

Real Kids

Both my 3-year-old adopted Chinese daughter, Jessica Meilan, and I love clothes. As a stay-at-home mom, I'm always looking for a bargain, especially since I buy for my daughter first.

One Saturday I came home from a yard sale with three denim jumpers, two shorts sets, and a princess-waisted floral dress of pastel pinks, yellows, and blues—all for only \$13!

I could hardly wait to wear my “new” dress to church the next day. Usually the church women notice new dresses, and I waited, expecting compliments. But none came my way.

Later, when I went to pick up Jessica from children's church, I discovered why my dress was met with silence.

Jess said, “Mommy, you got a sticker in church; I want one.”

Puzzled, I replied, “Mommy didn't get a sticker, Honey.”

Quickly pointing her finger toward me, she said, “On your dress.”

I looked down to see that I had forgotten to take the \$2 price tag off my dress. That explained everything!

—Pamela Robinson

When my children were small, they had difficulty understanding the concept of time. A prediction that a trip would take half an hour meant nothing to them.

Consequently, my husband and I tried to give them concrete analogies to help them understand. For example, if something was to last for 30 minutes, we told them it would last as long as an episode of I Love Lucy.

One Sunday my 4-year-old daughter was having a particularly

tough time getting through our church service. She was restless and eager for us to leave.

Finally, she whispered in my ear, "How much longer, Mommy?" I whispered back, "Two more songs, Morgan."

She immediately turned to her father and announced, "Daddy, Mommy says two more songs and we're outta here!"

At the time, her comment was pretty embarrassing, but now it has become a standard line in our family. Whenever we're nearly ready to leave a place, someone is sure to say, "Two more songs and we're outta here!"

-Clare Seffrin Bond