

These Are The Days...

Volume 3 Edition 1

Royse City, TX

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Can you believe that this is the start of our third year doing the newsletter? Isn't that cool!?

We started out the month on May on a bit of a sour note. I don't think that we ever figured out why but Jared was home sick all day on the 1st. I remember taking the kids to the store early in the morning to get some soup and Gatorade but other than that it's mostly a blur. Luckily he was back to his non-barfing self and able to go to work the next day. Now let's move on to something a little more pleasant...



On the 6th of May Grandma Glo and Ray got married. From what we hear the whole thing was really nice and we wish them the very best. Congratulations you guys!



Ashley (of the Crookston variety) graduated from USU on the 6th as well. We are all glad that she had a chance to get her degree before Drew was born. She sent some really cute pictures of herself at graduation but I doubt she'd appreciate having them published.

On the 12th I had to take Tess back to the doctor so they could try to do a urine test again, to check and see if she was totally over the UTI she got before we went on vacation. We did manage to get a sample out of her and everything looked good. He still wanted to do an ultrasound of her kidneys and make sure that they looked good too. I can't remember what day that was but everything looked good there too.

On the 13th the ward had a primary activity for the dads and kids. No moms allowed kind of thing. Jared dropped me off at Kathy's house for a morning of girl stuff and took the kids to the church. They made some cute mother's day cards and things and Kathy and I had a good time shopping.



Since it is old news now I guess I can also mention that we found out we were expecting our third baby! We are super excited.

I got a new calling in the ward the beginning of the month and I started teaching the 5-6 year old primary kids on Mother's Day. I had a hard time with it in the beginning but I have since made my peace with the whole thing. I think that I may like it...

So the 14th was Mother's Day. Jared and the kids made me breakfast in bed in the morning, and it was so cute. It was a really nice day and the cards the kids made were sooo cute.

On the 16th we got to go to Chuck E. Cheese for a birthday party for Noah's good buddy Jack. We had never been before and even though it was really loud we had a good time. Noah loved the whole thing and even jumped up to dance with Chuck when he made an appearance. Noah really loved all the rides that they had there and kept asking when we were going to go back. It seemed like everybody had a good time and we were glad to be able to be there.



Noah was finally old enough to go to the Father-Son campout this year.

Jared has been excited about this since the ultrasound said we were having a boy. We bought a tent and the boys got all packed up and ready to go. They rode with Eirik and Jack so that I wouldn't have to be stuck at home with no car. Kathy invited Tess and I to come swimming with her and her girls at the health club they belonged to. Tess did okay though she was totally uninterested in doing anything but clinging to me when we were in the pool. We stopped and got some dinner at Dickey's on the way back to Kathy's house and watched some girlie movies. I brought the playpen along because I wasn't sure how long we would be playing. I'm glad that I did since I was there until 1:30 in the morning chatting with Kathy. Jared and Noah had a good

time, even though we have no pictures to prove it. Noah mostly ate marshmallows for dinner and tried to tip over the canoe he got to ride in. He was only too excited to tell me about all the animals that he got to see, (rabbits, snakes, turtles, birds, fish and the occasional "chip-a-monk") and it seemed like the guys had a really good time.

Josh turned the ripe old age of 18 on the 20th of May. I can't remember what we sent him but I am sure it was something.



On the 23rd, while I had the car, I snuck down to the mall and got some pictures of the kids and I taken for Jared for Father's Day. They turned out okay and Jared seemed to like them.

After multiple stress fractures in both her knees and one of her hips and weeks of not knowing when, how, or even really if they were going to send her home, Megan came home from basic training on the 24th. We were glad to have her back but bummed out given the circumstances; she was so close to finishing and wants nothing more than to go back. But they take themselves very seriously in the Army so she's out; she can try the Air Force in about six months if she decides that's what she wants to do.

