

# My Kids

Everywhere we go, I get the comment, “You must have your hands full.” Since I usually only have my younger two with me while the older two are in school, people have no idea how right they are! Here are some recent pictures of my angels – they grow so fast and this is for relatives and people who haven’t seen them in awhile:

*Christopher is a Cubs fan, of course!*



*Good thing I checked on Christopher during his “tummy time” – this is what I found and he wasn’t even making a peep!*



*Disney loves her Homer doll even though she calls him “SpongeBob”*



*Here are all 4 of them together: Disney is almost 2, Sammie is 4, Taylor is 8, and Christopher is 2½ months*



*Christopher doesn't have the hang of holding his own bottle yet*



*Everyone says Sammie and Disney look like twins, years apart. Sammie really wanted us to take this picture*

*of them holding her Samantha sign – no one had the heart to tell her it was backwards*



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## The Question Phase – Already?

My daughter Disney is not yet 2 and has already entered the question phase – a time of life when a child asks questions about anything and everything. It seems a little early for this; I don't seem to remember her two older sisters entering the question phase until about 3½ or 4 years old. Heck, at Disney's age Samantha was busy painting with poop!

But as we know, all kids are different (thank goodness for that because we already have a Sammie), and so we welcome Disney's transition into the question phase. Since it's just beginning, she doesn't yet ask questions about how things work, but rather about where her favorite people are. It's really cute since she gets this little inquisitive look on her face and because she's not even 2 yet, her questions aren't very well formed. We know what she means though, and try to answer the best we can. Some of her favorite questions are: "What Daddy doin'?" "Where Taywer (translation: big sister Taylor) go?" "What Sammie doin'?"

I guess most of her questions do revolve around the whereabouts of her loved ones... an example of her super-sweet nature. Disney truly cares about other people and she is such a sweet little girl – always saying please and thank you even when it's not expected of her. So this isn't a full example of the questions phase – that title will be reserved for the sometimes difficult-to-answer questions that revolve around "why"? Like... Why is the sky blue? Why does Sammie get more candy than I do? Why can't we have a kitty? Why do I have to go to school? Why is Mommy's hair turning gray?

Disney's inquisitive face:



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## Kid Rock, Really?

I just might have to start calling myself a Kid Rock fan... ok, no not really, that's going **way** too far.

It all started when I was able to catch a few minutes of country music radio – a rare treat for me because when I'm doing errands in my car every day, I'm usually forced to listen to Kidsongs, VeggieTales, or the like while the kids are watching the car dvd player. But lately, I've been able to catch a few songs on country music radio... I guess it's

because my youngest daughter has been refusing to nap at home during the day, therefore she can't help herself from napping once we get in the car, giving me control of the car stereo, even if it is temporarily. But anyway, country radio has been constantly playing a song that I really like – I heard it again the other day while my husband was getting a haircut, and that's when I decided I needed to look it up, find out what it is and who sings it so I can get it for my own enjoyment. Well, I looked it up, and what I found is that my new favorite "country" song is Kid Rock's latest single called "All Summer Long". For those of you who don't know, Kid Rock is not a country artist – not in my book, anyway... Seems he's been trying to cross over to country for a couple of years now however. His duet with Sheryl Crow called "Picture" hit the top of the country charts a few years ago when it came out. But Kid Rock is most famous for various tabloid fodder; including his relationship with Pamela Anderson and the public brawls he's engaged in. But I think Kid Rock's normal style of music is hard-core. There is a song called "Warrior" by him that is played before movies in the theater, and that song is very reminiscent of 80s heavy metal – I think that's a taste of his usual musical style.

So why the switchover into country? I have one guess – money. It's no secret that country music is the most popular music genre in the United States today. Kid Rock's new song doesn't quite have that country sound, however, but I wouldn't know how else to classify it. It reminds me of late 70's or early 80's classic rock, ala Lynyrd Skynyrd – there is even a tribute to the song "Sweet Home Alabama" in "All Summer Long" – it mentions the song and even replicates its famous guitar lick. But nowadays, I don't know where a song such as this should be categorized, and apparently the music industry felt the same way, so they stuck it in the country genre. It's a really great, feel-good, care-free, summery kind of song... don't know why they didn't rush to get it released at the beginning of the summer. But it's here now, and I'm

enjoying it, even if it is sung by Kid Rock. I just wish he'd make up his mind about where he wants to be musically. Being a country music fan, I despise "posers" and "crossovers" who try to take advantage of country music fans just because they're seen as loyal and dumb. The bait and switch didn't work with me this time – I like the song, but knowing it's Kid Rock did take a little out of it for me. I have a big problem with crossovers – I don't like accepting them into the country music family. I feel that country music is something you either love or you hate, and if these crossovers weren't already involved in country music, chances are they've hated it in the past and should not be allowed to crossover when the time or price is right. You are either a country artist or you're not. Which is why it is to my dismay that this new Kid Rock song is so good.

