

Angel: Let's play Toss on the Bed!



Daddy: But we're driving in a car,
Angel. How can I toss you on a bed?

Angel: Well, you can just toss me on
the sidewalk.

~February 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Tony (after Robbie playfully punched him on the couch): Do it again!"



Robbie: Do it again?! That was a punishment!

Tony: I want a punchingment again!

~March 2008 [Tony: 2 years 2 months old]

Angel: (singing a nonsensical song with many unrelated lyrical lines...she sings:) "...and Tony doesn't know what love means."



Jeremy (interrupting): He doesn't?? Tony, do you know what love means?

Tony: (matter-of-fact-ly) Nope.

~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old, Tony: 2 years 5 months old]

Angel (watching static on the screen after a VHS film): Um... I think it's a stupid movie 'cuz the bees keep coming up on the screen



~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Levi (giving Angel a single animal cracker): Here's a snack for you.



Angel: This is not a snack. A snack is a bowl full of them.

~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel: Why do you have to go to work?



Dad: That's how we got money to buy things like waffles

Angel: Dad, we already have waffles

Dad: Well, we use money to buy other things too, like this house

Angel: Dad, how can you buy this house? it's too big to put on
the
register! You can't hold it.

~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel (after inspecting her panties):

There's a hole in my panties. I think a bee stung it and pulled a hole in it. I don't know why they have a hole in it. Maybe a bug ate it because bugs eat panties and so they eat bugs and so panties have a hole in it.



~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel singing "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea" while riding in the back of the car:



Angel: "There's a hole in a log in a frog ... in some grass in a house ... in a light ... in a sign in a restaurant ... in a building ... in a apple in the bottom of the sea.

"There's a bunch ... there's a bunch ... there's a bunch of stuff in the bottom of the sea"

~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Jeremy: Kids, it's bedtime. No talking and no getting out of bed.



Angel: I can only get out of bed to go potty and to tell you that Tony's talking.

~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old, Tony: 2 years 5 months old]

Grandpa: "I can take a picture of you and Cinderella with my phone, and then I can send the picture to mommy, and daddy, and mimi, and Uncle Robbie, and Aunt Mindy, and Uncle Davey..."



Angel: "Yeah, and you can also send it to lots of people I don't know."

~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel (at a picnic): There's a bug in my lemonade! I think he flew in there because he wanted a nice home in my lemonade.



~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Jeremy: Cheeseburgers are made out of cows



Angel: No, they're not. Cows don't make cheeseburgers. Cows don't know HOW to make cheeseburgers!

~June 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel: Daddy, do mermaids live in the sea or the ocean?



Jeremy: Well, sweetie, mermaids are really just pretend

Angel (emphatically): No they're not! Mermaids are real.

Jeremy: Um... I think they are just pretend.

Angel: Daddy, mermaids are real.

Jeremy: Well... have you ever seen a mermaid?

Angel: No... and that's why they're real. If you see one, then they're pretend.

~July 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Mindy: I'm going to drain the water, because it's getting high.



Angel: Yeah, it needs to be lower because we're little kids so we can't breathe under water. But when we're big kids, like Andrew's age, then we can breathe under water.

Mindy: I can't breathe under water?

Angel: You can't? Why?

Mindy: Because that's how God made us. Only fishes can breathe under water.

Angel: and Butterfly fairies!

Mindy: But butterfly fairies aren't real.

Angel: Butterflies are! It's just the fairies that aren't real.

~July 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel: I had an accident.



Jeremy: Oh you did?

Angel: Yeah... it looked like a smiley face.

Jeremy: ...It did? How did it look like a smiley face.

Angel: Well, it was a potty smiley face.

~July 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel (after finishing a meal):

I'm too full. I could eat a whole stomach.



~August 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel: "Mommy, what's your favorite color?"



Christine: "Red."

Angel: "Aaah! Red makes me sneeze!"

Christine: "It does? Why does red make you sneeze?"

Angel: "Because... I'm allergic to red."

~August 2008 [Angel: 3 years old]

Angel (While playing with Mommy): Now you're trapped forever and ever and ever... that's a long time.



