

Little House Big Party



I come from a large family. I am not referring to how many of us there are even though there are a lot. I'm referring to our size. Someone once rudely said to my petite grandmother "your husband must have been a large man." They couldn't figure out how this tiny woman had produced such

sturdy progeny. Which brings me back to my original point. We are a large family.

Because we are also large in number someone is always celebrating a birthday and we get together fairly regularly. Almost always we gather at my sisters house which is large enough to accommodate the group. However once a year I get a wild hair and decide that instead of making the hour plus drive to Maryland I will host at my house.

I love my house. It's cute and cozy and just enough room for the four of us who live here. So for a week we scrubbed, we cleaned, we cooked and we decorated. I was excited but nervous because we were going to be packed in here like sardines. In addition to the 19 family members who were coming we also had two girlfriends, one fiance and my best friend and her boyfriend. That's 24 bodies in case you're doing the math. Twenty four bodies packed in to my little two bedroom townhouse.



It is now 24 hours later and I am pleased to report that we survived, my house survived and as far as I know everyone is still talking to each other. Here is what I will remember most:

- The weather was beautiful. We could not have possibly had a more perfect day.
- The food was delicious and plentiful. Everyone could not get enough of my husbands home made BBQ sauce. (His smoked pork roast was pretty fantastic too)
- The conversation was great
- .No one stormed out. (Hey it's happened)
- Everyone liked their presents.
- Alex fell asleep on the floor in the middle of the chaos
- The kids went to the playground and the house suddenly got several octaves quieter.
- My family was willing to spend three hours in I-495 construction and traffic to get here. (It normally takes an hour.)
- My grandson told my sister that maybe I should read his book to him because I knew the characters names. I love my sister but it kind of made me feel good.
- My Dad had someone new (best friends boyfriend) to tell his stories to.
- Everyone teased me about all of the Pinterest projects around my house.
- My brother brought 11 2 liter bottles of soda. That's about 1/2 a bottle of soda per person. That's a lot of liquid.
- My bathrooms got a workout. (See previous list item.)
- Laughter rang from every room.
- The house felt full but it didn't feel stuffed.

Overall it was a fantastic day. There is nothing in this world that pleases me more than having every single person I love most in the world all gathered under one roof, even if it is a tiny little roof. I wish I could slow down the clock and make it last longer. Looking back on the day I realize not once did I feel like we were tripping over each other or that the place was just too small. I would have been miserable packed in somewhere like that with strangers or even some folks I know. It's simply because we love each other that we didn't mind. We love each other and because of it we'll drive three hours or sit shoulder to shoulder or listen to the same stories for the hundredth time. For your family

it's just what you do. It's what WE do anyway and yesterday I realized we do it very well.



