

# Easter 2016

This Easter... not my cup of tea. I started out the weekend with a stomach virus and then it just seemed to keep going downhill from there. I am wondering if we are ever going to experience good news, decent news or have a day where we haven't cried soon. And this is coming from a very happy person. It has just been hard, damn its been hard and I don't do hard very well. Does anyone, though?

Early Sunday morning I woke up running to the bathroom. Of course, the stomach virus found its first victim of our family finally. I was beginning to wonder when it would. I am grateful that it was me. I felt horrible that day. Matt fished a tournament and I laid down all day in bed. Nanny came and got all three babies from me and took them to an easter egg hunt. I was very thankful to her for that because I just wanted to sleep. I went and picked them up a little later and stopped and got my some ginger ale to see if I could drink anything. I started feeling a little better when we got home but I still just wanted to lay down. I didn't want the kids to get it so I let them play in the den while I stayed in my bed. My dad and brother thankfully showed up around 3:30 to help me out. They had dropped mom off at the hospital to get some IV fluids and nauseous medicine. Matt got home later on too and all of them played with the babies for a while. I was feeling a little better by the time night rolled around. I mean us moms really have to kick these things in the face and make it go away, huh? I tried. I knew I needed to setup for Easter morning and get their baskets out so I got in the bath (which made me feel tremendously better) and helped lay the kids down with Matt so we could setup their goodies.

There's been a few things I have really been wanting to get the babies and I used this Easter as an excuse to get it for them. I am so glad I did because they loved everything they got! I just had to get those sock'em bumper boppers. I have

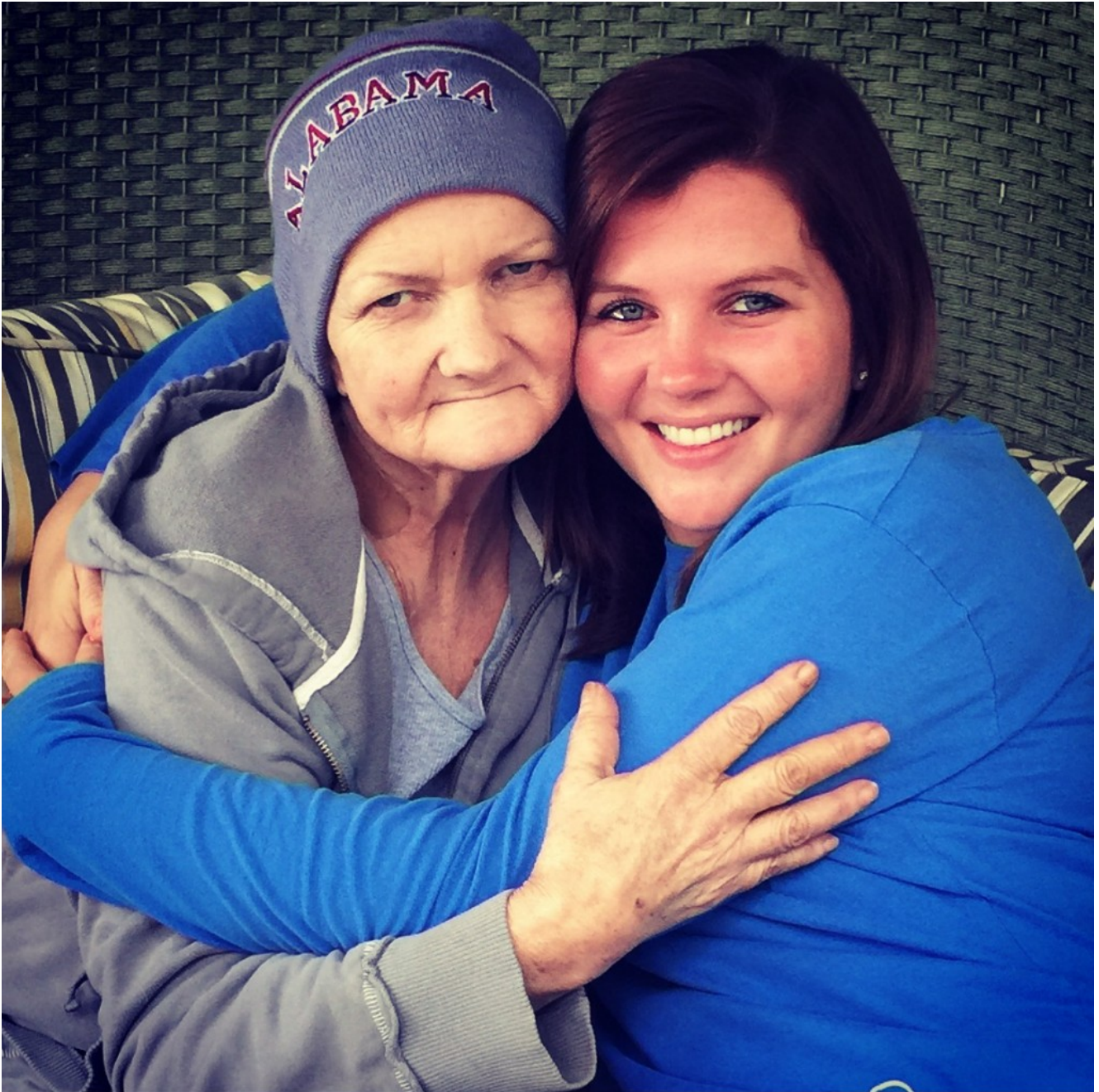
been wanting to get those forever because they look hilarious. They also each got an easel. I love these things and they ended up being on sale the week before Easter so it worked out! And of course their baskets with lots of yummy candy!