~September 2008 [Angel: 4 years old]

Angel says...

I had three bad dreams last night:
The first one was where you were making
me go to bed,
and the second one was where Tony was waking me up,
and the third one was where you were giving us skabetti
(spaghetti), and we were eating beans.

*~September 2008 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 2 years 8
months old]*



Angel (playing a chasing game with Daddy): Follow me, Dum!



Daddy: Angel, that's not a nice word.

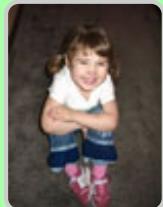
Angel: No, it's just that your NAME is "Dum".

Daddy: That's not a nice name to call people. If you want, you can call me "Cool-Guy".

Angel: Okay... your name is Cool-Guy, but you're just pretending to be cool.

~September 2008 [Angel: 4 years old]

Angel: I had a bad dream last night.



Daddy: What was your dream, sweetheart?

Angel: I had a dream that a bug was trying to lead us to Canada.

Daddy: Oh, and you didn't want to go to Canada?

Angel: Well, we wanted to go to Canada, but we didn't want the bug to lead us there.

~September 2008 [Angel: 4 years old]

Tony (running down the hall): I got Daddy's phone!



Angel: Tony's got your phone, Daddy!

Jeremy: Will you go get it for me, Angel?

Angel: I don't think I can. That little squirt is being so fast.

~October 2008 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 2 years 9 months old]

Tony "flies" into the room wearing
his Superman pajamas



Jeremy: Hi, Tony!

Tony: I'm Superman!... Superman is wet!

~October 2008 [Tony: 2 years 9 months old]

(At a Halloween costume party)



Andrew (8 years old): Look! There's Hannah Montana!

Angel: Daddy, is that the REAL Hannah Montana?

Daddy: No, that's a girl in a costume.

Andrew: If she were the real Hannah Montana,
she'd be in Montana.

~October 2008 [Angel: 4 years old]

Mindy: And guess how old I will be on my birthday!

Angel: Uhh, twelve?

Andrew: No. Older than that.

Angel: Thirteen?

Andrew: No.

Angel: Fourteen?

Andrew: no, she's way older than that.

Angel: Sixteen?

Andrew: No.

Angel: Seventeen?

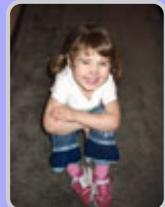
Andrew: No.

Angel: Fifteen?

Andrew: No. I'll give you a hint. It's 2 and 2. What age is that?

Angel: Oh!!! Four!

~December 2008 [Angel: 4 years old]



Angel's bad dream:

"I had a bad dream last night. Mimi was in the dream. She was really nice, but she was... well... kinda mean because she didn't give me something, and I really wanted it. I wanted something new, and I thought that Mimi's thing was not new, so I didn't want it, but then I found out it was new, so I wanted it, but Mimi didn't give it to me. I tried to talk to mommy, but she was too busy playing cards, so i couldn't get her attention."



~December 2008 [Angel: 4 years old]

Angel (fervently trying to delay her spanking): Mommy! I have a question!



Christine: No more questions, Angel. You're stalling. You may ask one more question, then you're getting your spanking.

Angel: Okay... this is going to be a really long question.

~December 2008 [Angel: 4 years old]

Angel: I think we should have 5 kids. But not 7. That's too much.



Jeremy: Why is that?

Angel: Because 7 kids is almost 100.

~January 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

(Tony accidentally bumps into Christine's stomach while she's 8-months pregnant with Harmony)



Jeremy: Tony, you weren't being careful. Rub mommy's tummy and tell Harmony you're sorry.

Tony (rubbing Christine's tummy): Sorry... Harmony didn't say "I forgive you"!

~January 2009 [Tony: 3 years old, Harmony: -4 weeks old]

Angel answered my phone at work when I wasn't paying attention and talked to the customer for 2 minutes. After hanging up, I talked to her [again] about not answering the work phone. After this, to reinforce it, I asked...



Jeremy: "So, Angel, the next time the work phone rings, are you going to answer it?"

