

Mile high memories and comments

How far back can you remember? That question often arises when friends get together. I would say most people can go back to about 3 or 4 years of age.

They are in awe when I tell them I can go back to about a week or two after my birth. You read that right! When I was born, mothers and babies stayed in the hospital for two weeks. Today, Mom goes in, baby comes out, bags are packed and they are back home before anyone knew Mom was gone.

I tell friends the sounds new borns make, such as 'gaa gaa, goo goo,' etc., 'are sounds of baby talk. That's right, baby talk. And what babies hear are actually words and phrases.

The "Institute of Baby Banter at Birth and Other Things Newbies Fool Us With," recently published the results of their study and their conclusions are something I've known since birth. When friends press me to give examples of my claim, I have no hesitation to relate to them a conversation I had with a baby in the crib next to me in the hospital nursery, a conversation that sticks with me yet today.

One day that baby wanted to know how much I weighed. I told her 6 pounds and 5 ounces. She said she weighed 9 pounds and 4 ounces. I told her she was a fatty. I noticed her fists starting to curl up, so I quickly changed the subject.

Our conversation continued for probably 10 minutes until some ladies in white came in to check the inventory in our diapers. Apparently what we were supposed to do we did very well because they left the room with their noses pinched shut. We thought that was funny.

But back to our conversation.

My nursery friend wanted to know where I was from. I told her I didn't know because wherever I was it was so dark I couldn't see anything. She sort of smiled at that answer. She then wanted to know if I was a bottle or a breast baby. Of course not knowing what she was even talking about and yet not wanting to sound stupid (after all she was three days older than me), I told her that I was a nipple baby. She almost fell through the guard rail around her crib in laughter.

Then she asked if I was a boy or a girl. I told her I didn't know. She said, "Well, dummy, there's only one way to find out."

I asked her how.

"Pull down your blanket, remove those safety pins on your diaper, and take a look," she instructed.

So I did.

She said, "Well, what are you?"

I didn't answer right away because I was busy looking around. Exploring reveals all kinds of interesting things.

She kept pestering and pestering, so I finally yelled out with excitement, "I'm a boy!"

"A boy," she repeated, kind of disappointedly.

"Yes," I assured her.

She was quiet for a few moments, then asked in a teasing kind of voice, "Well... just how did you find out that you were a boy?"

"That was easy," I told her, "BLUE BOOTIES!!!" (gotcha!)

As I write this (Jan. 10) the snow removal machinery here at the Sonoma Resort at Saddle Rock in Aurora (Colorado, for my Kansas readers) is busy clearing the streets and sidewalks. The piles of snow they are creating are as high as they've been all season long. Of course this is good news for all the kids in the resort (and there are many), as well as for all of us and especially the farmers. After school today, the kids will make good use of the snow piles. Ahh, to be young again! I think the snowfall here was in the neighborhood of 5, maybe 6 inches. I've never been very good at estimating snow falls.

I will not comment on the shootings in Tucson, Arizona. In lieu of commenting, I will do as I always do when such situations occur - pray. Those directly affected need our prayers more than another word or two from those who at this time know little as to why what happened happened. Prayer is powerful, it can't be matched. If you haven't done it in a while, now would be a good time to reacquaint yourself with it.

I took special note of the problems New York City faced in its recent snowstorm and how they were really coming down on their mayor. I got to thinking that New York City has a population of somewhere around 10 million. Now, if each one of those 10 million had a snow shovel....Must I go on?

Two guys who should be setting an example...aren't. What do President Obama and Speaker of the House Boehner have in common? They both smoke! Enough said.

When I viewed the new, beautiful activity bus my alma mater is wheeling around the territory, thanks to a front page photo in The Hays (Kansas) Daily News. I thought how lucky those students at Thomas More Prep-Marian High School are. I say that because I can remember as a child when athletes at that school were transported to games by their parents, there were no buses. It was a military academy at the time and parents would team up to fill their cars with athletes and head out in whatever direction the opponent lived. I hope the students of today truly understand how privileged they are to travel in such style.

Comments to <mailto:milehitom@hotmail.com>milehitom@hotmail.com
Until next time, peace...and love.

