

GOOD LUCK BEARS!

I don't have any kids in high school yet, but when I grew up, high school football was a big deal, so I've been kind of following the local high school football team since we moved here, even though there wasn't far to follow them... until now. Our Golden Bears will travel down to Columbus TONIGHT for their first high school football playoff game in school history!!

BEST OF LUCK GUYS – YOUR TOWN IS BEHIND YOU!!!

Poults

I actually ran out of room in my previous post to talk about my little ones, my non-schoolers, so it's time for an update!

The baby, soon to be toddler, Christopher (we call him Beeber since that's what his big sister used to call him) is getting so big and is now probably closer to toddler than baby ☐

He walks while holding onto things, and climbs onto anything within reach! He has recently learned where his tongue is, and if you ask to see it, he will stick it out – awww! He still loves most kinds of fruits; his favorites are strawberries, peaches, pears, and oranges, but he really doesn't like cantaloupe nor tomatoes.

Disney is just about the sweetest thing imaginable. Of course, she is still 2, so occasionally she gets loud, whiny, and insistent. But she is a very thoughtful little girl, and a very unselfish 2-year-old. Case in point: the other day, the girls made macaroni necklaces at our church carnival, and a piece broke off of Sammie's after we got home. Sammie was

launching into a tantrum, when all of a sudden, Disney jumps off my lap and starts to take her own necklace off, saying, "Here Sammie, you can have my necklace." I can't imagine any other 2-year-old capable of such sweetness! Add that to her little pageboy Buster Brown – as Carol calls it – back-to-school haircut, and she is a living doll! Oh, and I forgot to mention, Disney is much admired by her older sisters for her ability to whistle!

Having the two of them together during the day is so fun! A lot of busyness and some mild frustration, but only because of the many messes Beeber makes and the fact that they're both still in diapers. I really need to work on Disney's potty-training. She has her little potty and likes to go in it, but it's not always a priority for her... One of the secrets to harmony in a family with more than a couple of small children is *divide and conquer*. My children are so much better behaved when they are broken into groups of two or sometimes even three. It's really neat to give each sister the chance to be the BIG sister, and Sammie the Kindergartner gets her chance with Disney in the morning before her afternoon Kindergarten, and Disney gets to be Beeber's big sister while the two older girls at school. Back to school time is so fun, and my oldest daughter is really excited about attending her first football game Friday night! I was a little hesitant to let her go; especially after Wednesday evening when I hung out with a pack of 10 seventh grade girls (a new endeavor of ours – we will be leading youth groups on Wednesday nights! More on that later; I'm still grasping the entirety of the situation). Seeing that my daughter is only 3 years away from the ages of these boy-crazy, cellphone-obsessed, "like"-spewing, makeup-toting 'tweens tempted me to buy the **totally** [awesome house on the way to Fort Wayne](#) and lock my 9-year-old daughter in the top of the turret!

But I love where I live and wouldn't dream of leaving, no matter how cool that house is (or how far it would leave us in

debt). The bottom line is, my daughter is a great kid, and I have to learn to trust her to hold her own – she's not going to be *that* type of kid! She acts mature and logical most of the time; helping her little sisters and brother and she deserves to get away from all the little kid stuff in our household to step out with her friends. Perhaps volunteering with this (insanely girly) group of girls (have you ever noticed that if you close your eyes, you can mistake a group of pre-pubescent girls for a gang of wild turkeys??) will prepare me for what's ahead with my 4 home-grown tweens and teens. At least that's what I'm hoping...

(In case you're wondering about the title of this blog post... Poults = baby turkeys. I have 3 daughters and one son. Within a decade, my house will no doubt sound something like a turkey farm!)

You Fell Over The Side Of A What With A Which?

One of my not so graceful moments took place after a high school football game. My cousin and I were riding in the back of my brother's pickup while my parents were in the front driving. While riding, I was wrapped up in the [sousaphone](#) that I played in the marching band. Why I had it on still is a mystery to me. We were turning a corner and all of a sudden... falling over the side was a body wrapped up in a sousaphone. My cousin yelled "Stop!" Mom came running out of the truck to make sure I was all right... yelling at dad because he went around the corner too fast. Actually, I think the instrument took most of the damage. I was more worried about what Mrs. Curtis was going to say Monday about the condition

of the horn (she was more worried about me, of course). To this day, everyone who was involved or knows about the incident gets a chuckle. Shortly after we got back to the school, Chad, Dan, and I left for Columbus where we met my oldest brother, Jeff, to go to Cleveland the next day where the Buckeyes were playing a special game. On the way to Columbus, I had an ice pack over my head. AH, YOUTH.