Angel: "Um... Umm... umm... probably not the *next* time."

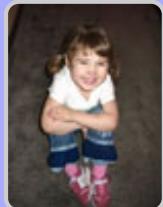
~January 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Angel (praying): "Dear God,
please help Daddy to do
what's right. And I pray for my
family that I won't do wrong like
they do."



~January 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

(Angel, dressed like a princess with her tiara and formal gown, approaches Jeremy and gives a grand curtsey.)



Jeremy: Hello, beautiful Angel.

Angel (with poise and elegance): Hello father.

Jeremy: May I have a hug?

Angel: Of course, father. (gives hug) The royal king always gets a hug from his daughter.

Jeremy: Why thank you, Princess Angel.

Angel (still elegantly): I'm killing buffaloes for food.

~February 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Angel: why are you here,
Robbie?



Robbie: I came for a haircut.

Angel: Oh yeah, 'cuz your hair looks
like girl hair.

~February 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

(While we were in the process of admonishing Angel not to be a picky eater, Tony chimed in with this bit of wisdom:)

Tony: "When you pick your nose, it means you're a picky eater."

~March 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 3 years old]



Tony: "I can drive! I'm three-and-a-half!"



Angel: "Three-and-a-half-year-olds can't drive...But if you're a grown-up and you're three-and-a-half, then you can drive."

~March 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Tony: I won't play with you ever again.



Angel: Every time we say that to each other, in the morning we play together. So it never comes true.

~April 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Angel: "Alley cats are cats without a home... kinda like alley cows and alley zebras."



~May 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Angel: I have to go potty
really bad!



Tony: do you want to potty on a
tree like I pottied on a tree?

*~May 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony:
3 years old]*

Angel: (as Harmony clasps her hands together) Look! Harmony's praying!



Daddy: She's praying "Thank you, God, for my loving family."

Angel: (as Harmony stuffs her hands into her mouth)
And now she's praying "Thank you, God, for my fingers that I can eat them!"

~May 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Harmony: 3 months old]

Angel: Want me to make up a story?



Tony: Nope.

Angel: Okay. Then I'll just make up a story all by myself and tell it to myself, and you won't get to hear the exciting part of my story.

~May 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Jeremy: I could make sausage
and eggs for breakfast.



Angel: I don't like sausage, dad. I
tried it when I was two, and I said
"Bleh!"

~June 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Tony: Daddy's the biggest.



Angel: And I'm the mediumest.

~July 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Angel: Hey Daddy! Do you know what has a lot of caffeine?



Jeremy: What?

Angel: Chicken pop!!

Christine: ...she means Rooster Booster.

~July 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Jeremy: Look at how big that tree is,
Tony.



Tony: Wow!! It's ONE FEET TALL!!

Jeremy: It's... one feet tall?

Tony: Yeah... but it's not bigger than God.

~July 2009 [Tony: 3 years old]

Angel: I think canadian geese
are boy geese and regular
geese are girl geese.



~August 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Mommy: (reading a book) "Feel
the soft curtain..."



(angel feels the curtain)

Angel: Mommy it feels just like your
curtains! Except, it's not dusty.

~August 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Tony: When I grow up, I need to buy taxes.



Jeremy: Oh, you do?

Tony: Yeah, I need to buy some taxes when I get bigger.

~August 2009 [Tony: 3 years old]

Tony: I don't wove badguys.



Angel: You're supposed to love everybody--even badguys.

Tony: Yeah! 'Cuz If you don't wove badguys, they will capture you!

Angel: No, they will capture you, even though you love them.

~August 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Angel: Mommy, we like Daddy's spankings better.



Christine: Really? Why is that?

Tony: Daddy's spankings are harder than yours.

Angel: Yeah, we learn more that way.

~September 2009 [Angel: 4 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Christine: You should be thankful
I'm making you a nice breakfast. I
could just make you gruel every
morning.



Angel: No! You don't know how to make
gruel!

~September 2009 [Angel: 4 years old]

Jeremy: Tony, we're almost to
the surprise party!



Tony: Daddy, don't tell me that! It's
supposed to be a surprise!

