

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)