On the 24th I also had my first appointment with my OB. She seems really cool and I like her. We were a little surprised when there wasn't anything on the ultrasound, so they pulled some blood and told me to come back in two days so they could pull some more and she would be able to get a more accurate picture of how far along we really were. So I went back on the 26th and they poked me again. She called later that day to say that we were indeed pregnant and said that she wanted to do another ultrasound in about a week just to be sure everything was as it should be. She said she was pretty sure that everything was okay but warned me that if nothing showed up on this ultrasound I'd have to go downtown for a departmental sonogram-basically the same thing just bigger and more expensive-to rule out the possibility of an extra uterine pregnancy. Looks like this kid is getting an early start at making me old and stressed out...

But the drama of the 26th of May didn't end there. While we were having dinner Tess started shrieking like someone was killing her. We panicked for a minute and tried everything to calm her down. I laid her down to see if she needed to be changed and saw that she had a lump the size of my thumb just above her groin area. Totally freaked me out! I had never seen anything like that and I had no idea what it was, so I called the pediatrician (after hours on Memorial Day weekend) and left a message for the nurse to call me back that sounded something like, "I have no idea what is the matter with her I just need someone to call me back as soon as possible!" After I hung up I called Mom and by the time the nurse called we had determined that it had to

be a hernia. Poor Baby Tess was so tired and in so much pain. She was rolling on the floor crying and would fall asleep and then move and cry some more...it was so sad. While I was talking to the nurse Tess stopped rolling around on the floor and got up and walked away. We checked her again and her little hernia had gone back in. The nurse told us that if it came out again before the long weekend was over that we would have to take her into Children's. As long as it fixed itself, or we could push it back in, she would be okay. So we put her to bed and tried desperately to keep her from throwing any huge fits that might result in her guts poking out.

The next night we had plans to go to TaMolly's with Kathy and Eirik. We had dinner and it was really good and then we headed back to our house. Tess was really tired so we started getting her put to bed and when I undressed her for her bath she started fussing really bad and sure enough her hernia was back. It went back in again but I figured I better at least call them to see if they really wanted us to bring her in. It was already late so Kathy told us to drop Noah off and he could spend the night with Jack. We figured that since they insisted that we come in right now that they would be doing something about it, which was not the case. Instead we drove all the way downtown in the middle of the night to have some nice surgical resident tell us everything we had already heard a couple of times from other people. On the plus side we got a referral for a surgeon and were promised that someone from surgery would call us to set up an appointment for a consultation. Noah spent the night with Jack and I went and picked him up early the next

morning so that we could all get ready and go to church. From what I heard there wasn't a whole lot of sleeping going on in Jack's room, apparently they played a late-night game of dump all the toys on the floor, but Noah had a good time and we were glad that we didn't have to drag him along with us.

On the 28th our neighbors had a little block party of sorts. Unfortunately we missed the entire thing while we were at church, since Jared had to play the piano for a baptism right afterwards and we didn't get home until they were cleaning up.

On the 1st of June we got some wonderful news! Baby Drew was born. Nate called me in the afternoon and I got to call Jared at work and tell him he was an uncle! We were all so happy that Ashley didn't need a C-section and that the whole thing went really well. He is such a cute little guy and we are thrilled for Nate and Ashley. It has been so fun for us to be able to be on the other side of the first-time-parent fence, we've tried not to hound them with too much advice but we've had a good time relating all of our new baby stories. They seem to be getting along well and we wish them the best.



Andrew "Drew" Nathan Crookston
6 lbs. 12 oz. 19 1/2 Inches 12:14 pm

I also had a doctor's appointment on the 1st. The ultrasound came back positive so we were for sure pregnant. After measuring the dot on the screen she told me I was six weeks and one day pregnant, which put us due on the day after Tess' second birthday. I chuckled for a minute and then explained what was so funny. She said that she thought we could avoid it...

Nate and Ashley celebrated their first anniversary on the 2nd! Congratulations you guys...again.

