

Week in My Life 2017: Sunday

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](#), Friday's [here](#), and Saturday's [here](#).

Our 7-year-old comes to wake me up, telling me how he can't wait for "Orange," our Sunday school program. He made a long gratitude garland last week—a paper chain with a link for everything he's grateful for—and his teacher has promised him a prize. He is so excited to see what it is.



By the time I get up, we're running a little behind. I open the microwave to find dumplings I reheated last night. It's not the first time I've forgotten something in the microwave, and it won't be the last.

Since the boys and I go to Sunday School now, we also attend an earlier Mass. But with breakfast and getting everyone dressed and shoes on and finding coats, somehow we are late leaving. As we are driving, the boys tell me there are slugs on the windows, and I'm too worried about being on time for Mass to pull over and address the situation. I tell them I think they are leaves, but that's not nearly as exciting, and my opinion is clearly outvoted. We walk into Mass a minute late, and just before the opening hymn starts.

It's a beautiful Mass, and our pastor makes me think about gratitude and whether I am truly grateful and appreciative enough of all God has given me.



That theme extends to Orange, where I am a teacher—or a small group leader, actually, for a second grade group that doesn't include Daniel.

My friend and I are leading the group together, and it has been a wonderful experience. Today each of the students and small group leaders are challenged to thank 10 people personally this week. I find myself looking ahead at the week to all the people I might be able to thank.

By the time our sons join me to go home, Leo says he has already thanked three people. His week is off to a great start. And Daniel is the proud winner of a brand-new Under Armour cap, so he's on the top of the world.

We head home to pick up John and go out to lunch together. No one can agree on where to go. The boys both want to eat chicken soup at home, and John and I think maybe we could spread our wings just a bit farther after the gallons of chicken soup that have been consumed this week. We settle on one of our favorite Mexican restaurants, where the boys love the Mexican rice.

As we eat, the boys start thanking us one after another, trying to hit their 10-people-t0-thank quota as quickly as possible. Out of nowhere Leo says, "Thank you for adopting me," and I get a little choked up trying to respond. But, of course they have moved on quickly to another topic.



During a quiet afternoon at home, the boys build with their Trios—a toy that has apparently been discontinued, much to my disappointment since we have a renewed enthusiasm for them. I have offered to bring a pie for Thanksgiving dinner at my parents' house, so I realize I need to find a clean horizontal surface before Thursday.

I make a dent in clearing off the kitchen table, and I update the family calendar, which expired last week. Somehow filling the calendar with everything we are doing is both comforting and overwhelming.

We are in for a fun month with a birthday, a birthday party with friends, a first reconciliation, and a Gotcha Day—all before we even think about Christmas.



As I'm cooking dinner, Daniel comes into the kitchen and heaves the chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream out of the freezer.

Strict regimented mother that I am, I tell him he has to wait until after dinner. This seems extremely unfair. I distract him by asking him to grate cheese for me, and he shifts gears and goes happily to work.

We're having leftover French onion soup from last night. And, of course, if you're paying attention, there is chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream for dessert.

After dinner, the boys are back to their Trios and some fascinating complicated creation they have built together. By bedtime, they are tired, and John reads to them and then turns out the light. They fall asleep quickly.



I call my sister to chat, and she says to me, “I can’t believe you’ve been blogging every day. I thought you had already learned your lesson.”

But I never will learn that lesson because I love looking back on the “Week in My Life” posts.

And now the 2017 edition is complete! It was fun for me—and I hope also for you.