

VIP Squared

Every year, my husband and I are very lucky to get a week-long break from being busy parents of 4 kids when Grandma takes the kids to her house for a week. For the past two years during this vacation, we traveled downstate to King's Island, an amusement park near Cincinnati. King's Island offers a VIP Tour, which means that for 9 hours, you get your own personal park employee to lead you around the park and to the **front of all the park rides of your choosing**, even holding your stuff if you really want him to! In case you're interested, a VIP Tour at King's Island also includes an all-you-can-eat lunch buffet, unlimited fountain drinks all day, a ride photo, an ice cream cone, a behind-the-scenes tour of The Beast, and \$25 in park souvenir money – which can be spent on carnival style games, buying more food (if you need it after the buffet!), or in the park's gift shops. While it may seem expensive up front, if you do the math, the VIP Tour ends up being a great deal all things considered, and we highly recommend it; especially if you're a coaster enthusiast!

Being able to walk to the front of any ride line of one's choosing is really cool – it's hard to imagine, until you ride coaster after coaster without pause!

We began our day on The Beast (only because the Diamondback was not functioning, but luckily our fears of it being broken for the entire day were dispelled and they were able to fix it before long). The Beast is an almost 5-minute long journey into the desolate forests of southern Ohio on a wooden roller coaster! As we learned from our behind the scenes tour (included with the VIP Tour as I said), prior to its unveiling in 1979, The Beast was built on-site and follows closely the terrain upon which it is built. It was not pre-ordered and shipped to the park in segments like many modern roller coasters.



The Beast follows
its native land's
terrain and
disappears into a
tunnel at the
bottom of its
first drop

After riding The Beast twice in a row (almost 10 minutes worth of roller coasters right there!!), we moved on to the Vortex, an old-school steel roller coaster with more than a few high speed inversions. I had printed out my blog post I had written about the VIP Tour a year before, and it served as a helpful guide for this year. And I have to say, everything was much more enjoyable this year – last year I had written in my blog that I didn't like the Vortex much and that the Backlot Stunt Coaster was lame, but this year both rides were much more fun than I had remembered – perhaps because I knew what to expect from the park, and so the element of surprise was minimized. I'm a person who likes to know what to expect rather than to be completely taken by surprise – I have 4 little kids, so I have enough surprises throughout my average day, thank you ☐

But whatever the case, whichever the reason, this year's VIP Tour was even more fun than last year's! All of the rides we rode were better than I had remembered they were, and the Whitewater Canyon water ride was even more fun when riding

with friends! Of course, I think it helped that this year's temperature was almost 90° instead of the unseasonal 70° we had during last year's tour – getting soaked last year left us near frozen! And I learned a little bit from last year's tour – no blisters from walking around in wet shoes for me! I brought a little bag and put a change of shoes in it. As much as it may have annoyed my co-VIPs (but then again, I was the only gal in a group of men), I changed into my flip-flops every time we got on a water ride. Not only did I save my feet from blistering, but I got to order our guide to carry my shoes around the park! Ok, so I actually felt pretty badly making the poor guy carry my shoes around, but it was kind of like being a queen for a day, and – carrying our stuff **was** his job after all...



The Diamondback
Roller Coaster

Being led around the park by a guide all day, slipping in front of the 'regular guests' to get to the front of the lines (and picking whatever spot you choose on all the rides! Note to self for next year: front car on The Beast rocks, back row on the Diamondback is sweet, and the back is ideal and technically the front for Firehawk...) gave us plenty of time for 'extras' in the park: things we don't normally do in theme parks, usually for lack of time like souvenir shopping, playing games and seeing shows. The show we chose to see this year – and it's strange, I know, that I keep promising myself a theater break but still I continue to find myself in a

