I turned the big 30 last weekend, and other than crying along with my other 30-something friends, I think it went well.

Seriously, I know being 30 years old is not a big deal. But for the past decade, I had this odd complex about entering the "next chapter." It wasn't so long ago that 30 seemed "old."

The great thing about this last birthday is that I don't feel like I'm 30. I certainly don't feel old.

I think I'm just going to keep the same attitude I've held onto up to this point. I'm just going to act like an overgrown kid until the good Lord decides to take me away.

I can act like a mature adult when it involves serious matters. But I think sometimes that people simply need to act like children again to balance everything out. In my opinion, it is the childhood innocence and carefree attitude that keep your heart pumping, your mind turning and your spirit soaring.

There are a few things that I, at 30 years old, still do that many may feel is "immature." But I think they are just the ticket to my happiness.

I feel that it is normal to have a tickle session with your children. I pray that even at 70 years old, I am still around to wrestle our son James to the ground so that I can tickle him to death.

I see nothing wrong with jumping into water puddles as long as you don't splash anyone else. There is nothing like a huge water puddle on a hot summer day.

I think it's fine to sneak a  whoopee cushion under unsuspecting victims. Now mind you I wouldn't place one under my preacher at church or anything. But laughs have roared at my house when my husband Jason played the victim as James and I hid around the corner to listen.

There is nothing wrong pulling off the busy highway to grab a snow cone. And it's fine to ask for an extra splash of watermelon flavor.

It may look ridiculous, but I like to buy that pack of bubblegum that has the baseball players on it. I know it may "politically incorrect" to have gum in a package that looks like chewing tobacco. But I love cramming a wad inside my mouth.

I think it's fine to enjoy watching cartoons with your kids on a Saturday morning. I am glad James watches the educational ones from time to time. But sometimes I want to see silly and useless humor from Tom and Jerry or watch the coyote chase the roadrunner.

I still can't let a hopscotch game pass me up on the sidewalk. I could probably be walking next to the president, and I would ask for a moment to hop on the squares.

It's fine to request extra sprinkles on your clown cone. It may look silly to be walking down Main Street with a giant clown cone, but I think they are delicious.

I still ask the Magic Eight Ball life-changing questions. And when I don't get the answer I like, I just give it another shake.
I think sandcastles should be built frequently. They are great stress relievers, and it can be fun to see what skills you can develop. I can construct a bridge with a few drinking straws and a piece of seaweed.
It is perfectly acceptable to join my child on a fair ride. We might both get sick, but at least we did it together.
Sometimes the worst day at work can be cured with a coloring book session with James.
Blowing bubbles still amazes me.
But most importantly, laughing should be done frequently and without reservation.
I honestly love a good hearty laugh. The ones that come up through your stomach and causes people to stare.
Laughing at corny jokes, simple moments with my kids, innocent pranks at home and sometimes just for no reason will be my medicine for remaining a kid at heart.
So as I welcome another year, I hope to hang onto those childhood antics that keep me happy.
But laughter is what helps me get through it all.
I will never forget a line I heard in a movie from my childhood. It rings true to me, especially during those hard times as adults.
A laugh can be a very powerful thing. Why, sometimes in life, it's the only weapon we have.