


# I Want To Be A Pre-Peeled Orange Mom


Another blissful day at Disneyland yesterday (read about my  love for Disneyland Here.) You know you are dialed-in to the “Mom” scene of Orange County when you run into more than two people you know at Disneyland—which I did. (pictured right, Lisa, Nicole, Jana and Jill)

While there, I was intrigued by a mom who stood in front of me in line. She pulled out of her well-stocked backpack a pre-peeled orange in a baggie. This was the snack she had the forethought, energy and time to prepare before heading off to Disneyland. Who are these moms? I want to be a pre-peeled orange mom. I did throw a whole orange in my backpack which was immediately crushed and forgotten for a Disney kid’s meal.

(psst.. Disneyland...“Holiday” decorations in January are not magical anymore—just creepy.)

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## “Honey, I am going to have to write you up for tonight’s dinner”

 Sometimes I think if being a housewife were an actual “Job” I would get fired, or at least I would be on probation. I enjoy being a mom and a wife, more than enjoy it, I love it. But the actual talent needed to be a good housewife—cooking, cleaning, shopping for bargains—I simply lack.

I have hope the overwhelming love I have for my family will, in the end, outshine my inability to poach an egg or keep up with the laundry. I'm pretty sure it will...

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## Things Mommy wishes she could stop doing...

Stop referring to myself as "mommy."

Stop being co-dependant with my three-year-old accident-prone dog by hiding her "mistakes" from my husband.

Stop searching for reasons to go to Target.

Stop getting food from the drive-through and calling it having a "picnic in the car."

Stop checking my blog stats counter.

Stop looking for my old friend, Louise Madison, on-line. Face it, she was cute and perky, she most likely got married and changed her last name.

Stop saying, "I'll be right there," when I know perfectly well I won't be right there.

Stop spending hours watching 80's videos on YouTube.

Stop wishing there really was a place called "Lazytown" and longing to go there (especially if *Sportacus* is there).

Stop regretting ever wearing overalls-pregnant or not.

Stop defending Bob Dylan's talent; either you love him or you don't.

~~Stop writing long stupid lists.~~

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## Whining—A Young Child's Only Weapon

I was inspired by my son, Ben, to make an Acrostic from the word "Whining." I adore every inch of him, but he has become a champion whiner. Maybe it will help me in the heat of battle. I am sure some of you can relate.

**W** – Whenever a young child feels helpless, he resorts to this, the only weapon he has against the dreaded "No."

**H** – Hunker-down, you are in for a long, drawn-out session.

**I** – Interject random observations here in an attempt to divert attention, "Look at that bird" or "car" or "flying saucer" or...

**N** – Never threaten to take away anything that would actually be a punishment to you: TV, Disneyland, computer time...

**I** – Involve bigger, booming-voiced husband in the saga.

**N** – Now, take a deep breath and consider what "Super Nanny" would do—that bossy-bunned-Brit is my idol! Just picture her saying "Unacceptable."

**G** – Give in—Do you really care if he touches the window one more time?

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## Only A Small Portion Of Bliss

# For Me, Please

Tonight my kids are staying at my Mom's, the cleaners have been here and Larry picked up Chin Chin for dinner so, when I walked in the front door I thought, "my house actually has a shot at staying this way for at least a little while."

It is weird because on a "normal" day—messy house, rioting kids, frantic mind/body scramble to get dinner thought-of, produced and on on the table—I would think this is all I wanted. But I miss all most of it. Don't get me wrong, this is blissful, but only in small portions.

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## Santa has tremendous artistic talent

Marisa at Creative Thursday made this painting for Emily for Christmas. Well, she made it for Santa to GIVE to Emily this Christmas.



It is, in order, Hazel, Kitty Kitty, Mr. Darcy, Lizzy, Peter Rabbit and Fluffy. These are all the pets we have right now. How precious is this going to be to Emily? She will keep it forever. I can't wait to give it to her, I mean, I can't wait for Santa to give it to her.

You can find the super talented Marisa at her blog Creative Thursday.