theater audience – was called ‘Too Much TV’, and it was actually pretty fun! It began with a ‘host’ who went around the audience asking for them to ‘name that tune’ as different tv show theme songs were played. I thought I would be good at this kind of thing, but apparently my brain had been scrambled upon one (ok, a dozen) too many roller coasters earlier in the day because I couldn’t get any of the answers correct. But it’s ok, I didn’t raise my hand too high- unlike a fellow VIP who was called upon, but he answered correctly and won himself a Too Much TV button – way to go! Despite a fleeting regret in the beginning of the show (am I really watching yet another stage show?!?), I did enjoy myself. I recognized 100% of the show titles and about 80% of the lyrics since I used to be a huge tv fan and had watched many of the shows when I was a kid (many in reruns; I’m not THAT old!) The show included 6 dancer-singers, and it began with TV shows from the 50’s – 60’s (a few of these I watched like Patty Duke and Mary Tyler Moore – um, in reruns of course □ while the rest I just knew the themes since they were very famous like the Andy Griffith Show) and continued to shows from the 70s (3’s Company, Brady Bunch, Partridge Family, etc), 80’s-90’s (Full House, Perfect Strangers, Growing Pains, Friends, etc). LOTS of fun, especially for a former TV junkie like myself. The singers / dancers were pretty good, and I have to say that one of the highlights of the show was that during the Brady Bunch theme, they showed clips from the episode where the Brady’s actually visit King’s Island!! I had totally forgotten that episode (I used to be a huge Brady Bunch fan; I watched it every day in syndication after school, and I had the book / episode guide written by Mr. Greg Brady (Barry Williams) himself – I used to check off the episodes I had seen – ahem, NERD!!), but anyway, I will have to dig it up on youtube.com or somewhere and watch it again now!!

Miraculously, the rain held off until minutes after our guide was dismissed for the day – we had been watching the storms move in all day the day before our tour, hoping it wouldn’t

affect our trip. We had promised our guide an email depicting our thoughts on what riding The Beast was like in the dark, but as I said, it began to rain, and we were forced to take a break. That's when we realized just how tired we really were – too tired to wait for the rain to stop and the rides to re-open, so we'll have to experience The Beast at night next year. And I could not be looking forward to it more!!

On the way home, we found a White Castle (don't have them way up here in the bufu northwestern corner of Ohio), or at least that's what the sign said. But the White Castle location was connected to a gas station, and the sliders did not taste quite the same... I thought they were just old until I brought some home and re-heated them, and they STILL were a bit off... hmmm.... Normally these things reheat really well, and I'm sorry to tell the White Castle newbie in our group that he still hasn't really tried an authentic slider. They hit the spot at the time and had we taken the time to stop anywhere else, we would have gotten home even later than the 1 am-ish that we did and would have been even more exhausted. My bodily soreness from being beat up by various coasters all day was less than last year, but it also lasted a day or two longer than I remember. Oh well, more to tweak for next year! Maybe I will bring TWO pairs of shoes for Mr. Guide to carry around for me, haha!

And one final note... We have a running joke with a member of our group – we went to Disney World with him almost two years ago, and it seemed that every ride which he rode stalled; including rides that didn't usually stall. At King's Island, only one ride stalled while we were on it, but we got stuck in what I am sure is the most precarious position in which a person can get stuck at that park – flat on our backs, under the great blue sky on the Firehawk. Here is a picture of how we were stuck; note that these people are in the station, which would have been better since there were people around to help. We were stuck flat on our backs *outside* of the station

for about 10-15 minutes, and I couldn't help but notice how sympathetic the ride operator seemed during her announcements directing us to stay calm.



Also noticeable were the extremely red faces and disoriented nature of our fellow riders who were finally returned to an upright position and allowed to leave the ride with us. For the record, our park guide happened to be on the Firehawk with us (on the VIP Tour, you can also make your guide go on rides!) and said that he had never seen it stuck like that before. So yeah, while we were only stuck on a ride once during our day, what a place to be stuck!!!

And surely I don't want to leave you with a bad impression of the Firehawk, nor of King's Island, so here are some fun youtube videos from other riders:

Firehawk (you lie on your back and then are flipped after the lift onto your stomach. Like Superman, you fly thru a series of loops, inversions, and open track):

Next, not one of my favorite rides at King's Island, though still fun, the joy in Invertigo is watching the person's face who is sitting across from you. Ride with a friend sitting across from you, and experience the g-forces backwards first. Then watch your friend's face as they experience the same thing backwards you just did – It's priceless!!

