

# Okay smarty we had a party

I am loving our new house. We broke it in tonight with a birthday party for my mom. Nothing like having the whole family scattered throughout to get a feel if the place will implode at the chatter of 7 people all trying to talk over Fox News.

I made my very first birthday cake. Darn it, if I am not old enough to make a cake. My mom is a whiz in the kitchen and I haven't ever had to lift a finger in the baking arena of our family, but since it was her birthday, I thought I would forgo the store bought treat and make it myself. It turned out magnificent (pitiful over-exaggeration for a Betty Crocker, one-step-better-than-store-bought cake—but I am proud of myself so...)



Mouth-watering, no? I do give part of the credit to my camera, which makes everything look good. Take a bow Canon Rebel.

I made Joey's BBQ'd pulled chicken sandwiches and instantly put my brother, Randall, in charge of the "pulling." If he thought getting married would stop me from bossing him around, it was confirmed today, it has not.



Apron by "Heavenly Hostess." Though Randall looks great in it, it's actually mine—a gift from Jana and Jill for my birthday.



This is very easy to make, but that didn't stop me from calling Joey in Montana to ask him to walk me through it, again. Four chicken breasts, two bottles of bbq sauce, four hours in a cast iron pot and a lot of pulling and shredding makes this delicious sandwich meat. Randall can be lent out

for parties and special events, but he needs to be home early so he can ride his bicycle in the morning.

Happy Birthday Mom. You are truly a delight and a blessing to have as my mom.

