

Living the dream

Posted on Nov 08, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

Have I told you about my new home? Oh, it's to die for!

It's about a year old, has heat and air, wall-to-wall carpeting and great acoustics. It's a little on the small side, but that just means less space to keep clean. Did I mention it has 360 degree views, large windows and a skylight?

Most evenings you can find me in my new home, playing on my phone, flipping through Pottery Barn catalogues and drinking Dunkin' Doughnuts coffee. And sometimes, if you look closely through the windows, you may even see mebanging my head ...repeatedly...against the walls of my new home.

No worries though – it doesn't hurt – the walls are made of fake leather.

Oh, wait – did you think I bought a new house? Oh, no – I didn't buy a new house. I mean, what's the point, I no longer live in a house.

These days - I just live in my car!

I always knew my kids were busy, but all of a sudden, with one in high school, one in middle school and my youngest, who is determined to play every sport known to man, I spend my evenings from 3 until 9 – driving around town, dropping them off, picking them up andwaiting.....waiting.....waiting for them to be done!

There is simply nothing more exhausting thanwaiting. It's like my life is wasting away right in

front of me. It's like someone is slowly, slowly, slowly torturing me. It's like....

To which my husband responds, *"You should take your work out clothes and go for a run while you are waiting."*

To which I respond, "%#&*^!!!!!"

Otherwise known in husband/wife speak as *"Thanks for the advice, it's so kind of you to pass on your words of wisdom to me."*

So, as I am writing this article, it is 7:05 at night and I'm sitting in my "home." I'm waiting for my oldest to finish her tennis lessons, my son is at soccer and my middle one is in the backseat doing her homework, while eating chicken nuggets. And just about then, **Becky** calls me,

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'm living the dream, how about you?"

To which my dear friend responds, *"Oh, yeah me too! I'm at a Jacob's basketball game in Clarksville, Jackson forgot his homework, the concession stand won't accept credit cards and my mother-in-law drove with us."*

And that's why I love Becky. She always knows exactly what to say.

Thanks, Becky for your words of wisdom!

And, of course, heated seats and satellite radio...do help ease the pain...but only ever so slightly.

by Angel Kane

Tags: Untagged