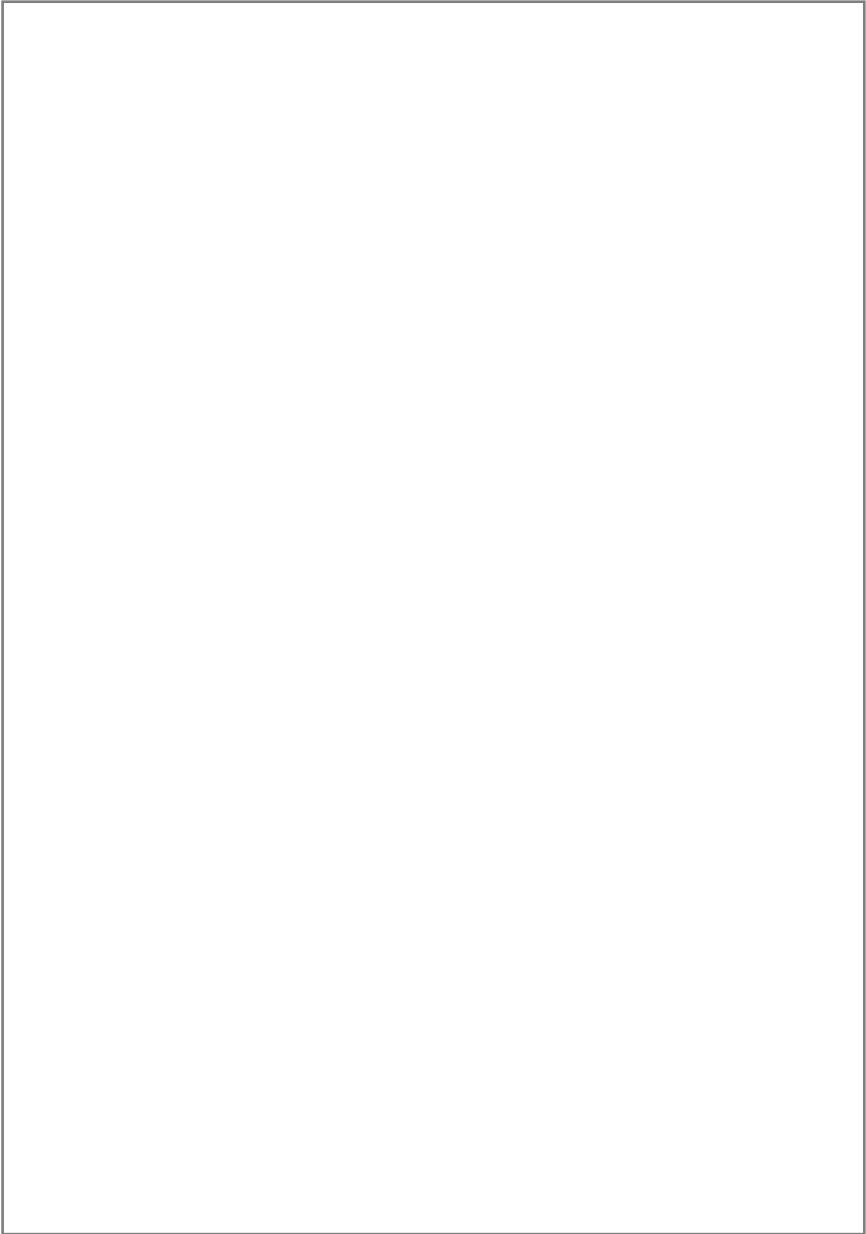


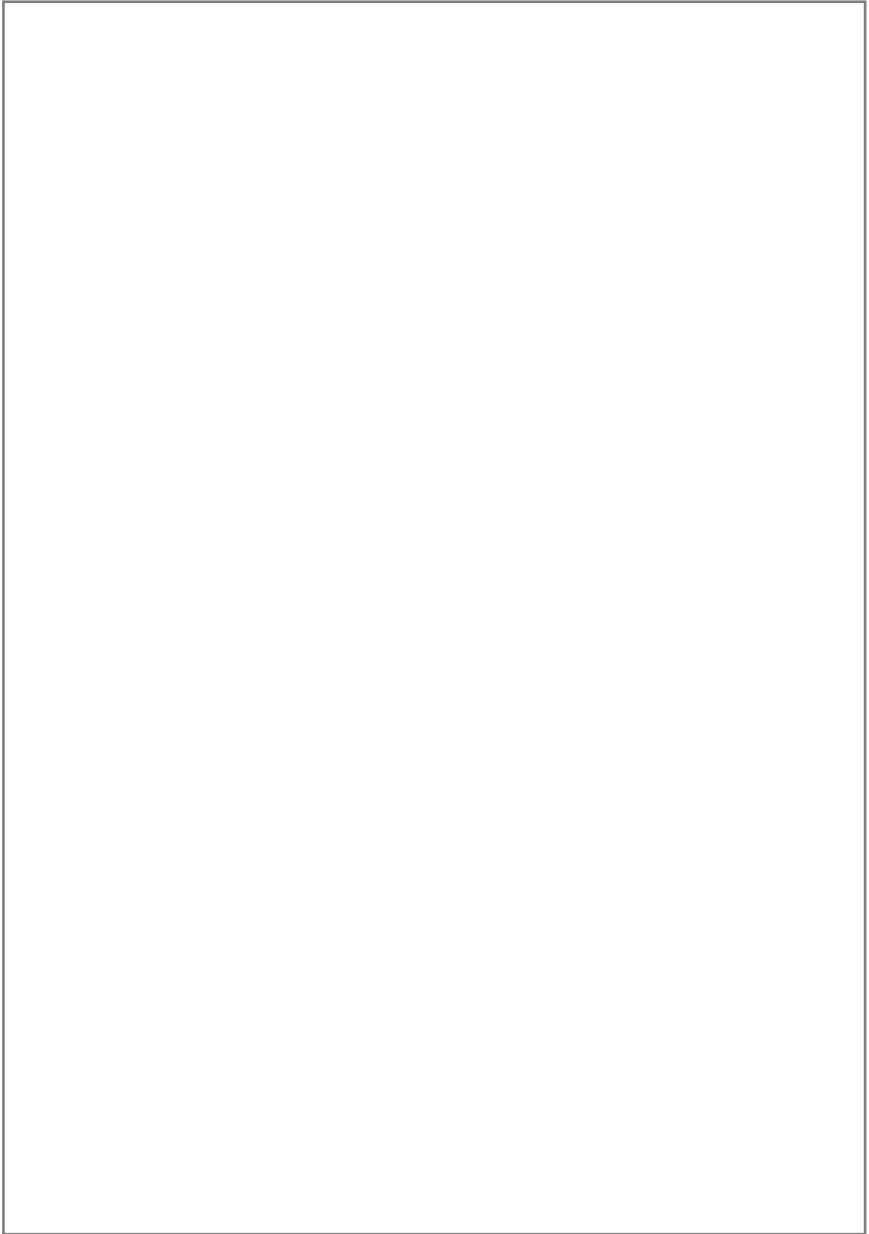
ME

YOU

US



- with thanks to all contributors -



Everything you ever wanted to know about Max but were afraid to ask.

Max's baby Picture - He was this size about 2 days.



Max's most embarrassing moment - so far.



SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 2006

## It's Only Rock and Rollover

Sandy and I don't have the same taste in music. Sometimes when I am at the computer I'll have the radio on. If it's a talk show, there's rarely a problem. Especially if the CBC is on, Sandy just falls asleep next to my desk. But if I want to listen to any of my mp3's while I work, that's a different story. She hates everything, from the 5.6.7.8's to ZZ Top, including all the Beethoven sonatas and a Hayden cello concerto by Yo-Yo Ma. Play anything, and Sandy heaves a huge sigh, gets up and goes to the other end of the house where she heaves another huge sigh and flops down.

