

... where laughter lives



**FUNNY
THINGS
OUR
KIDS
DO**

Brent Riggs

Thank you to God, for being
merciful to me, a sinner.

Thank you to my darling wife
and constant companion, without
whom nothing I do or write would
be a whole lot of fun.

Thank you to my kids, for providing me
constant fodder for content and all
the hugs and kisses I could ever want.
And attitude, and dirty diapers, and...

Thank you to you dear readers who
have helped us through a difficult
time with our daughter's cancer. We
cannot express how grateful we are
for your prayers and encouragement.

Thank you to my family and friends,
who keep on supporting and
encouraging me as I chase the
dream of writing and publishing.

Special thanks to Terri for proofing,
and Candy for letting me put the
beautiful Kya Blu on the cover.

~Brent

...Where Laughter Lives: Funny Things Our Kids Do

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Don't you hate having to say all that just to keep from getting sued for no reason?



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Participate in our publications:

Visit our blog where we have weekly features. Currently we have:

Laughter Lives Tuesday! Pray For Me, Pray For You

We also routinely put up posts on the blog and ask readers for comments and stories that become part of the series. Often the content and comments are published in Serious.Life Magazine (free subscriptions!).

Our blogs are a great community of great people. You'll learn a lot, feel a lot, care a lot and be moved a lot.

Here's they are:

riggsfamilyblog.com
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seriousfaith.com
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We love our readers!

Feel free to contact me any time:
brent@brentriggs.com

funny things our kids do

BRENT...

This little book is part of our "Laughter Lives Tuesday" series on Riggs Family Blog (www.riggfamilyblog.com).

Join us every Tuesday on the blog for a good laugh and a lot of fun.

The theme of this edition is "funny things our kids do". I

kicked off the party with a few of our own kid's stories:

LANDIS CHANGES HIS MIND

Landis, two years old, was sitting at the table in the kitchen while I (Brent) was cooking dinner.

I was talking about something to Garrett (16 year old brother), and Landis bellows out a

command in our direction: “I said BE quiet!”

I looked over at him with my best “oh no you didn’t” mad Drill Sergeant look, and asked him:

“WHAT did you say???”

Landis with a completely changed tone and demeanor, sheepishly informed me, “I said, I sowwry”.

GARRET DOES FIREBALLS

Okay, he’s going to kill me for telling you this one, but we have laughed over it for years. A few years ago, he’s 16 now, Garrett came into possession of a entire bag of Atomic Fireballs. All was well that Friday evening as we went to bed, and left him to enjoy a movie and his fireballs in the living room.

The next morning, I walk down the hall, and I was immediately puzzled to find several “half consumed” fireballs on the floor. Then I go into the bathroom, and there are several more on the sink, and a bunch in the bathtub... all HALF eaten, sucked on, consumed... whatever. Sticky, half-gone-atomic-fireballs.

So I trek off to the living room to find him, and there are about 20 more fireballs on the living room floor here and there. When I asked him “WHY????” he had absolutely no explanation, just that he loved fireballs. He genuinely had no good reason why he would suck on one for a little bit, then just discard it wherever he was. Not put in the trash, not in one pile, just randomly, all over the house,

wherever he happened to be.
Bizarre!!

All of us, even him, still get a roaring laugh out of remembering that scene even now. It was even more funny because he simply had no answer or reason why he did it. It just “was”.

MY BROTHERS KID

We are sitting in the back of a big church one Sunday. My older brother and his family were up in the second row with their children. The Preacher is a-preachin’ away.

Their five year old girl gets up, leaves the auditorium to go to the bathroom or something. When she comes back in, she starts tip-toeing down the aisle, stealth mode, slowly sneaking

up to the front row. This was a 100 ft of aisle, and everyone she passes can hardly keep from laughing, and the Preacher is now sneaking curious glances her way, trying to act like nothing is happening.

She gets all the way down the aisle to the 2nd row, creeps up behind her Daddy, and yells “BOO!!!!!!” at the top of her lungs. The whole church erupted in a roar, even the Preacher had to simply stop, laugh, and acknowledge the obvious. I bet God even got a laugh out of that one! Blessed are the children...

Out of 500 hundred people busting a gut laughing, there were only TWO who were not. Can you guess which two people were NOT laughing?

SAMI LEARNS ENGLISH

Sami is 10 years old from Ethiopia and is just learning English. The other day I was pestering her and teasingly said “get over here so I can whomp your fanny...” to which she replied, “You can whip yo’ momma’s fanny!” Ah, America... where kids learn “yo mama” before they even learn proper English.

WEENIE, WEENIE, WEENIE

Like any family, we have some words that our kids will try out, and then we tell them “we don’t say that word.” Like any family, we have kids who figure out ways to beat the system. Even kids with cancer are still kids.

Abby decided the other day to declare to all of us that “Landis has a weenie”, which of course

he does, and which of course we already knew. But “weenie” is obviously one of those “hee, hee... snicker, snicker” words for a three year old.

We laughed the first time she said it, and that just spurred her to greater heights. So I had to tell her, “Abby, don’t say weenie. That’s enough, don’t say it again.”

Not to be deterred, she now obediently informs us: “We can’t say weenie. Daddy said don’t say weenie. I don’t say weenie. Weenie is not a word we can say. So I don’t say weenie anymore.”

So as you can see, Abby no longer says “weenie”.

~ ~ ~ ~

Those were our funny stories and what follows are stories readers posted.

While we did some general proofing and spell-checking, I didn't play EDITOR too much, because I wanted the stories to retain the blog owners style which can range from professional to "interesting"... but that just makes it more fun!

~ ~ ~ ~

The Smith Family

**HAYDENCOOPER.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

One story that still makes us crack up is about our son Cooper. He has never been able to say my cousin's name correctly. Instead of saying "Joseph" he has pronounced it

"Jofess." We have all adopted this and it has become his nickname. Cooper is now almost 12 and a few years ago at camp he had a boy in his cabin named...yep you guessed it "Joseph".

When Cooper came home he was telling us all about his experiences and all the kids he met. He started listing all the kids in his cabin. Our conversation went something like this. "Well there was John, and Matt, and Jeffrey, and Jofess." I started laughing out loud along with my husband and daughter and asked him if he really called him Jofess the whole time. He said of course he did because it was HIS NAME! Duh mom.

It then dawned on me that he REALLY thought that was his name. I explained to him that this had turned into a nickname because he had not been able to say it correctly. Cooper, with a dumbfounded look on his face, says “Thanks a lot. You have been letting me say the wrong name for 10 YEARS and never told me!

We still laugh about that conversation. My cousin Joseph visited us a few weeks ago and said he hopes we call him that forever!

Every Day Is A Crazee Day... CRAZEESCOTTS. BLOGSPOT.COM

You see, it all begins with garage sale pajama britches. I know you're asking, what's so funny about pajama britches that you purchased for a quarter at a garage sale?!? Well, these pajama britches are my BIG MAMA britches. THEY ARE HUGE! They're ugly, and I love them. They are so comfy. But every other member of my family loathes them.

This past Saturday, I was proudly strutting around in my BIG MAMA britches, when my oldest, M, says, “Mama, those pants are so big, I'm pretty sure I'd fit in there with you...” And then she

proceeds to chase me around the house trying to “pants me.” (Pull my BIG MAMA britches down to the ground.)

When she has no luck pantsing, (is that a word???), she then said, “Mama, let me see if we both fit in those pants..and if we do, you have to throw them away.” So, I let her jump in the BIG MAMA pants too.... Let’s just say, she fit with room to spare. Little sis, H, thought this was so hilarious that she grabbed her digital camera to snap a picture.... I mean seriously, what could be funnier than your mom and your sister in the FREAKISHLY UGLY, but very comfortable BIG MAMA pants???. Instinct quickly took over for M, when she saw her sister with the camera, (and

forgetting that she was kind of in a “three-legged race situation” where teamwork was the only way to stay vertical and be mobile), she tries to run to her sister to snatch the camera, thus jerking my leg out from under me in the process. This results in a fall that probably measured a solid 10 on the Richter scale, because we hit the floor hard.... The pain was definitely a factor, but we were laughing so hard the pain was secondary... because although we were both laying on the floor, (still in the BIG MAMA pants mind you), M had the camera in her hand...and the look of shock on H’s face was priceless. Somehow, in all of the chaos, M managed to grab the camera from H on her way

to a face to face meeting with the floor.

When I asked her how she managed that, she said..."Mom, I told you no EMBARRASSING pictures of me on the blog..." So you see, my daughter is willing to go to extremes to "save face" OR NOT SAVE FACE in this case...to keep from mom/blog embarrassment.... the efforts of which I totally just ruined... (but I got permission first, because she said, she could always DENY, DENY, DENY...) after all... the proof would have been in the pictures...

Oh and by the way, I did have to throw the BIG MAMA pants away, because that was the

deal. Hmm, but at least they went out with a bang.

Never Gives Up **WHITTYBROOKE.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

A couple of months ago, the kids and I were riding somewhere together in the van. Delancey, who is 3, had gotten in trouble for something earlier and was obviously still thinking about it because she suddenly said, Momma, why do some 'people' (I'm assuming she's including herself in that group!) do bad things? And before I could answer her myself, Dathan, who's 5, speaks up and says, "Cause we're all just born sinners, Delancey!!" I still laugh every time I think of it. :-)

As some of you may know, Alabama has 2 college football teams and it's a really big thing around here for most people to root for either one team or another. We could really care less, even though my husband actually graduated from one of them, but somehow Dathan has kinda got caught up in the 'fever' a little bit this year.

