

Week in My Life 2017: Friday

I'm blogging every day this week to share a glimpse into our daily lives.

You can read Monday's post [here](#), Tuesday's [here](#), Wednesday's [here](#), Thursday's [here](#), Saturday's [here](#), and Sunday's [here](#).

Our children are off today, so the morning starts with a sense of calm. There are no lunches to pack, no last-minute homework assignments to do, no field trip forms to forget.

Leo starts a conversation with me about sacraments and vocations, and I think for the thousandth time how amazing it must be to be a morning person and wake up full of thoughts more coherent than “Where’s the coffee?”. Ten-year-olds are extraordinary.



But Leo is still not feeling like himself, so I call and make an appointment with the pediatrician.

We make it to the doctor’s office just a couple minutes late, and the boys check out the fish tank and play with the same mazes they always enjoy in the waiting room. Then we’re meeting a new-to-us doctor and she’s asking Leo lots of questions.

I’m thinking she’s going to say it’s a virus and we just need to wait for him to get better, but suddenly she’s used the word “pneumonia.” Not a serious case, but she’s prescribing something. She puts an oxygen reader on his finger, and Daniel—who has been spinning in circles on his tummy on a stool in the examination room—suddenly perks up. He wants a turn with the oxygen reader.

The doctor stalls a bit, taking us down the hall to get Leo’s weight and giving me

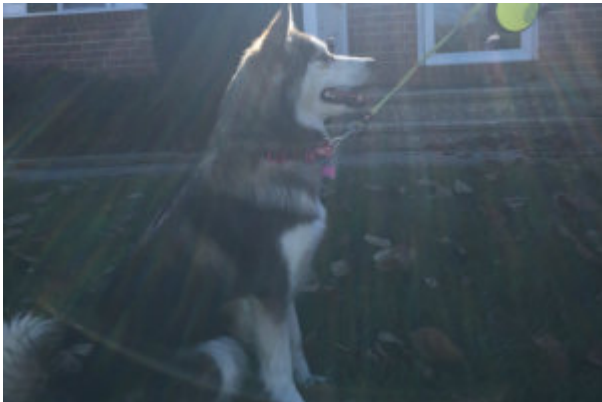
information on the prescription. But finally she relents and puts the oxygen reader on Daniel's finger. I see her pause.

"Let's try a different finger," she says. I start paying attention.

"Hmm," she says. "Let's take you into the examination room."

Minutes later Daniel, who has been bouncing around the office, has been diagnosed with a sinus infection.

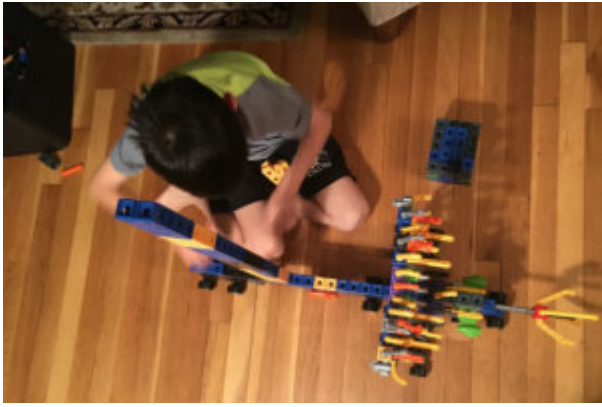
So we head to the pharmacy and then home, where the children take their medicine, whining just a little but also cheering each other on. They can be really caring, supportive brothers.



The boys rest and watch TV while I get some work done. Our afternoon sitter stops by to introduce the children to her husky-Pomeranian mix, Leia, before I head over to my second parent-teacher conference of the week—Daniel's.

I really like his teacher, and I like her even more after we meet. She obviously enjoys having our son in her class. She tells me she loves his sense of humor and his helpfulness, and I can tell she's proud of how well he is doing. No wonder he's doing so well in her classroom. He needs people around him who believe in him, who are cheering for him, and who celebrate his successes with him. Don't we all?

I mention to the teacher that Daniel's homework book never manages to come home. Could the super-organized helpful little girl who sits next to him help him remember it? The teacher immediately agrees to give that a try.



The rest of our afternoon at home is a mix of quiet and screen time. Leo goes to lie down for a while, and Daniel becomes his nurse, taking him drinks and reporting back to me on how his brother is feeling. It's sweet and wonderful (and maybe a little surprising) that both brothers seem to be enjoying this.

We have leftovers for dinner, and then half the family watches *Cars 3*, while I catch up on some writing and Daniel builds with Trios.

Then it's bedtime, and everyone falls asleep quickly. I hope the whole family sleeps all night and that a few of the healthier ones among us can make it to my nephews' baptisms tomorrow.