

The awfully funny truth



While being forced to do her least favorite thing in the world—homework—Em started to tug, press, and fuss on her ear. “It hurts so bad...”

Now, being skeptical by nature and sometimes just for the enjoyment of it, I hardly believed her. Her self-prescribed remedy to “just go lie down and watch TV for a while,” deepened my doubt.

But, given she has had a cold (and this experience) I sent Ben off with Larry and headed for the closest Urgent Care.

While we were checking in I asked how she felt. “Oh, a little tired but...” she started. “No Em, how’s your ear?” “Fine,” she said before she could stop herself.

****insert THAT mom look****

As she squirmed around on the chair in the room the nurse asked, “What ear, honey?” She looked at her, blinked, and slowly pointed at her right ear, “I think it’s this one.”

****insert THAT mom look with head shake added for effect****

When the nurse left the room I pounced, “Were you telling me the truth when you said your ear hurt SO bad or were you just trying to get out of homework?”

Shocked at the very idea, she said, “No, it really hurt, it just feels better now.”

“Well, the doctor can tell in a second if you have an infection and if you don’t we’re going to have a long talk (which is the threat you give when you have no idea what the punishment would be),” I explained, “We’ll just wait and see

what she says.”

On cue, the doctor came in and did her “doctor-y” things and then she raised the otoscope to her ear. Em had her eyes pensively on me.

“Oh, yeah. It is really bad in there. She has an infection,” the doctor said, settling it.

With the instrument still stuck deep in her ear, Em smiled the biggest smile right at me.

I started to laugh, hard.

She started to laugh, harder.

The doctor didn’t know what to make of us as she wrote out the prescription.

In the car Em said, “I’m so glad I have an ear infection.”

“Me too, babe,” I said, as I squeezed her little, bare knee.

&&& Drawing by adorable Miss Avocado on awesome Etsy. &&&

Apparently, McDonald’s is my kinda place

McDonald’s has really great happy meal toys right now.

Right there—that I’m telling you that—is a problem. I know it’s a problem.

I’m not sure why this got me excited, but, sadly, it did.

When I pulled up to order for my kids and saw the toy was

Wizard of Oz (girl toy) and Batman (boy toy) I was perceivably jazzed.

Sure, my kids got all twitchy and chatty in the back seat when they spied the big ad that graced the top of the ordering menu that announced their prize, but I had a real sense of...well...happiness, at the very idea.

I really haven't a clue why.

The inexplicable joy just got worse and more disturbing when my daughter opened her happy meal to find she had been given Dorothy! Dorothy! I could have cried from the pure triumph I felt that MY daughter got the star character.

We both just looked at it all giddy with delight as she twirled it around. Then she pulled out the clincher..."Mom...(dramatic pause)... I got Toto, too!"

I would have hugged her if we hadn't both been firmly strapped in our seats. She placed the basket on Dorothy's stiff, outstretched arm and held it up high for us all to admire.

Another mysterious emotion of motherhood revealed right there in the parking lot of McDonald's.

Then I remembered, I was so swept-up by the luck of the moment that I forgot about Ben.

Poor Ben.

He pulled out his toy: The Green Goblin. A villain! Not even a sidekick, let alone the star.

He was robbed. Robbed I say!



(I hope she doesn't come alive at night and run around the house. She looks a disheveled and overwrought. Badly in need of a little powder pat-down.)

So, you really want to see what the funniest thing in the world is to a four-year-old?

Alright, keep in mind his humor taste is just developing, but this did hit on some of his favorite things: Monkey Mail.

Yep, I'm on deadline, can you tell? I'll be back to regular writing tonight!

I heart Etsy



I love the website Etsy. It's a place where people from all around the world can buy and sell homemade items—like artwork, purses, jewelry, clothes—online, without the overhead of a store or the hassle of lugging everything to an outdoor fair. It's free to anyone who wants to join, and any purchase made is protected by the all-powerful “Pay Pal.”

One might say, I'm a little addicted to Etsy. (“One” would be my husband.)

I buy things from Etsy that I would have bought from Pottery Barn, Z Gallery or even Target (and the prices are better.) I like the idea of supporting small, independent artist—many of

them are moms who work from home.

I check in daily to see what's new. Recently, I decorated my seven-year-old daughter's room with four pictures from one of her favorite artists; The Black Apple. She likes her artwork because it usually has animals in it and the girls aren't "all smiley," which apparently she doesn't like.

I love exposing my daughter to a variety of artists and their crafts. Our "visits" to Etsy have inspired her to make her own personal journal, decoupage dress forms (at The ARTbar in Santa Ana), design jewelry and draw portraits of her friends and pets. For Christmas last year I ordered this personalized portrait of all her pets that hangs in her room. (See it here.)

Go check out Etsy with your kids and if you have your own Etsy shop, please leave a comment so we all can swoon at your talent. (Especially if you are an OC Mom. I would love to check out your shop.)