And now for my favorites, The Beast (start watching at a minute and ten seconds into the video for the real action):

And the Diamondback:

All this watching the POV cams on the coasters makes me want to do it all over again... But unfortunately I have to wait... So until next year...

I don't know your pain.

Sometimes I get inspiration from my little posts on facebook. Sometimes I get inspiration for little posts on facebook from my blog. This is a bit of both.

A blog post with the above title was started on the 20th of May. Five days later, I think the original thoughts are finally gelling. All from a facebook post I made yesterday.

I don't know your pain. I only know my own. I can, however, listen when you need it, advise when you want it, and care for you always, because I call you friend.

There it is. The original idea behind this was that I have a number of friends going through some difficult times right now. I was able to listen to their description of pain and sorrow. I offered a bit of advice when asked. And through it all I think I became a better person.

It takes a lot to try to ignore or temper your own sorrows when dealing with the problems of others. Your problems, sorrows, worries are of the utmost importance to you. Nothing can be bigger or more intense than the situation you are in . These are your feelings and are rightfully justified.

That being said, if a person shares their situation with you, their problems are going to be bigger than yours, at least in their eyes. To be a truly caring individual, you need to look past your problems and listen to what your friend needs to

share. There are times when this cannot be done. In those times, you should beg the others indulgence and say you are at best willing to listen, but advice would not be the best from you right now. Good friends will be able to understand this. There is never a good time to be in a war of who has the worse problems.

And through all of this, maybe you will be able to see that other peoples problems can be bigger and even more intense than your own. Then we come to true understanding of the people we share our lives with.

And that leads me to one of my favorite movie quotes. From the movie "Harvey":

Elwood P. Dowd: Harvey and I sit in the bars... have a drink or two... play the juke box. And soon the faces of all the other people they turn toward mine and they smile. And they're saying, "We don't know your name, mister, but you're a very nice fella." Harvey and I warm ourselves in all these golden moments. We've entered as strangers – soon we have friends. And they come over... and they sit with us... and they drink with us... and they talk to us. They tell about the big terrible things they've done and the big wonderful things they'll do. Their hopes, and their regrets, and their loves, and their hates. All very large, because nobody ever brings anything small into a bar. And then I introduce them to Harvey... and he's bigger and grander than anything they offer me. And when they leave, they leave impressed. The same people seldom come back; but that's envy, my dear. There's a little bit of envy in the best of us.

Ahhh the end of a long day

I got up early this morning when I didn't have to. The dog decide to bark at something, he usually sleeps in late. But I got up and around, checked my email, the news and my blog. Not much happened since last evening on the blog, so I went to get some other things done. I come back in 1/2 hour and the site is blocked. Good April Fools prank, but I couldn't find the back door. Oh well, I had things to do.

Laundry check, dishes check. Pick up daughter, oops she was still in Fort Wayne. Check

Movie with friends Check. All told a very good evening.

Tomorrow I'll may write about my new toy. But I may be busy with it instead.

More Maple Goodness

Another year gone, and the Williams County Maple Syrup day is over. We ate more pancakes, sausage and real fresh from the tree maple syrup. I'm still not sure when we started doing this, but as ia family we've been doing it for years. Another ride out to the sugar shack, where they make the syrup and tap the trees. The family seemed to enjoy themselves.

This year additional family friends showed up. My children went off on there own to be with their friends. I had many pancakes, sausages and cups of coffee. Yum. Of course I purchased some syrup to have the rest of the year and some maple sugar candy to have a bit later.

This day of course reminds me of days gone by. We spent many

days like this with family and friends. It was a time to celebrate good food, good friends and good family. These days, from maple syrup days to days at the fair, were days to bask in our lives together. The family we had, the friends we made were the good things in life.

And who says there is nothing going on in the boondocks. ☐

Snow, driving, drifts and ditches.

Game night 1 of this weekend is finished. Played a couple of fun games, had some fun food (brownies are always good), and fun/good friends. We played/talked well into the early morning.

