

I Hafta Ask.

T manditremaayne.blogspot.co.id/2013/01/i-hafta-ask.html

I have a question, and it needs an answer. Help me out, here:

What is the proper texting etiquette?

Let me preface: I am lazy. I loooove to sleep. Right now, none of my children need be awake, pretty much before 8 a.m. We all sleep until about then. (This will change, and for now, I am milking it for all it's worth.)

Let me also preface: I receive texts at *all hours*. Couple months back, we were all woken up, ev.ery.single.morning, for an entire week, by an early morning, **unimportant**, text.

I've received texts after midnight. Tons in the 5 a.m. hour. If you are awake at 5 a.m.:

I am so, so sorry for you. **Don't text me, though**. I am NEVER awake at 5 a.m. NEVER.

I believe the same phone rules apply to texting: if you wouldn't call someone to tell them something unimportant at ten minutes after midnight, then you shouldn't text them, either. That's what email is for.

Do you receive a notification when you receive a text? Perhaps the answer to this is simply that I need to turn off the sound for texts and problem solved.

Okay. Whew. I really needed to get that off my chest. Moving onward.

Let's talk about biz-nis. Because I am on a roll, here at home. I now call this new set of projects. . .

"ORGANIZATION 2013!"

(Does she have to call everything "blah blah blah 2013???" Sheesh.)

I have a list, and this list is loooong. There are about 5 million things I will be building, rearranging, and cleaning in this house to make my life just a smidgen easier. And I will start with turning the ring off for texts.

For example,

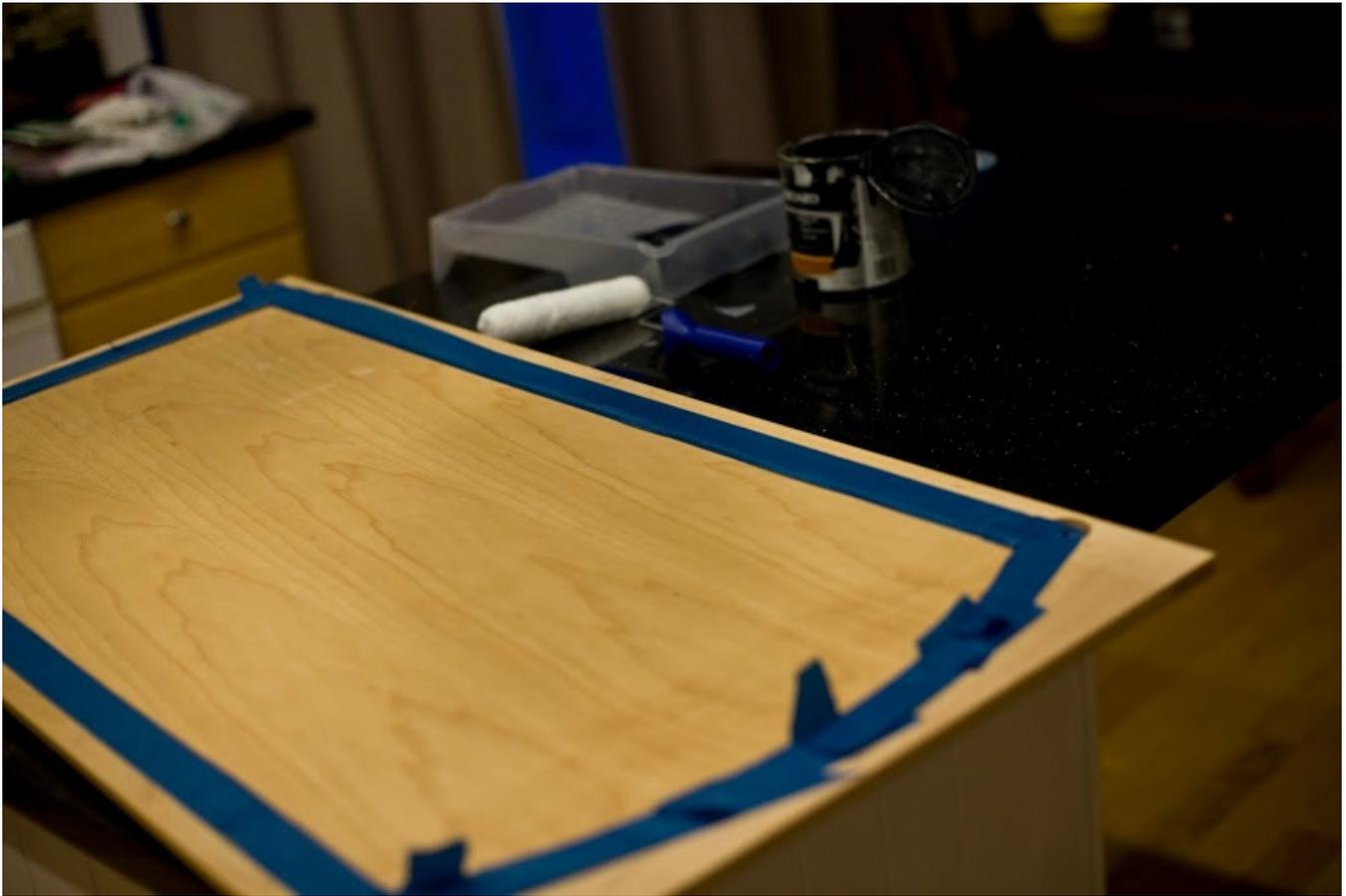


just the simple taking of old baskets I had lying around, giving each one a kids' name, and putting their clean, folded laundry into them, and sending my kids upstairs to put away THEIR OWN DANG LAUNDRY, has changed my life. It is such a beautiful thing. My kids totally hate it.

Doesn't take away from the beauty.

Let's start in the kitchen, where I spend 80% of my life. You know. Scrubbing those pots and pans.

The whole world is doing this, and I just jumped on the bandwagon.



I took off a cabinet door, and poorly taped the inside of 'er off. Does it look like I'm doing this at midnight?
It's like 5 p.m. So sad.

And speaking of living in the frozen tundra:



it's cold in the garage. Cold enough to freeze my chalkboard paint into a massive glob of goo.

Doesn't matter. It still spread and dried.

Then, I got a fabulous friend (THANKS FRIEND!) to come over with like zero notice, because my pants were on fire,



to write measurement equivalents on my new chalkboarded cabinet door. And she did a lovely job.

Have I told you that my handwriting is at about a 2nd grade level? It is.

A little bit of left over molding I cut to size and some hooks:



and now I can actually find my measuring crap. It's a miracle.

Pay no attention to what's actually inside the cabinet. It's all part of my master plan.

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