~September 2009 [Tony: 3 years old]

Jeremy (looking at a spider we caught on the end of a stick): Do you think we should kill him or let him live?



Tony: Umm... Let's let him live and then kill him.

~September 2009 [Tony: 3 years old]

Tony: Angel had a bad dream.



Christine: Oh dear. What was the dream?

Tony: She dreamed she couldn't stay with you.

Christine: Oh how sad.

Tony: And you all turned into Chickens.

~September 2009 [Angel: 5 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Daddy: (smelling dinner)



Mmmmm! I smell yumminess!

Angel: Oh, daddy, you won't smell
yumminess when come upstairs.

You'll smell POOP!

~September 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

Angel: I'm quitting video games for a week.



Jeremy: Why's that?

Angel: Because I really like my new Barbie movie, and I want to watch it every day when I wake up.

~October 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

Angel: I'm a spider!



Jeremy: But spiders can't talk.

Angel: I'm the only talking spider in the universe.

Jeremy: Well, spiders have 8 legs. How many legs do you have?

Angel: Let's see. (counting her fingers) 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 (ignoring her ring finger and pinky finger on one hand).

Jeremy: What about those two?

Angel: Um... those are just extra legs in case these two fall off.

~October 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

(Jeremy holds out different numbers of fingers on one hand as Tony calls them all correctly)



Tony: 5 fingers! ... 2 fingers! ... 3! ... 1! ... 2! ... 4! ... 5! ... 0!

Jeremy: Great counting, Tony!

Tony: I counted to zero!

~October 2009 [Tony: 3 years old]

Angel: I'm going to wear these sunglasses to dance class so they won't know it's me. They'll think I'm a new girl.



Jeremy: Maybe I should wear my sunglasses too, so they'll think I'm a new dad.

Angel: No, they'll just think you're blind.

~October 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

Angel: I wish we had six kids.

Then I would have to handle
some of them.



~October 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

**Angel: No, Tony, it's
Chiropractor. Not pirate-
cracker!**



*~October 2009 [Angel: 5 years old,
Tony: 3 years old]*

Angel: I have two pennies to give to the offering at church. I also have a quarter in my pocket, but I'm saving that. I don't want to give too much.



~December 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

Jeremy: Did you kids take a nap in the car?



Angel: I did!

Tony: I tried to, but Angel kept waking me up wanting me to play with her.

~December 2009 [Angel: 5 years old, Tony: 3 years old]

Angel (in reference to the movie "The Prince and the Pauper"): Why would he be called the pauper if he doesn't pop popcorn?



~December 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

Angel (writing my name on my party cup): How do you spell "Daddy"?



Jeremy (slowly, as Angel writes each letter):
D...A...D...

Angel (interrupting): If it was D-V-D, that would spell DVD!!

~December 2009 [Angel: 5 years old]

Angel: It's called Chuck E
Cheese because there's
someone dressed up as Chucky
and on your birthday you take a
picture with him and say cheese.



~February 2010 [Angel: 5 years old]

Tony: my best friends are the
boys that have Star Wars
Legos. I don't know their names.



~March 2010 [Tony: 4 years old]

Tony: I can count backwards.
10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1!



Angel: Zero!

Tony: Nope. Not zero. After "1", it's "blast off."

~March 2010 [Angel: 5 years old, Tony: 4 years old]

Tony (finding a large book with the same front cover as Angel's diary): Look, Dad! A BIG diarrhea book!



~May 2010 [Angel: 5 years old, Tony: 4 years old]

Tony: I'm so sad that one of my grandpas died.



Jeremy: Tony, your grandpa didn't die.

Tony: Yeah, Grandpa Mitchell... He died.

Jeremy: Oh, he was your GREAT grandpa.

Tony: Yeah... He was so great, but he died.

~May 2010 [Tony: 4 years old]

Christine (referring to 2-week old Charity): Can you believe this little baby used to be in mommy's tummy?



Angel: YES! She could fit in there right now!

~June 2010 [Angel: 5 years old, Charity: 1 week old]

Christine (explaining to Tony): We get eggs from chickens.