Of course he's for Auburn since that's where Blake went to school while my brother is an Alabama fan. So he likes to aggravate Dathan about it and they tease each other by saying 'Roll Tide' or 'War Eagle'. Long story short, when they played each other this year Auburn lost but Dathan still insisted on calling and telling Trent 'War Eagle'

just to prove he was still loyal I guess. They talked for a minute and then he hung up the phone. Delancey had been sitting there listening and she got so upset when he hung up and said, "But I wanted to tell him 'Rawhide'!" It took us a minute to realize she thought that's what they'd been saying instead of roll tide. Now that was funny!! :-)

Growing In God's Grace **BLOGGINGWITHBETHANY.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

One of my favorites happened when our son, Connor, now age four, was nearly three. Connor, having been nursed until just before his second birthday, is a little "breast obsessed." He still remembers what it was like

to nurse and periodically asks Mommy why he can no longer nurse. I typically answer that nursing is for babies and Connor is a big boy now, and also tell him that there isn't any milk left in my breasts. Shortly after he was weaned, he used to talk about refilling my breasts with milk and would try to use his sippie cup or a water bottle to refill them so that he could nurse again. I would tell him that it wouldn't work, that God is the one who fills mommies' breasts with milk for their babies to drink.

We were over at our friend's house shortly after she had a new baby, and Connor noticed that she was nursing her infant. He exclaimed, "Look Mama! God filled Shell's breasts up with

milk! Isn't that great?" I tried to ignore him, which only made him repeat it louder and louder until I acknowledged that it was, indeed wonderful that God had filled Michelle's breasts with milk.

Out of the mouths of babes, right?

Reinventing Dorsey

**REINVENTINGDORSEY.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Last summer, when Kali was still two years old, she was visiting my house while I happened to be having a snack of tortilla chips & salsa. She decided she was hungry too and asked if she could have some. I handed her a chip from my plate and she gave me a look like something

isn't quite right, followed by the words. "I want some of that too." The salsa wasn't on the mild side, so I gingerly dipped the edge of a chip in the salsa and handed it to her. She then gave me a disgusted look and demanded for me to "Dip it Hard!" I almost rolled on the floor laughing. She was so serious and yes, I dipped it hard, and she ate it and asked for more.

Very Little About Very Little

**LITTLEABOUTALITTLE.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

My 3 year old son LOVES to wrestle with my husband. During one of their bouts, as he was preparing to charge at his dad,

my son said "How about this, old man?"

Where do they get this stuff?

My Journey Through Weight Loss Surgery

NANCYGENE.BLOGSPOT.COM

Eric was about 2 1/2 years old when I was grocery shopping with him and Kevin, who was an infant at the time. I was mindlessly listening to him as he was sitting on the bottom of the cart, and the woman standing next to me started to laugh.

What he said: "My name is Eric, my brother's name is Kevin, my daddy's name is Chuck, and mommy's name is mommy." I could not help but laugh either.

The Funny Things Our Kids Do

Kevin was about 4 years old when we had one of the biggest snow storms I remember for Oklahoma. Both he and Eric were bundled up to go outside and play with the neighborhood kids. I went out to check on them and found a pile of poop in the driveway. I looked for a loose dog but could not find one until I discovered the pile was from Kevin! He was not missing out on any snow play time for anything!

While not funny at the time, I can laugh at it now -- Stephen was about 2 1/2 years old when I was painting the bathroom in our master bedroom. I heard him say, "I help" and turned around to find him pouring the WHITE paint as he had seen me

doing, but onto the middle of the MAHOGANY colored carpet. I am still not sure how, but I managed to get every bit of it out of the carpet.

When we adopted Elizabeth her given name was Fatima Cesibel. We gave her the choice to keep her name or pick a new one and she chose Elizabeth, stating that she had never liked her name and did not even want it as a middle name (we were relieved as we could just see kids calling her a Fat Jezebel). Giorgi used to love to tease her and call her Fatima to see her get angry. I finally had to come up with some strict consequences for Giorgi calling Elizabeth by her former name. One day she started to do so and then

stopped herself announcing, “I can’t say the “F” word.”

Despite my urging, Chuck did not practice Spanish before Elizabeth came home at 6 years old. He was constantly calling me to ask me to translate what she was saying. One night, only a few weeks after she came home, I was in the bedroom and he came in so proud of himself and announced that Elizabeth said she wanted to go to Montana. I sat there and thought, she did not even understand yet that she lived in Oklahoma so how could she possibly know Montana? Finally I asked, “Did she say manzana?” “That’s it!”, Chuck exclaimed. I told him to go give her an apple.

He STILL has not lived that one down!

Ryan was the ring bearer at his mommy and daddy’s wedding. He was sick and 2 years old so he did not want to walk down the aisle. Uncle Eric carried him and the pillow down the aisle. Everyone laughed when they came through the door, and we tease Eric that he is the oldest ring bearer ever!

Momzeyeview

**MOMZEYEVUE.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

My Mr. Ben (now 7) was 2 1/2 years old when this came from his mouth.

Ben comes to me and he is chewing on “something.”

I say, “Oh my honey, what are you chewing on?”

He says, “Bubblegum.”

I say, “OH..where did you get that bubblegum from?”

He responds, “From my NOSE!”

Yah, that’s my boy!

Big Families Rock

BIGFAMILIESROCK.

BLOGSPOT.COM

We refer to AJ as a blonde in disguise as a redhead. He is a great sweet boy, but um.. he’s a 75 watt bulb in a 100 watt world.

Today is a snow day (ok all you people who are stuck in REAL

snow.. let me tell you WHY this is so funny... we don’t have a flake of snow yet.. but we are closed.. we don’t have anything other than the potential of snow coming.. so why are we closed? In anticipation of the snow that is possibly coming.)

Stephanie and Danny come dancing into my room at 7 AM, hooting and hollering about “Yes it’s a snow day!!” yes yes yes yes yes yes! Not two minutes later AJ walks in.....”Am I closed too?” We had to explain if one school was closed they were all closed. He looks at me and says, “Well I didn’t know if it was SNOWING at their school cause it’s not snowing at mine.”

I got up at 3 AM to use the bathroom. I didn't flip the light on because I knew how many steps it takes to get the potty, that's right I got potty skills.

I am taking care of business and out of the corner of my eye I see something about 2 inches long wiggling... I freaked, "we have mice!"

I jumped up and start stomping on the mouse... I am stomping and stomping like some crazed lunatic... yeah. Then I realize I feel nothing crushing....or scampering or anything... So I flip on the light. I had killed it. It was murdered in my bathroom! Victory was mine.

That wad of toilet paper was never going to harm anyone again. Yep. That's right I am one lean mean TP killing machine...

Home Of The Peterson Clan

PETERSONCLAN.COM

This morning as there was some chaos in the room. Nate marched in and said, "What in the name of corn on the cob is going on here?"

Friday, when I had told Emma she needed to have a verse memorized before dinner:

Me: Emma, can you tell me your verse?

Emma, all wide eyed and innocent: You said you would help me with it later.

Me (confused): When did I tell you that?!

Emma: When you were sleeping on the sofa.

Silence.

Me: You cannot ask me things when I sleep and assume I gave you a real answer!

Life During Naptime

LIFEDURINGNAPTIME.COM

This conversation followed after I told little man that daddy would be watching him & little

munchkin while mommy went to a wedding shower.

little man : "Momma, I REEEAALLLYYYY want to go that shower thingy."

momma : "Well, little man, you can't go to the shower, sorry."

little man : "I really want to go, please?"

momma (thinking this will work)-
"Little man, wedding showers are for girls & you aren't a girl are you????"

little man : laughing- "NOOO, I'm not." (goes from giggling to pensive)

little man : in a very serious tone-
“But I like girls.”

I am assuming being a girl
or just liking girls in general
justifies getting to attend the
wedding shower in his mind!
Unfortunately for him, liking girls
just wasn't enough to get him
into an all girl's party and miss his
Sunday afternoon nap!

Hoping And Praying

**HOPINGANDPRAYINGFORA-
CURE.BLOGSPOT.COM**

My four year old and I were in
Target one day and he kept on
“holding” himself in that certain
area (you know what I mean).

I am alarmed as I don't want
him to get into this habit! He's

only four. So I ask him politely,
“Do you have to go to the
washroom?”

He replies, “No Mommy.”

He continues to “hold” himself
and I ask again “Do you have to
go to the washroom?”

“No Mommy.”

It continues and I am getting
rather impatient! I ask once
more, with a more serious tone,
“Do you have to go to the
washroom???”

Well he was getting impatient
with me too! I had asked him a
few times and he had answered
me, so he says in a higher tone.

“No Mommy! My penis just ITCHES!”

We got a lot of curious looks and laughter from other moms nearby. Thank God they all understood the mind of a four year old!

The Boyd Gang

**THEBOYDGANG.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Zoey loves to run around the house in her underwear. She does this all the time and I allow it because she is at least semi-dressed. Well, the other day I was trying to get ready to leave the house and I asked her to please put on some clothes so we could go. She looked at me

like I was crazy and said, “I have my clothes on.”

I told her that her underwear didn’t count and that she needed to get some other clothes on. In her sweet, all knowing voice she replied, “The Bible says I don’t have to wear clothes!”

Multitasking Mama

MULTITASKINGMAMA.COM

Last week, we are driving in the car on the way home from youth group, and I commented to Jared that his hair do was finally growing on me. He did not miss a beat and replied “Really? I was going to ask Dad to cut it this weekend.”

To which I replied- “You little snot, you have been doing this just to torture me.”

His reply- “Partly.”

My reply- “Oh, this is gonna be a blog post.”

His reply- “You can’t write about me on your blog” (poor misinformed boy).

My reply- “Ummm, yeah I can and I hate to break it to you, but I already do on a regular basis. You can pretty much thank my readers for your basketball team’s successes this year.”

His reply- “Well, that’s just great. Mom, you are so out of touch (can you believe these words of

disrespect, sigh!) Don’t you know sexual predators are gonna come looking for me now?”

My reply- “Not if you cut your hair.”

My Limit Is 2... I Just Happen To Have 3 **ALEXANDERFAMILY5.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

At the bus stop one morning I noticed Bug had a big red spot on her forehead. So I asked, “How’d you get that red spot on your head?”

Bug: I bumped it on Bean’s mouth.

Me: How did you bump it on her mouth?

