



Giving Thanks

Things my kids should be thankful for

By Kelli Wheeler

It's the month of giving thanks. I've got so much to be thankful for I don't know where to begin. My kids have a lot to be thankful for, too. First on their list should be that I decided to walk by their rooms today and "not" demand they get in there and clean it and "not" come out until every last Nerf dart and Hannah Montana CD is in its place.

In fact, if I look back through the year, my kids should be so dang thankful for their wonderful, loving, giving and sacrificing mother. And in case they have forgotten, I created a list for them to tack onto the closed doors of their messy rooms. Let's start with:

January

For my birthday I wanted to go to the Justin Timberlake concert. Instead we all went to the Monster Truck Rally.

February

Valentine's Day was a romantic dinner for four over chicken nuggets and fries with construction paper roses.

March

Spring break was spent at Sugar Bowl inching down the Donald Duck trail where signs instructed skiers to "Make French fries...apple juice right...orange juice left...make a pizza, make a pizza, make a pizza!"

April

My husband knows better than to wake me for early-morning nookie, but I did set my alarm to get up in the pre-dawn hours to hide colorful eggs in the wet and freezing cold. Plus, an over-the-top kitty-cat picnic birthday was planned, executed and cleaned up in record time.

May

Definition of oxymoron: Mother's Day is spent surrounded by loved ones

wanting to celebrate you when all you really want is the gift of time alone.

June

School's out and one long playdate with Mom begins. Only one month in and we'd already hit Folsom Lake, Raging Waters, Country Club lanes, indoor soccer, the movies and cousins in town for a three-week visit.

July

Cousins still here and now we've added two pool parties, roller skating, ice skating, river rafting, three summer camps, camping and endless gallons of sunscreen application.

August

The beginning of soccer season. Need I say more?

September

After 18 years of formal education, I've gone back to school—correcting and guiding homework, volunteering in the classroom, chaperoning field trips, working school fundraisers and making lunches every day because my kids don't like the cafeteria food.

October

I planned a megawatt birthday party that included a 20-by-30-foot inflatable obstacle course and scoured a gazillion Halloween costume aisles in an effort to piece together a ladybug and an army man with just the right accessories for authenticity. Apparently, you get more candy that way.

November

Hallelujah! I will wash stinky soccer socks and muddy uniforms for the last time this year! And my kids won't have to wear it out of the hamper again because I forgot.

December

I can already predict this one. I will rouse myself for the 5 a.m.-door busters, knock-down grannies and small children in the aisles of Target and Wal-Mart and/or walk the equivalent of a 10-kilometer fun run within every regional strip mall, indoor mall and specialty store to ensure that my children will wake up to that coveted toy they just had to have Christmas morning—the same one they will lose interest in by New Year's.

God love 'em, I'll do anything for those kids of mine. And I am thankful that they appreciate and love me for all that I am and do. It is, of course, my choice that my world right now revolves around these kids and I am thankful to say that despite the obvious spoiling going on here, they are not spoiled brats.

But all I would like in return is a clean room. Really, is that too much to ask? Sure a "thank you" goes a long way, but picked-up dirty socks and stuffed animals really screams, "You rock, Mom."

'Cause you know, I kinda do.

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