

## Buying in Bulk

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### By BECKY ANDREWS

Somewhere in history, who knows when, it became clear that enough was not enough. It was probably somewhere between Cleopatra and Marc Antony's demise at the Battle of Actium when they knew death was not far off that Cleo turned to Mark and said,

"Why didn't you bring more than two spears? Now we are staring death in the face"

"Maybe if you would have packed more"

'Maybe if you would have bought more"

"If you can tell me where I can buy more than two at a time, I'll do it. Until then, shut up and fight!"

And so the Big,Bulk,Budget Club was born. Where the diapers come in packs of 800, canned corn is purchased by the gross, and you can get your tires rotated while picking out an engagement ring.

I've always thought it ironic how we forgo the grocery and instead go to budget clubs to take advantage of deep discounts and savings yet leave with a palate of non perishables and a receipt for \$600.00!

As much as I hate to spend a Saturday afternoon wandering the isles of these stores, once I'm there, it's heavenly. Where else can you find the latest New York Times bestseller (at a 30% discount), sample chocolate covered puff pastry and buy new living room furniture under the same roof?

My children love it too. Especially my oldest who insists we wait until lunchtime to go. "Because that's when all the food samples are out. It's a free lunch, Mom!"  
He's starting to act more and more like his father.

My husband likes to brag about how long our essentials last...to anyone that will listen. Last weekend we were grilling out. Jay walked inside followed by his shadow; our youngest. He pulled out the aluminum foil and very proudly said,

“You were still in kindergarten when we bought this. Isn’t that cool?”

For the first time I saw our baby look at his father like he normally looks at me when I’m helping him finish his homework. It’s the disappointed look that says,

“There had to be a mixup at the hospital. There’s no way I’m biologically part of this family.”

I like a good deal as much as anyone. In fact, it’s liberating to only buy dryer sheets once a year. I just don’t feel the need to tell everyone. I even thought about letting our membership expire and start buying my hot dogs in 8 packs again instead of 32.

One afternoon, my oldest and a friend were playing. They stopped long enough to get a snack. They grabbed something out of the pantry and headed back upstairs. As they tore the wrapper from a fruit roll-up (and left that wrapper on the steps), his friend shouted,

“DUDE! That is a HUGE box of Fruit Roll-ups!”

“I know! We bought that before Christmas and still have a ton left. You should see our closet full of toilet paper.”

I guess I can keep the membership going for now.

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