The Funny Things Our Kids Do

Bug: We were playing a game.

Me: What game?

Bug: Wolves and Deer.

Guess who was the wolf and who played the deer.

My Life With 6 Kids

STEFFENBOYS6.

BLOGSPOT.COM

My hubby was “helping” me with the dishes and laundry again.

He had the dishwasher and washing machine going at the same time child #2 was attempting to shower.

Child #2 comes downstairs and announces, “Dad, that was like trying to take a shower in a drinking fountain!!! “

Funny Farm – May We Help You?

**FUNNYFARM-MAYWEHEL-
PYOU.BLOGSPOT.COM**

About a year ago, on a Saturday, two of the boys and I were driving home from a basketball game at church. (Both boys will remain unnamed to protect all involved.) We were travelling on the interstate. The older of the two had recently celebrated a birthday, which allowed him to ride in the front seat of my van. He had also been battling a cold and drainage.

As we were going approximately 69.5 mph, the child in the front seat cleared his throat. Hard. This produced what I like to call a hocker. He turns to me and looks with a “what do I do with it” kind of look. I quickly look for an empty cup. Nothing.

So I say “just roll down the window, and spit it out. But please don’t let it hit the side of the van.” It was winter and the van was not going to be washed anytime soon.

The window goes down, he spits, rolls the window back up. I’m assuming all is well. I was mistaken.

A few seconds goes by and he doesn’t turn his head

around. Our conversation goes something like this:

Me: Did it come out?

Child: Yes ma’am.

Me: Did it go down the side of the van?

Child: No ma’am.

Me: I turn around and quickly check the child in the back of the van to see if he was hit by the hocker. He was clean.

Me: So is it all over the window?

Child: No ma’am, it’s not on the window?

Me: Well what’s the matter?

The boy turns around and I almost wet my pants. The hocker, which wasn’t on the side of the van, or on the window,

or on the child in the back seat, was on my son's face. The whole hocker.

And I died. I was laughing so hard I couldn't see. As I tried to compose, I could see through my tears that I was now traveling about 53 mph on the interstate. I contemplated pulling over, but we were only a mile from our exit. I couldn't speak. I could barely breathe. It was hysterical.

Thank goodness this child is not afraid to laugh at himself, and he begins laughing too. When I could finally get words out – I say “Don't touch it. I have to take a picture of it when we get home.”

Patiently Waiting For His Return

PATIENTLYWAITINGFORHIS-RETURN.BLOGSPOT.COM

When my oldest son (Mikey) was about 3 years old, we welcomed a new baby brother (Chris) to the mix. He was not happy about this at all and let us know quite often.

One day we went grocery shopping and Mikey wanted a “qrter” (quarter) for the gumball machine. I told him that if he was good in the store that he could have one when we left. He was not liking that idea at all. While we were shopping in the veggie isle, an older woman stopped over to admire the baby. My son watched her as she looked at the baby. She

noticed him and said “You have a cute baby brother, I sure wish I had one, you’re very lucky” to which Mikey replied “You can have him for a quarter”.

Yeah he tried to sell his baby brother. This story still gets giggles to this day.

Four Men and a Lady

**ERIKAANDCOLBY.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

We have two older kids (16, 13) and then one younger (Brock, 7) So the other night the big boys were both out with friends doing what teenagers do on a Friday night. Colby and I decided that we would go out and asked Brock what movie he wanted to see.

So off we went to a movie of HIS choice, and then we went out to dinner. During dinner we were all talking when Brock piped up and said, “You know I have decided that I don’t want to date you two any longer. You’re not as much fun as my friends.”

Colby and I both sat there in a state of SHOCK! Did my 7 year old just tell us that we were no fun?!? We both burst out laughing and Brock said “WHAT?” He had no clue what we were laughing at.

Traveling Treasures
**TRAVELINGTREASURES.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

When we go grocery shopping, we go as a family. Now, mind

you, we are buying for a family of 6. We drive a Ford Explorer that seats 7 and doesn't have enough room between the back seat and the door to put the stroller, just to give you an idea of how much space, or lack of, we have.

After shopping, we had the kids load up in the vehicle so that we could pile around them. HumV was successful in getting things loaded and we were on our way.

All kids had stuff around them, except for H4. As we are just about to pull into our drive, we heard a noise in the back of the vehicle and H2 says "OUCH! The light bulb box hurt my leg." Me, just thinking that he was goofing

around from the way he said it, said, "Don't break them."

H2 replied, "Thanks for caring about me."

Just Us Girls **SCHERLERGIRLS.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

Anna Claire is getting really good at telling adults "NO." She sometimes decides to be sweet and says "NO THANKS," but at any rate we are working on it. We have been practicing appropriate responses to adults such as "Sure!", "I'd love to!", "Yes, Ma'am", etc. Last night I asked her to do different things like "pick up your shoes" or "don't throw your coat down" and her response wasn't "NO."

but “WHY?” I explained to her that saying “WHY?” to an adult when they ask you something is just as rude as saying “NO.”

She had done it about five times, so I told her “Anna Claire, if you say ‘WHY?’ again when Mommy asks you to do something I will put you in time out.” A few minutes passed and I asked her to put her shoes on so we could meet my Mom for dinner and she said...“WHY?” All I did was look at her, you know in that way that your moms looked at you growing up, and she responded with this...

“I wasn’t saying the word ‘WHY?’ I was practicing my letters...Y, Z, A, B, C,” and flashed me a HUGE sweet smile.

Oh, my, my...I am in for it folks! I need to remember this sweet smile when she is lying to me at fifteen.

Castleberry Tales

**CASTLEBERRYTALES.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

My daughter has this fascination with people’s names. She always wants to know everyone’s name. She’s always asking me, “Mommy, what’s her name?” when we’re out and about. We were at the Olive Garden a few nights ago and a group of people were seated at a table near us. Laura Anne points her finger in their direction and says, “Mommy, what’s her name?” and I said “Sweetie, don’t point. It’s not polite to point at

people.” She then points her fist in the direction of the woman in question and says, “Mommy, what’s her name?”

Wind Beneath My Wings **THEYTAKEMYBREATHAWAY.** **BLOGSPOT.COMVES.HTML**

I am a model here in Miami Florida. No, that isn’t the funny part! Geez! During my single day years as a single mom, I would often have to take my son to my shoots with me for my family all live in Texas. Being a typical day in our lives, we had a photo shoot to be at early in the morning (6:00AM). After the shoot, we gather up all the toys, snacks and wardrobe items that we brought with us, we head out the door. While

waiting by the elevator for our turn, I am standing there with my hands full, my 2 year old little boy and my friend’s daughter Zoe, whom I brought with me to help entertain Hunter during the shoot. Then here comes the grip guy, the stylist and the photographer all waiting on the same very slow elevator to arrive. Everyone is standing pretty quiet for it has been a long day’s shoot. I’m sure everyone was lost in their own minds of what they needed to get to next, once they left this place. I at some point said to Hunter, again, my 2 year old toddler to come and stand next to mommy. Trying to get him out of the way of all the gear and equipment that surrounded him.

As he moves closer to me and leans his head up against my stomach, while I carry about 20 things in my two hands, he quickly steps away from me, grabs his nose with his finger and thumb and says to me, "Eeww mommy stinky right there, ewww," I thought I was going to faint as I realized I was witnessing what everyone else was also witnessing at that very moment, my son pointing at me in a place he shouldn't be pointing, all while holding his nose and saying "Eeww, mommy stinking there, ewww mommy."

My vision became so blurred that I can't even recall what anyone else around me was thinking or doing. I felt the blood rush to my head and by the time

I got on to the elevator and into my car to drive home, I can't recall anything. Its all a blur.

I was horrified and so out of my comfort zone, I just sat in the car on the way home in shock. Yes, this just happened to me, a model that tries to present herself a certain way, while often getting to live in the fantasy world by pretending to be whatever I am needed to be for the job if it be print, TV or film. That day, I was no longer Misty Rice, the model/actress. I was quickly humbled and reminded that I was simply a hard working mom, a single mom of a beautiful, but yet brutally honest and amazing little boy!! He keeps me in check, keeps my head balanced and I love him

for all of it. Yes, even at moments when I wish I had a huge roll of duct-tape to place over his mouth and leave it there till he is out of college.

You see, I bet you are now laughing, or peeing your pants by now at my expense. I feel all those raw emotions coming back at me now, as if it just happened yesterday. I want to crawl back under that rock.

Stubborn Fish Tales

STUBBORNFISHTALES.COM

...two- year- old Jonas was constantly doing things that reeked of mischief. At one point, Sarah looked at him and said, “Jonas, you’re trouble.” He looked her straight in the

face and sternly corrected her, “I’m not trouble. I’m Jonas.” So noted.

The rest of the weekend it became a game. He would point to any family member and rename them. I became Daddy, Daddy became Mommy, and so on, but he would always end with “And I’m Jonas!”

My brother loves Johnny Cash. His boys have followed right along, and their favorite song is the Burning Ring of Fire. When my mom went to go visit this past summer, she had her cell phone set to play The Burning Ring of Fire every time her husband called...which is very fitting.

The first time it played, Jonas came running into the room saying “That’s my favorite song. Where is that coming from?” Needless to say, the cell phone was a huge hit that visit. Joanie’s version goes something like this: “Down, down, down in da fire!”

The Making Of M.O.M. **THEMAKINGOFMOM.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

On Sunday, Elizabeth woke up super early. During her “extra time” (which we NEVER have on Sunday mornings) she found a cape my Grandma had made. She asked if she could wear it to church, and since Luke and I are the coolest parents ever, we told her it was okay. However, since we’ve had a cold snap (here in

the South, that means it’s been 32°F and colder) I also told her that she MUST wear a coat, along with her cape, to church.

Upon the zipping of her coat, her cape became tight around her neck. This caused Elizabeth to panic. In an effort to resolve her anxiety, I swiftly reached down and unbuttoned the cape from around her neck. BAD call.