It was snowing and blowing in the area so I expected a treacherous drive on the way home. The roads were turning nasty on the way there, I only expected them to get worse. But since we didn't have more than 2 or 3 more inches of snow, I thought I would be able to navigate all the roads roads I travel.

Not more than 1/2 mile outside of town, heading west, there was a car in the ditch being pulled out by a wrecker. I had to wait there for a while, since there was nowhere to back up and take a different route. Looks like I had to be a bit more cautious.

I finally headed off the main road and on to the back county road system. Drifts were piling up on the first North/South road I traveled on. Since it looked like they were straight across the road, I didn't think I would have any trouble on

the East/West roads. I was wrong, a bigger drift was on that road... Then an even bigger drift on the next North/South road. Obviously the wind was blowing in every direction.

Made it home in one piece. Happy I have the new tires on the truck. Happy I have good friends to talk to. Life while not perfect, for today it is good.

The best gift of all (non-religious)

Every year my darling daughters ask me what I want for Christmas, birthday and Fathers' day (or any other occasion where they feel the need to get me things), and every year I have more trouble coming up with things I want or need.

So I decided I would put it into words once and for all time. If you see one of my daughters, suggest that they read this. IF you are one of my daughters, pass this on to your sisters. If you don't know or never see my daughters, maybe these words can be used in your life.

What I want most from anyone, especially my daughters, is the gift of time. This can be given in many ways. A call to tell me some special news in your day. Or a call just to say hi. Time spent putting together a project that you think I might like. Time spent with me doing something or nothing at all. I cherish all the moments I get to spend with those I love.

Time is something we never get back. Once gone it is gone forever, that is why I think that it is the best gift. It has no price, but immense value. You can not buy it, but you can give your time. It is a gift of the heart, and that my friends

is a very good gift indeed.

To quote my last show (probably the only 'good' quote from the show) "Our time here on this earth is short, shorter than any of us can imagine." And that it is, spend it wisely, but please spend some with me.

A special place in 'MY' acting hall of fame

One line in a response pushed me to write this post. I don't think I've written about it before, but I remember telling a friend or two, so if you've heard it before, just be patient with me.

Way back in 1997, somebody asked me for suggestions on shows for the play house to do. I was a rank newbie to the theater, but I gave a suggestion or two. The play at the top of my list was "Harvey". It seems that the playhouse did this show before, and they were not ready to do it again. Year after year, I suggested that show. Finally, after a lot of persuasion, and maybe just to shut me up, the show was scheduled for some time in 2006. I tried out for the show and was given the lead role of Elwood Dowd. A dream come true for me. I would have done anything on that show just to be able to watch it, but I was able to be in it. I was thrilled.

One thing did put a damper on that. My lovely wife died in 2003 and would not be by my side during the rehearsals and production of this show. This was a bit of a stress for me during the early rehearsals of the show. Finally something changed. I needed some props for the show. One was the cards that Elwood was so fond of passing out, another a notebook of

his favorite watering holes. And the third an billfold with some cash and other peoples calling cards. The little notebook, and many of the 'calling' cards belonged to my late wife. From that time on, I had a little bit of her on stage with me.

Then came my largest discovery. I was able to think of Harvey as my lovely wife standing on the footstool in the kitchen. This would have put her at the exact height needed for Harvey. So from the time of that thought, until the end of the run, every time I looked at Harvey on stage, I was peering into the eyes of my wife.

Many times she said she never wanted to be on stage. She never wanted any recognition for anything she did for the theater. She wanted to remain anonymous. Well except for in my eyes, she was never on the stage. Her name was not listed in the bios, but she was on stage with me for every performance. I gave my all to that show. I pushed myself farther than I ever thought I could. And every night I looked into the eyes of my wife, shared a drink or two and was finally able to say "Where have you been, I've been looking all over for you."

No matter what comes after that show, all things pale when in that light.

A Not-So-Cynical Look At The 2009 Holiday Season

I was thinking about our family's 2009 holiday season, now come and almost gone already, and I was envisioning words to describe this wonderful season, despite the fact that this year ours was peppered with unpleasant familial dramatics.