I've been wondering just what Sandy's taste in music is. We were in the car this morning on the way home, and I had the radio on. For some reason, the unceasingly pompous host of "The Sunday Edition" on CBC Radio One played "Tutti Frutti" by Little Richard. Sandy loved it! I could see her bopping in the back of the van, and gave me a look in the rear-view mirror as if to say, "Why don't you ever play this at home?" Well, because I didn't have it. My collection went straight from Little Feat ("Willin'") to Lou Reed ("Sweet Jane"). But I've got it now, and I've got Sandy's new favorite "Long TAIL Sally" now, too.

## Post No. 1

Greetings visitors and friends! Chris here, welcome to my new blog that will hopefully earn a spot on your list of bookmarks and feeds. The site was inspired by the first addition to the Ray family, Mackenzie. That's her in the upper-right. She joined Laurie (my wife) and I in April of last year. She's my morning alarm clock and the last thing I see before my head hits the pillow. In short, she's changed my life.

As I was writing down my goals for 2008, I decided that "start a blog" would top the list. If I did nothing else, absolutely nothing else on the list, that would be fine with me. And, since I had spent more hours than I care to mention preparing for Mackenzie's first Christmas (reviewing toys and what not), creating a shopping blog just seemed to make sense.

As I write this post I can see Mackenzie sprawled out to the left of me on our sofa. She's turned upside down, legs in the air, dreaming away. As I take a moment to watch her sleep I notice the time. It's getting late and I still have a few things to do before I head to bed.

There it is, the first post. I hope you join me for the journey ahead.

Chris

# NURSE KIERA

Posted in [Cait and Me](#), on January 2nd, 2008 12

## Comments

Cait has a touch of the flu. And there's only one way to get her to rest.

Kiera has to just about physically lie on top of her.

And then stay with her until she falls asleep. Nurse

Kiera is always up for the job.

This time, Kiera stayed with Cait for the entirety of her four hour nap. When Cait woke, her fever had broken, and the worst of the symptoms were behind her.

There is no stronger medicine than love and devotion.

This is the story of Toby's last year. Every time i say i'm going to write this, Doug suggests a different topic and, easily diverted, off i go to write about raw-food diets, or the time boscoe pulled my neice off the back porch and she bonked her head. But now I think i will tell you about Toby's last year. Remember, as you read, that the story ultimately has a happy ending: Toby's ordeal ended, and it's true; Toby is with us still. he is in a small white cardboard box, which i have never opened, on the top shelf of a kitchen cupboard.) But i'm getting ahead of myself.

The winter of 2000-2001 was a snowy one, and we went snowshoeing in the park several times. I used to take toby snowshoeing back when i lived near the woods in duluth, but he had small feet and didn't do well in deep snow. Toby used to walk behind me and--instead of walking on the trail i broke--he used to try to walk *on* my snowshoes, which pulled the snowshoes off my feet. So now I let him stay at home.

It was a glorious day. It was snowing. It was not terribly cold. When I got home, Doug and Toby met me at the door.

Toby and i had been together through thick and thin--through the breakup with W, through my summer in the haunted thurber house, through my move to st. paul, through my sister's cancer diagnosis. He was at our wedding, smiling next to our good friend (and his former babysitter) Sporty. (photo above is from the wedding.) He was always at my side, or in my car, or at the foot of my bed. always watching my face, always ready to spring up and do whatever i wanted to do.

We stomped the snow off our feet and we all went into the living room. Doug built a fire. Toby got up. He didn't look quite right. He staggered around the living room in a tight, wobbly circle. And then he collapsed.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**December 18<sup>th</sup> 2006**

**Hurry up Santa!**

**We are going to have a party tomorrow night! It's Linda's birthday so we can go off the lo-carb diet- thank goodness! I didn't realize all the good stuff I was missing on their lo-carb diet till the week of Thanksgiving. They went off the lo-carb thingie for that whole week, and we had some great food! Potatoes and gravy was my favorite. I don't know what we will eat tomorrow night for the party, but I betcha it is going to be good. Maybe even some ice cream!**

**Instead of feeling bad about being another year older, Linda is feeling good about it. See, she got confused last year and thought she was 56 and would be 57 this year. Imagine her surprise when she realized she is only going to be 56 this year- so she feels a year younger instead of a year older. I think maybe elderly dementia could be a good thing. Protects them from the harsh reality of growing old!**

**Isabella**

## Minnie's Friend

It all seemed so innocent. I mean, I'm not the jealous type really - unless it comes to food, that is - but this is different.