Ashlea Ash threw a going away party for the Leerskov's on the 2nd. She even arranged for someone to watch the kids for Kathy and Eirik so that they could just enjoy the party. The food was really good and we had a lot of fun visiting with all the people that were there. We got them a big metal Texas star from a place on the way to Jared's work as a going away gift and jokingly called it the death star after it sliced my foot open. I warned Kathy to be sure it was securely anchored to the wall since it was very very sharp.

On the 4th we had Kathy and Eirik over for dinner at our house. We wanted to have them over before they moved and this was going to be our last chance. I made lasagna and we had a nice visit with them. They have been awesome and we really miss them...

On the 5th I started construction on Noah's stupid birthday cake. I am glad that it turned out so well but it was a huge pain to get done and no kidding took me all day. Thank heavens for Mom and Jared, who offered assistance and moral support many times, or I

would have tossed the whole mess and bought a cake.



Noah turned 3 on the 6th! My little boy is three... sniff sniff. We let him open all the presents from our family in the morning before Jared went to work and he had



a ball playing with all his new stuff. He got a lot of things for his train set, a really cool tanker truck, a bunch of stuff from the Cars movie and we finally bought him a tricycle. He did a really good job



opening stuff and sat on the tricycle for quite a while throwing his whole body forward trying to get it to move. Jared headed to work and I helped Noah get all his new stuff put together and set up the train with the new pieces.

We had playgroup at our house that day, so that I wouldn't have to take Jared to



work and back amid all the party preparations. It went well, but Noah had a hard time sharing

all his new stuff and I felt a little bad afterwards that it hadn't even occurred to me that that would be a problem. I got all the other stuff done for the party and after Jared got home and we had had dinner, we got all the decorating and set-up done. We finished just in time too.

The party was a huge success, the cake was very impressive and Noah had a really good time. It was nice to be able to get our entire little group together before Kathy and Elisa both moved. The kids made little sun-catchers and we had a piñata. It was a lot of fun and I'm glad that we got to do it.

On the 7th Noah had his three-year check up. He was 39 1/2 inches tall and weighed 32 pounds. He only had to get one shot and he didn't even cry! He told Dr. Kotas all about his birthday party and his new tricycle. It was so cute...

We had our surgical consultation on the 8th. When I told our pediatrician who we had been referred to, a Dr. Megison, he was thrilled and told me that that is who he'd have operate on his kids if the need ever arose. Dr. Megison was really nice and I liked him a lot. Tess threw a huge fit after he picked her up to put her on the exam table so her got to see her hernia and informed me that we should be glad that it was just her intestines coming out the hole and not her reproductive organs. Gulp! She was apparently a textbook kind of case and after he explained the surgery we moved on to getting her scheduled...

Later that evening we stopped by the Leerskov's to help them load the last few big things onto the moving truck. As if it wasn't enough that they were moving

they had to move to back home to Layton. I kept telling Kathy she was on my list... We hung out and tried to put off saying goodbye for a minute, which worked out to be just long enough for Noah to fall and skin both of his knees and one of his elbows (or as he calls them, his elmos) and for Tess to fall and hit her head on the sidewalk. Noah was a little bloody but Tess seemed to be fine.



Poor Jack was really concerned about Noah and ran back into the house to get him a Band-Aid only to return a little upset that all the

Band-Aids had been packed already. We said our goodbyes and I broke out the first aid kit and got Noah all doctored up.

In an effort to help him feel better faster we stopped by Wal-Mart with his birthday money and he picked out some cute toddler games. He got Hi Ho Cherry-O and one called Lucky Ducks. It's been so fun to watch him learn how to play them.

On the 10th we headed down to the mall to get Noah's yearly pictures taken. He did really well and they turned out sooo cute-you'll see in couple of pages. What a little stud!