She flung herself on the floor, just like a dying-llama and proceeded to scream, “I want my cape!” Naturally, such behavior did not deserve a logical response, so I stepped over her telling her calmly that children who act in such a manner do not get the privilege

of wearing their capes to church.

The dying-llama fit continued as Luke strapped her into her car seat and as we drove to church. Finally, in a moment of clarity, she declares: "This is NOT a awesome day!"

Knowing that our uncontrolled laughter would NOT promote more clarity, Luke and I stifled our giggles as best possible from the front seats.

Not Biologically Related **NOTBIOLOGICALLYRELATED.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

A few months ago T was into watching the movie Mulan.

Every day after brother was in bed he would sit on the couch and watch it which gave me time to do dishes, laundry etc.. In the movie the solders sing a song where they say they are looking for a "girl worth fighting for." Well one night I was brushing my hair in the Chair and T said he would do it for me. I said "OK" a little hesitantly, and he said "Don't worry mom, I will make you a girl worth fighting for."

The summer after T-Monster was potty trained we allowed him to pee outside. So he and I went to visit my sister at her beach house, the kind of house up on stilts. I was one the phone with one of my friends from home watching T outside under the house playing. Well I saw him

start to pull down his bathing suit, and thought he was just going to pee on the bushes.

When I went near to him he said “go away.” This should have been my first clue he was up to something else, but I was on the phone. I walked to the other end of the patio and saw him trying to put his hinny in the bushes. That should have been my second clue, but I just thought it was funny seeing him get poked in the hinny by the bushes, and I was on the phone. Again he said “go away,” so I went around the corner. A few seconds later I hear screaming. I run around the corner and find T with one foot in the air saying “help.” I look and find that he has “POOPED” all over my sister’s

patio and had stepped in it. I quickly got off the phone and tried to help him, it really was a mess.

Well I was laughing so hard that T says, “Mom stop laughing and help me.”

The Ellenberg Family

**ELLENBERGFAMILY.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Joseph is in the “monkey see, monkey do” mimicking stage, and while it’s very endearing, it also makes me stay more aware of things I do and say. Anyway, this past weekend, we were in the bathroom getting ready to run errands.

Wayne was putting some gel or mousse in his hair and Joseph kept pointing and whining for something on Wayne's side of the bathroom counter. Side note: Joseph loves when I give him a tad bit of lotion to use while I slather him with lotion after bathtime.

Seeing as the lotion was in the general direction of what he was pointing towards, I figured that's what he wanted. Here's where it'll be helpful when he is able to articulate what he wants or needs! I gave him a tiny squirt of lotion (so he wouldn't get it all over his clothes), turned away for a second and when I turned back, I couldn't help but laugh. He was mimicking the way Daddy was running the hair

product through his own hair, but obviously using the lotion I just gave him.

I was impressed with the coordination of how he was effectively getting all parts of his hair to fix it just like Daddy! He was quite proud of himself as well!

A Little Bit Of Life

**CLAIREANDCOCOSMOMMY.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Two and a half years ago I was waddling around our neighborhood 38 weeks pregnant with Cohen.

Three weeks prior to that I had been told that our sweet "little" boy was already between 5-7

pounds. I knew that the earlier he came, the better off we would be. (Plus, the docs said he was ready!)

So on the evening of September 20th we set out for a little jaunt in hopes that it would encourage the eviction of little Coco from my womb. We got a few streets over and I stopped. Something happened. "Uh, Big Daddy... we need to head home." He looked at me with a face filled with three parts excitement and one part panic and asked, "Whyyyyy?"

"Well, either my water just broke or I peed my pants...either way, we need to go home."

So off we went. As we reached our street I began to have the distinct feeling that it was in fact the latter that caused my pants to resemble those of my newly potty trained 2 year old. We approached some neighbors. It was Miss Carmen and another neighbor whom I had never met before. So imagine my embarrassment when my very well spoken 2 year old said, "We have to go! Mommy just peed her pants!"

I waddled off wet pants and all. Thank you Claire for always keeping me ever so humble. Oh, and by the way...my water did not break, but Cohen was born the next morning!

Consider It Pure JOY

KIMBOWID.BLOGSPOT.COM

My niece was about 5 when she skipped in from outside, heading straight for the bathroom, where she had some pretty pressing business. As she was passing the time, she sang a sweet song, “butt, butt, butt, butt, butt-butt buuuuuuuutttttt...”

She finished, flushed, washed and proceeded to skip out the way she came in... but just before she got outside, her mother, who was sitting quietly on the couch outside the bathroom, said, “Ummm Natalie. That was a nice song...”

Natalie, clearly caught in a “naughty word incident” but who is also a very clever, quick-

thinker replied, “Oh, mommy that was the B-U-T song, not the B-U-T-T song!” And off she skipped, clearly pleased with herself.

Life With 5 Monsters

5MONSTERS.BLOGSPOT.COM

Ok so if you know Sawyer you know how scrawny the little guy is, built just like his daddy. He has a difficult time keeping his pants above his non-existent behind. The other day he walked by me showing off his rather impressive “plumber’s crack.” I told him to pull his pants up because I could see his butt. He turned around and very matter-of-factly said, “So why are you looking at my butt!”

That's what happens when 3 year olds spend too much time with their 3 teen/preteen sisters!

Me And You Plus Two!

MEANDYOUPLUS2.

BLOGSPOT.COM

A few years ago I was getting girl two out of the bath tub. I had already pulled the plug and the water was draining. Girl two looked down and saw the water draining (you know how it looks like a tornado) and belted out, "Look mommy, a thunderstorm!" I thought I was going to die laughing.

Ramblings Of My Life

PONDERINGSINSA.

BLOGSPOT.COM

When Caleb was much smaller and starting to learn about his body parts, for some reason he would confuse his ear and his "winkie" - as you can imagine it was extremely funny. So I would point to his ear and say, "Caleb, what is this?" to which he would joyfully shout out, "winkie winkie". Then I would point at his winkie and say, "Caleb, what is this" to which the response would obviously be, "Ear .. its my ear...".

As you can imagine, we had many good laughs about this!

Masto Mama Chronicles **MASTOMAMA.BLOGSPOT.COM**

I took my daughter Chelsea to Trader Joes and she sat in the shopping cart seat, as usual, as we waited in line to pay for our groceries. I must preface that we are really silly in my household. We wrestle, tickle, make funny faces, come up with funny phrases and words, put ice down one another's pants and shirts, and do whatever necessary to make each other laugh.

So, as we waited in line, my daughter was feeling silly and wanted to make me laugh. She had the bright idea of trying to pinch my breasts---and was trying to tickle me under my arm pits. I started trying to back up

to keep her hands off of me, but I was also trying not to hit the people waiting behind me.

At the same time, I was trying to whisper to her to stop--but clearly she wasn't hearing me--because at that very moment, she said rather loudly "Maaaama, I'm gonna get your flapjacks!" and busts out laughing. As everyone around us stared and chuckled, and I got rather pink in the face, I did what any mom would have done in that moment--I got her instead :).

Laughter definitely lives in our family!!!

Blogbaby

THEBLOGBABY.BLOGSPOT.COM

BabyMama and BigBoy are in the kitchen, I am on the floor (probably looking for droppings to gobble up).

BabyMama: "What are you thinking about BigBoy?" "You look so serious."

BigBoy: "Hmmm.....well....you know, (Sugar)Daddy only gets lucky in the dark, right???"

BabyMama: "Ummmmm..... come again?"

BigBoy: "What does come again mean?"

BabyMama: "It means, can you say that again, I'm not sure I heard you right."

BigBoy: "I SAID Daddy only gets lucky in the dark, right???"

BabyMama: "Ah.....um..... silent pause.....what are we talking about exactly???" (clearly stalling for time to make sense of where exactly this conversation is going)

BigBoy: "I SAID DADDY ONLY GETS LUCKY IN THE DARK, RIGHT???"

BabyMama: (Still dumbfounded and unable to form a response)

BigBoy: "You know 'cuz he only ever catches any fish when it's

dark outside.” “HE ONLY GETS LUCKY IN THE DARK, RIGHT?”

BabyMama: (Smiling with relief)
“Yes, honey you are absolutely right, Daddy only gets lucky in the dark.” More toast??”

Simple Chaos

THESILVAS.BLOGSPOT.COM

The adults were playing pool in the game room and the kids were eating dinner watching a movie in living room. Jenna, baby Silva, was also in the living room in the swing just sleeping away - or so I thought. Right in the middle of one of my only games I have ever been even close to winning, Jenna starts fussing. Jay comes out and this is what follows...

Jay – Mom, can you come get Jenna she’s too noisy?

Me - I am right in the middle of this game. Give her her paci and I will be there in a minute.

He leaves. He comes back.

Jay - Mom it’s not working. She just spits it out.

Me - I am finishing up right now. I will be there soon. Just talk to her.

My Dad aka Papa - She’s fine. Let her fuss a bit. She needs to develop her lungs.

He leaves. He comes back.

Jay – Papa, she is really annoying with all her noise!

My Dad aka Papa - She’s your sister. She is supposed to annoy

you. Maybe you guys picked a bad time to watch a movie.

Jay - No, you guys picked a bad place to leave her.

Well, I guess we may or may not take that into consideration next time.

Like Potter's Clay

**LIKEPOTTERSCLAY.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Seth and Haddie (Three and a half & one and half years old) recently wondered into our bedroom while we were all upstairs getting ready for the day. I finished brushing my teeth and then followed them. Seth had a bra in his hand and was trying to drape it on Haddie,

saying, "Here Haddie, these are for girls."

I enjoy cooking for our family. Although I wouldn't be able to beat out an "Iron Chef" with my meals, usually my crew seems to think the food is tasty. However, the other night we got a good laugh out of the response Seth gave to our supper meal. We were having mashed potatoes with hamburger gravy, and evidently it had been a while since I had last made this. Seth eyed the food on his plate suspiciously. He scooped a little bit onto his spoon and began directing it toward his mouth. Half way there, he startled the rest of us by shouting in a worried voice, "Oh no Mom, it's a slug!"

