

Ann Vows To...

Ok... I think I'm safe. Last weekend was extremely fun and wonderful. I had been telling my friends that if they needed any help with their anniversary celebration to let me know. Friday, I was pleased to get the call to action. I was asked to undertake the daunting task of printing the vows which would be read for the renewal. Not really daunting, but I had to be careful to find the right place to tear the paper. It would not sound quite right to have them read part of the other's vows. I did not want to read the words on the paper so it would not spoil the moment. After making contact with my lovely escort for the evening and deciding to meet each other at the theatre, I set out to help.

When I arrived, there was a note on the door indicating that the couple was at the local China Garden. So, I drove over there instead of waiting for them to come to me. When I got to the restaurant, I saw no sign of the burgundy vehicle I have become so accustomed to. So, thinking that I must have missed them, I drove back to the house. As I was making the short walk from the theatre's parking lot to the house, what should appear but the vehicle I had been hunting.

After the groom and I checked out the reception area, I headed to Wal-Mart to pick up the cake and pick out some flowers for a bouquet as well as pick up some ointment for the little guy. I did not hear any complaints about my choice so I will say I done good.

I have never been to a vow renewal ceremony. But I will say that I don't think that any couple deserved to celebrate their ten years of marriage more. The more I am around these two the more I see how much genuine love, respect, and admiration there is between them. Their vows were very beautifully written. The entire ceremony was magic.

The reception was a blast. I once again was able to demonstrate my phenomenal dancing ability. I do a mean Hokey Pokey. And dancing beside a nine year old in the Macarena was priceless to say the least.

So... Thank you for allowing me to be a small part of your 10 Year Celebration. May you both live to see your children's children's children and may your love continue to grow even more abundantly every minute, every hour, every day.

Celebrating A Decade Of Love

Well, more than a decade, actually – Friday is the 10th anniversary of our wedding day, although we were together for a few years before we got married. We would actually have celebrated our 10th anniversary over a year ago if we had gone through with an elopement at the chapel in the Mall of America we contemplated back in the day, but we had a beautiful wedding a year and a half later instead. At the time, I was sure I had the man of my dreams, so it wasn't cold feet stopping me, but I guess I was just too immature to get out from the parental nest at the time to get married after only knowing my husband for a few weeks – I was only nineteen, after all, twenty by the time we actually tied the knot – not even old enough to legally toast my own marriage – hehe! But anyway, back to the awesome weekend here in 2009...

We had a wonderful anniversary celebration. Our family and friends are so awesome; we had a great time and got lots of lovely gifts, including a brand-new top notch microwave – now I just have to figure out how to work it! But seriously, that was so nice; they didn't have to do that – we were just glad they came to celebrate with us. We had a little ceremony at

the community theater that's become such a huge part of our lives, and I was SO nervous for WEEKS beforehand about getting on stage and talking in front of people. The Sunday before the ceremony, my husband and I actually had it worked out where HE would read the vows I wrote to him. But as the week went on, I just couldn't rest with that decision – I wanted to say how I felt and be the one to read my own words – and I'm really glad I found it in myself to do so. Besides, my anxiety about the event actually calmed as the day went on – the miracle I was praying for, maybe? A small miracle; no one's life or health was at stake, but I was far from my normal “freak out”, and that was new for me. So maybe I will find it within myself to audition for Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, ha. I do love the show and could probably handle being in the chorus, but I don't think I'd be able to sing in front of the director to try out. And what if I actually did that and didn't even get cast in the chorus – YIKES! Just not worth it to me – I'll have to settle for taking my usual role as “groupie” and seeing every performance if my husband makes it into the show.

So anyway, back to this weekend – after the ceremony, we went across the street and had dinner, which was very good. There was dancing, ahem, “dancing” – better put it in quotes because, well, you'd understand if you saw the video, hehe. But the usual party dances were fun as always – The Chicken Dance, YMCA, The Macarena – though time has allowed me to forget how to do that one – I'll have to practice for the next party! It was awesome to spend the evening with family and friends and to watch my little ones dance in their gorgeous matching outfits my mom had made for them – here's a pic of my two middle girls, Disney and Samantha with their cousin Austin:



And it was super-fun to be able to slow dance with hubby again – been awhile since we got to do that too! Thank you sweetheart, for the best 10 years of my life – I love you!

And for all the guests who attended and are reading this, thanks SO much for coming – it was a BLAST!!! See you in 10! Well, ok, see you before that, but we do plan on doing this again for our 20th anniversary!

The Mayor And The Macarena – Part Deux

About a year ago, I had a blog post called “The Mayor And The Macarena”. It was about my family’s first roller skating outing (it was a birthday party for the Girl Scouts organization), and my post was so titled because our county’s only roller skating rink is owned and operated by the town mayor. Not quite being fully assimilated to small town living, I guess, I got a big kick out of watching the mayor play DJ; especially when he spun old has-been but essential tunes for us to dance to on our roller skates like “The Macarena”, “YMCA”, “The Chicken Dance”, and “The Hokey Pokey”. So it’s that time of year again – Happy Birthday Girl

Scouts! – and we attended the birthday party at the roller rink again on Sunday. That reminds me, did you know that the infamous chicken dance now has lyrics?

