

Note found on the bathroom door



Oh, The Laundry Gods Must Be Mad At Me...

I think I may have irrevocably angered the Laundry Gods throughout my childhood and single life, to the point now, they are really seeking their revenge.

I thought if I confess my former laundry sins, maybe they can be forgiven and I can FINALLY get caught up:

-As a young girl I would throw perfectly clean, folded clothes back into the laundry hamper to avoid having to hang them up.

-I would toss my dirty Kentucky Fried Chicken polyester uniform into the family's communal hamper, even though this was forbidden because the stale grease smell would get forever embedded in my brother's "Angel Flights" (a brand of pants from the late 70's)

-As a teenager I would obsessively wash my new 501s over and over again until they were just the right shade of blue, blatantly abusing the washing machine as my own personal fashion tool.

-1985, self-made Acid Wash Jeans, deeply sorry.

-As a college student I did a lot of "selfish loads,"

consisting of just my jeans and towels, even though my roommates' stuff was "right there." (Sorry Randall and Devon.)

-As a young mother I NEVER got to the dryer before the cycle stopped, setting the clothes with deep, unironable wrinkles. So I would repeatedly re-run the dryer cycle in the hopes that the clothes would tumble-out all of their wrinkles (and also giving me time to take a nap instead of folding onesies.)

-Once, about a year ago, I braggadociously said, "I am totally caught up with the laundry." (The Laundry Gods HATE pride in any form, especially from a housewife. It is the worst form of blasphemy.)

I am truly sorry for my past infractions and some day, I hope to at least see the bottom of my family's hamper (I know it is down there somewhere). I realize it would be a fleeting victory, but for a brief moment, I would feel triumphant.

Shameful things I have eaten as a mom

Momminess has made me do some pretty ridiculous things, like carry snails shells in my purse or buy a sixty dollar silk Christmas dress for a two-year-old.

But, it's the shameful things that I have eaten as a mom that really get to me. Before I rattle off a list of foods I have eaten that would make a billy goat stop and think, let me lay out for you what I think is THE most proper "Mom Lunch" in my mind: tuna fish sandwich, on a toasted whole wheat english muffin, with lettuce, tomato and lite mayonnaise, side of low fat cottage cheese and sliced apples.

I have never actually had this for lunch as a mom, but someday I hope to...I have bought all the ingredients for this lunch, but have ended up throwing away more cottage cheese than I care to admit.



The shameful list:

Built a "Chicken Sandwich" out of nine or ten small dinosaur chicken nuggets.

Three-hour-old Mac & Cheese, straight from the pot.

About a thousand pizza crusts.

Things left on child's plate, like soggy fries, cold hot dog buns and all kinds of salads (three bean, macaroni etc).

Twelve handfuls of Gold Fish—not so bad right?, but— walking from the toy aisle to the checkout counter at Target.

(Drank) lots of melted Icee's.

Left over party foods like cupcakes and birthday cakes. (My kids are notorious icing-only eaters.)

Hmmm, how do I describe this one?...You're at a restaurant and your kids order pancakes and they only eat three bites, so you lean in and "just finish up" the remaining 3/4ths of their short stack.

Cookie dough! Cookie dough! Cookie dough!

Oh, I am miles and miles away from the perfect tuna fish sandwich mom...at least I have something to strive for, right?

Ouch...

Today, I was driving my kids to a birthday party in a part of Orange County I had not been since I was a very young. As we drove along the river path, I told my six year-old that when I was a little girl, I used to ride horses there. She looked out her window a long time then said, "So that's why it looks so old and dirty out here." Ouch...

Some Mommy Links

I don't consider my blog a "mommy" blog, but here are some links to good ones that I read. I don't care for the ones about how to get Sharpie stains out of the couch or how to make organic Mac & Cheese. I like the ones that are right there with you, in the trenches and tell the truth about it.

[suburban Bliss](#)

[Mommy Needs A Cocktail](#)

[Mom to the screaming masses](#)

[Kerflop](#)

Enjoy, and don't burn your families dinner while engrossed in reading.

“Mom to the screaming masses” in Real Simple

I featured this blog last week as one of my favorite “Mommy” Blogs. She has a full back page in Real Simple Magazine (one of my favorites) this month. Check out her blog at “Mom to the screaming masses”



(Click to enlarge and read)

Yeah! for her.

Psycho Chicken

Another installment of my “Slightly Inappropriate Family Dinners.” I bet you thought (or were hoping) I would give this up, but I am going straight on to **Psycho Chicken**.

This dish is slightly inappropriate in name and in ingredient (over half bottle of white wine).

Ingredients:

Whole chicken (smallish)

1 1/2 teaspoon dried or three sprigs fresh thyme

2 cloves garlic, pressed

1 tablespoon cider

Dry white wine (I used Blue Wing Saloon’s Sauvignon Blanc)



Salt

Freshly ground pepper

Preheat oven to 325°F.

Clean chicken and remove giblets and boil them for the cat. Now, hack the bejezzes out of the chicken all over with the tip of you sharpest, most sinister-looking chef's knife.

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In a small bowl, mix together thyme, garlic, salt, pepper and vinegar, and slather liberally on chicken, taking care that mixture gets into slits in the meat.

Place chicken on rack in roasting pan and throw the poor girl in the oven.

Every 20 minutes or so pour more wine on the roasting chicken. When finished you should have enough wine for one glass for yourself.

Roast about 2 hours.

Now this is the crucial part, which will make or break the entire dish: carve and then dredge each slice in the juices in the bottom of the pan.



Margarita Grilled Chicken Salad

I've decided to start a series of recipes called "Slightly Inappropriate Family Dinners." To start it off, here is the first delicious entry. We had this on Thursday night.

BTW- I'll start by telling you what every recipe that requires a lengthy marinate time should tell you: MUST START TO MARINATE IN THE MORNING. There is nothing more annoying then trying a new recipe for dinner, pulling it out a 5:00 and realizing you should have actually read the recipe before then.

Margarita Chicken Salad

4 skinless, boneless chicken breast halves

1-1/2 cups margarita drink mix (contains no alcohol (darn).
But can and should be served with alcohol)

1 tsp. ground cumin

1 tsp. finely shredded lime peel

1/2 cup mayonnaise

2 Tbsp. lime juice

1/8 tsp. cayenne pepper

4 medium tomatoes slices

2 medium avocados slices

1/2 of a medium red onion, (I don't add this. Me and Jeff from
Flipping Out share the same sentiment on onions.)

1/4 tsp. cracked black pepper

1. Place chicken in a resealable plastic bag set in a shallow dish. For marinade combine margarita mix, cumin, and lime peel. Pour over chicken; seal bag. Marinate in the refrigerator for 5 to 8 hours. Drain chicken, discarding marinade.

2. Grill chicken, cool slightly.

3. Combine mayonnaise, lime juice, and cayenne. Artistically arrange tomatoes, avocados, and red onion (not a chance) on 4 salad plates. Chop-up chicken. Add to salads. Drizzle with mayonnaise mixture and sprinkle with black pepper.



Chef Ramsay would hate how I plated this. He would make me cry for sure.