

A Post About Nothing

This post is about nothing because I should be in bed. I'm writing as a way to vent because I can't sleep. We've let our daughter have sleepovers pretty much constantly for the past 2 weeks. We've run into some of her friends and figured what a better way to end summer in a fun way than with some sleepovers, especially with these friends we don't see often.

Problem is, all these girls seem to lose track of the rest of the world when they're together. They run up and down the stairs like a herd of elephants (I am SO not going to mention this out loud – what could scar a sensitive pre-teen girl more than comparisons to the largest land mammal??), they giggle incessantly, and they BURST into our bedroom at midnight complaining of a scary noise. And that's what led me here. Having a group of kids burst into my room as I'm trying to relax with some quiet reading time at midnight apparently set off my adrenal glands – big time. It's now almost 1 am, and I can't even think of laying down again for fear of my quiet bubble being burst yet again. My adrenaline is pumping so hard; I feel like I've just ridden a roller coaster or like I'm about to deliver a speech. The kicker is, with little or no sleep, how I am going to be able to supervise 6 kids tomorrow – with one of them being a VERY exploratory 10-month-old?? I don't know how it's going to work. All because of a scary noise. Well, unfortunately for this group of self-absorbed 'tweens, they're about to find out that a long day with a very tired and grumpy Mom is *infinitely* more scary than any kind of noise or bump in the night.

Good luck, girls.

Does Anyone Really Know What Time It Is?

AHHH, Chicago... great band that saw its heyday in the 1980s, but this is not about one of their signature songs.

My tale begins nearly two weeks ago when I had admin, taylhis, and their 4 young'uns over for an evening of fun. Of course when you get a group of kids together one thing inevitably arises: SLEEPOVER! I was young once upon a time and remember those days quite well. So, I helped arrange a date which my niece (not to be confused with another) Elizabeth could possibly stay over with her new chums. This took a bit of doing since Elizabeth would be spending a week or so with her mother.

Finally, we decided that we would all go to the opening of the WCCT's youth theatre extravaganza. This was not a problem with my brother – at first. When I first asked, there was nothing going on. Then everything snowballed. Thursday night was fine... BUT... Elizabeth had to be home the next morning by 10AM. Wednesday, I was informed that she had to be home by 9AM so they could make their way to Columbus before COSI closed.

Now for the title of the post, Elizabeth rode her bike to the store to fill me in. In so doing, she kept insisting that it was Thursday instead of Wednesday. I kept offering logic to the contrary but there was no convincing the 9 year old. It was nearly 6PM; I get off Thursday at 2PM. But there was no convincing her. I wonder if she really thought that it was indeed Thursday or she really does need to be in the youth production next summer.

I hope the little ones had as much fun as the older kids. The 37 kids on stage were all adorable. Maybe [Tay](#) will post about

the experiences the kids had during the sleepover.

Hannah's Wish

Our 4-year-old daughter Samantha is having her first sleepover tonight. She's been here when her older sister had friends sleep over, but tonight it's her friend, just for Sammie. Four years old is a little bit young to have a sleepover. And tonight is the second sleepover in a row since older sister Taylor had a friend sleep over last night. I don't usually condone two sleepovers in a row because that would make for a very crabby Sunday. But this is a special sleepover.

Sammie's friend, Hannah, is an extraordinary little girl. She was born with a condition that made her spine grow into her brain. My daughter knows her from preschool, and then she was invited to Hannah's 4th birthday party – that's where we learned of her condition. In the weeks after the party, Sammie called Hannah to see if she could come over and play, but Hannah could not – she was scheduled to have brain surgery in early December, but it was postponed because she suffered a seizure and was also diagnosed with asthma. Then she underwent the brain surgery just before Christmas, and Sammie called her to see how she was doing. For an entire week after the surgery, Hannah was bedridden and in constant pain. She couldn't come to the phone, much less go anywhere to play. Now she's feeling better, although her symptoms are starting to reappear. So crabby Sunday, shmabby shmunday – my kids are having 2 sleepovers in a row.

Hannah's recovery wish was to sleep over at Sammie's house. And even if it involved a 4-year-old with a double sleepover, what parent would be able to refuse Hannah's wish?

Blankie Woes

I think 8 is too old for a blankie. I mean, it's ok to have one at that age, but only if it doesn't interfere with daily life. On February 19, I made a post in my blog about the same subject – the post is called Blankies. It's funny to read that post now and see how far we've come, yet we've also gone no where on this issue at the same time. My 8-year-old daughter has this raggedy blankie that goes everywhere with her... well, that's not accurate – it would if it could, but I put the kabosh on that long ago. It got so bad that if we didn't remember it to go out to eat or walmart or somewhere simple like that, the whole family would pay the price. So, probably about a year ago now, I said, that's it, blankie stays home. I got tired of the liability involved also. If we brought it to a restaurant or anywhere for that matter and it got dirty, I would have to wash it immediately when we got home or else it wouldn't be ready for bed time that night, and my daughter would put up a huge fuss. Now it's gotten to the point where I'm worried it won't make it through the wash in one piece. Heck, it's barely in one piece as it is.

A few weeks ago, I said, it's time for the blankie to stay upstairs. It's only for bed and that's it. My daughter would bring it down in the morning, then she'd leave for school all day, and I got tired of tripping over it while doing housework. She hasn't been listening to that rule very well... and old habits die hard, I guess. The other day, she brought it downstairs and left it on the couch where little sister came and sat on it. Problem was, little sister had just wet the bed, so needless to say, blankie needed a wash. Somehow, I did not find out about this until bedtime that night, when a huge fuss was made about blankie not being available for

bedtime. I was not about to do a load of laundry at 10 at night, especially on a Sunday, which is technically (though it never works out this way with a family of 5 almost 6 and 3 of them little kids), my day off laundry. Not only that, but the blankie would not have been ready for at least an hour anyway, and it was already bedtime. There was much struggle and lots of tears, but she did finally spend a night without her beloved blankie. And guess what? She survived unscathed!

A few weeks ago, she had a sleepover for girl scouts. The rules were, bring a sleeping bag or a blanket, so she planned on bringing her blankie, which is holey, threadbare, and of no use when it comes to keeping someone warm. Not only that, but she is at a good age for kids to start making fun of her for something like that, and both my husband and I know from experience that kids do not forget things easily! She has a really nice sleeping bag that she's never actually gotten to use at a sleepover yet, so we convinced her to just bring that... or so we thought. She packed her own overnight bag, and I didn't think to check for contraband. The next day when I unpacked the overnight bag, I found the stowaway blankie. I felt so duped.

Ironically, as I'm writing this very post, my husband came downstairs and said, "Taylor can't find her blankie. She is really upset about it and crying." It was downstairs today, even though it wasn't supposed to be, so I know I had to add it to my huge load of laundry to bring upstairs... I told him to pass the message to Taylor that if I find it down here again, it will be gone forever because I am so sick of the whole situation. And I haven't done anything with it yet, honest, tempting as it may be. Don't get me wrong, I'm not mean or cruel, and I don't have a problem with kids needing a comfort item, even at 8. But when that item interferes with daily life, and one cannot function without it, then I believe it's time for a change. She should hope Dad or I don't find the blankie first – we are pretty fed up

with the situation and cannot guarantee the safety of the blankie should we come across it!