

At Least I Have No Regrets

Spring break is over, and for me it flew by- and it was wonderful. I had my concerns about being so tired and keeping 4 kids from getting bored and restless, and those fears mounted last week when I saw the weather forecast – 40s all week, scarce sunshine, and maybe even a little snow. I was especially concerned that spring break would be my own personal forecast to what summer break will be like because hard as I try not to, I have times where I dread the summer a little bit.

For one thing, there is a wonderful Christian camp that we've been hearing about from a friend, and we've been trying to let our kids go for years now, but it hasn't worked out for one reason or another. This year, it seems that the dates will work, but the fees are a little steep, and the 45-minute trip to the camp x4 (there-back-there-back for two kids) might hurt the wallet a little bit with the price of gas the way it is. Add to that a trip to Nashville Indiana with extended family – SO fun, but 8 more hours of driving, plus groceries and supplies to buy, plus 4 round-trips to South Bend Indiana, and I calculated my mileage from July 4-23 at 1388 – That's one thousand eighty-eight miles in 20 days. Factor in our van's crummy gas mileage and all the pregnant lady bathroom stops, and OUCH. But then I got to thinking about it, and I think I'd rather spend my July driving around the tri-state area than locked away in my air-conditioning with 4 rambunctious kiddos. As I said, the trip to Nashville will be lots of fun, and most expenses have been paid thanks to a generous Christmas gift. So what if I have to miss the 4th of July fireworks for one year (next year we do have to pick a different date though guys if you are reading this ☹ 4th of July is one of my favorite holidays!). And the trips to South Bend mean that Grandma is taking the kids – so that means fun for them, and a break for us. So what if it's not all 4 kids

gone at the same time anymore – that's just one of the small trade-offs for having such a large (wonderful) family. And I'm STOKED that the kids finally get to go to this camp – they are so excited too! So what if we have to leave Nashville at 5am just to drive the 4 hours to get Sammie there on time? But the main reason for optimism for summer vacation was spring break – it was awesome, and it flew by.

For me, the month of March dragged on and on, and I think much of it had to do with my prenatal dr. appointment on the 31st. I just could not wait. Part of it was excitement – this stage of pregnancy is tough in a different way than the rest of it because many of the changes are internal, and you have nothing to show for it. I spend my time looking up sketches of what my baby might look like these days, but unless you count fatigue, nausea, moodiness, or tears, there aren't any outward signs to get excited about – and no, leftover baggage from previous kids does not count as a “baby bump”. Also, I've been extra worried about this pregnancy – I can't put my finger on it, maybe it's that stupid stat I heard somewhere that keeps sticking in my brain – “1 out of 4 pregnancies end in miscarriage”. This is my 5th pregnancy, so that panics me. I wish I didn't read the news so much. Maybe the worry is because of how incredibly difficult this pregnancy has been on me (and my family) compared to the others. Whatever it is, I've been especially panicked, but I've been building a great relationship with my new doctor – she is very understanding and so much more of a problem solver than my previous doctor. But either way, spring break saw me at my prenatal, and everything looks great! Baby is measuring at exactly 12 weeks, right where s(he) should be. AND... I got to see her (him) dance!! The baby keeps sneaking us ultrasounds – I wasn't scheduled for one, but the heartbeat couldn't be detected (my understanding doctor warned me of this ahead of time, or I would have panicked. Again.), so she took me into the ultrasound room. There, we saw baby on the screen, and my little 2-inch miracle was *dancing* – I saw her legs moving and

everything! I keep thinking and saying “she” and “her”, but don’t place any bets – I’ve been known to be wrong about my children’s genders in the past – *before* they’re born, of course, sheesh.

So I took the kids to the zoo on Monday of this spring break, and last night I’m still on cloud nine from seeing my baby dance, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I could not resist going back to the zoo on the last day of our season’s pass. We aren’t going to renew because as much as I love the zoo, it feels like a waste to renew right before summer, especially when I’m pregnant and (probably?) won’t feel like going as much. And I know I won’t be able to go after my surgery for a month or so... So I took the kids to the zoo not once, but twice this spring break, and I didn’t even feel like I was going to keel over by the end of today, which means that my first trimester fatigue *might* be fading (afraid to get too excited). I even took an extra kid with me to the zoo both days, a gamble that paid off both times since we all had a blast – even if I was late getting Ellyn home today (that’s why I didn’t stop to chat Justj – I’ve been kicking myself ever since. I really wanted to see your daughters! But I was late, and you just don’t expect to run into a friend 60 miles from home so I was caught off-guard).

So yes, I missed the Chicago Cubs opening day game taking my kids to the zoo, and I’m proud of it! Nevermind that I was looking forward to that game for months. Hubby recorded it for me, and I watched it as soon as I got home anyway. And I’m telling you what, the Cubs did not play badly (except for Dempster – if I still cussed he would be on my you-know-what-list), but they lost. But as I said, they did not play badly, so there is MUCH hope for the season – you can’t tell anything decisive on opening day. Well, except for last year but we’ll leave that out of it. But the best part is, I have no regrets. I can’t imagine how I would have felt had I missed my last chance to take my kids to the zoo in order to watch a

game where the Cubs lost.

Super decision on my part, and if this spring break was any kind of predictor for summer vacation, BRING IT ON!

