

The Cherub spice!

Written by Joanne Kjaersgaard.

Ingredients: 1 or 2 eggs

Some Pond Endo Reviving Milk

A bucket of genes

Some nutty brain cells (given to parents)

Blend:

Some heavy mixing with a tinge of weakness in the diaphragm area

Stir well until inside is upside down

Cook for approx 9mths with a dose of stress & tests for good measure

That's my recipe for a cherub. Where is the spice I hear you ask? Well my friends, that is something that comes from within the cherub. You don't get to taste it, you only get to smell it when the spice is working overtime but you will see it every day in the 'not so normal' goings on with your cherub.

It starts at birth, the 'not so normal' goings on, the spice will show itself almost from that moment. The spice is strong & does it's magic. The cherub has leapt over all the tall hurdles & is now on the home straight, surely the spice is depleted?

ARE YOU KIDDING! The cherub seems to have a boundless supply of this incredible ingredient. Where did that cookbook go??? I need to re-read the recipe. What are those words down the bottom.....'after cooking, good luck, you're on your own.'

Why is it, I ask myself whilst scratching my head, that this baby is crawling straight for the stereo even though the floor is strewn with great baby toys? How did she get out that locked security front door at the age of 3? (Kindly returned by our neighbour) Why did I hear her footsteps on the roof at the age of 7 when she only had the fence & the guttering to do this? Why can't she sit still long enough to finish a meal? Why did she think lighting a whole box of matches in one hit was an interesting thing to do? And this was all before she was 8! I won't scare you with her 'up-to-now' other bits, but there has been a few, quite a few!

Our other kids don't tempt fate or their parents mental capacity, in fact, they are often standing beside me, vigorously shaking & scratching their noggins along with me. It has even been known to turn from scratching to screaming at the antics, I believe this is where she is 'sharing' the spice, but it's hard to see the sharing part as you stomp on a small fire in the garage, envisioning the part on the insurance claim form that you have to write "my daughter did it".

Then I think about those first weeks, and then the 2nd operation & her recovery. Then of all the times she bounced off the concrete instead of splatng, & then of all the times that she's had the same illness that we've all had, as we groan in bed she refuses to be 'crook' & is bouncing on the tramp outside.

Why does the whole family look forward to her going on a week long camp so we can have a little peace & quiet, yet within two days of peace & quiet we all want her back? It's the spice. The spice of our life. The spice that is sometimes too hot, sometimes, but not very often mild, and always adds a zing & spark to everything it touches.

I'd just like to add a note now. Ariana is nearly 13 & is now getting around with a stubbly haircut. She raised just over \$250 for 'Shave for the Cure' Leukaemia foundation by shaving off all of her hair. We are very proud that she has raised this amount of money & was brave enough to 'go the whole way'. Although I do think the ulterior motive of having no hair would have been done for free! The scar she has in her hairline that she got from jumping off the roof & onto a thin rail at the age of 3 ½ is clearly visible.