No slug to be found of course. Apparently in the eyes of a three year old hamburger gravy simply resembles small slimy garden creatures!

One night Seth had a big tantrum and was throwing his toys across the room. This resulted in those toys being taken away for the rest of the night. He was very upset about that and asked me why I took away his toys. I replied that he had lost his temper, and that tomorrow he could have the toys. He responded by flailing around his bed, crying, "But I want to have my temper back, I want to have it back!" (As if it were some tangible item he had lost...)

As I have stated before, Seth loves to take off his clothes and run around the house in just his underwear. Haddie has decided she loves to follow suit. Now, a commonly heard phrase announced in our home by two small voices is, "Let's get naked!"

Hmmm. Hopefully we never have a visitor walk in to those words!

Welcome To The Zoo **KELLIEBEANS-ZOO.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

Our old neighbors from Texas have a son who's Delaney's age (call him M). They were in the same kindergarten class a couple of years ago. On the first day of school, he let Delaney go

ahead of him in line (his mom calls him “a real ladies’ man”), which I thought was really cool because everyone knows the closer to line leader you get, the better.

Later that year, M and another boy were talking about their eye colors. Delaney loves this topic of conversation because she has eyes like mine - hazel-green-blue-gray-eyes that seem to change colors with our moods, even our clothes, and she thinks that is one of The Coolest Things in the World. Anyway, Delaney leans in, opens her eyes wide, and asks M, “What color are my eyes today?” M looks hard into her eyes and says dreamily, “They’re green, and they’re beautiful!”

She still blushes when we tell that story.

Grace Like Rain

**GRACELIKERAINFALLSDOWN.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Last night, I was telling Emily that my boss wasn’t feeling well at work. Here’s how the conversation went from there.

Me: My day was good, but we were busy and my boss wasn’t feeling very good.

Emily: Well, did you put your hand on his forehead?

Me: No! I didn’t put my hand on his forehead.

Emily: Why not?

Me: Because ... I'm not his mama.

Emily: Who is his mama?

Me: I don't know, but it's not me!

Emily: But who IS it?

Me: I'm not sure who his mama is.

Emily: Well what's her name? Is it Jennifer?

Me: No, I don't think his mama's name is Jennifer. I don't know what her name is.

Emily: Well ...

Me: I don't know! Lets go play with your computer .. please anything but talk about this any more.

3 under 4, Jada, Ethan, and Zachary

OURCUTEKIDDOS2007.BLOGSPOT.COM

The drama started when the nurse called us back to the exam room. She came in to take Jada's height and weight, and Jada started hollering before we even got to the scale, "No, no , help mommy help help! NOOOOOO, Your mommy holds YOU!" I looked at the nurse and said, "This isn't going to end well." She told me that Jada could be remembering coming here to get a shot or some other bad experience. To which I replied that Jada had never had shot or physical here before (new clinic), and that she had been in quite a bit with Ethan, who, by the way, has had bad

experiences at the doctor and Jada has stood by and smiled through most of them. She usually leans over my arm to get a better view when they have needed to draw his blood or give him a shot! The doctor had even commented that Jada didn't seem bothered when Ethan cried, and that most kids would be. Anyway, I'm not sure if they got her correct weight or height, since I had to hold her down for both.

We got back to the exam room, the nurse left and the tears magically stopped (instantly). I took the time before the doctor came in to tell Jada that the doctor was going to look at her too and that she had to be "so so brave." So, the doctor came

in and the screaming started up ten times louder than before. The doctor tried to calm her down by listening to her baby doll's heart and checking baby's ears. Then she told Jada that she was going to check her ears and heart, to which Jada responded by thrusting her baby at the doctor. Apparently she thought that if the doctor checked baby, then she was off the hook.

I think the visit was shorter than normal because I really couldn't talk about anything with the doctor since neither of us could hear. Then came the shot... Jada was actually calm going into this. She threw her baby up on the exam table and then she climbed up too. I told her that she was going to get

a little poke and she asked if Ethan could have one too. The nurse came in to give her a shot which, of course, started round three of tears and screaming. I quickly pulled out my secret weapon (cookies) and the tears once again stopped until the nurse came back in with a curious George band aid, "NOOOOOOO, help, take it off, take it off." For some reason, she is terrified of band aids; I tried to explain that part, but the nurse couldn't hear me at this point.

We ended up at McDonald's afterwards and Jada kept talking about giving Ethan a "little poke." Hopefully, we can avoid the doctor until the 3 year old physical.

I scheduled Jada's flu shot, Ethan's flu shot, and Ethan's 9 month check up for the same day. At the time, this seemed like a good idea because I could get everything done at once. In reality, I'm pretty sure there is now a check mark, skull & crossbones, or some other sign next to my kids' names in the doctor's appointment book so that they will remember next time to have extra staff on hand the day we all come barreling in!

We got off to a bad start because Ethan chose to scream for no reason the entire car ride. When we got there, he had worked up quite a sweat and was not happy with me (or anybody). Jada immediately took off for the toys while I had

to fish around in our bag for our insurance cards while trying to console a ticked nine month old. And, yes it took a long time to find the insurance info (not sure why they didn't have it on file since we've been in a bazillion times) because there is always a lot in my bag: treats, milk, water, diapers, wipes, blankets, fresh clothes, toys, Tylenol, keys, wallet, not to mention our winter things since it was really cold that day!

Ethan started to recover from his rotten mood when they called our name... and Jada decided she didn't want to leave the toys, so I had to drag her away from them. We had a new nurse this time, which made me wonder if the old

one decided she'd rather not deal with us (See earlier post on Jada's physical:). Ethan started bellowing as soon as I started to take off his clothes. He screamed through his weight check, and I had to sit on him for them to get his height. Incidentally, the doctor commented later that Ethan had "shrunk" an inch from his last visit, so I guess I didn't hold him still very well. He wasn't happy that they had to measure his head, or take his temperature. The nurse couldn't hear his heartbeat over the screams (though we all knew he was very much alive), and Jada became very concerned that...one of the toys in the exam room was out of batteries, "Mommy, fix it, Mommy fix it, Mommy fix it."

I looked at the nurse and asked (shouted) if she was going to do the flu shots now. She said she wasn't planning on it, but that it sounded like a good idea. Then, she ran out of the room. Ethan kept screaming, as I had to put him down to help Jada undress. The doctor came in and said, "Oh, I thought you already had your shots because of all the crying!" I said that we were just getting warmed up. She then (wisely) decided to stay put and help me contain my children. The nurse came back in with the needles and Jada did a nosedive under the chairs, "I'm gettin' a poke!" I had to pull her out, while the doctor held Ethan. 30 seconds later, they both were screaming, but Jada quit when I mentioned

McDonald's and snacks (there is a brand new McDonald's next to the clinic which has gotten a lot of business from us:). Then, she started up again because I picked up Ethan and had forgotten to put her pants back on. Ethan lunged at me and demanded to nurse, and then things began to calm down.

Fortunately, there are no immunizations at nine months, so he was done with his shots for the day. We finished up the checkup and Jada loudly announced (there was nothing quiet about this visit) that she was going to McDonald's and Ethan was coming too (not sure if I was invited). Back home, they refused to take naps, but that is a different story.

Taylor Family Luv

TAYLORFAMILYLUV.

BLOGSPOT.COM

We went to dinner with my parents in a crowded restaurant where I was trying to decide what to get my boys. We discussed the menu with them several times coming back to the “Grill” Cheese sandwich for Jamal. He says he wants it but then we can’t understand what he doesn’t like about it because “Mom knows Best” what her kids like to eat... and Jamal loves his cheese!!

So we knew what we were gonna order the next time the waitress came by... we were set!! Here she comes, we go around the table, and I order Jamal’s “Grill” Cheese sandwich. He

lets out a big yell and temper tantrum and we can not understand what the problem is. So after we have EVERYONES attention around us, we find out that Jamal does NOT want a “GIRL” Cheese sandwich..... He WANTS a “BOY” Cheese Sandwich!!

Muchos Vendiciones

MUCHOSBENDICIONES.

BLOGSPOT.COM

One of the stories that makes me chuckle (only in hindsight) was the day we brought the boys into the US. They have a special route for the folks like us who need to have two little ones confirmed US Citizens before proceeding through the US airways. So, here we are: tired,

grumpy, hungry, carrying a heck of a lot of bags, and not exactly sure where we're supposed to be.

While everyone else in the US is feeling a surge of rapid obedience, my three-year-old still has very little understanding of the word. Quick side story -- he already had his shoes on the wrong feet because in the Guatemala airport, he'd done it all by himself and refused to be told it was wrong! Anyway, you add grumpiness, hungriness, and a three-year-old who loves to run and has been stuck inside a plane/airport ALL DAY, and who could blame him when he shot off like a lightning bolt, under security tape, and past security men in a giant Atlanta airport

where he could disappear in a thousand faces in an instant?

Panic swept through my heart and I nearly killed myself, dashing under security ropes, hollering back to security officers, "Sorry! Be right back!" hoping I wouldn't be arrested for not following protocol. In the slow-motion background, DH is waiting with a hundred pieces of luggage, holding a four-year-old, and telling the local security guys that I'm a fast runner and not to worry . . .

I have to add that I was only able to catch the little one by grabbing him by the hood of his hoodie, flinging him backwards, which scared him half-to-death (he thought this was all a big

game; why would I hurt him??), and suddenly he burst into SCREAMING-BLOODY-MURDER tears. I carried the boy back to the rest of our entourage and instead of now having a rebellious son (as my first official day as a mommy), I now determined that the scowling looks for all the exhausted co-waiters meant that they thought there was a possibility that I either abused my child or had stolen him.

sigh

Welcome mommyhood! Next stop, HOME.

Tyler Family

SOTYLER.BLOGSPOT.COM

Grace has started wanting “kisses better” when she gets hurt. She gets really serious and says “It happened” and then wants a kiss in return. In most cases, a kiss is magical, and heals all. Brilliant!