Angel: But we don't get eggs from married chickens.

Christine: Why's that?

Angel: Because those eggs have babies in them.

~June 2010 [Angel: 5 years old, Tony: 4 years old]

Jeremy: Angel doesn't know how to drive yet.



Angel: well, I know how to drive, but I just don't have my driver's license.

~June 2010 [Angel: 5 years old]

Angel: When Davey & Mindy
get married, I bet I'll be older
than their children.



~October 2010 [Angel: 6 years old]

Angel: Hey, Dad, remember that time when I was 4 and Tony was 3 and we got in trouble for doing something we weren't supposed to do? Remember that time? What were we doing anyway?



~October 2010 [Angel: 6 years old, Tony: 4 years old]

Jeremy: What do you want to be when you grow up, Angel?



Angel: A Princess, Queen, Fashion Designer, Rockstar, & a Model

~November 2010 [Angel: 6 years old]

Angel: Everybody's afraid of something.



Jeremy: what are you afraid of?

Angel: Dinosaurs, dragons, lions, cheetahs, and tigers. I mean everybody's afraid of dinosaurs.

~November 2010 [Angel: 6 years old]

Angel: Is the karate kid better at karate than Andrew?



Jeremy: Yes, but Andrew is a lot better at video games.

Angel: That's because they don't have video games in Japan.

~November 2010 [Angel: 6 years old]

Jeremy: Look at this baby! She can fly! She can fly in circles!



Angel: Everyone who can fly can fly in circles!

~December 2010 [Angel: 6 years old]

Tony: Dad! You're never gonna believe this! I went to the bathroom and was peeing and it was WATER!



Dad: oh really?

Tony: Yeah! I drinked it, and it really was water!

~January 2011 [Tony: 5 years old]

Angel (while eating egg rolls and sweet 'n sour chicken): This is my 2nd favorite Mexican food! Ya wanna know what my 1st favorite Mexican food is? Salmon Sashimi!



~January 2011 [Angel: 6 years old]

Angel: Something really strange happened this morning. When Tony woke up, I woke up, but then I went right back to sleep! I'd seen that in movies, but never knew it could really happen.

~January 2011 [Angel: 6 years old, Tony: 5 years old]



Angel (to Daddy): Maybe today, you can cook and clean, and mommy can do whatever she wants like you do.



~January 2011 [Angel: 6 years old]

Angel: Harmony's laughing is one of my favorite sounds! Another one of my favorite sounds is when mommy scolds me for doing something wrong because that's how I learn!



~January 2011 [Angel: 6 years old, Harmony: 1 year 11 months old]

Angel (referring to a boy named Payton): I'm glad his parents decided to call him Payton instead of Satan. Cause all the kids would be scared of him.



~February 2011 [Angel: 6 years old]

Tony: My two favorite numbers
are "endless" and "pi"!



~February 2011 [Tony: 5 years old]

Jeremy: Here, Angel, I made you a turkey sandwich.



Angel: *sigh* Well... Turkey is one of my worst enemies. :-|

Jeremy: It is??

Angel: Well, it's not like my WORST worst enemy, but it's... Ya know, like... ONE of my worst enemies.

~April 2011 [Angel: 6 years old]

Angel: I can't make a sandwich; it's too hard.



Christine: Angel you were just in a musical. That's way harder than making a sandwich.

Angel: No, mom, being in a musical is easier than making a sandwich because I've been in FOUR musicals!

~April 2011 [Angel: 6 years old]

Davey: Star Wars Episode III is the scariest. It's the only one not rated PG.



Angel: Is it rated PG-13?

Davey: Yeah.

Angel: I think it should be rated PG-20.

~June 2011 [Angel: 6 years old]

Tony: When I buy a house, I'll just buy a little house and keep putting water on it... Then I'll grow it and grow it until it becomes a skyscraper!



~June 2011 [Tony: 5 years old]

Christine (regarding her tiring day): I hit a slump at 3:30 and just couldn't shake it.



Angel: Why did you hit a slug and why did you try to shake it?

