

**SUDDENLY THINGS ARE HOPPING WITH 4 BOYS, 3 DOGS AND
MOI
11/07/00**

My literary endeavors were critiqued by an old friend today. She proclaimed them to be somewhat dull lately and would like to see something a little more “exciting.”

I agree, but would be hard pressured to venture where she and others have suggested I look for it. It’s not that I am afraid to go there, it’s just that I am not ready at this period in time.

Another friend once said, “You have to pick your battles.” Good advice which I will heed for the present while I stockpile ammunition. In the interim I will save my barbs for the government, politicians, the media and Hollywood. The rest of the hypocrites will have to wait their turn.

For the present I have plenty of excitement in my life. For starters, my daughter, Nancy, is here from France with her two sons, Meric and Alec. We had not seen Meric in at least four years and it was the first time we had ever seen Alec. Meric will be seven in August and Alec two in February.

The long wait for them to get here was prolonged some five hours more than was anticipated with airline delays. It was nearly half past eleven at night when they finally got here. They were sleeping and we were sleepy, so we had to wait until morning to really get acquainted.

It was a short wait because Alec, loyal to his French timetable, had us all up at 5 a.m. To date, five days later, he has not relented one inch. It’s still reveille at 5 a.m. Believe me, when he gets up everyone in the house knows it.

Both boys speak French, but Alec some unintelligible utterances his mother swears are French. You cannot prove it by me if he speaks any language, but definitely understands everything that’s said to him. His answer to any question or request is the universal toddler’s emphatic, “No.” A definite Mommy’s boy he resisted any and all of my attempts to hold or approach him.

Both boys are much like their cousins, Forrest and Tecwyn Williams. Forrest and Meric, the two older of the group, are into Pokemon, books and art. Tecwyn and Alec

prefer trucks, construction equipment and tools. After learning this about Alec it did not take me long to breach the void.

While he was preoccupied with some toys on the floor, I spread a copy of the *Northern Logger* magazine open in front of him with a full-page ad of a log loader in color. The transformation was instant; he followed me over to my chair, flopped the magazine in my lap, climbed aboard and was intrigued with the pictures of chain saws, skidders and logging trucks. He and Tecwyn will have a battle over their favorite magazine.

It has suddenly become interesting around here with four grandsons aged 18-months to six-years-old. Add three dogs – yes, they have their year-old French bulldog, Petite, along with them.

Our fears as to how she would fare competing with our two dogs, Lady and Winnie, were soon for naught when she started bossing both them and our cat, Cleo, around.

Put the four boys at a table by themselves, the dogs vying for the spillage and offerings, and it's not a pretty picture.

Now one may well believe that this is really not an exciting situation, but at my stage in life, it's as good as it gets.

Anyone who thinks it is not can ask me about how my foot slipped off the brake while backing up, hit the gas and slammed my truck tailgate into my mother-in-law's car.

To make a long story short, if pressed I may be able to top anything you have heard to date, but am too exhausted to think about it right now.