Friday I went to pick up Grace from Grandma Ruth’s and shortly after I got there she came crying to Grandma and said, with a very serious whine, “It happened Grandma.”

“What happened?”

Sticking her rear out as far as a two year old can - “Kiss my butt.”

We laughed and laughed and laughed.

Circle Of Life

OUR-ROCKSTAR-FAMILY.
BLOGSPOT.COM

MOMMY asks "GABBY? -GABBY what was your high and low of the day ?

GABBY - Well MOMMY guess what ? The fifth graders have to team Boy/ Girl and they have pumpkins that are dressed up as babies. They have to hold the pumpkins, take care of them and change them; They have to do everything that you do with a Baby.

Back in the day when I was in school we had this type

of project with sacs of flour, but as I remember it was in middle school in homeroom. Does anyone remember doing this? I do not recall doing it in Elementary school; It's a new day , things have changed I'll say.

So, GABBY says "The BOY'S I bet are having a hard time. " I asked why?

What do you mean ?

-Well you know what they are thinking?

OK , do I answer that ? Yes , what do you mean ?

-They are thinking BAM
!!!PUMPKIN PIE.

I was laughing so hard that she's watching and enjoying EMERIL on the food net work and that her interpretation was "they are thinking of food."

-Well I have plenty of time to think of how I want to dress my Pumpkin , huh Mom.

Yes Gabby, since they do it in Fifth grade and we are in the third grade. We have some time. Gosh

The White House

**TWOPLUSEIGHT.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

I understand pain should not be funny, but the other night Emily walked into a gate. The funny part is that she wasn't the first

one to go through the gate. Nor the second. She was the third person. It was there the whole time and she just smacked her face on it. Of course, Nick and I laughed, only Emily could do such a thing (oh, wait Elijah can, too), but she cried. It hurt her eye just a bit, but she is fine now.

Later, Elijah was on a field trip downtown and was bBusy talking and not paying attention as usual. He was walking backwards, turned around and wham! Broke his front tooth on a light pole. It must be the blond in him (and Emily!)

A couple days ago Olivia announced to me that she has a "radish on her butt". Isn't that a vision?! :)

Kendra's Corner

**APOSTLESHOP.SPACES.
LIVE.COM**

Our Daughter Shelby was about 2 1/2 years old when this happened. She is now 27 years old. We had fun with all of the kids while growing up. Right after bath time our children loved to run around the house as toddlers without their clothes. When they would run past their father or myself we would reach down and squeeze their little bun buns and say in a high pitched voice: "waa waa!" When we would do this they would squeal with delight. Those little squeals are the greatest. I miss those moments.

Well we were a growing family and while I was pregnant we

were looking to buy a home to grow into. We had enlisted the help of a real estate agent who was showing us a property that certain houses were being built on. He had to go back to his car and get a blueprint. While he was bent over the hood of his car looking at the blueprint Shelby walked to him, reached up and waa waa'ed the guy. Needless to say we looked at each other, afraid that the guy would be horribly offended. Instead he stayed bent over the hood of his car and reached back to make sure his billfold was still in his pocket. Almost like one of us might have lifted it or we taught Shelby how to lift it. After we got into the car we laughed almost the whole way home.

Talk about embarrassing. We didn't buy the lot.

They're Only Little For A Little While

**ABBIEADELLENATALIE.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

So the other night we were just finishing up our supper, and it was obviously not one of my children's favorites (or apparently my husbands, either!). Abbie (my 5 year old) looks at me very seriously and says: "Mama?"

Me: "What, honey?"

Abbie: "Umm, Mama, I really think that Jesus can probably cook better than you can."

My husband (from the living room): "Yeah, Abbie, I would have to agree."

...and that is the last meal I have cooked for them :)

Readyaim.Com

READYAIM.BLOGSPOT.COM

While there is plenty of laughing material courtesy of my 5 year old son Aidan, I'll share a recent conversation about his behavior at school.

Aidan apparently was a bit rambunctious following the long Christmas break in which he was allowed a bit of freedom (meaning he's been running amok), and had to turn his card from green to yellow to

red, all in one day. Now, for those not familiar with the card program, green is good, yellow is misbehaving enough to get the teacher's attention, red is a second violation in the same day, and blue a third violation. Blue card violations get you a trip to the office to see the principal. Blue is not good, even the kindergarteners get that.

Just so you don't lose hope, please know that life is full of second chances. Cards get turned back to green every morning to give the little darlings a fresh start.

Every day, upon arriving home, Aidan is quizzed on the status of his card color. There is a reason for this. He is a bit chatty, so a

turn to yellow is not uncommon. On this day in question, he experienced his first "red" card and was a bit hesitant to cop out to his crime(s). Finally, he admitted the turn to yellow was for talking too much to "M" in the morning and the second turn (to the dreaded red) was after lunch because he and "M" were laughing at a girl classmate "I" who was making "footing" noises. I admit I didn't see that one coming.

I didn't laugh. I swear I didn't. At least not yet. Then, my delinquent-in-the-making looked me right in the eye with those baby blues and said something that I think should make me nervous. Very nervous. With a straight face, he said it was ok

if his card got turned to blue, as long as it happened in the afternoon. I asked him what that theory was based upon and he calmly said, "The office is closed in the afternoon."

Well, ok then. Office closed, no principal available, therefore no visit to the principal. Logic. I like logic. Logic is good. Note to self: only commit major offenses in the afternoon.

Not to worry. I have it on good authority that his source of info is faulty and the office is, in fact, open in the afternoon and the principal is almost always there.

I think I'll let him find out that one on his own.

Suburban Granola

BAKERBONNIE.COM

A couple of years ago some friends of ours invited us to their church. Our friend Matt was filling in for his father, Pastor Ray, who was the regular preacher there. Plug: you should read his story, it is an amazing testament of how God has been working through this family.

So we get to the church and sit in the second row from the front. Right away we can tell that this church is going to be much different from ours. We are Church of Christ-ers. They are Cumberland Presbyterian-ites. They have a pianist. We sing a capella. They have a choir that sits up in the front of the

congregation. We do not even have a choir.

My son, who was 3 at the time, was in awe. He was so excited. I wasn't quite sure why at first. After a couple of songs he says "Mom...when is Jesus going to come out?" I am puzzled and am trying to hush him...then I realize why he is so excited! He thinks he is going to see Jesus! He keeps on asking all the while getting a little louder.. "MOM, when is JESUS COMING OUT!?" I start to giggle thinking that he thinks that the singing is preceding some kind of show. I wasn't sure what to tell him. I mean Jesus is already here right, but how do you explain that to a 3 year old. My friend sitting in front of us turns around and says.

"Oh no honey, we don't do THAT here".

21st Century Green Acres **M2K2USA.BLOGSPOT.COM**

MaKenna my "girly-girl" LOVES the Cheetah Girls! So, she also loves (or loved at the time) everything with a CHEETAH print! EVERYTHING! She would point it out everywhere we went!

Ok. I KNOW all of us are guilty of sometimes slightly ignoring our children when they are talking to us. Right? Like, walking through Wal Mart one day and hearing her point everything out that had a CHEETAH print. I got into the "yeah, uh-huh...I see!" mode. I didn't, but I answered her just to please her, while I

shopped and focused on what I was there for.

Suddenly...when everything was quiet and EVERYONE was around, she yelled, "Look mom! Cheetah!! Just like your panties!!" Uh, yeah...EVERYONE looked right at me...and EVERYONE laughed!

Till Godless Strivings Cease

**STRIVINGSCEASE.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

When my nephew was about 3 years old we took him to Dublin with us for the day. At that time we lived in Ireland, and it was about a 1 ½ hour drive to Dublin from my sister's house. The whole way he kept saying "it is a

loooooong way to Dublin" with his very cute little Irish brogue.

Finally we got to Dublin and I decided to let him ride on my shoulders while I we walked around the city. At one point I was skipping along to keep him entertained, bouncing him on my shoulders, when he suddenly yelled at the top of his voice... "Auntie Fifi - you hurt my wee man!"

Imagine in the middle of a crowded street in Dublin... Lots of people freeze and turn around and look at me. At which point he yelled, equally as loud... "Say sorry to my wee man!"

Beetroot red I said "Sorry wee man...".

I have never let him live that one down. But it brought us all lots of laughs!

Precious 3

5MYFAMILY.BLOGSPOT.COM

Jeremy, my 18 month old, has picked up an interesting skill from watching the ladies at his preschool. When he is done with a phone call, he says “bye bye,” flips the phone closed, and PUTS IT IN HIS CLEAVAGE. Or at least where he would have cleavage if he was a woman.

Knot-Them-Again

**KNOTTHEMAGAIN.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Our oldest daughter came home from Guatemala at nearly

three years of age and was immediately initiated into “the gang” as we call all the 1997 cousins. Having just missed the automatic citizenship date by a couple of months, we had to go through the whole citizenship application. It was another stressful paper chase but it was the FINAL step so when the real live, actual invitation to the initiation arrived there were more than a few shouts of joy! The ceremony was to be a big media affair at a local museum marking the LAST time adopted children would need to go through this step. Since we were all members of the museum, a plan was made to have all of the “gang” come and witness “Mari becoming an American girl.”

All during the ceremony my nephew kept leaning over and peering at Mari. When we erupted into claps and cheers at the end, he jump from his seat and planted himself right in front of her leaning in closer and closer. After a minute or two he turned to me and said, “When is she gonna be an American girl?” I assured him that she already was and he looked incredulous....”but she didn’t turn white!” he exclaimed.

Yes, the dear same lad who after a nine day tour of Ireland summed up the trip for his teacher with the statement, “I got to see a dead cow.”