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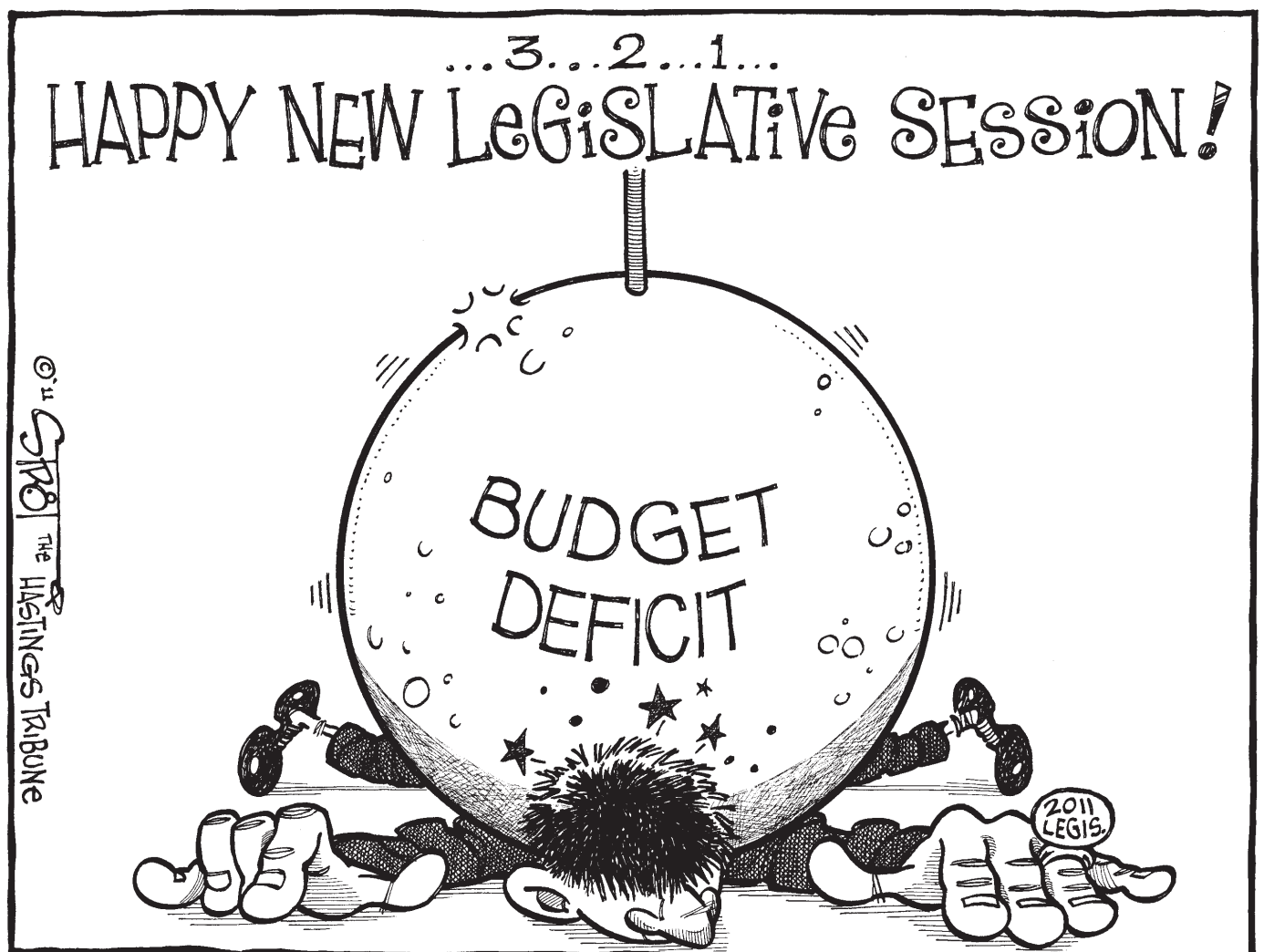
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Retail therapy brightens gloomy days

If one is patient enough the pre-Christmas sales frenzy turns into January liquidations! It's a great time to buy summer clothes (the ones they were trying to sell us last summer) because the new ones will be out in February!

I like this. Instead of thinking about 7 inches of snow I'm thinking about summer: vacation, the pool and hot, hot, hot days!

So I scan the catalogs and find some beautiful Capri pants: 6 colors. Don't you just feel the need for COLOR in January? Is there anything duller than a house after the Christmas tree comes down? Never mind the house basically has that color palette 11 months of the year. There is just something stark about the world in January!