But about a week ago, I made what was a conscious decision to pull myself up from the depths of despair I had fallen into after losing a beloved family member just one week before Christmas. So, in my good humor, I chose 24 of the best words to describe my holiday season, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet. Here goes...

Avatar – Saw it and actually liked it, despite my typical sci-fi reluctance. But I liked Avatar so much that I'm really hoping the timing and budget work out so that I can see it again in 3D at a more technologically savvy theater.

Big Family Christmas – We traveled to Illinois on Christmas Day and got to take part in a huge gathering of my husband's large extended family. His 92-year-old grandmother, who speaks with a thick east-coast Connecticut accent (and who smoked 3 packs of cigarettes a day from age 16 until age 70!) told many of her infamous stories that had everyone in stitches! After hearing one of Monie's stories, I could have used the words Blue Boob for B, but I will spare you those details... ☐

Christ Was Born – We went to a beautiful church service on Christmas Eve to celebrate and reflect upon the entire purpose of the Christmas holiday.

De... There are two words that come to mind for this letter based upon certain recent events in my life, but I'm not going to go there; this is to be "A Not-So-Cynical Look..." blog post. So here, D will stand for Dumbledore, since I'm almost halfway through my first Harry Potter book and lovin' it!

Elf – My favorite holiday movie, and we actually had time to watch it this year! It, unlike a few other favorite Christmas experiences, did not lose any magic this year. I still felt that warm and fuzzy "Christmas Magic" feeling after I watched this movie – I'd pull it out more often, but it's not the same unless it's Christmas!

"I love smiling; smiling's my favorite!!" – Buddy The Elf

Friends – We are so blessed to have such wonderful friends, and I can't thank them enough for the things they did and just for being there during this bittersweet time.

Grandparents – We were able to visit 3 of our grandparents this holiday season! Even being in our 30's, we have 3 surviving grandparents among my husband and I – we were blessed to be able to spend time with all of them this year!

Homemade spaghetti – Best. Christmas. Gift. EVER!! My mother-in-law sent us home 4 huge frozen batches of her out-of-this-world spaghetti sauce! AND a large bag of grated Asiago cheese. AND... something I'll save for another letter...

Ice – Drove through plenty of it to reach IL and get back to Ohio on Christmas day. Luckily, traffic was light and travel for us was smooth and safe. The kids were good as gold and slept for the majority of both drives.

Jill – Screwed us over again! This little story begins with Walmart. Since this is "A Not-So-Cynical Look...", I won't go off about Walmart, but I will simply state the facts: the pump in our windshield wiper cleaner fluid dispenser stopped working after the last time we got an oil change at Walmart. We didn't really need it until Christmas night, when we were driving past the city of Chicago, and apparently smog + snow = some sort of disgusting pollution paste. So visibility is limited, and we still don't know exactly what happened since we've driven this route dozens of times, but basically the express lanes on I-90 seemed to suddenly dissolve into city streets. So now it's 10:30 on Christmas night, and we're wandering around in the city. We can't see out the back of the car since there's tons of Christmas presents, and we can't see out of the front of the car because of the pollution paste. This is where Jill comes in – and she directs us straight back to I-90. Only problem is, our van can't just

jump guardrails; we needed an entrance ramp, and Jill was only directing us to streets that crossed over the expressway and didn't actually intersect with it. So we crossed bridge after bridge, and we criss-crossed I-90 until one of those streets had an entrance ramp. Then Jill freaked out and tried to get us off of the expressway again, but she got her power button pressed – we knew our way from there.

Kalachkies – I have a fun memory of a Christmas years ago when my forgetful Polish grandmother was sitting in her wheelchair, instructing my equally Polish uncle and myself how to make kalachkies, a usually delicious Polish cookie. The end results were inedible and referred to as “hockey pucks”. This year at Christmas, my husband's cousin made homemade kalachkies – real ones, no hockey pucks, and they were delicious! Thanks Lilly!

