

Kickin' it Disney style



Well, we arrived in Florida yesterday for our Disney vacation. Yes, we made it!

No matter how much you prepare for an airplane ride with young kids—sugar-infused snacks, Leapsters, iPods loaded with audio children's books, even surprise teeny, tiny army men—it is just against all laws of nature to expect a kid to sit for hours, quietly and orderly in such a small space.

At least that's the case for my kids. I have more of a chance of licking the moon than getting Ben (my four-year-old boy) to not play with the seat tray in front of him—it's like a cruel form of child torture to put something so alluring and, well, awesome in front of him for a trip across the country without letting him mess with it.

By means of either heavy medication or an act of God, the woman in the seat in front of him slept through the entire flight. But the fear of Ben smashing his tray down, rousing her awake, and the shaming glare that would follow kept me from ever fully reclining in my seat the whole trip.

I would love to stay and chat, but we have just ordered the movie "Enchanted" and I have been dying to see it. I just wanted to say one more thing about traveling on planes with kids...more of a suggestion really.

I think the airlines should hand every mom a medal or award as she disembarks the plane—if all members of the family have survived, that is. I can just see it: as I walk down the jetway, waving to the roaring crowd of admirers, I say, modestly, "I would like to thank my mom for helping me achieve this award. She taught me everything I know about patience."