

# New Easter Traditions

Over the past year I've learned a lot. Many people can say the same, for life itself is one big learning experience. So while I've learned a lot about many things, I have also grown spiritually by leaps and bounds ever since we joined a wonderful church family in March of 2009.

As my entire family grows spiritually, we've come to realize how much more there is to Easter than eggs and bunnies. The coloring, decorating, hiding, seeking, and eating of Easter eggs is always so much fun on Easter, and this year was no exception. As parents, my husband and I treasure all of the milestones, big and small – we even treasure the little sleep we get when we stay up late to prepare the Easter Bunny's baskets for our children and wake up early to frantically hide the perishable eggs before the excited little ones wake up.



The girls and their colored  
Easter eggs

But last year, we added a new tradition to our Easter weekend – attending a beautiful church service where we were taught (in my case) and reminded (in my husband's case) of the real meaning of Easter Sunday – the sacrifice of God's only Son and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

We attended church again this Easter Sunday, and we were pleased to see that our worship center at church was

overflowing – standing room only; filled with people who were excited to share His Glory with their family, friends and loved ones.



4 cuties ready for church  
on Easter Sunday

This year, we also added a new tradition to our family's Easter celebrations. My thoughtful sister had sent the kids [Resurrection Eggs](#) in the mail the week before, so after we colored our edible eggs, we sat down together and listened as my husband read the story of Easter Sunday aloud. Along with the book came a set of a dozen plastic eggs, each containing a little token illustrating the story of Easter Sunday – there was a little donkey, a cross, a whip, a cloth, a crown of thorns and more. The kids took turns opening the eggs, and it really got them thinking about the meaning of this special holiday. I think the Resurrection Eggs really helped them to understand the meaning of God's sacrifice. After the story was read, they continued to play with the eggs for over an hour, and then they brought down the entire set for me to put away until next year – that says a lot right there because putting away toys after they're done playing with them is not exactly one of our kids' strong points!



My girls exploring  
Resurrection Eggs with  
their Daddy

So it was a wonderful Easter, filled with family, laughter and love, and I am grateful for every minute. As we add these new traditions, Easter is becoming a favorite holiday of mine, and I am very excited to continue all of these Easter traditions next year!!

However you celebrated, whatever your faith, I hope your Easter was happy, safe, and fun!!

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## The Beginning of Another Super Weekend

This weekend is turning out to be another super fun one that started Saturday. I watched the double episodes of The Office from Thursday night (don't remember what I was doing when they were on at their scheduled time, but no spoilers since I'm not sure if my faithful readers caught them both). The, I went across the street to watch the nieces and nephew in the Easter Egg hunt. I attempted to convince my sister to take them to the theatre's hunt, but apparently, she wanted to partake in

the adult hunt. I have yet to participate with the big kids because I really do not relish the chance to get trampled... or like my older brother fall down and lose the eggs that he had picked up. I thought about it this year, but before the time came, I was invited to go to the zoo.

I had not been to the [Toledo Zoo](#) for sometime. The last time I remember, I was on a field trip with an acting class from BGSU. We went to observe and study the animals and then use some of their mannerisms in order to develop a character. Yesterday, I really enjoyed the hippos who were in their pens awaiting feeding time. Quite humorous to see the hungry beasts open their gaping mouths, roll around in their pools of water, and finally leave their calling card after they had finished.

I also really loved the sloth bear. There were two... one was much more animated than his companion. He was very social and came up to the transparent barrier, sniffing at people, car keys, ballcaps, and just about anything e could find. The other bear just reclined in the hammock, seemingly to say... "HAHA! I know how to live! I don't have to make a spectacle of myself!"

After the zoo, we went to a small diner where I indulged in a Nickburger: a full-pound of ground sirloin with lettuce, onion, tomato, and pickle (YUCK! pickle). I was really hungry... so I was not surprised that I ate the whole thing. The fries were a different story.

This morning at mass, I again sang with the choir. The opening song was well-known to me but apparently, someone (without informing me) had the idea to transpose the hymn down at least two flats. Nothing I could not handle and I discovered that a low A is starting to come along. After mass, the Easter Bunny had stopped by the church as each member of the choir received a REESE'S PEANUT BUTTER EGG (ahhhhhh!!!!!! HEAVEN).