He was in her life and then he went away.

And I really I thought it was forever, but he's back... and her fixation with him has grown stronger.

I don't know whether I can stand her relentless displays of affection...

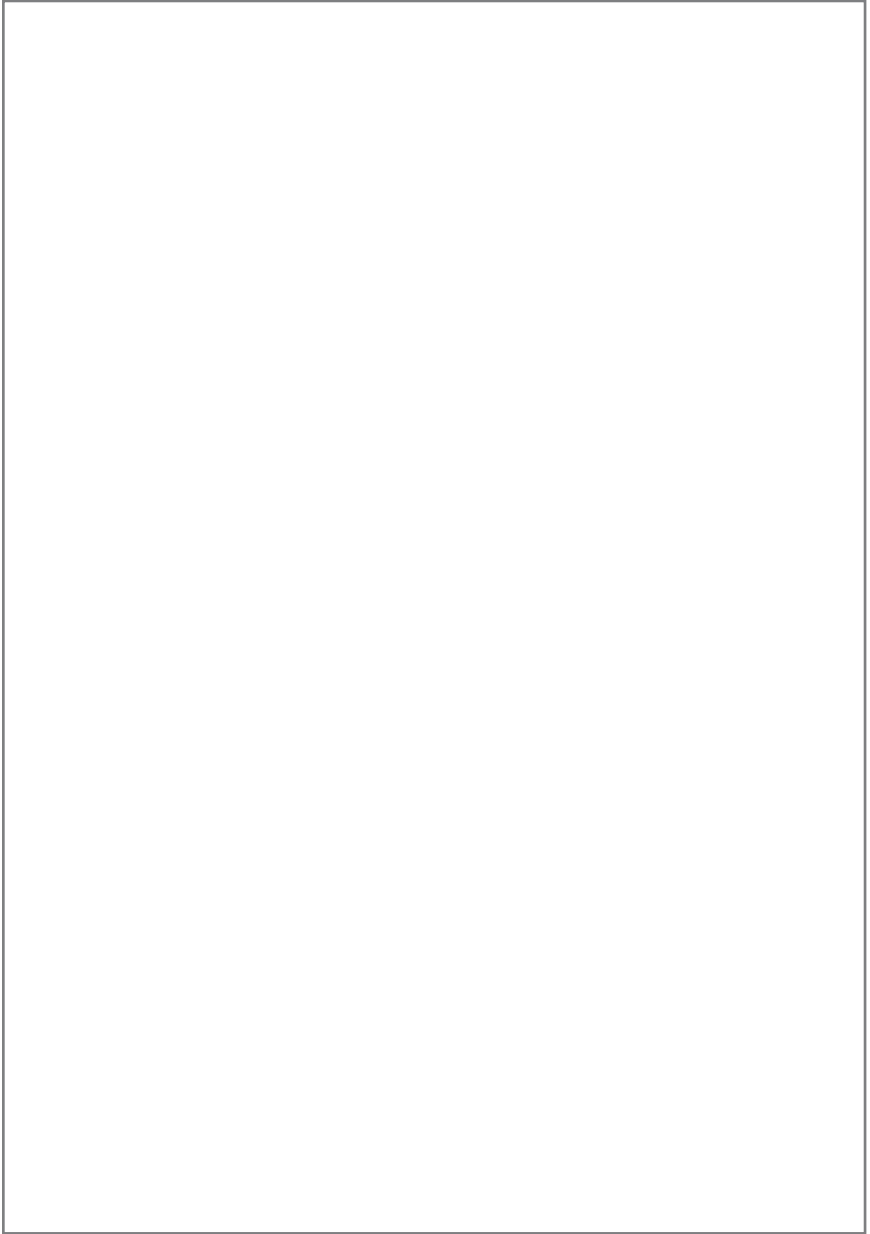
I mean, what about me Minnie?

