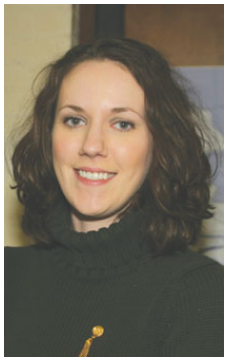

Have you ever stepped back, taken a look at your life and realized that it is sheer chaos? And then smiled about it?

It may sound crazy, but I catch myself doing it a lot. With an infant, a wild three year old, a laid back husband, a tongue-happy mutt and a cat who acts like she is starving every second of the day....yeah, it's gets pretty chaotic at the Patterson home.

It dawned on me just how exciting it gets at our home one morning this week. Our home, like many I am sure, is crazy in the mornings. It's a wonder I don't leave a child behind on accident because it is a "go-go-go" vibe from about 6 a.m. until I screech into work on two wheels at 8 a.m.

I generally wake up about an hour before everybody else in the house. I take a moment to watch the news, drink a cup of coffee and eat a quick breakfast.

And then, feeling like a horse at the Kentucky Derby, I raise from my recliner and jump into the race.

Our baby girl Elsie is starting to roll over, talk, shove her hand in her mouth and spit bubbles in your face. During all these new discoveries in the morning time, I try to feed her a jar of baby food.

Feeling like a complete goofball, I sit in front of her making spoons turn into planes. Making diving noises, I try to get that mouth open just a little so I can make a banana-filled landing with my spoon plane.

And then with a grin, Elsie spits food everywhere. This is why I stay in my robe during our feeding sessions.

After that, I place her in a bouncy seat where she will entertain herself. At that point, I begin to get ready.

And usually, about the time I start putting on eyeliner, the "bear" wakes up. Jason tends to make these bear-like noises when he gets out of bed. With hair sticking up, he shuffles his feet through the house. Grabbing a cup of coffee, he begins to help me with the other morning duties.

Then it's time to wake up my "mini-bear." Our son James is a heavy sleeper so I usually just start putting his clothes on while he is still in bed.

He tells me "I can't like waking up." And then we have our routine argument on whether today is "show and tell" day at daycare.

Throwing himself on the floor, James is disgusted that he can't show the kids at school his new dinosaur or the latest addition to his book collection. While he flails around on the floor, I somehow manage to get his socks and shoes on.

Then it dawns on him that he has robot underwear on when he specifically asked for "Cars"

underwear. That argument continues as I drag him into the bathroom to brush his teeth.
By this time, the sweet Elsie I left in the bouncy seat is attempting to break out of her prison. Grabbing the seat, she tries to literally roll out of it. And the whole time, I am shoving a toothbrush in James' mouth and wetting his hair with the famous "Mom-spit."
Jason comes in the bathroom with about two cups of coffee in him, asking where his ironed shirts are...ten minutes before we are supposed to leave the house.
I don't iron. I explained that to him before we got married. So I have to remind him of that as he huffs and grabs the iron himself.
Another shot of coffee, and I am out the door to get the truck cranked.
As soon as I open the door, our cat pounces on me. She usually makes it pretty close to my face with her claws extended, teeth exposed. The cat who just ate last night is, once again, starving.
As I make my way down the front steps, she continues to try to eat my keychain.
And then comes the mutt. With a tongue going 100 miles an hour, my pants usually have a wet spot when she is done.
Jason is literally shaking Elsie's bottles as the Patterson clan heads out the door. Carrying a car seat, kicking toy trucks out of the way, Jason gets the kids in the car. I lock the house door, pet the dog and weasel my way around the cat who by this time has eaten a hole through my lunch bag.
By the time Jason and I get to work, we're exhausted.
It's crazy life. And that's just in the morning.
So why am I grinning? I am ready for the day to end so we can do it all over again that night. Sweet kids, a mellow husband, chores, a happy dog and a psycho cat are what make my day. And that's the life for me.