Some of my recent purchases:

A handmade case for my iPhone from: JPat.

A charm necklace for my friend's birthday at So Charmed. (Don't look Vicki...seriously, DON'T!)

A poster for my son's room at Matt Art (Artist, Matte Stephen's shop.)

These mouse pads from Mirror Girl are made with artwork from a variety of Etsy artists.

(See...addicted!)

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 I wrote this for The Mom Blog at ocregister.com. You can go (here) to comment if you like...

Sleep Tight: Lullabies



I like to make CD's as gifts for my family and friends. I usually make a copy of this iMix I made Sleep Tight: Lullabies...(Click here to go to iTunes) and give it with a baby gift to the new parents.

This iMix is packed with songs from Rickie Lee Jones to Death Cab for Cutie. I got tired of listening to "kid" music when I would lay down with my kids to put them to sleep. (I know, I shouldn't...yatta yatta) So I have listened to this a few hundred times.

To spruce up the custom CD's I turn to those smarites at Chronicle Books who sell these CD Packaging Kits (this one is my favorite).



If you remember, I also made this iMix: "It's my life and my radio: Introducing our kids to the 80's."

The Saran Wrap kitchen tip I never knew

The other day we were at a party and LoRee came in and said "Ladies, watch this." And "this" was this...

Mom survives first month of summer: Fears linger

Irvine, ca. An Irvine mom said she was thankful to survive the first month of summer but fears the last month might be the one that will lead to widespread tantrums and whining. "It's not so much the actual fighting that bothers me, it's the listening to the fighting," said Suzanne Broughton, who has two children, ages 7 and 4.

Statistics show that even if 95 percent of the time kids "get along" and cohabitate together harmoniously, it is the remaining 5 percent that is the real killer. "I don't know if you can actually die from over-tattling, but it's a risk I'm not willing to take with my kids," said Broughton. "I have sent them to their room until July 25th." Broughton believes at that time, the return of her children's grandparents from vacation will slow the progression of boredom-induced squealing.

Her fears aren't unfounded. A recent study shows that left unchecked and uncorrected it has been documented that a child can "tattle" for three to five days non-stop without any contact with the child they are tattling on. Further, the dreaded question "Guess what?" can be uttered up to 6,134 times before doing any actual damage to the tattletale, but the long-term effects of tattling on both parties and the parents who have to listen to them are still largely unknown.

"I just don't know if she is going to last through the summer," said one of Broughton's neighbors who didn't want to be identified. "I heard her yesterday shout something like 'I have had just about as much of this as I can take!'" Which the

very informed and sharp-eared neighbor said was “mommy code” for “I’m just about to farm you out as an Arbonne consultant for the rest of the summer.”

One member of Broughton’s Wednesday playgroup, Karen Albright, said she was surprised she had gotten to that point so soon in the summer, but was “jazzed” to hear she might be getting free travel-sized moisturizers with carrying case. “I ‘m the one who first signed Suzanne up for Arbonne, so with each additional person she brings in, I get free product.”

When asked how she fared this last month, Albright said she was “fantastic.” She gave most of the credit to her carved-in-stone summer schedule. She has been dropping her children, ages 6 and 8, off to repeatedly see “Wall-E” every day, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., ever since the movie came out four weeks ago. “They just love that silly robot...or whatever he is. I haven’t actually seen it myself.”

Though the summer months can be taxing on stay-at-home moms, their neighbors and theater employees, it ‘s healthy to keep in mind that it will quickly be over and the children will soon return to their classrooms. But as Candy Orsby, the Director of The Orange County School Board, reminds parents in a memo sent out last week, they have to wait until the actual first day of school to do so,” no early July drop-offs will be accepted...Please remember, if the school’s doors are locked and the lights are out summer isn’t over yet. ”

OC Moms’ launch party: The

video

I made this video when I attended the OC Moms' launch party last Sunday at the Discovery Science Center. I write for the The Mom Blog at ocregister.com and thought a video of the event was in order...

You can go to my blog "Mommy's Mind is Not a Toy" by clicking [here](#).

1-2 I've got a crush on you

☒ Had a date last night with a charming 4 year old. We went to The Old Spaghetti Factory in Newport Beach. We sat in the trolley, drank Italian sodas, and ate three loaves of bread! He was such a gentleman, he pushed all the crosswalk buttons for me on our way there and he even let me finish his vegetables!

After dinner we went for a walk on the beach. He found a shiny penny on the boardwalk and threw it in the ocean and made a wish with it.

"What did you wish for?" I asked him later in the car.

"I hope you're my mommy forever!" he said as he batted his enormous eyelashes.

Oh, and "I hope I get to have a Transformer party for my birthday (next March)," he added.

What a smooth operator...

Happy Birthday to my little girl!

Well, she's not really a little girl any more. I wrote a little about her on my blog on The Mom Blog "[click here to go to Mommy's Mind is Not a Toy.](#)"