But all things aside, check out "All Summer Long", it's worth a listen, and let's hope Kid Rock doesn't steal too much thunder away from the real country acts come time for the Country Music Awards that will be airing in November. Judging solely by how much air time he's getting on the radio, I think he has a shot to win some awards for this one – he'll at least get a live performance. I just hope he can behave himself. Surprisingly, given the red-neck reputation of country music's fan base, the annual Country Music Awards is not a place where there is usually scandalous behavior such as fighting or swearing, and let's hope these fly-by-night country crossovers don't ever bring it to that.

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## A Whole New World

During our community theater's run of *The Nerd*, they designated one of the nights "80's Night" since the play was

set in 1985. I enjoyed the opportunity to visit the local thrift stores with a mission – looking for components to complete my 80's look. 2 thrift stores are within walking distance so I just packed up the little ones in the double stroller and off we went. I found things with ease – a gaudy Mickey Mouse sweatshirt that I cut up to make it off-the-shoulder, a black lacy Madonna-like skirt, jelly shoes, hoop earrings, leggings, ankle socks... I was ready to go!

And of course, what 80's look is complete without makeup and lots of it? I read a hint on a website about dressing for 80's parties – “In the 80's, we didn't accessorize – we “excessorized” and LOVED it!” So I braided my wet hair in the morning, and by evening when I took out the braids, I achieved the “crimped” hair look I was going for. I pulled out the electric blue nail polish (though I ended up regretting that later since I forgot to buy nail polish remover and I was stuck with electric blue nail polish for a few days until I had the time to get to Walmart – OOPS), and I piled on the purple and blue eye shadow. It was lots of fun to get dressed up like a goofball – I may consider being an 80's time machine traveler for Halloween. But anyway, while I was getting ready for 80's night, I had a flock of admirers. My 3 little girls aren't used to me putting on makeup, dressing up, painting my nails, or spending lots of time on my hair (note to self – next time I dress 80's, I need some Aquanet!) – I'm just not the kind of gal who does – or has the time to do, for that matter – these things regularly. It was like a whole new world for them, and they gawked in awe as they watched me get ready. My oldest kept running up to her room to look for jewelry to use – everyone wanted to help, which was like a whole new world for *me*.

80's night was a few weeks ago, and the girls are still asking to have their nails painted and for us to do each other's makeup, much to my husband's dismay. He's never liked makeup and says he wants our girls to be at least 18 before they can



wear it. I've tried explaining to him that there is something innate in little girls that make them like dressing up and putting makeup on – it's just how little girls are made. Being a male, he doesn't get it of course, and so I imagine we'll have many a debate in this house once the girls get to the teenage years and want to wear makeup regularly. For now, I don't have a problem using it as a "toy" once in a while, as long as it's supervised and I can guide my girls to having the right opinions about makeup, especially when it comes to self-esteem issues – makeup does not make you prettier, you do not NEED makeup, it can be harmful to your face if you use it incorrectly, etc. So until they become teenagers, this is a way we can have fun together, and I also view it as an important bonding experience. One of the things I remember doing with my sister the most while we were growing up is her doing my hair and makeup, and I don't remember ever fighting while we were doing that. Anyone who knows my girls realizes how much we need an activity that Taylor and Sammie can do together without fighting! So if you see me walking around with a hideous makeup job someday, just remember that my face was probably painted by an 8, 4, or 2 year old!