Then, the family (all fourteen of us) went to Ritzy's (or is it Rita's... sorry Derek) for a buffet. My friend's generally comment on the behavior of their four little ones at restaurants. I guess I should point out that most of the 7 nieces and nephews are beyond the age of running around and dropping food on the floor; however, nothing compares to a three-year old who announces to the whole banquet room that "I HAVE TO GO POTTY!" Not embarrassing at all, I found the announcement rather humorous. Later, the same little angel wanted a kiss from grandma. Yet, if you saw the little girls face covered with butter, some mashed potato, and I think some strawberry pie glaze, I'm sure you would have second thoughts. I believe that I must have still been recovering from my battle with the Nickburger, because I did not eat too much. Or maybe, I knew that we will be having a birthday celebration later this evening.

Did you know that certain fans of [marshmallow peeps](#) put the concoction on everything including pizza. They also microwave them. Of course, peeps aren't just for Easter anymore.

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## Horton Hears a ZZZzzzzz...

Took the kids to see [Horton Hears a Who](#) today. Ok, so the title of the blog is a bit misleading... it wasn't really boring. I am just so tired that I'm 2 for 2 in the falling asleep in the movie theater tally this week. I actually liked what I saw of the movie. With the exception of my 3-year-old running up and down the aisle, I enjoyed the experience. It wasn't totally her fault though; we went to an Easter egg hunt this morning, so she had LOTS of sugar coursing through her veins, which is why she was extra-hyper and running around the movie theater. Once we flushed the sugar with plenty of non-

sugary fluids, I was able to relax and enjoy the show – after a trip to the bathroom, of course. It should actually be called a candy clean-up since they pick candy up off the floor; it has nothing to do with Easter eggs or hunting. Still fun though, I'm just saying.

Before the movie started, I found myself wishing I had read the book, just to see how close the movie is to the book because now I have no idea. But as far as Dr. Suess movies go, this is the best one I've seen. Then again, I HATED [The Cat in the Hat](#), and never saw the live-action version of [How the Grinch Stole Christmas](#), so there's not much to compare it to in that respect.

The movie is about an elephant named Horton who lives in a jungle in what must be a fictional place because to my knowledge, there aren't any jungles that have both kangaroos and elephants as indigenous species. I know, it's just a Dr. Suess movie and I'm probably reading too far into it, but I can't help but think of that sort of thing. And judging by Horton's ears, he is an African elephant, not an Asian elephant... ok, I'll stop. So anyway, Horton hears a Who. A Who is actually a type of teeny-tiny person that lives in Whoville, all of which is located on a speck on a clover. The rest of the story is about how Horton tries to save Whoville from a conniving kangaroo (played by the brilliant [Carol Burnett](#)) intent on destroying it. I don't usually like when I know the big-name actors voicing roles in an animated movie – it kind of distracts me, which is what happened when I heard [Jim Carrey](#) as the voice of Horton. His voice also made the Horton character seem less cute to me, but I did like Carol Burnett as that scheming kangaroo. And, hearing [Steve Carell](#) as the mayor of Whoville was not distracting at all – he is even good at voice-over acting – is there ever a role he'll butcher? Watching the opening credits, I noticed a plethora of recognizable actors lending voicework for this movie; among them: Jim Carrey, Steve Carell, Carol Burnett,

[Will Arnett](#) (from Arrested Development), [Seth Rogan](#), [Isla Fisher](#) (from Wedding Crashers – she was surprisingly good as a cartoon voice), [Jonah Hill](#), and [Amy Poehler](#).

It's a cute movie that's perfect for the whole family, even though my 3-year-old asked about where the princesses were until the last 10 minutes of the movie. When it was over, she did say she liked it, sans princesses and all. There are some jokes for the parents that will go over the kids' heads, and that's always enjoyable in a kids' movie – although I could have done without the kangaroo saying, "This is the jungle; we can't behave like wild animals." – just WAY too cheesy, think I've even heard that joke before somewhere else! I loved how the Mayor of Whoville has 96 daughters and 1 son – someday I might know what that is like! Is that in the book I wonder? It seems almost too clever to be an add-in for the movie... Either way, I will have to go borrow the book from the library to see how close the movie followed it, but I have heard that the book is pretty closely followed. I've always liked Dr. Suess, and it's a shame he's not still around to gift us with any more of his work or to see his creations come to life on the big screen.