

Brain Fart = Abandoned Child

I'll start right off with the excuses. I have a lot going on right now. My October is booked solid. I've adopted the philosophy to just take one thing at a time because if I try to think about it all at once, I will end up breathing into a paper bag. Last week, my focus was on my daughter's 2nd birthday party – inviting guests, buying supplies, getting the house ready, etc. I decided to put this week on the back burner last week and not try to do things to plan for our trip to Florida we're taking at the end of this week.

So this morning, I got up and when I went to check my oldest daughter's backpack for school, she said Dad had already signed her papers that needed to be signed – which is why I missed the memo. All was well, I thought, until the school called our cell phone. It was RIF week at my other daughter's school (Reading is Fundamental), which means parents can come in and read books to the class. Normally we would just drop off our daughter and be on our way, but of course today we stayed at the school for awhile to read books, which is why my other daughter's school called our cell phone – thank goodness we had picked up the lost cell phone at the corn maze place Friday night – see one of my [previous posts](#) if you're curious about the adventures of the cell phone.

So anyway, they were calling to tell us that today was Columbus Day, there was no school, and could we please come pick up our daughter. Talk about embarrassing. I realize it happens; everyone forgets something now and then, but why did it have to involve one of the kids? And I'm out of good excuses – I'm not pregnant anymore or recovering from surgery or anything like that... just an average, run-of-the-mill brain fart. It's not a big deal; we retrieved my daughter, and both she and the people at the school were laughing about it (and probably will be for years to come). But this really stinks because this is really bad for the way my mind works. I'm

obsessed with detail and constantly worried about forgetting things; I'm always trying to relax about these things but when something like this happens, there's a little voice in my head that says, "See? Look what happens when you weren't so obsessive about details!". Oh, well... the good news is today my oldest is perfectly happy spending time with her little sister, and likewise. So without our trouble-making middle daughter around (she had school today – or did she?!? I was at the school with her, but now I better double check!), they should get along quite well giving me some much needed catch-up time for housework and vacation packing. So why am I sitting here blogging?!?

Here's a footnote – it's now later in the day, I was able to sort thru some of the accrued clutter in our house, and I found a newsletter from my daughter's school. Guess what? October 13 is not listed under important dates in the newsletter for having a day off! So there! Not completely my fault! I can transfer 2% of fault to the school!