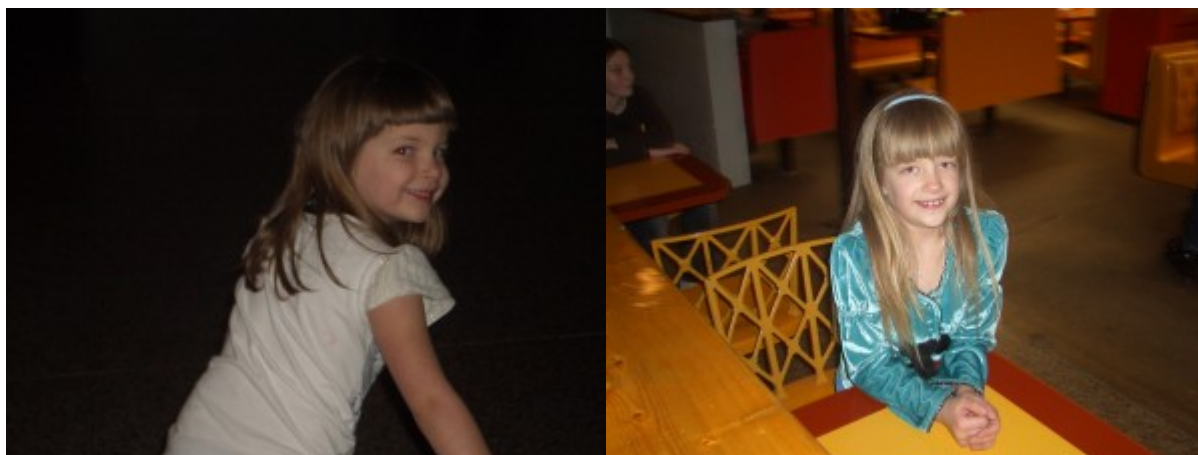
“I don’t wanna be a chick,
I don’t wanna be a duck,
I just wanna shake my butt”
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

Well, that was news to me because as far as I knew, the chicken dance was just that – a dance with motions and no lyrics, but I bet you can guess which word the kids absolutely LOVED putting the emphasis upon... ah, kids!

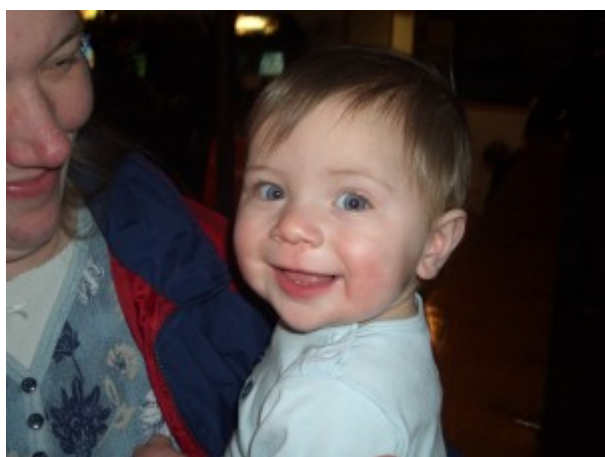
Coincidentally, our Girl Scout’s younger sister was also invited to a birthday party at the roller rink on Sunday. Which meant 5 straight hours of roller skating! After 5 hours, the girls had showed so much improvement! We even got skates for our 2-year-old, but those skates were practically bigger than she was, and they were so heavy, she didn’t have a chance:



But like I said, after a few hours on the skating floor, the older two really got the hang of it, despite a few spills and some breaks, err, rest periods, not broken bones, thank goodness!



The girls' baby brother even had a great time singing and bopping along with the music...



A great way to cap off an extremely busy weekend... we had so much fun, I think we'll make a few more trips over there even *before* the Scout's party comes around again next year!

The Mayor and the Macarena



We went roller skating tonight for the first time in... well,

ever, for most of us. My husband and I have never been roller skating together, and we go back 11 years, so needless to say, none of the kids have tried it before tonight. The kids had a great time, and I was surprised to see how well our 3-year-old picked it up! It doesn't surprise me too much though – she's always been the “physical” one. Our 8-year-old is more creative and into arts and crafts than physical stuff, but she did well too... I was surprised that when she kept falling, she didn't get frustrated or upset or cry (for the first hour anyway) because she is a perfectionist with a VERY low pain tolerance. Sure enough, by the end of the night, Taylor (the 8-year-old) was “hurt” and crying. It was still lots of fun though. And, living in an area with a small population is where the title The Mayor and the Macarena comes in – The mayor is the owner of the skating rink, and was spinning the tunes tonight. When he played Macarena, hilarity ensued – I think he has the skating rink so he has a place to blast his '80's and 90's music.