~October 2011 [Angel: 7 years old]

Angel (Handing Christine a first-grade level workbook): They call this first grade work! This is not first grade work! It's like preschool work!



Christine (looking through the workbook): No, this is first grade work. You and Tony just work really hard and can do harder stuff.

Angel: That's first grade work?! Then what do preschoolers do?! Just play all day?!

~November 2011 [Angel: 7 years old, Tony: 5 years old]

Jeremy (at McDonald's): You have to pay for a container of ranch sauce.



Angel: Actually, I could sweet-talk the guys up there and get ranch for free.

~February 2012 [Angel: 7 years old]

Harmony: Sometimes I make
Jesus sad tomorrow. Daddy:
Oh you do? Harmony: Yeah. When
I potty in my panties. That be mean
to Jesus.



~April 2012 [Harmony: 3 years old]

Tony: I can't believe this house
is 30 years old.



Jeremy: This house is 13 years old.

Tony: 13?! So house years are older
than people years?!

~April 2012 [Tony: 6 years old]

Angel: I love it when Maggie babysits.
But I really REALLY love it when grandpa
babysits... ya know, cuz he's family, so I
have to love it more when he babysits... I have
to PRETEND to love it more... but I really like
Maggie's babysitting better.



~May 2012 [Angel: 7 years old]

Angel: Chick-fil-A is a bad influence! I spelled "CHIKIN" wrong because of it!



~June 2012 [Angel: 7 years old]

Sunday School Teacher: ...and the disciples were scared when they saw Jesus walking on the water because at first they didn't know it was him.



Tony: If I saw someone walking on the water, I would know it was Jesus.

~June 2012 [Tony: 6 years old]

Tony: Daddy, is this your website? Dad: Nope. Tony: Then why is it called "Go Daddy"?



~July 2012 [Tony: 6 years old]

Tony: This is my new baby brother Chase!



Davey: And what's Chase's LAST name?

Tony: Um... I can't think of it; I forgot.

~July 2012 [Tony: 6 years old, Chase: 3 days old]

Tony: Those corn chips with a hint of lime are so gross!



Angel: Maybe they would be good if they put a hint of candy in it.

*~September 2012 [Angel: 7 years old,
Tony: 6 years old]*

(Driving in a car, the kids hear a loud, sharp noise)



Grandpa: Maybe we ran over an exploding toad!

Tony (rolling his eyes): There's no such thing as an exploding toad, Grampa. It was probably a land mine or a hand grenade.

~September 2012 [Tony: 6 years old]

(Harmony tearfully presents a ripped tutu on her ballerina costume)



Mommy: Oh, did your tutu get ripped?

Harmony (holding back tears): Yes... I'll never dance again.

~November 2012 [Harmony: 3 years old]

Daddy: Tony, you're strong!



Tony: I weigh 55 pounds and 5 ounces! Of course I'm strong!

~November 2012 [Tony: 6 years old]

Will (neighbor kid): I get presents from my grandparents and parents and from Santa.



Angel: well, we only get presents from our parents and grandparents, so I guess we've been on the naughty list all our lives.

~November 2012 [Angel: 8 years old]

Harmony: I can't wait to meet my new uncle!
Charity, I am going to have a new uncle.



Charity: I'm going to have a new uncle too!

Harmony: My uncle is going to be Stacy and Clint!

Charity: My uncle is going to be Stacy and Clint too!

Harmony: No, Charity, it's only me.

Charity: No! It's only me!

~December 2012 [Harmony: 3 years old, Charity: 2 years 6 months old]

Charity: I'm gonna get a boy when I grow up!

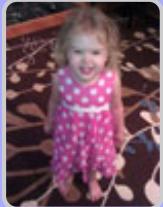


Daddy: You are?

Charity: Yes because I'm gonna get a boy after I eat cake!

~January 2013 [Charity: 2 years 6 months old]

Harmony: Mom! Can we make carrot cake?



Mom: Well, I don't think we have the ingredients.

Harmony: Mom, all you need is carrots and icing.