Late night drive – One night, we took the kids out in the car in their pajamas with some snacks, and we drove through the snowy countryside to a town about 30 minutes away for a drive-thru lighted display that's just wonderful. Late night drive could also refer to my husband's and my peaceful drive home (after the unscheduled tour of the city) while the kids were asleep all the way from Illinois to Ohio – nice.

Mashed Potatoes – My mother-in-law is a great cook! I guess it's been awhile since the last time I had her mashed potatoes, because I didn't remember how they tasted. But I told her the truth after Christmas dinner – they were the best mashed potatoes I've ever had!

Noodles – My mother-in-law's spaghetti sauce also came with EIGHT pounds of whole wheat gourmet organic pasta! I love whole wheat pasta – it actually tastes better, and you don't get the pasta-stomachache / horrible stuffed feeling that can accompany pasta over-indulgence.

Onions – One of my favorite holiday dishes is creamed onions,

and it was a nice surprise to see this dish on the Christmas buffet. Fortunately for me, my husband can replicate the taste of his mother's creamed onions – yum!

P.A.S. – Pompous Ass Syndrome – my poor brother-in-law is a victim. Enough Said.

Quiet – With 4 kids and Christmas celebrations spread out over 2 weeks, there really wasn't much of this.

Revenge – My brother and sister-in-law gifted our kids 3 little gumball machines. Cute, but not when you realize how many gumballs needed to be pried out of our candy-obsessed toddler's little hands, for one thing. Who would give little kids gumball machine gifts? Wait, isn't that what we got her 3 kids last year?!? I'm all for re-gifting; I really think it's a smart thing to do. But maybe next year I'll choose our Christmas gifts more carefully...

Snow – It's been snowing on and off for a week and a half here in Ohio. The Chicago area was unexpectedly blanketed with about a foot of snow on Saturday – thank goodness we left for Ohio on Friday night!

Turkey – We ate it and it was good.

U-Turn – see “J” – Jill the GPS. Besides the time we were lost in Chicago, Jill caused us to make at least one other U-turn on this trip.

Vile – Odor in Gary Indiana – I don't care what the Music Man had to say – Gary Indiana STINKS! Literally!!!

Weather – I was worried about it all week, but thankfully, it didn't impede our journey in the slightest.

X-changing gifts – Ok, that's too generic? What else could X stand for, the rating of Monie's Blue Boob story? We x-changed gifts many gifts, and that's all I'm going to say.

Yellow Puppy – When our friends heard about our family's heartbreak, they gifted us a gigantic (stuffed) dog. This cute puppy's headband wouldn't even fit on my head, and she wears a sweater that could probably fit me – or at least all 4 of my kids in it together... so cute and so thoughtful, and the kids LOVE her!

Zoo lights – With everything that was going on during this December, I'm so thankful that we were able to make it to one of our favorite Christmas destinations this year – the Toledo Zoo for their Lights Before Christmas displays. Beautiful lights in a peaceful atmosphere, and if you get there early enough, you can see some zoo animals, which is probably my favorite thing to do in the whole world!

Hope you had a Merry Christmas, and best wishes for a great New Year!!!

Christmas Traditions

Celebrating Christmas could include food, family, friends, and gifts. Additional Family traditions could have a mandatory attendance to a Christmas Eve Service.

Our family traditions have been ongoing since the day after Thanksgiving. That was when it was 'allowed' to start thinking about Christmas. We could start to break out the Christmas music, movies and decorations. The stockings were hung up, with care, by Dec 6th. Small gifts, some candy and maybe a bit of fresh fruit would fill the stocking. Usually a Christmas ornament would arrive in the stocking, and it could then be hung on the tree.

For the past few years, most traditions have gone by the

wayside. As a family we would still hang up the stockings on 6th, small gifts would be placed there. The Decorations of the past just don't make their appearance. Certain things still show up. We watch many versions of Dickens' 'A Christmas Carol'. There are the many other Christmas movies. And as my children grow up and start their own lives, they get to start their own traditions.

Families expand and contract. Traditions come and go. To share life, love, troubles and sadness are ways to bypass all traditions. In that sharing we find peace and hope.

