

A Visit From Old Friends

Our Friends, Stacey and Erik, are visiting from the Bay Area. I worked with Erik in San Francisco managing highrise buildings. Though I don't generally believe in boy-girl relationships while married, Erik and I are firmly within an appropriate friendship, mostly because of our mutual adoration for the other's spouse.

Erik and I worked in a satellite office for a Japanese management company. Which translated meant, we had a lot of unsupervised time on our hands and A LOT of reports to do. We spent most of our "free time" reporting our ridiculous manager to corporate, watching South Park online, and, because we worked above Specialty's Bakery, eating an enormous amount of soup.

On Friday, we took them to Irvine Park to ride the train there. We both have 3 year-old-boys, so this was a must. The kids also rode the ponies. I introduced everyone to "Dedee," the horse I ride during my lessons at Country Trails Riding School.



Since I am holding steadfast to my rule not to post pictures of my kids online, here is a picture of me and Erik, taken by his wife.



(Admittedly, this is a weird picture. Me with another gal's husband's arm around me, but as Erik so cruelly put it, "You are like an older sister to me.")

After a full-day's visit they were off to Palm Springs. Upon their departure, I gave them this nifty gift for the road (not to drink on the road, mind you), which I would suggest as a Christmas Gift as well.



(You might be wondering why I have this bad studio picture of a gift? I had pitched this idea for BQ, but it was nixed by the Editor.)

It is a Coppola Merlot wine *spit* I bought at CostPlus (The place where people who are afraid to fly go to "travel").

It fits perfectly in a wine bag with two stemless glasses. It is a nice treat for guests who are passing through or maybe to sneak into your husband's suitcase as a surprise when he arrives on his boring business trip (only packing ONE wine glass, of course.)

We went to Disneyland yesterday and I will share about that as soon as Stacey sends me the pictures.