~January 2013 [Harmony: 3 years old]

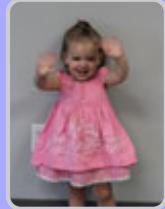
Daddy: Happy birthday,
Harmony! You're four today!



Harmony (forelornly): No, I'm still 3.
'Cuz I'm not taller yet.

*~February 2013 [Harmony: 4 years
old]*

Charity (in the car leaving Wichita):
can you see Kansas City?



Mom: no, it's too far away.

Charity: oh. I'll get my binoculars.

~March 2013 [Charity: 2 years 8 months old]

Mom: Let's open these blinds
to let the sunshine in.



Charity: oh no! The sun is stuck in
the tree! We have to help it!

*~March 2013 [Charity: 2 years 9
months old]*

**Harmony: Daddy, taste the
ice! It tastes like water!**



~April 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old]

Harmony: Mommy, yesterday I pottied in the toilet!



Christine: you did? That's great!

Charity: Yeah, and when I pooped in my diaper, then I pottied on the floor and I pottied in the toilet!

~May 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old, Charity: 2 years 10 months old]

Harmony: I want to give this card to Madeline and Cynthia.



Mom: But it says, "With deepest sympathy."
That's probably not the best.

Harmony: Yes it is, because they're really sad I'm not at their house today.

~May 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old]

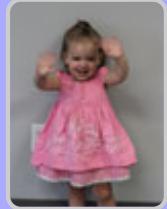
Christine: Mother's Day is tomorrow. Want to come with me to buy a present for Mimi?



Harmony: Let's go to the dollar store! I'm going to get her something fancy!

~May 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old]

Christine: Congratulations, Charity!



You slept all night without a binky!

What a big girl!

Charity: Now we can go to the store and get more binkies!!

~May 2013 [Charity: 2 years 11 months old]

Harmony: Can I fly back to Wichita with Grandpa Jim?



Mommy: No all of the seats on the airplane are full.

Harmony: I could fit in a dog cage!

~May 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old]

Tony: If someone calls you a chicken, you should take it as a compliment because chickens run from danger!



~June 2013 [Tony: 7 years old]

Daddy: There is no gravity in space. Do you know what creates gravity?



Tony: Roller coasters?

~June 2013 [Tony: 7 years old]

Harmony: When I grow up, I want to be a mermaid, a fairy princess, and a ninja.



Tony: I don't think you can be a ninja.

~July 2013 [Tony: 7 years old, Harmony: 4 years old]

Tony (explaining mini golf): It's mostly about winning and some about having fun.

~July 2013 [Tony: 7 years old]



Harmony: how many sleeps
until I grow up?



Mommy: a whole lot!

Harmony: 46? Cause that's a lot.

~July 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old]

Harmony: I can't WAIT till I grow up! I'm gonna be four things: A mermaid, a baker, a ninja, a queen, and a princess!



~July 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old]

Charity: Hey dad, let's rhyme!



Dad: Okay! (rhythmically) I can
RHYME all the TIME!

Charity (rhythmically): I can PLAY all
the NIGHT!

~August 2013 [Charity: 3 years old]

Dad: Harmony! It's 11:11! You can make a clock wish!



Harmony: What's a clock wish?

Dad: When it's 11:11, you can make a wish and maybe it will come true!

Harmony (rolling her eyes): It'll never come true.

~September 2013 [Harmony: 4 years old]

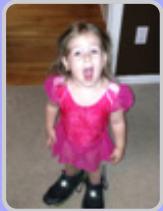
Dad: Don't touch any plants
you don't recognize.



Harmony: Okay! But we recognize
poison ivy!

*~September 2013 [Harmony: 4 years
old]*

Daddy: I am taking you to a
McDonald's with a PlayPlace!



Charity: Yay!!! I'm not going to potty
in it!!!

*~September 2013 [Charity: 3 years
old]*

Angel: daddy, how can I earn
\$60? Daddy: Open your own
business. Angel: \$100 hotdogs?



*~September 2013 [Angel: 9 years
old]*

Daddy: We give you dishes and other chores to help you build a good work ethic so that when you grow up you can get a job that you love that pays you very well.



