

Age is relative

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By ANGEL KANE, *Wilson Living Magazine*

We recently traveled to visit the newest member of our family. Her name is Ana, my brother's third child. As I held her all weekend, my husband knew what was coming....

...with her baby powder smell, adorable, pink onesies and warm, little snuggles...

...there was no doubt about it.

So, I said it loud and clear for everyone to hear, "She is so precious. I think I should have another baby!"

To which my sister-in-law responded...

But first - a word about my sister-in-law.

I only have one sibling, my younger brother. Six years my junior, he was really too young to play with, so instead, he became my indentured servant. We did everything together. And he did everything I told him to do... that was... until he married HER.

Now, don't get me wrong, there are a lot of things I like about HER. She is ultra-OCD. Everything and everybody has its place. In many ways, I broke my brother in, just for her...so she kind of owes me!

And as I was sitting, cooing over her newest baby, and telling everyone within earshot that I was definitely going to have a fourth child,

SHE hollered from the kitchen...“You can’t have another baby! You are too old!”

I immediately looked at my little brother. His mouth was open, aghast, at what SHE had said to ME. My husband, on the other hand, sat back laughing...ready for the show!

“What did you say to me????!!!! I am not old! I am only 40, six years older than you! And for your information, there are lots of people my age, who are only now having their first child.”

SHE then made her way from the kitchen to where we were all sitting,

“You traded in your mini-van, turned your playroom into a media room, joined a gym and every time we talk are threatening to botox those wrinkles between your eyes...YOU are now too old to have a baby!”

Later that day, as we drove home, my husband said, “I thought you were going to take her out when she made that “old” comment, but instead you let it go.”

“Well, I figure she is on her third kid, which means she owns a dirty van, her playroom is littered with half naked Barbies and various Uno cards, her only form of exercise is yelling at her kids and those furrows between her eyes will only get deeper with each and every day that Ana doesn’t sleep through the night.

I, on the other hand, am going to spend the money I would have spent on HER Christmas gift, on Botox!”

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