Living Freely

BRANDISTHOUGHTS.COM

Brayden was just 20 months old when baby Gracie came along. One thing to know about our house is that we have no closets. This is great for a small house because it maximizes space ~ it also maximizes sound! Keeping Brayden quiet while Gracie was sleeping was difficult, but the biggest challenge was keeping him out of her room (which used to be his). One day while Gracie was asleep in her room, we noticed Brayden reaching up to open her door. We immediately corrected him. He flipped around with his finger pointing at us and said, “I can do all things ‘frew’ (through) Christ.” We, of course died laughing. Had I been quick enough, I

would have replied, “Spare the rod, spoil the child.” I can use scripture too!

My nephew, Bradley, is in school this year and was working on his homework the other day. His homework was to practice writing. He needed to write one line of 1’s, one of 2’s, one of F’s and one of G’s. He started with the letters and then moved on to the numbers. After writing a whole line of F’s and G’s, he began his 1’s. He wrote first one 1 and then the second 1. . .sighing with frustration he erased them both and began again. He wrote one 1 and then the 2nd again. He sighed with frustration again and erased them. He tried a 3rd time, getting more and more

frustrated each time. Finally Brittani stepped in to find out what was the matter. “Bradley, you understand the homework, right? You did so good with your line of F’s and G’s, just do the same with your 1’s.” Bradley answered, “I keep trying, Mom. . . but, my 1’s keep turning into 11’s!”

I did NOT make that up, people! Tell me that’s not one of the funniest things you’ve ever heard!

Into The Wild

**DOWNTHETWISTEDPATH.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Catherine - my middle-aged 8 year old is very serious. Like most gifted children, she’s extremely

aware of what's going on around her constantly. At the age of three, I found her finger-painting with toothpaste all over the inside of the linen closet. We had minty fresh smelling towels for weeks.

Ethan - my small comedian has facial expressions that just kill you. A couple months ago he's sitting in the backseat of the durango with his sister in the front headed to my Mom's for a fun weekend at Nana's. Catherine is of course telling me about her day at school as such: "Mom, today in PE, I kicked a ball so hard! But it flew into a kid and hit him in the nuts! I felt horrible" and from the backseat I hear this: "Mom, what are nuts? Is that like a venus?" I've had ALOT of

school, and nowhere in any of my anatomy classes was that part mentioned? I still can't think about this without laughing...

Lukey D.- while still pretty non-verbal in real words, he's getting there. But the kid's inventive. Did you know if you suck your bottle hard enough it creates a vacuum? Did you know if you suck it hard enough and create a vacuum and then plunge it into the toilet it sucks water back up and you get an instant refill! It's amazing...and totally disgusting.

Our Journey

BOOBOOSGIRL.

BLOGSPOT.COM

Jacob is not a big fan of church. He frequently misbehaves, but he tolerates it....as long as it's ONLY once a week.

A dear friend invited us to a blessing of the baby Jesus from our Nativity scene. It would be our first time attending this blessing ceremony which was on a Sunday afternoon. This particular Sunday morning, my baby boy was rather ummm.... challenging during mass. He was reprimanded which meant he probably didn't get his donut, which makes him rather unhappy.

He woke up from his nap just a few minutes before we were supposed to be at church for the blessing. He announced, "Mommy, I want to go bye bye." Perfect, I thought, I put on his shoes and we were off. On the way I recited the names of all his friends that would be there and the closer we got the more excited he got.

As we pulled into the parking lot (we have only attended mass at this particular church once or twice) my sweet boy said, "HEY, THIS IS CHURCH"!!! I NOT WANT TO GO TO CHURCH!!!!" and he started crying. I wasn't about to set foot in that quiet church because I knew he would repeat his little mantra at least a hundred times! Maybe we'll

get our baby Jesus blessed next year!

I Am An Open Book...With A Complicated Ending

KIMMYBOWS.BLOGSPOT.COM

My son just last week has been scared of the scary bunny. He kept seeing it through our house and I could not for the life of me think of any show or book he read with even a NICE bunny in it. Cue Saturday morning... the bunny is here in the kitchen!! Bleary eyed I walk into the kitchen and see a fairly large... MOUSE!!! Now he tells everyone, "I see mouse, but it was a bunny, now its a mouse, then mama threw it away. (Which I did. Sorry mouse lovers!)

Courtney's dad is Catholic. His grandmother passed away and he wanted Courtney at all the services. I compromised and allowed the viewing (remembering my mama's Baptist viewing where she was in a room and you could choose whether or not to go in). I forgot about the rosary and Catholic traditions. I digress. Courtney is sitting by her aunt and asks to go sit by her grandma. Her aunt says sure keeping her head bowed participating in the rosary. Then you hear Courtney talking loudly, "It's ok, Grandma, you are with Jesus now." Everyone looks up to see Courtney climbing IN THE COFFIN!

The Killer B's **WRIGHTROBYN.** **BLOGSPOT.COM**

Blaire, oh Blaire, what can I say. She is a spunky 2 year old and I love her. Here is one of her latest stunts. Well, we have been having conversations when she gets in trouble about who is in charge and why. (God made Mommies and Daddies to take care of you and tell you what to do, etc, etc.) She woke up one morning and at the breakfast bar I could tell she was in deep thought. She said, "Mom, God told me from heaven with his magic wand, that I was the boss!" I think she must have had a dream about it or something. I don't know where the magic wand comes in.

Blaire had a revelation this afternoon as Uncle Adam drove up. She said, "Uncle Adam, (pause) Uncle Michael, (pause) Uncle Alan (pause)... Uncle Todd...HEY, they're all on the same team!"

Brooke (our 5 year old) has been to the Bass Pro Shop many times, but the last trip she made a discovery. She was looking at all the "stuffed" animals and naming them, asking questions, etc. She paused and got very quiet. "Dad, were all these animals alive one time and now they are dead?" Ayrlic replied, "Yep." She held her composure but said, "We have got to get out of here with all these dead animals!" She is our vegetarian

from birth with such a sensitive heart.

I've Got POOP In My Pocket

**POOPINMYPOCKET.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Just another conversation between mother and son while one of the two is 'taking care of business':

"Mama?"

"Yes, Jake?"

"Why do you sit down to pee?"

"Because that's how girls pee."

"But why?"

"Ummmm.....errrrr.....ummmm..... because."

"Mama, do you have a pee-pee?"

"No, Jake, girls don't have pee-pees, just boys."

"Mama?"

"Yes, Jake?"

"Then we need to go to Walmart and buy you one."

Vaughn Family Chaos

**VAUGHNFAMILYCHAOS.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Tonight I brought my boys and a friend to McDonald's for dinner and to play in the PlayPlace area. We were the only people there, so the three boys were playing Hide&Seek after eating. Here's Frank-o's version of being the "seeker":

“one, two, free, four, five, six, sebin, eight, nine, ten! evfree or not, here I AM”!!

Tonight as I was putting the boys to bed, Buck-a-roo attempts to explain to me just how much he loves me: {as he is making a triangle gesture with his fingers}

Buck-a-roo: “Mom, do you know what this is?”

Me: “A triangle?”

Buck-a-roo: “No, it’s means hundred frouzand ten..that’s how much I love you!”

The Place Called Home

**THEPLACECALLEDHOME.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Last week, Joel asked me to run something up to the Newspaper office that he delivers for. (He runs a short route in the a.m. trying to get ahead a little.)

Anyways, the nice lady at the circulation desk starts talking to Mr. M. She asks him what he has been doing today. We had just finished a play date with some friends at the mall. He had been running around, laughing it up, having a great time. Did he mention ANY of that? Nope.

His response? Of course loudly enough for the entire office to hear? “I POOP ON THE POTTY, I GET TO RIDE THE TRAIN!”

I think my face turned two shades of red. Obviously, he was not thinking about playing at the mall...he was thinking about the bribe that I've been using trying to get him to "make a deposit."

There is a train that he has been begging to ride at the mall. I tell him that as soon as he starts pooping on the potty, he can ride the train. Obviously, he was thinking more on that than his little friends. Oh kids! I love it! ;)

Rylee For Life

**RYLEEFORLIFE.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

A couple of days ago Hanna went to a friend's house for a few hours. Rylee just doesn't understand why she can't go

and was complaining - well whining really - about not getting to go.

I told her how lucky she is - after all she GETS to stay home with Mommy and help me clean the house and finish putting away the Christmas decorations (I know really late - but that is a whole 'nother story!)

I told her, "It will be fun Ry - remember you like to help Mommy - we will have fun together! We get to clean the house - you can mop the floors and we can finish putting away the ornaments!!!" "Oh, okay Mama" she replied.

About 15 minutes into our cleaning session we were taking

some ornaments off the tree and Rylee was wrapping them for me.

The conversation went like this:

She softly says, "Are you SURE Mama?"

I said, "Sure about what sweetie?"

"Are you sure I like cleaning Mama?"

I smiled at her and said, "Of course I am sure. You love to help Mama remember? - It's fun!"

She sighs and says, "Are you really sure Mama? - You promise I like to clean? - You really promise I like dis Mama? Cuz... I don't really FEEL like I like to

clean Mama. I FEEL like I wanna watch Episode Jon plus 8!"

Standing On The Mountain Of God

**STANDINGONTHEMOUNTAIN-
OFGOD.BLOGSPOT.COM**

I am a faithful breastfeeding mom. I have nursed all five of my children for well over a year. So it comes as no surprise that they are all very familiar with the task.

One day I was out shopping with my mother when my son Elijah was still very small(Before Reni was born). In order to make the trip easier on both of us, we split the kids between us. I had two and she took two with her! While on oppsites sides of a small, yet very crowded store, I heard

Eli begin to cry. I knew it was getting close to his feeding time. So I began heading that way. Suddenly, I heard my 4 year old daughter Gracee yell, “Mom, Eli wants to drink your boobie!”

Laughter erupted throughout the store! Mortified, I tried to hide my head. Then once again I heard, “Mom did you hear me? Eli NEEDS to drink your boobie NOW!”

The Murphys

**CHRISTALLJASONGRACE.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

When Grace was in pre-school she started to notice that she was one of the only children in her class (or any of the pre-school classes for that matter)

who didn't have any brothers or sisters. She would come home and ask me every day when she could have a brother or sister. Since she was only 4 years old I decided it would be best not to go into the details of our choice to have only one child and simply told her that we loved her SO much we didn't want to share her with a brother or sister. The requests continued...