I need new Capri pants and I'm going for bright: Apple Green and Turquoise! The catalog called it blue and green, no wonder they didn't sell, it's all in the marketing! I also got black; always important to have a basic!

Besides the pants, there are tops and sweaters! I'm going to Canada in May. I anticipate it will be warm enough to wear Capri's, but cool enough to need a sweater! Just thinking about vacation makes me warm until I remember the

This Too Shall Pass Nancy Hagman



day's predicted high is 10 degrees.

I accomplish my shopping spree in the warmth of my own home thanks to the Internet and Visa! There's even free shipping!

Our house is quiet now. The last of the Christmas guests departed. The arrival of the clothes is a pleasant diversion. The packages are heavier than anticipated. I hope this means the fabric is high quality and durable. Something I'll be wearing forever.

The packages are also cold. They have been in the mailbox awhile. I ought to try at least one pair on, just to be certain they aren't too big. It doesn't really matter if they are too small because I'm definitely losing weight by May!!!

I'll just wait till the pants warm up, 24-48 hours ought to do it. I do try the blue sweater on; it's a little tight over my sweatshirt but otherwise perfect.

The green top doesn't exactly match

the green pants (in fairness color of the top is Bright Green), but it will blend. It's sleeveless, brrrrrr--- I look out the window, wondering just when I'll ever need a sleeveless top! Hope it fits 'cause I'm not trying that on until April or when I pack for the trip or well---sometime in the future. It was cheap! I'd probably have to pay half of what I paid for it to ship it back. Yup that's a keeper!

I'm feeling better. Nothing like retail therapy!

One nice thing about snow is I'm not expected to go to work. But if I don't go to work I don't exercise. How will I ever lose that weight if I don't exercise? Running up the stairs 50 times with Christmas boxes surely helped some on that! Sure that was just one day, don't confuse me with the facts!

The hubby and I had to go out (tax appointment). We got some milk before we came home. As we passed the Deli department he asked if I wanted to get something there or stop at a restaurant. "I want to go home" I said!

I must be getting old. I hate the cold. But wait till spring, like the swallows returning to Capistrano, I'll be out and if this weather continues as it has begun my wardrobe is going to be fabulous!

Thoughts on recent tragedy in Arizona

In the wake of the events in Tucson last week-end, much rhetoric has been exchanged regarding who is responsible, aside from the deranged young man. If we follow the concept, 'it takes a village', then some cumulative responsibility rests with us all as a society. My sister lives just a few blocks from the site and as a recent transplant to Arizona, she has been stunned by the political fire within the state.

In recent months, anger over immigration, gun control and health care issues has resulted in inflammatory rhetoric. Although many names have surfaced as instrumental in inciting anger, one in particular gained attention during the campaign and following the recent events...Sarah Palin.

She has been at the center of much of this current debate as a result of the cross hairs image over Congresswoman Gabrielle Giffords' district during the 2010 campaign. No one believes Sarah

Phase II Mary Kay Woodyard



Palin wished any harm to Rep. Giffords or anyone else, but sometimes actions and words serve as a catalyst to a violent behavior.

Former Governor Palin has offered her condolences to family, but her most recent comment (Wed.) said, "...But, especially within hours of a tragedy unfolding, journalists and pundits should not manufacture a blood libel that serves only to incite the very hatred and violence they purport to condemn. That is reprehensible." In her defense it is likely she is unaware of the connotation of the phrase 'blood libel'. It refers to "sensational-

ized allegations that a person or group engages in human sacrifice," particularly claiming the blood is used in rituals with children as frequent victims. Historically it is an anti-Semitic accusation.

But perhaps the phrase I found as troubling was 'serves only to incite the very hatred they purport to condemn'. She acknowledges in that phrase the ability of words to inflame, but neglects the role of the speaker. Neither democrats nor Republicans can claim innocence from this, as both parties have resorted to this uncivil behavior. But just because it has happened doesn't mean it should continue.

One would hope if any good can come out of this tragedy, it would be not a return to civility but to initiate a respect for civil discourse. None of us has all the answers, what we do have is a desire for our country to be the best it can be, both as a village and individually.



Thumbs up to Chris Kindall for scooping our steps. -- Called in

Thumbs up to Chris Kindall for helping me snow-blow my driveway. Called in.

Thumbs up to the NCHS pep band. A basketball game wouldn't be the same without you. Email in.

Contact us...

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