Tony: Well I don't really like doing dishes and it doesn't pay very well.

~October 2013 [Tony: 7 years old]

Charity: I want a granola bar for my snack!



Daddy: That's not one of the choices. You may have applesauce or starve.

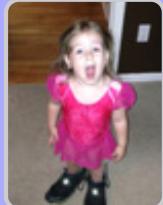
Charity: Starve.

Daddy: Okay.

Charity: Can we eat starves?

~October 2013 [Charity: 3 years old]

Charity (panicky): Dad! I heard funder!!



Jeremy: Oh, was the thunder talking?

Charity (nervously): No, funder can't talk cuz they don't have feet!

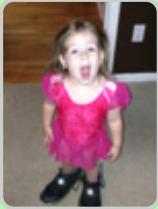
~October 2013 [Charity: 3 years old]

Angel: I don't like surprises. I
don't even like it when mommy
says "Stop looking through the
Christmas presents!"



~November 2013 [Angel: 9 years old]

Charity: Can I take a bath?



Mommy: well, you already took one this morning. If you get dirty, maybe you can take one after dinner.

Charity: Ok. I'm gonna go get dirty.

~November 2013 [Charity: 3 years old]

Harmony: Mommy, do squirrels talk like this? "Squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak!"

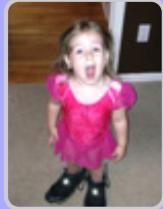


Mommy: Yeah, squirrels talk like that.

Harmony: I can speak squirrel?!!

~January 2014 [Harmony: 4 years old]

Charity: Dad, I forgot to say
"Goodnight" to you!



Dad: No, you said it, sweetie.

Charity: I didn't hear me!

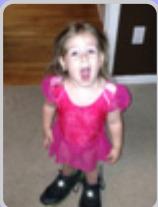
~February 2014 [Charity: 3 years old]

Harmony: let's flip a coin! Heads:
Charity chooses, and tails: I
choose!

(flips coin; lands on heads)

What do you think, Charity? Should I be heads,
and you be tails?

*~March 2014 [Harmony: 5 years old, Charity: 3
years old]*



Tony: Wow! Harmony is doing awesome on this video game!



Harmony: Yeah, I'm 5 years old! 5 years old HAS to be good!

~March 2014 [Tony: 8 years old, Harmony: 5 years old]

Charity: Wow! This place is SO MYSTERIOUS!



Grandpa: That is a big word for a three year old, Charity! What does "Mysterious" mean?

Charity: It means LOTS of TREES!

~March 2014 [Charity: 3 years old]

Harmony: Mom! Chase needs you!



Me: What does he need?

Harmony: I don't know! I don't speak baby!

~April 2014 [Harmony: 5 years old, Chase: 1 year 9 months old]

Harmony: I wish I could have seen Spider-man 2 with you at the theater last night.



Daddy: Sorry. It was too scary.

Harmony: How many times do I have to tell you "I love scary movies!"?

Daddy: You do? What is your favorite scary movie?

Harmony: Spider-man 2 that you just watched.

Daddy: What is your favorite scary movie that you have actually seen?

Harmony: I have never seen a scary movie.

Daddy: Then how do you know that you love them?

Harmony: Because I'm brave.

Daddy: Well that's good that you're brave.

Harmony: Except for real-life spiders and real-life insects and real-life ants.

~May 2014 [Harmony: 5 years old]

Harmony: Mom, look! We're getting closer to the middle of nowhere!



~June 2014 [Harmony: 5 years old]

Harmony (wearing nothing but a box on her head): "Look Mom! Now I'm not naked!"



~July 2014 [Harmony: 5 years old]

Daddy: "Sorry charity. You're too young for that event. You have to be five years old or older."



Charity (sadly): "Aww. I wish it was my birthday every day."

~July 2014 [Charity: 4 years old]

Harmony: (runs up with piece of paper)

Mom, will you fold this into a fan
for me?



Mom: sure! (folds fan)

Harmony: (runs over to Charity) Charity, will you fan
me while I eat my
lunch?

~August 2014 [Harmony: 5 years old, Charity: 4 years old]