I Want To Be A Glass Is Half-Full Kind Of Person

...so I'll start with the Cubs. Because goodness knows in my own life, being an optimist is too exhausting. I wake up feeling crummy, determined to make the best of my day, only to have had to step in to referee not less than 10 fights before I even make it to lunch. And I'm not talking about MY lunch – that comes much later (if I'm lucky) after I've served up umpteen helpings, cleaned up infinite messes, and responded to various other distress calls. But the point is that at a time where I could really use my time and energy to focus on me and growing a healthy baby, much of said time and energy is wasted on what feels like mundane, pointless referring and the like.

But with the Chicago Cubs opening day mere HOURS away (ok, dozens of hours, but still countable by hours!), I came across the following article which did indeed fill me with cautious optimism – not for my own summer, no, for there is no doubt I'm going to feel like a huge pregnant balloon, warm beyond reason, lazy beyond doubt. I know that I will have 4 little kids to chase around, and I will have to pry myself out of my chair a little earlier in the chase if I'm going to have any hope of catching them to stop the trouble or keep them out of danger. The optimism isn't for me – it's for the Chicago Cubs. If you're a Cubs fan, read the following, and tell me

if you agree. I especially like the line that says, "...allow me to put on the ol' rose-colored glasses and search out reasons to be hopeful that 2011 will be a better year than 2010 for us Cubs fans. For one, it can't be much worse."

Excellent point, that. After all, I had to write off my Cubbies after watching what was the debacle they called opening day last year. Not that I ever tend to give up on the team, I am a Cubs fan affter all, but well, if you saw them play, er um, "play" baseball on opening day of 2010, then you would agree. Check out the rest of the reasons for optimism here as written by Bob Warja for the Bleacher Report @ bleacherreport.com:

[10 Reasons for Cautious Optimism for the Chicago Cubs in 2011](#)

And GO CUBS!!!



Take me out to the Ballgame

and so I did. Back before the beginning of Baseball season [I made a promise to myself](#) to go to at least 1 Major League game. That promise has been kept. The Tigers played the Mariners and won 7-1. There were fireworks after the game. Not a bad way to start the 4th of July weekend.

Comerica Park is a gem, a great place to watch a ballgame. The food was expensive, but very good, of course nothing else tastes like a hotdog at the ballpark. Wide selection of vendors, and most had TVs so you wouldn't miss much game action.

Then there was the game. I've said before that I don't usually care for blowouts, even when my team is winning. That is still the case, but the game seemed close until the later innings. It was 4-1 until the 5th, and then 7-1 after 7 innings. Even with that, the best play of the game came in the 9th inning with a double play off a fly ball deep to left center. Little Bits and I had a fun time at the 'old ball game'.

A couple of pictures from the Ballpark will be added soon.

All I can say is WHAT!!!

I was listening to a ball game tonight and it sounded like it was going to be something special. Very close, well pitched game. 1 – 0 going into the 8th inning. A blown call and a hit/error later made it a 3 – 0 game going into the 9th. The home team pitcher had a perfect game going.

Long fly ball to deep center field, chased down by the center fielder, 1 out.

Ground ball to short, 2 outs.

Ground ball to 1st, close play at first. Perfect game/no hitter ruined. And then the announcers started to complain. They yelled, they screamed. They could not believe what they just saw. The same ump that blew the call in the bottom of the 8th did the same thing in the 9th to ruin a perfect game. Both

announcers said it was an outrage.

Tempers grew hot when the game ended. Final score Detroit 3, Cleveland 0.

Strange thing, I was listening to the game on the Cleveland network, since I get that better than the Detroit network at home. The Cleveland announcers were outraged at that call in the 9th. They were the ones yelling and screaming about the umpire. I'm sure the Detroit announcers were doing something similar, but I was amazed to hear this from the Cleveland crew.

Watching the replay on the net, confirms that the umpire blew the call. Out by at least 1/2 a step. I didn't see the 8th inning close play yet, but I am going to assume the announcer got that right too.

There are very few times we are able to witness perfection in any activity. A perfect game in baseball is very rare indeed. Funny how human error eliminates this perfection. Good life lesson that.

Sad day in Tiger Town

I just read that [Ernie Harwell](#) passed away. This was expected, since he had an inoperable form of cancer.

I grew up listening to Mr. Harwell on the radio. As a Tiger fan, he was the voice of the Tigers. I would have the game on TV, but the sound would be off and I would listen to the guy on the radio. His strong voice would carry Tiger games over the airwaves of WJR from Detroit.

Of course things change with the Tigers as I grew older, but

for the most part the voice was constant. Until one year he was no longer there. He had been let go!! Outrage by Tiger fans eventually brought him back to the booth until he retired. Oh the many good memories he provides me. That old transistor radio hidden under my pillow, just what was needed for those West Coast Series. That same radio hidden at School to listen to day games in the fall or spring. Driving in the evening tormenting my wife and oldest daughter because I had to listen to the game. I grew out of that (mostly) when Ernie left. He was the voice for me.

He retired many years ago, but would visit the booth from time to time. Often in spring training to recite the following:

*For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*

I never knew what that had to do with baseball, but it was a springtime tradition for Tiger fans.

Sad day in Tiger Town, and in the world of Baseball.

Great Moments are Born...

I'm not a sports fan at all, but as a kid's ministry leader and former substitute teacher (if not a parent) I can find certain actions by kids cute. This was a speech done at the opening day Red Sox game by a 5-year old boy. He was very articulate, and great memorization (I would guess it was memorized) for his age. Warning- you might be offended if you

are a fan of a certain New York team or if you dislike strong language (not f-bomb strong, but fairly close) coming from a child's mouth, though he only uses such language once I believe.