On the 13th we got to have playgroup at a pool in one of the mom's neighborhoods. It was really nice and the kids had a ball, of course they were all covered with swim shirts, sunscreen and hats. I on the other hand was not and burned my back pretty good...way to go Mom. I hate being sunburned.

The very next day I had a Relief Society dinner thing that I was helping with so I had to make myself get dressed and head to the church. It was a nice evening but I was still glad to get back home and put some more Aloe on my back.

On the 16th, or I guess the wee hours of the morning on the 17th, Mom and Dad and Megan arrived for a much-anticipated visit. The kids had been in bed for hours by the time they got here and we all turned in pretty quick afterwards.

The next morning after Jared cut the grass and Mom presented the kids with the stuffed gorillas and other stuff she brought and Aunt Megan showed us the Army shirts she got for the kids we all got ready and headed out for a day of fun. We went to lunch at a place called



Culver's. We hadn't been before but it was really good and the kids loved the frozen custard. After lunch we headed downtown to go to the Dallas World Aquarium. It was really cool and the kids had a ball. Tess kept pulling on the railings from the stroller to get a better

look and Noah went back and forth from laughing and loving it to clinging on to

Jared in fear of some small critter he saw and was sure was out to get him. Grandma bought the kids some cute toys on the way out and we headed home for a small nap before dinner. We went to Luigi's that night and were still so full from lunch that we ended up taking home, I think, five take out boxes of Italian food. By some miracle we managed to fit it all in the fridge.

The next day was Father's Day. I got up with Noah and we made a couple pans of cinnamon rolls for breakfast and started dough for rolls for dinner. Dad really liked the 'Grandpa³' mug we got him and Jared liked the pictures. After we handed out gifts and had breakfast we got everybody showered and out the door for church. The highlight of the meeting was when the primary and nursery kids got up and sang "I'm So Glad When Daddy Comes Home." Noah got up there and sang and knew almost all the words. Jared and I were both beaming...it was awesome!

The 18th was also Brandon and Ashley's first anniversary (Congrats!) and Ashley Crookston's birthday (Happy Birthday!).

On the 19th Jared and I got up at 4:45 to get ready to take Tess in for her surgery. Jared gave her a blessing and we loaded her up and headed out. In our dazed and semi-foggy state we both forgot that the Subaru was parked in the driveway and gave it a little love tap with the Civic on the way out...luckily Subaru's are mostly plastic so all it suffered was the embarrassment of a little bit of paint that the Honda gave it.

We got to the hospital and valet parked our little car and headed upstairs with

our baby. They got her all prepped and gave her some medicine to make her sleepy, which also features a side effect that makes it so that she doesn't remember being taken away from us. She was so cute all drugged up. There were a lot of people coming in and out but she was about fifteen seconds behind what was going on around her. So all of her hi's and bye-bye's were a little off.

They took her back at around 8:30, she was fine but I was bawling. After Jared called Mom and Dad to tell them a funny story about a Honda and a Subaru he and I headed downstairs to get a drink or something. By the time we made it back upstairs we only got to sit down for about ten minutes before they were done. We sat down with the surgeon and were a little surprised to hear that she had a hole just as big on the left side, though the right was the only one that had been giving her trouble. He had fixed them both and said that she had done really well and that we'd be able to see her in just a minute. It was a laparoscopic procedure so she just had two small incisions in her little belly fold and we were told to keep them dry for 48 hours and then she would be fine.

They only let one parent at a time into the room where they wake them up after surgery. I can understand why, as it was total chaos there. There were kids barfing and pulling out IV's...total chaos. Usually the kid is still asleep when they get there and one of the parents can be present for the waking up part but Tess was awake when they wheeled her in, I guess she came to as soon as they turned off the anesthesia. She was really unhappy by the time I got to her and you could see she was feeling really

crummy. I held her for a while and she went between calm and hysterical several times. She really hated all the stuff that they had hooked to her and kept trying to get the little arm splint IV thing off. I wanted to let Jared come and hold her but I didn't dare put her down once she started to relax a little. We weren't in that room for very long before they moved her back to day surgery. Jared got to come with us then and when he held her she really calmed down. We got her to have a drink of apple juice and watched the clock for the required half-an-hour-with-no-barfing to pass by. She kept it down so they took out her IV and we got to go home.