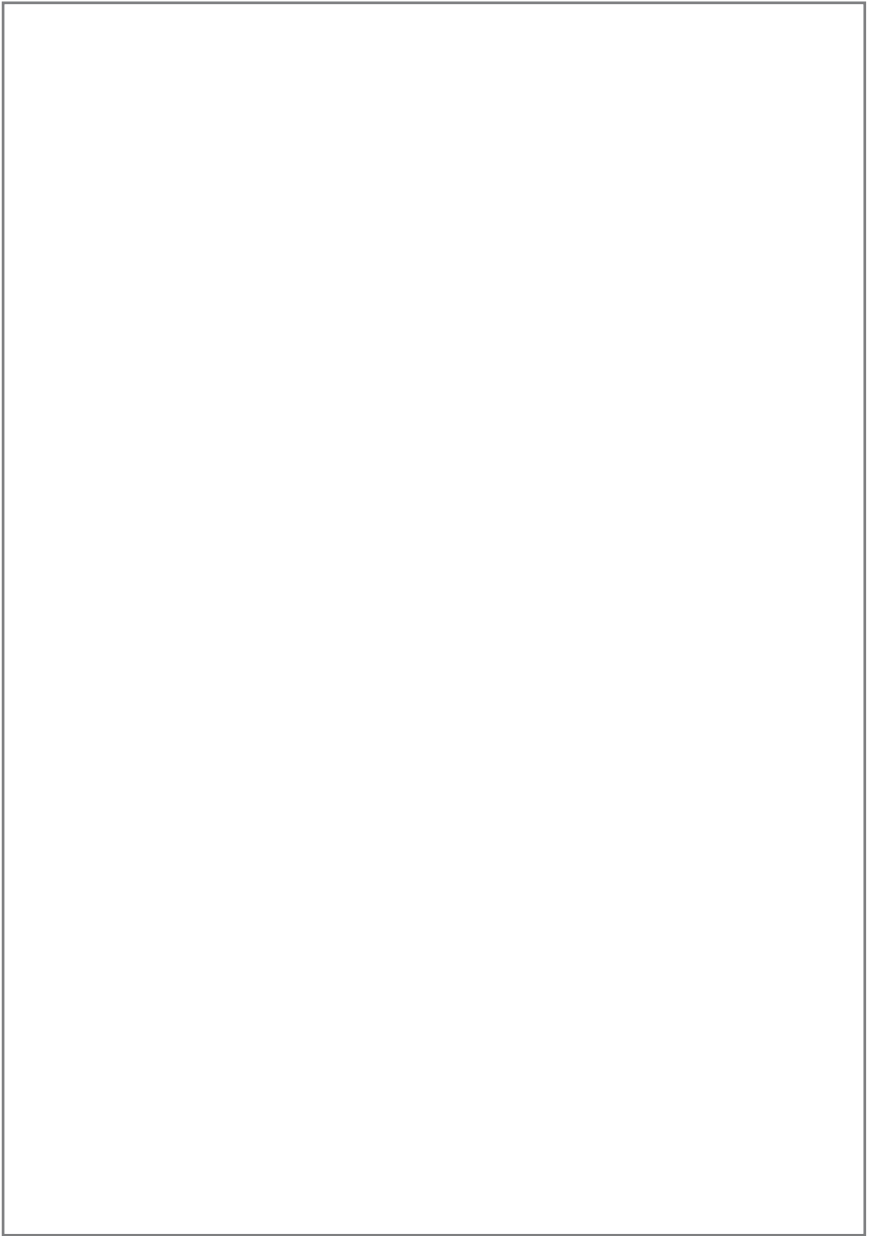
## This weeks pack

These kids from left to right are Terrapin, Benny, Tony and Uben Hertwig. They are all getting along swimmingly (thank you God) and the 3 young ones are having a great time playing together. Terrapin seems to like watching them in between naps, but she has not refused a walk since she's been here which we think is great at her age.