To you and yours in this season. May you find what you need and have what is required. Merry Christmas.

Parenting Pickle

My almost 10-year-old daughter has a friend I'll call Kathy. Kathy has been over to our house to play with my daughter for years, and we've never really had much of a problem. We've noticed lately that Kathy isn't as well behaved as our daughter's other friends, and she also is not as tolerant of my daughter's younger siblings. Yesterday, Kathy spent about 6 hours with our family, and it was a fun yet tiring day. It was one of the few times we've had an extra kid around and I've noticed extra chaos and strife; usually the extra kid(s) blend right in and sometimes even help out with the little ones. We took Kathy to the mall which is about 20 miles away, and we ate a Mexican buffet, bought the kids candy at the \$ store, and took the kids to the pet store.

Kathy's mother was supposed to come at 6, and since the kids had a late lunch, we were waiting to feed our kids until Kathy was picked up. Kathy's mother was late, and the kids got

hungry, so we tried to stretch our planned dinner for 4 kids into one for 5. It didn't really work, there was some squabbling about food, and Kathy's mother finally showed up around 6:25. On her way out, I called to Kathy who has asthma, "Do you have everything? Do you have your inhaler?" To which she responded, "I still haven't found my inhaler." (like she had told me she was missing it, but she hadn't!) I unlocked the car for her to look in there, and I went up to her mother's car and explained that this is the first I had heard about the missing inhaler. Her mother was extremely rude to me. We didn't find the inhaler, and they left, and I vented to my husband because I don't like when people are upset with me! He was sure that I had misunderstood; that Kathy's mom was upset with Kathy for losing her inhaler. After all, if her mother had told me at any time that Kathy has a tendency to lose her inhaler, she could have asked me to keep a special eye on it, and I would have! But not one word was said – I only know about the inhaler because I've seen her carry it; it was never explained to me.

So then today, our cell phone had some missed calls, and they were Kathy's mom. When my husband called her back, he was sure she had called because they had found the inhaler. No such luck. The frantic phone calls were Kathy's mom asking if we had found it yet and informing us (quite rudely) that if we did not find it, we would owe her \$47 for a new one. So my husband, now knowing that I had NOT overreacted to the rudeness last night, calls the mexican restaurant, and sure enough, they have it. He called Kathy's mom, who basically told us we would have to drive back out the twenty miles each way to get it. But it's Thanksgiving week, we have 4 kids, and my husband works during the day. So she hung up on my husband, and now I'm upset and writing a blog post about it. Here's the pickle:

Kathy is the real victim here. Her mother is mad at her and her friends and their family, and her mother's erratic

behavior is going to isolate her daughter. As it is, Kathy calls our house about 20 times every weekend and is pushy about being invited over – it's hard not to feel like our house might be the only place to where she gets invited. But as a parent, I did not like the negative influence I saw Kathy having on my younger children yesterday, and that was *before* any conflict was had with her mother. My daughter's birthday party is coming up, and I feel badly for both Kathy and my daughter if she isn't invited. On the other hand, I feel this is more than just a parental conflict that can be overlooked for the sake of the kids. I feel a little bit taken advantage of – after all, we invited Kathy to spend the day with our family, and her presence did incur some minor costs. Nothing I would have thought twice about, until I was given flak about our fun day... and I'm 95% sure we told her mother we'd be heading out to the mall ahead of time also, so it wasn't as if it came out of left field! Also, my husband and I are concerned about what Kathy's mom might hold us liable for should we have any further incidents with Kathy at our house or in our care.

So do I let my daughter invite her to the birthday party? Should I say anything to my daughter about this conflict? Do I pay any bills I might get from Kathy's mom for gas, etc? It's just a shame this had to happen; my daughter has plenty of friends whose parents are on the same page with us; we take their kids out all the time without incident, and they even usually say 'thank you!'. I honestly don't feel like we did anything out of the ordinary here... Should I have gotten a babysitter and driven the 40 miles to get the inhaler myself? Honestly, if I had done that though, I might have THROWN it at her when I got back!