As soon as we walked out of the hospital she was fine. She was chatting and pointing at stuff, it was a total turn around. The medicine that they used to wake her up made her look sun-burnt, which isn't surprising considering how fair she is, and she was a little puffy from all the extra fluids but other than that she was happy and chatty all the way home.

She slept for most of what was left of the day and was back to her usual self the next day. We are so glad to have the surgery behind us and it was awesome that Grandma and Grandpa were here to keep an eye on Noah.

The next morning Mom and Dad headed to Galveston for a couple of days to celebrate their 25th anniversary and Megan was left to observe the goings on

of a stay-at-home mom who has no car most days. We had a good time though and I enjoyed having another grown-up here.

A few days earlier our cable connection went out during an NBA playoff game, which it had done about a million times a day for the last few days, and Jared and I decided that we had had enough of Cebridge Connections (or lack thereof). They are they same people who we used to have internet through but we dropped that several months ago for the same reason. We decided to get a dish again and the guy came out on the 21st and got it all installed. It took him the better part of two hours to get it working but we haven't had any problems with it yet, with the exception of the mute button on the universal remote which causes the TV to become paralyzed.

Mom left some money and told me to do something fun with Megan so we went to dinner that night, which was more disappointing than I would have liked but we had a good laugh at the waiter's expense. Megan kept threatening that she was going to tell him that she was not interested and I was married and pregnant, lucky for him we decided to pick up something for dessert somewhere else. We did a little shopping and headed home to have some yummy pie. All in all we had a really good time.

Mom and Dad made it back the next afternoon and it sounded like they had a good time. They keep talking about moving to Galveston, which would be fine with me...they brought the kids some cute shirts and Noah insisted on wearing his that day. And just as we promised we got to go to Chuck E.

Cheese that evening. The kids had a ball.



Thanks mostly to Megan we ended up with enough tickets to get Noah a Batman action figure and Grandma and Grandpa decided that they don't really like Chuck E. Cheese. Can't say that I blame them, the place gives me a headache.

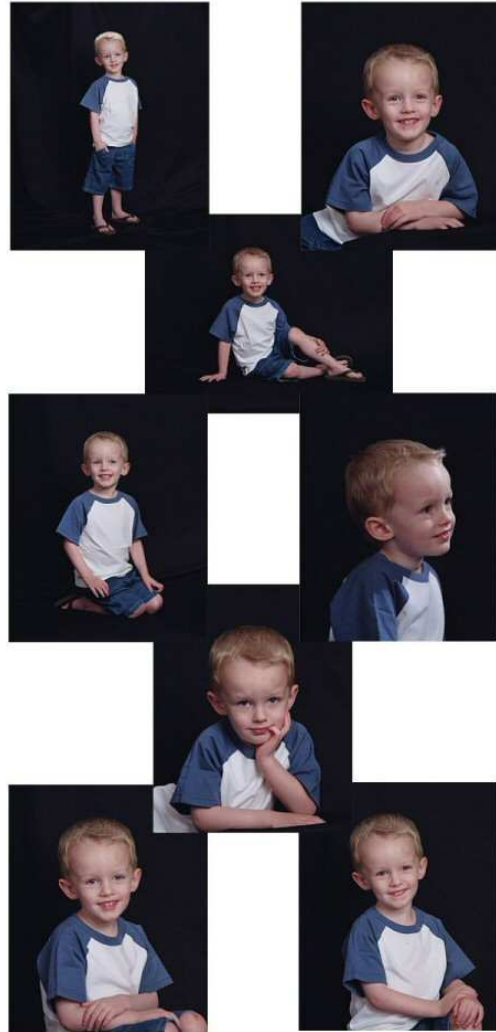


On the 24th we mostly just hung out at home and tried to get a little sleep when we could. We never seem to get to bed at a reasonable hour when we have people here, it's not very restful to stay at Château Crookston but the company is good. Megan and I went and fetched lunch from Quizno's right up the street, which was okay except for the lack of dressing on the salads, and Jared brought home enough Chinese food to feed an army. So I guess the company and the food are good here, though we can't really take credit for the food since we weren't buying or cooking.