**\*\*YOU ASKED FOR IT!!!\*\***





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# Pedal To The Metal

Yes, a fun day indeed, if you read Jamiahsh's blog, then you know what I'm talking about. To get our minds off of certain medical dramas (not like House or Grey's Anatomy or anything like that – our real-life medical dramas taking place right now are much worse than some crappy tv), we decided to have a day of fun. It began with go-carting, which is always fun but even more so if you can fill up the track and drive with people you know – which we were able to do. I like the place we went to because they don't charge any extra if you take a kid along with you, and seeing as how we had a few nice adults who didn't mind chauffeuring some little kids, all 3 of our daughters got to go around the track a bunch of times. But I'm the dummy who forgot my camera, so I didn't get a picture of my little almost 2-year-old in a go-cart like I wanted. It's funny because I had the camera with me, just forgot to use it, which should signal how scatter-brained I've been lately because of the worry and lack of sleep resulting from my husband's as-yet-unidentified medical condition. And while we're on that subject, we won't know anything until next week now, because they've ordered further tests for Thursday, and they won't get the results back until next week. But they've eliminated gallstones, so at least we know that much. He blogged a little update [here](#).

But anyway, enough *tangents*, back to the fun day. After go-carting, we decided to practice in the batting cages for our upcoming annual theater softball game. The batting cages reminded me how hilarious last year's game was – I mean, theater people playing softball? It was a riot!

After that, we went to a nice little restaurant we like on the river. If you sit outside, you get to enjoy the beautiful

weather, the view, and a game of cornhole while you wait for your food. I like cornhole; if anyone has a set, we should bring it to the theater family fun day and play that along with softball... Why is it called cornhole? Is that a NW Ohio term for it? They have that where I come from in Illinois too, but I don't think they call it cornhole. In case you aren't from NW Ohio and you don't know what I'm talking about, I'm referring to the game with the wooden ramps with holes in them... you have 2 of these and station them about 15-20 feet apart with half of the team at each end; then you throw bean bags into the holes – hopefully.

After dinner, the kids fell apart (what else is new? They've been acting HORRIBLY lately!), so we had to leave, but I hear the rest of the group went mini-golfing. I was actually tempted to mini-golf earlier in the day but I knew the kids would drive me nuts because they get bored of it after about 6 holes. So we left, thinking maybe the kids would fall asleep in the car, giving me and hubby a much-deserved and needed night alone together to watch a movie. Didn't happen. And starting with the kids spazzing out at the restaurant about bees (and there weren't that many – our almost 9-year-old is a wimp about certain things and her craziness got her sisters going – don't you love how they chain-react to one another? Hence the name of my blog), things went from bad to worse.

I'm going to blame Carol and Megan for this one, since they brought it up earlier in the day, but what a coincidence – we got pulled over on the way home. So thanks Carol and Megan for jinxing us!! Just kidding, of course it's not your fault... I guess poor Chris really got used to putting the pedal to the metal on those darn go-carts. The state highway patrol officer who pulled us over had the personality of a housefly, and she wasn't going to act like a human being and be thankful we weren't drunk driving or even think about giving us a break on labor day, so our fun day ended up being pretty expensive when you include the \$100 speeding ticket.

Our luck SUCKS lately, but if we can get the all-clear on my husband's health, then I will stop complaining.

Oh yeah, so anyway, when we got home, our almost-2-year-old was the last one awake, and since she had only napped for about 10 minutes during the day, we thought we were almost home-free for a nice evening together – WRONG! About 30 minutes into the movie, our oldest came down, asking for a snack. No biggie, but “Did you wake your sister?” we asked her, panicked beyond belief because our 4-year-old has been a little hellian again lately. She said she didn't think she woke her up, but 5 minutes later, guess what happens? Sammie comes down the stairs, and now we're in the middle of an R rated movie with all 3 kids awake and downstairs. So much for our peaceful early night, sigh. We sent the oldest 2 upstairs, and that's actually the last we heard from Sammie, believe it or not. Disney, the youngest besides the baby (and he's not old enough to cause any trouble yet, thank goodness!), got so OVER-tired that she started crying for about 45 minutes straight until she finally fell asleep. But then Taylor, the oldest, must have come down the stairs at least 3 more times because she was worried about various bugs that were in her room and in the house, according to her anyway. If this were still the age of the VCR, our movie would have been eaten by the VCR by now because of all the pausing and unpausing we were doing... but ultimately, we just gave up anyway because I was falling asleep during the first part of the movie, and we could tell Taylor was going to be “bugging” us all night... So we missed the end of [No Escape](#) – some crappy [Ray Liotta](#) action film from the 90's. I think it was crappy anyway, I really didn't see much of it – let me know if it's any good and maybe we'll go back to it.

But for what it was worth, the day provided a nice distraction from the worries that have been plaguing us lately, so thanks to all who participated. Now we just have to wait *another* week to find out more medical test results... ugh, I hate the

waiting!

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# **Kids Write the Darndest Email Forwards**