I headed out with the 3 young ones today just to go down the street, and little Benny got between Uben and Tony and just pranced like he was proud to be runnin' with the big boys.

Since the weather is beautiful and dry even my floors are in ok shape since there are not loads of muddy feet tracking in dirt. I'm proud of all of them and how well they are getting along...and it is also nice for me to be able to let them hang out in the yard most of the day. Tony seems to have endless energy for playing, so it is really kind of great that Benny came yesterday so that he now has Uben and the Benman to play with.





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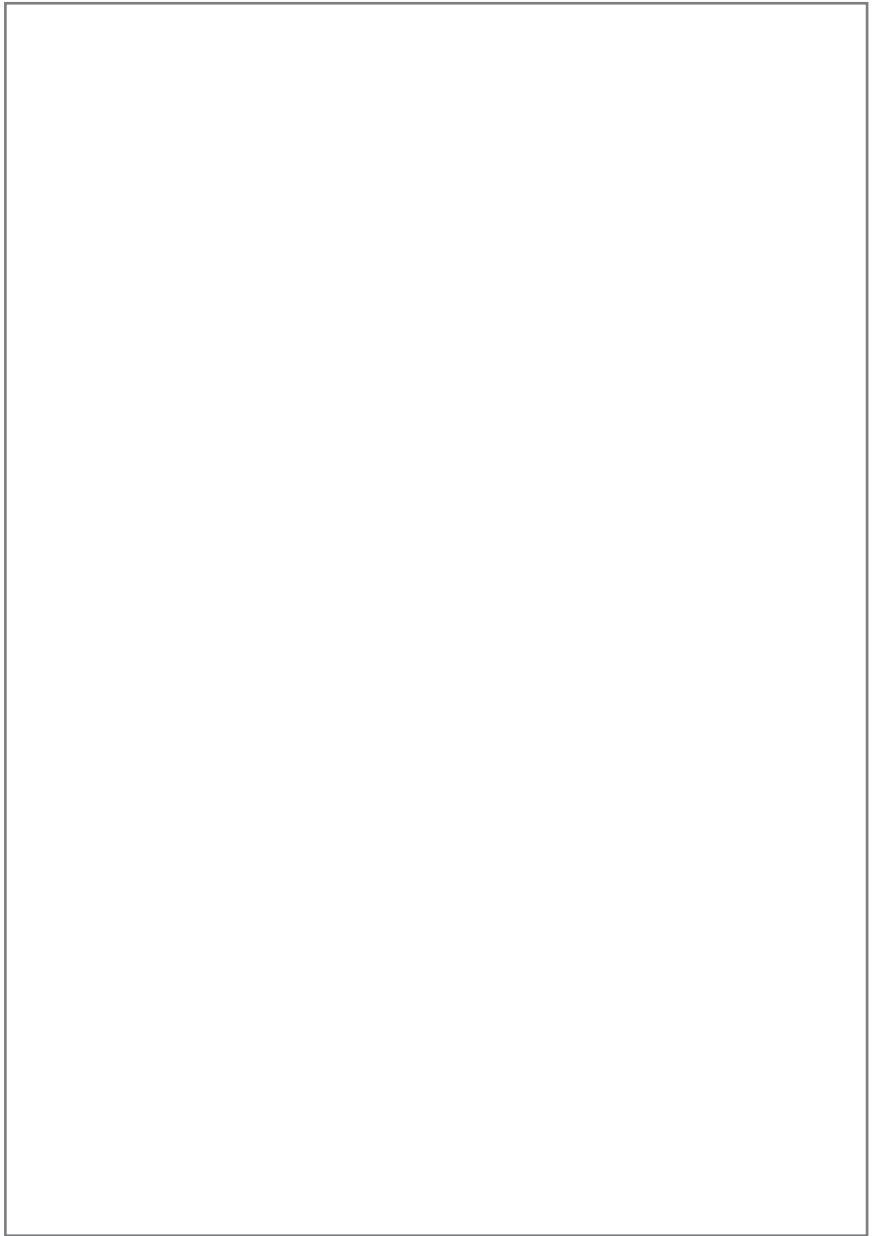
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