We woke up Sunday morning to a very sick Roxanne. She had been throwing up and looked pitiful. It was clear her diabetes were getting the best of her and she had gone without insulin for a few days. It is all of my fault. I was too busy with my mom and then I got sick and completely forgot to get her insulin. Yup, you don't have to tell me, I'm an awful person. Roxanne is my baby girl and I really let her down. She started losing weight really quickly starting at the beginning of last week and I am just wondering if she was declining before this weekend. She was peeing all over the house and using number 2 also and that's not like her at all. No I am not trying to make excuses for myself because I know what I did was horrible but she wasn't doing good before this.

The kids got up and immediately went to their baskets and gifts. They loved them! After breakfast we had to setup the easels and blow up the boppers. Oh.my.gosh the bopper fights were awesome. These things are made out of some bad ass vinyl too. We are going to use them in the water and snow this year, if they last that long. The easels were a huge hit too. They loved painting moo-moo a picture for us to take her on Easter. We wanted to cheer my mom up and make her feel better. She started a new type of chemo last week and it is kicking her little behind. It's an 8 hour infusion of 3 different chemos'. Lets just say she was still feeling side effects by Sunday.

When we got to my moms, I gave her a huge hug and just started bawling. My mom looked at me and said "Do I look that bad?" She cracks me up. She didn't look bad, I just needed to cry. For some reason my mom brings out the tears. I told her I was just worried about her and worried about Roxanne.

My moms high school friend, Laurie, was there. I have never met her and I was so excited I finally got to meet her. She was in my parents wedding and I have heard so many stories about her and my mom. She loves my mom very much and it was just a good day. A good day of crying, planning, reminiscing, laughing and more crying. It was for sure a nasty day though. It was rainy and cold and yuck. I felt horrible because we didn't do an egg hunt for the babies but I don't think they minded too much after I showed them the bubble guns I had. The bubble guns I forgot to put in their baskets that morning and just decided to bring them to moo-moos with us instead.



It might not have been the best Easter with all the good food and egg hunts and blah blah but it was a pretty good one since we got to spend it with my mom and all of the people we love. We even ate at Applebee's for lunch instead of cooking which took a lot of pressure off of all of us and the kids thought it was awesome. They love eating at restaurants hah!

We got home later that night and Roxanne was even worse. It was just a horrible night and I checked on her every hour. I just wanted her to make it through the night so I could take her to the vet first thing in the morning.

She made it through the night. I woke the kids up bright and early and took everyone to the car. I was praying the whole way for Roxanne to just pull through this. It was horrible seeing her in that much pain. We got there and they told me they were going to do everything in their power to help her. I told them to do whatever they needed to and I didn't care, I just wanted my baby girl.