

Tuesday, November 29, 2005

### **Sex Grafede Club**

This Thanksgiving something HILARIOUS happened. We found my little brother's diary from when he was 7 years old. Many of the things he wrote in that diary were shockingly intelligent for a little guy, and all of the things that he wrote made me, my sister, my mom and my two cousins laugh so hard that we cried. One of our favorites was the "crush meter" that he drew on a page to compare Lauren and Whitney. Whitney got 50 out of 50, but Lauren only got 35 out of 50. When he was in first grade, he was in a "gang" called Cheetah. Their rival gang? You guessed it, the Sex Grafede Club (are you getting the 7 year old spelling of the word graffiti?). So of course, when we went out to the bars in Amherst and there were nametags from the ARHS Class of '95 10 year reunion, we made our own name tags that said "Sex Grafede Club Reunion 2005." My brother got one that just said Cheetah. Interestingly enough, Whitney was at the bar, and we really wanted my brother to tell her what all the hilarity was about, but he chickened out. In this picture, the tall dude with the beard is my brother, and the girl to the left of me is my sister. Yes, she has black curly hair and doesn't look much like me, but every now and then some stranger will tell us that they can tell we are sisters. I guess our mannerisms are similar, and so are our smiles. My cousins and I went to WEBS, where Noro Kureyon was on sale for \$6 a skein, so I got enough to make myself a Rosedale United sweater. The colorway (164) is new, I think, and is mostly greens and blues with some brown, yellow, grey and black thrown in for fun. Also purchased were some holiday knitting yarns, for which I can not show pics just yet. I'm also cooking up something for my BF's mom's birthday in a funkily dyed alpaca, but it needs to be done and blocked before I can show pictures!

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 20:33

Thursday, November 17, 2005

### **Let's take a trip!**

Sure it may have taken us longer to set up that tarp than it took God to create the entire universe, but I want to go back on that trip again! After my first year of med school, when I got back from the DR, the man and I went on a 2.5 week trip out West, to places that I'd never gone before. I remember this day so well, we were in Zion NP and had spent the day happily hiking. That night we watched as thunder and lightning struck the top of the canyon. We were safely at the bottom, together, and so happy. I think if you can camp with someone and be in the same car/tent/hiking space for more than a few days without dying it means that you are a good match for one another. Why am I writing this now, when our trip was a long time ago and now I'm happily immersed in third year? Well, I had an up and down day, one where for a lot of it I felt not that helpful and sort of in the way. I love the kiddos, I love Pediatrics overall. I guess I'm tired and a bit in need of a break. Instead, I'm on call in the Pediatric ER for 8 hours on Saturday. Sigh. I HATE Worcester, and I miss driving through the scorching desert with my best friend, drinking IBC black cherry soda.

Posted by Mia at 21:51

Friday, November 11, 2005

## **Veteran's Day**

When I think of Veteran's Day, I think of my Papa and Nana. Here they are in younger years. My Nana died last year on October 13th, and after being married to her for 61 years, you can imagine that Papa gets lonely. Last year my Papa came over to my parent's house when my brother and I were home. My brother got on the computer and looked up Papa's regiment and found a website by a very angry man. This guy had written about his bad experiences in the war. Usually, Papa does not talk about the war at all. He had a tough time of it, he got shot and got trench foot and had all sorts of heroic adventures that involved carrying people on his back through French forests. But that night at my parent's house he started remembering all sorts of things that had happened to him because of some of the stories that the website showed. One was our favorite, which really shows that Papa had a charmed life. He was in training, still in the States, and it was a dark, cold, rainy night. His A company and B company were supposed to get in a raft and cross a raging river. Papa remembers seeing logs and lots of debris in this flooded river, and getting into the raft feeling much trepidation. Then, the commanders changed their minds and wanted B company in the raft instead, so A company got out, and B company got sent off. The raft flipped over, and the poor guys were weighed down with all their gear, and I think 22 out of 23 drowned!! Papa stood on the banks with the rest of the guys, they could hear the screams but couldn't see a thing in the dark storm. They could not help. These are the stories that my kind grandfather had never told us. When one of his children could have gone to Vietnam, he enrolled them in college instead, and had a serious argument with my Nana's brother about War and the benefits or lack thereof. Maybe Papa doesn't wear peace signs, but I know that he does not believe that war is good for this country and this country's children. My grandparents amaze me. They had such a wonderful life, full of so many blessings, eleven (!!) children, 29 grandchildren, 61 years of happy marriage...If my Papa had gotten in that raft, I would not be here today. Even though Papa is now 92, he's SO sharp, he remembers so many things about all of the grandchildren--did I mention that there are 29 of us?!! Thanks Papa, Happy Veteran's day! I'll try to work for peace for you.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 16:18

Wednesday, November 2, 2005

### **Study Time Means...**

We had our OB/GYN practical exam today, which went very well I think. I like talking to patients, and that was what this mostly tested me on. Tomorrow I have a big written test that is supposed to be very hard. So, I busted out my study essentials: Popcorn, my Beckman OB/GYN book, my iPod mini (Christmas gift from my BF) all decked out in its cute iPod mini sock (b-day gift from BF), and the diagonal scarf that I'm knitting for my sister's Christmas present. Lorna's Laces Worsted in "Bittersweet." Sadly, the colors do not show true at all, it is quite vibrantly pink, orange, yellow and purple. The pattern is from Iris Schreier's Modular Knitting book, which I can not recommend highly enough. The patterns are cool, but the techniques that she uses can be expanded into many other projects. I really like this book, and this scarf! I think I'll make mittens to match. Check out the needles: they are wooden #9s that my mom gave me from my grandmother's stash when she died. They are light and smooth, and when I first started knitting with them they smelled like my Nana and her house. I miss her, she's been gone for over a year now.

Posted by Mia at 17:54