

# Switching Planets

This year, I've decided to join my local MOPs group (Mothers Of Preschoolers). We've only had two meetings, but so far, I really like it. At this last meeting, we had a video speaker who discussed the move between "Planet Me" and "Planet Mom". It was discussed how important it is for moms to maintain some of their personality traits and hobbies, even though time might be lacking. After all, as the video pointed out, the word "Mommy" sounds like "Mom" and "me" put together. After the video, one of the discussion questions was "What are some of the activities you gave up when you moved from Planet Me to Planet Mom?" Most of the women at my table agreed that we can no longer do our crafts, but we didn't really have time to be more specific. The crafts I used to enjoy before I really lost the time for them were oil painting and Legos. True, I don't really have a natural artistic knack, but I would get those paint-by-number kits (back when they were a little bit higher quality than they seem to be nowadays); I would complete them and they'd turn out so pretty that I'd hate to have to tell people that I painted-by-number.

Another thing I enjoyed before I had kids was sorting and building with my extensive Lego collection I amassed over the years. It took just one curious toddler to make me abort that hobby, and the Legos got packed away years ago when my oldest began to toddle. Little pieces are the most fun part of the collection, and we couldn't risk her putting those little pieces into her mouth or who-knows-where-else. So I packed away the Legos, and somehow the entire collection followed me throughout our moves around the midwest and resides with me today, albeit packed away in the basement. There hasn't been a shortage (blessfully) of little ones in our house for the past 10 years, so the Legos probably won't see the light of day for at least a few more years – gotta wait until the little dude is old enough to play rather than destroy or get

hurt with them. So let it be known that I miss my Legos, but I am thankful to still have them and even to be adding to the collection whenever I can catch a cool set on a great sale – usually after Christmas. Many empty-nesters turn their kids' bedrooms into something of their choosing when the kids grow up and move away, like a gym, an office, or a rec room, but I already have plans for a Lego studio, where I hope to one day be able to build super-cool things like this:



I'd also like to build a replica of my house as well as a local historic building:



Now that would be cool, but very difficult. But if I had more time, the sky is the limit! My favorite sets are house or city-themed sets, and I also really like vintage Lego sets. Does anyone remember [Fabuland](#)? It was a series of more

colorful Lego sets that featured animals as characters rather than the popular and better known Lego “mini-figs”.

Just because I don’t have the room now to be able to spread out and work with my Lego collection, doesn’t mean that I can’t look at cool things other people have built online, especially now that I’ve officially and publicly declared myself a dork on my blog!

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## He Is A-Ok!

Our little guy had his 15-month check-up with the pediatric nurse the other day. Yes, this is the same nurse who can be a harsh critic when it comes to things like sippie cups, bottles, and anything else she perceives as leading to bad oral habits in adults; namely smoking and drinking alcohol.

She gave our little Beeber a few age-appropriate skill tests, such as stacking blocks (he stacked them ALL, which is very impressive, even to the experienced nurse – might I consider sharing my Lego collection with a certain little builder in a few years?), following a flashlight with his eyes, and throwing and catching a tennis ball. He did really well with all of them, but I felt badly for the little guy because he did everything that was asked of him, but after he performed the test with each toy, he seemed to assume that he would then have his turn to play with them. But nurse Judy swiped them all away before he knew what was happening. It all became too much for him when she started poking him with that nasty wood-tasting gag stick – who can blame him for crying; I could never stand that thing either! And, in a true kid’s toast to irony, he began to cry the moment the nurse asked, “Is he always this mild-mannered?” Then, “WAHHHH!”. Hilarious!

Our 15-month old (and first boy of the family) is 31 inches long and 22 lbs. 11 oz. He is in the 40th percentile for height and 25th percentile for weight. This means that if you take a sample of 100 15-month-olds, my son is shorter than 60 of them and lighter than 75. He is the first one of my kids to be under the 50% mark. Two of the girls were around the 90-100% mark, so Beeber is a little guy! That's cool; you can be good at baseball if you're on the smaller side ☐

Overall, he checked out very well and impressed the nurse with his development. Although he gets into so much trouble at home with his constant climbing and desire to spill liquids and throw things, it's still a blast to witness this stage of toddler-dom. Case in point: