like thing around his carrier... But he IS a July baby, and I have a theory that people are best suited for the season in which they were born, so... no sledding for the little guy. Or for mom, for that matter. I got down the hill once though, and it was lots of fun – much easier climbing the hill this time than last year being a few months pregnant! Although I was disappointed about only getting to go down the hill once, after that I got to sit in the warm car and catch up on my newspaper reading in peace and quiet after the baby fell asleep, so that was nice. And after sledding, since we had kind of cheated on lunch, we treated the kids to Pizza Hut because for some reason, they like to eat there. And every time we're set to go, I realize I don't like it, but I think I'll be able to find something – but I was wrong again! I just don't like Pizza Hut! Well, their iced tea is pretty good... but their buffet sucks, and so now I'm headed home with 4 exhausted kids and I'm all hepped up on iced tea... But the



rest of the afternoon went surprisingly smoothly and we even let our daughter have a friend over – providing her mom drove her here so we wouldn't have to venture out in the snow again. When the friend's mom got here, we were chatting about the snow, and we were all dumbfounded about how much we were supposed to get. Usually, the weather channel will over-forecast us. If they say 1-3 inches, we usually get a ground dusting. Today, they say 1-3 inches, and for most of us, it snowed from the time we woke until well after the sun set. We waited until it was finished to go out and shovel, and by then it was dark and we had gotten a few inches. Now I see on the news that we could get a few more inches...

But anyway, lots of fun today, and all without calling an official Snow Day! Can't all major snow falls be on Saturdays?!?