The Sowerby's headed home the next morning. As always we had a good time but the week went by really fast and Noah was bummed out when Grandpa left. We dove right into all the Saturday stuff we had to do in an effort to distract him...we picked up Noah's pictures, got the muffler temporarily re-bracketed to

the car and were informed that it was on its last leg. We went grocery shopping...I can't remember what else but at the end of the day Noah was asking about going to Grandpa's house.

Speaking of Noah's pictures, here they are...



I guess the next thing that came around was my birthday and Mom and Dad's anniversary on the 27th. We went to dinner but decided to postpone most of the festivities for this weekend. We're going to IKEA to get the stuff to finish

the hall bathroom. Jared even got the stuff to make me a cake.

On the 28th our computer mouse suffered an unfortunate death. It had been acting a little flaky lately and then the computer kept telling me that it had malfunctioned and Windows couldn't recognize it. So I tried to unplug it and the whole plug came apart. The metal USB part was still in the hub and I was holding the plastic cord..."Well now it is really broken." We decided to look online and see if it was still under warranty and we were in luck! Jared called them and they are sending us a newer and fancier replacement mouse since ours has been discontinued. We are very excited for it to arrive since the touch pad leaves something to be desired...

I had another appointment on the 29th and this time I got some pictures of our new baby. You can't really see anything yet, but we were able to confirm our due date and it was, like it always is, cool to see the little...uh, thing, dancing around. We've had a little trouble settling on a name for a boy but currently we are thinking Tate Rigdon and, if it's a girl, we're sure about Rory Ida.



EXCiting NOah NEWS

Noah's latest vocabulary trends involve the word 'cute.' He lets us all know when he thinks something is cute. We were having dinner the other night and he looked right at me and said, "Mommy, you're cute." I blame Jared for that one. However if you ask Noah if he is cute, or handsome, he replies with "No. I'm cool!" What a hoot. Another funny thing he says lately is when we run out of something or something gets broken he tells us that "we hav'a buy a new one." I think I know where he learned that concept but I won't point fingers...



Noah is also in love with his Army shirt. We put it on him a few nights ago for pajamas in a pinch. Every night since then he has dug in out of the hamper in the dark and pulled it on, all by himself, over his pajamas. He just loves that shirt!

Tess is Terriffic!

Baby Tess has a whole collection of new words, she has mastered saying "thank you," and has moved onto "shoe" and, when she sees the camera, "cheese."



She loves to dance. Her favorite dancing music is my Blondie CD! How funny is that? My cute little girl

dancing to Call Me...Ahhhaha.

Baby Tess has also developed a new obsession. She will not go to sleep if the new little gorilla from Grandma is not in the crib. She'll stand up, point to it, and cry if you forget.

She can also show you where her nose, belly, toes and head are. She is sooo smart!

In other exciting news she finally got some teeth!!! I know! We were excited too. I noticed them when I had her laid down on the floor the other day. I stuck my finger in there to check and sure enough there were two little sharp teeth on the top. Woo hoo! She is no longer the toothless wonder and we don't have to find a pediatric dentist. We had to hold her upside down and make her laugh to get this picture...it looks like the two next to them are on their way.



Well I think that that about does it for this monster of an issue. Hope everyone is doing well and we'll see you next time...



(The kids in the blanket fort behind the loveseat...)