

We're More Alike Than We Think

Did you know that research shows that there is a link between Oreos, poop, and the internet? Yes, I said poop. Ok, so the studies were conducted at my house. That doesn't make them invalid does it? Bear with me here as I try to explain my way to one simple point through a series of several events that happened to me this week.

They say that the first step to recovery is admitting you have a problem. With that thought, here is my confession. I'm an addict. No, I'm not addicted to drugs or alcohol. I'm addicted to Oreos; those wonderful little crunchy chocolaty wafers surrounding white creamy middles of sugary goodness. The mere thought of them makes my mouth water. I think they might be better than sex. Or maybe I just have a deployed spouse. I'm not sure which but I could have a serious love affair with a box of double stuff.

Recently in conversation with some of my Army wife friends I came out of the Oreo closet and confessed my addiction. To my surprise I wasn't alone. My friend Laura said she swore they should be classified as some type of narcotic. She went on to explain she had a name for the method she used for consumption of the wonderful little cookies called the "Oreo Pinch". It's when you stretch out your thumb and first finger as wide as you can, lower it down into the row of Oreos like a crane, and "pinch" out as many Oreos as you can gather. Turns out even my friend Heather has done the "Oreo pinch" as well! She laughed at my confession and admitted that when her husband is deployed that no Oreo within a twenty mile radius is safe.

Needless to say, I started to feel a bit better about my addiction. Now, I bet you're thinking where the heck does poop and the internet fit in here and why the heck is she telling us all of this?

Recently I gave birth to a new baby girl. I found myself sitting in bed at 3am in the morning doing one of the nightly feedings with a screaming infant that would not go back to sleep. Diaper? Check. Hungry? Check. Hot/cold? Check. Gas? Ohhhh boy! She just needed to poop, that sounds simple enough. Let me assure you nothing is simple with this little one. I tried everything as she continued to scream. In the process of the drama, of course, she woke my six year old. She, upon waking, instantly starts singing *Old McDonald* in an effort to calm the baby. My head is spinning. I am so tired and now everyone is awake. I kept thinking, "poop would you so we can all go back to sleep?" I shouldn't have asked. What followed was an explosion. Once I recovered and tucked everyone in I was thinking to myself about how difficult parenting was with a deployed spouse and kids, not to mention how not fun it was to be covered in poop. Admittedly, I was feeling sorry for myself. I didn't do that for long though because I was brought back to reality by the fact I now was on a timer and had the opportunity for only three hours of sleep.

I woke up the next morning determined that there had to be some material to write about from my experience. The only thing I could think was that if I shared my experience people would think I was a weenie and couldn't hack this military life. Yeah, I know it

can always be worse, and women are doing it all over the world. I was quickly reminded (and comforted I might add) by a few stories on our blog www.lovingasoldier.com. Sarah tells us about a story where she tried to make it to the commissary with her three boys but ended up with an eventful day of throwing up and searching for a new car seat. (You'll definitely feel her pain when you read the entry.) Laura recently blogged about a situation that I swore was just a blog entry about MY life. She has two girls and a deployed spouse as well. She told us the story of the screaming baby who literally exploded while she was trying to give her toddler a bath. Poop is flying everywhere and her toddler is screaming from the bathtub "mommy the baby is crying." All she could think was "what in the world have I gotten myself into?" I could totally relate. As a matter of fact I felt a huge sense of relief that I was in fact, normal.

My point is that we all share a common bond through our experiences. We truly lead parallel lives. No matter where you are in your life somewhere out there another Army wife is in the exact same spot in hers. You have similar experiences (and apparently cravings) to share. Thank God for the internet which allows us the capability to have all of these experiences come together. For me, the week from hell of parenting alone wasn't as rough because I knew there was support, or at least understanding, just a few mouse clicks away. And maybe, just maybe, those Oreos helped out a bit too.