...and continued... and continued...

Then we noticed that they stopped. She stopped talking about siblings. She stopped asking for a sister. She just stopped. We were pleased - obviously we had “gotten through to her”

One afternoon, while I was waiting to pick her up, her preschool teacher asked if she could have a word with me. I followed her into the hallway, she looked me straight in the eye and said, "Grace told us she was having a baby."

After I composed myself, stopped laughing, and wiped the tears from my eyes - I asked if she (the teacher) had lost her mind!

Ms. Gail (whom I adore) told me that for the past few weeks Grace had been asking to take duplicates of her schoolwork home for "her baby." The teachers assumed that I was pregnant and just let Grace have her way. Grace continued

to ask for duplicates of everything - snack, homework, prizes - anything she got, she wanted to also bring home "for her baby."

Ms. Gail finally asked Grace when her baby was coming to which she replied, "I don't know. My mommy and daddy won't have a baby sister for me so I have to grow one in my own tummy."

Poor kid - her parents won't give her a sibling, so at 4 years of age she has to go and have her own.

After we found out about her little "plan" we tried to explain to her that things didn't quite work that way - but Grace is nothing if not insistent. She had

chosen bunk beds for her room so that the baby would have someplace to sleep (the bottom bunk), she asked her dad to buy her a doll seat for the back of her bike so she could drive the baby around.

It was hands down one of the funniest things she's done. And she still calls a calculator a "conkulator" - that pretty much cracks me up every time!

I Am An Open Book...With A Complicated Ending.

KIMMYBOWS.BLOGSPOT.COM

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read with even a NICE bunny in it. Cue Saturday morning... the bunny is here in the kitchen!! Bleary eyed I walk into the kitchen and see a fairly large... MOUSE!!! Now he tells everyone "I see mouse but it was a bunny, now it's a mouse. then mama threw it away". (Sorry mouse lovers!)

ABS – Live, Laugh, Love

faithboundbylizwinks.blogspot.com

About a week ago, Aaron's youngest niece, Nevaeh (who is 2 yrs) was at my parents-in-law house.

This punky 2 year old is as quick as her older sister with

jokes and making us all laugh. Anyway, while at my in-laws house, Nevaeh went over to her grandpa (my father-in-law) and made a fist as if she had something in her hands to share with him. So, my father-in-law held out his hand to get whatever was in Nevaeh's hands.

Nevaeh proceeds to open her hands and drops a piece of poop right into my father-in-law's hands and says in her 2 year old innocent voice "I pooped, Grandpa"!

Everyone started laughing so hard! Needless to say, my father-in-law proceeded right to the bathroom to discard the poop,

while catching his breath from laughing so hard!

Our Time With Dylan

**OURLIFEWITHDYLAN.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

Lisa - AKA Nee Nee - AKA ME - has been known to, in her wee years of life, lay down on Dairy Queen's floor and scream she would eat nothing but food from the Western Steer across the street. I believe I got a spanking and no food from any restaurant that day. Not "no food", just no fast food.

Amy - AKA Momma to Dylan - had the infamous Button Incident. She wanted some "monies" to play with, meaning coins for her jar. My mom was in

the tub, so she sent Amy to my dad. Brilliant idea.

He ignored her request for “monies” so Amy was left to find her own. With the help of one of those multi-tasking nail clippers, she literally sawed off probably over one hundred buttons from the clothing in the closet. We are talking over \$1,000 of clothes, and that was a lot of clothes from Hills back in 1989.

At least she had her “monies,” huh? My mom discovered her little adventure right away, but she continued to find clothes for MONTHS missing buttons, pieces of fabric, etc.

My Roller Coaster Life

**UGOTTAFRIEND.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

My brother Seth at age 4 was dying to go to school, so my Dad enrolled him in a local church pre-school. On his first day, Dad picked him up after school and here was the conversation:

Dad- Did you have fun at your first day of school?

Seth- YEEEEAH!!! *cheer*

Dad- Who all is in your class?

Seth- Elizabeth...and Kelly! *big grin and sigh*

Dad- Elizabeth and Kelly? Well aren't there any little boys in your class?

Seth- I dunno.

Mel Tells...the 8th Continent

SMITHFAMILYOF5.
BLOGSPOT.COM

Mom: Suzannah, did you finish your homework?

Suz: I didn't have any.

Mom: Avery, did you finish your homework?

Avery: I only had to study.

Mom: Well, did you study?

Avery: No

Mom: Well, you know what you need to be doing.

Mom: Andrew, did you finish your homework?

Andrew: Yes

Mom: What did you have to do?

Andrew: Study

Mom: Well did you?

Andrew: Yes

Mom: When?

Andrew: At school.

Mom: So you HAVEN'T studied?

Andrew: I've already memorized it.

Mom: Okay, what is it?

Andrew: The 7 continents.

Mom: What are they?

Andrew: North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Antarctica, Australia, & Africa.

Mom: You already said Africa. (I was joking with him, trying to throw him off)

Suz: (in her most sassy voice ever) Yeah Andrew, You forgot MISSISSIPPI!

One Breath At A Time...

TXMOMX6.BLOGSPOT.COM

“Score one for Mom!”

It's days like this that make me absolutely love being a mom. “Days like what?”, you may ask. Is it the warm hug they give you before they leave for school? Is it the joy on their face when they return home to fresh-baked cookies and just-milked-from-the-cow-fresh milk? Is it when they say “And God bless my mom, the best mom on the whole earth.” when they pray at night? Is it their sweet angelic faces when they're fast asleep?

Naaaaaaaahhhh. It's none of that. That's for moms with toddlers who don't know any better --- yet.

No, what makes me LOVE being a mom is the chance for me, when we're just one-on-one, to embarrass the crap out of them!

I finally caved and took Son #2 to the doctor this morning. His lymph nodes have been swollen for 2 weeks now - I guess beyond the “it's normal” stage. Now that one looks to be the size of a miniature golf-ball, I thought, “Well sheesh, I guess I'd better take him in. There's goes a morning of good tennis -- dang it!”

So I took him in (and before you call child services, I actually made the appointment on Friday). As we entered the exam room he plopped himself down on the table and then

The Funny Things Our Kids Do

proceeded to do what he's done at every doctor's visit for 13 out of his 15 years: play with the stirrups. Every. Single. Time.

He started pulling them out, then pushing them in, then pulling them out, then pulling them up, then pushing them down, then back in, etc. etc. etc.

Then here's what happened:

Me: "Please put those back and leave them alone (something I've said probably a million times in the past 13 years).

Then he asked the question he's asked probably a million times in the past 13 years: "So what ARE those?"

Me: --- thinking, 'I have had enough of this now, so you think you wanna know? OK, buddy-- here goes.'

"Those are stirrups. When a woman goes to the doctor to have an exam, or say, to the hospital to have a baby, they pull those all the way up and she puts her feet in them."

I then sat back and enjoyed the view.

I could see it start at the tippy top of his head --- the slow, yet all-too-apparent horror start to dawn on him. His eyebrows furrowed for just a second -- only a nano-second really, and then they shot up, almost into his hairline. His eyes narrowed

and then widened so far that I thought they'd pop right out. His mouth widened just as much --- he formed first a huge O, and then it turned into a disgusted grimace. He dropped the stirrups like they had turned in to lava. He used the tip of one finger to gingerly shove them back into their hiding places. Then he wiped both hands on the legs of his jeans -- totally and utterly disgusted, embarrassed and wishing there was a huge hole to swallow him up.

It was a proud, joy-filled moment for me. It still brings a tear to my eye to write about it.

The Q Family Adventure!

**THEQFAMILYADVENTURE.
BLOGSPOT.COM**

I was on bedrest while pregnant with my twins. Obviously, my oldest son, Michael, 5 years old at the time, thought that being pregnant with twins is a ticket out of all things that might resemble work (and, well, he was kinda right!).

One night, he was asked to pick up his toys before bed. He looked up at me and said, "But I can't do it, Mama." I asked him why not.

He looked at me with a VERY straight face and said, "Mama, I have twins in my tummy, see?" He had taken his bee (his favorite blanket) and stuffed it in his shirt

and completed the look with the “I’m pregnant with twins stance” with his hands on his back, his tummy sticking out.

I could not help but laugh a little. I’ve got to give him credit for most outrageous excuse though. Too bad his Mama didn’t buy it!

Random Thoughts of the Essential & Inconsequential

ESSENTIALANDINCONSE-
QUENTIAL.BLOGSPOT.COM

My sweet Belley-Girl is an angel, a helper, little mama, and sometimes T.R.O.U.B.L.E.

I went down stairs with a basket full of laundry. Belle had her

back to me, vigorously hiding what she was doing.

“Belle, whatcha up to?”

Knowing that she was caught, she proudly held up her right leg towards me and showed off the artistic skills of Van Gough on four of her toes...in bright red nail polish.

“Look Mama! Pretty Piggies!”

Family By Chance Friends By Choice

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After dinner a few evenings ago our daughter was discussing the class she would be partaking in regarding the female anatomy

and the hygiene changes that would be discussed in the class.

I have been talking to her for a while now so I am very comfortable with her participation in this class. She brought up the girls private area and my younger daughter is so flamboyant she just felt the need to say "YOU MEAN VAGINA".

This of course embarrassed her older sister and then I had to discuss the appropriate times to use these words and in the company of our brothers or other boys we should be a little more tactful in the choices we make when discussing certain subjects that might make others uncomfortable. I also told her that we should not use the word

vagina in ordinary conversations it only needs to be used when explaining something to a doctor or when they are talking to me (their mother).

The youngest brother has very good ears and apparently has heard the whole conversation. After pondering over what he has just heard he decides to pipe up while the family room is very quiet, with all attention on him and say "Mom." "Yes, son."

" Why can't we say 'From China'?"

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