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# Get The Kids Together For A Spaz-Fest

I don't care for the terms "play date", "girl's night out" or "date night." To me they just cheapen the experience of, kids playing, hanging out with your friends and going out with your guy. They seem like terms made up by an editor of some parenting magazine.

I "do" all of these things, but would rather just let them happen naturally, the only respectable way, planned at the very last possible minute.

## **These are my approved substitutes:**

Get the kids together for a ~~"play date"~~: Beat Each Other With A Stick-Off, Spaz-Fest, Tell-on-each-other-a-thon or Dirt War.

Let's all of us girls get together for a ~~"girl's night out"~~: Nice Dinner and a Chat, Secret Meeting of the Sisterly Alliance ("SMOTSA"... Going to a SMOTSA) or \$15.00 pink cocktail.

My Husband and I are going to have a ~~"date night"~~: Conversation, Laugh or Dirt War.

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# It Was A Blustery Day At Disneyland

I am a Disneyland person. There are three types of people in Orange County, those who love it, those who don't and those who only like it on a perfect day. I am firmly in the first mouse-eared camp. I know you are thinking, hoping, crossing your fingers, that I am not one of "those" people who wear their annual pass around their neck, filled with pins from past visits and an upgrade the price of a small designer dog. Well, sorry to spring this on you...



(Notice Winnie the Pooh Themed Pins.)

Larry, my husband, and I even have matching Disneyland jackets, but he swears we got them under duress, in a weather emergency (but you and I know we don't have weather emergencies in California). Needlessly ashamed, he won't wear it anywhere but inside the park.

Once, we had to stop for gas on the way home from a gleeful visit and he wouldn't get out of the car until he took it off. (Now picture humongous Larry, struggling with a bright yellow pullover jacket in the front seat of my Volvo. He really hates that jacket!)

I went to Disneyland last Wednesday with friends. It was one of those perfect Disney Days: blustery, but not cold; uncrowded, we walked on every ride; and tantrum free, both kids and adults. (I'm sure I just brutalized the punctuation on this.)

It was decked-out in all of its ~~Christmas~~ Holiday glory and  
looked, well, magical, darn it!



I am far too tired to get in to my long, involved relationship  
with Winnie-the-Pooh, but let's just say, I still love him,  
even though he is a total sell-out.



(Back when Pooh was still street: Original illustration by the  
amazing, under-rated, grumpy, E.H. Shepard)

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## Emily, Future Style Editor?

My daughter Emily watched all the goings-on at our house when  
we were getting ready for the photo shoot for the fashion  
layout in Broughton Quarterly. She took it all in and then, on  
Sunday, she declared, "Mom, I am going to do my own photo  
shoot." Hearing her say "photo shoot" was priceless, like when  
she said, "Mom, are you being sarcastic?" Such grown-up words.

She went right to work on the backdrop first, using left-over  
poster board from her book report. She made two scenes; one  
winter and one summer. She dressed "Jewel," her Build-A-Bear  
Bunny, up for the first shot.



(Notice how she taped Jewel's hand up to look like she is  
holding the butterfly net.)

Taking the photos with our Cannon Rebel, she looked like a

pro. She even turned her cap around backwards to accommodate the camera, a real pro.

Then she changed scenes and dressed Jewel in winter hat and mittens.



(Hat and Mittens bought at Babies R Us, \$9.99)

Needless to say, Jewel has been a real Diva since her photo shoot; demanding tall soy carrot lattes and a prominent place on our family Christmas Cards. She is so not going to get that Build-A-Bear Gift Certificate to buy a new Hello Kitty purse if she keeps it up.

Being the proud Mama that I am, I had to share my daughter's cleverness with BQ's (Broughton Quarterly, pay attention) Editor, Matt Katz. I sent him an email explaining Emily's ambitions and attached the picutres.

Here is his reply:

From: Matt Katz

To: Suzanne Broughton

Subject: Re: Emily–future Style Editor?

Suzanne:

You're fired.

(Thanks for the tip on the new hire.)

Ah, that Matt. (I hope he was kidding)