

7 quick takes Friday (Vol. 20)

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Remember the Slinky? Our boys acquired their first ones today, though theirs are knock-offs called plastic rainbow magic springs. I thought I knew how to work one, but my first attempts to get them to walk down the steps were failures. Leo was the one who figured it out and taught Daniel how to do it. They had a great time taking turns sending them down the steps.

When I was a child so many years ago, the Slinky was metal and it always got tangled quickly. I wonder whether the plastic ones will stay untangled longer.

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If we manage to move to a new house, maybe we should invest in some of this creative furniture. Somehow I don't think I'll be able to persuade John that it's worth the trouble.

If we had the extra money to spend and a place to put it, I would want one of these Japanese cabinets that I had my eye on long before we traveled to China and saw this one in the White Swan Hotel. Isn't it lovely? As far as I know, it's still there.



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Before you have children, you might think you will feed them only the most nutritious food available. Then you meet your children, and you realize that as hard as you try to create the perfect meal, your children are desperately yearning for something exotic along the lines of Ramen noodles. And so you buy them and make them and your sons dance around the room because finally their mother is serving a meal they love.



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Our boys got new shoes this week. And they're Star Wars shoes that light up in different colors. I remember being excited to get new shoes when I was little, but I was never as excited as our sons are when we get them new shoes.

"I am so happy about my shoes I will pop out of them!" Daniel said.



Of course, my shoes never lit up, and these shoes flash red on the right shoe and blue on the left shoe. That is pretty fun. But it does make me wonder, when these boys are adults, will they still be able to buy light-up shoes?

Leo, being a shopper after his mother's heart, asked the salesclerk whether the batteries could be replaced when they wear out. She didn't know what to say. I bet they'll last longer than my cell phone batteries, but not as long as the batteries in annoying musical toys. Those batteries are always the ones that last the longest.

Lately the beloved stuffed animals in our house have needed stitching, and my sewing kit has been put to regular use. It's not much of a kit—just a Tupperware container of thread and needles—and I can usually find what I need. When my sister Treasa saw it this week, she sat down and organized it, even color coding the threads.



Can you tell that she's a librarian? That is an activity I would never think to take on, though I can appreciate the beauty of having an organized kit. This shows the difference between a third and a sixth child, perhaps?

It has been so hot and humid this week that we have been looking for some indoor activities for the boys to do with their cousins. Today I asked them to help shuck corn, and they jumped at the opportunity.



Then Daniel climbed up to the sink and washed all the ears. He felt so important. He was soaked by the end, especially once he found out that there was a snaky sprayer on the sink he could use, but he had such a great time. And he looked so mature standing at the sink washing corn, even as his clothes got soaked. Three is a magical age.



Lately when we put Daniel to bed, he says, "I love you, Mama. I don't want you to die forever."

It's cute and sweet and a little disturbing, but also full of love. I'm not sure how our 3-year-old understands death, why he's expressing it in this way, or whether something prompted this. I always say something like, "I love you, too, and I want to live a long, long, long time."

It's humbling to be loved so dearly and to want to live not just for yourself, but even more for your husband and your children.

See more quick takes at Jen's Conversion Diary blog.