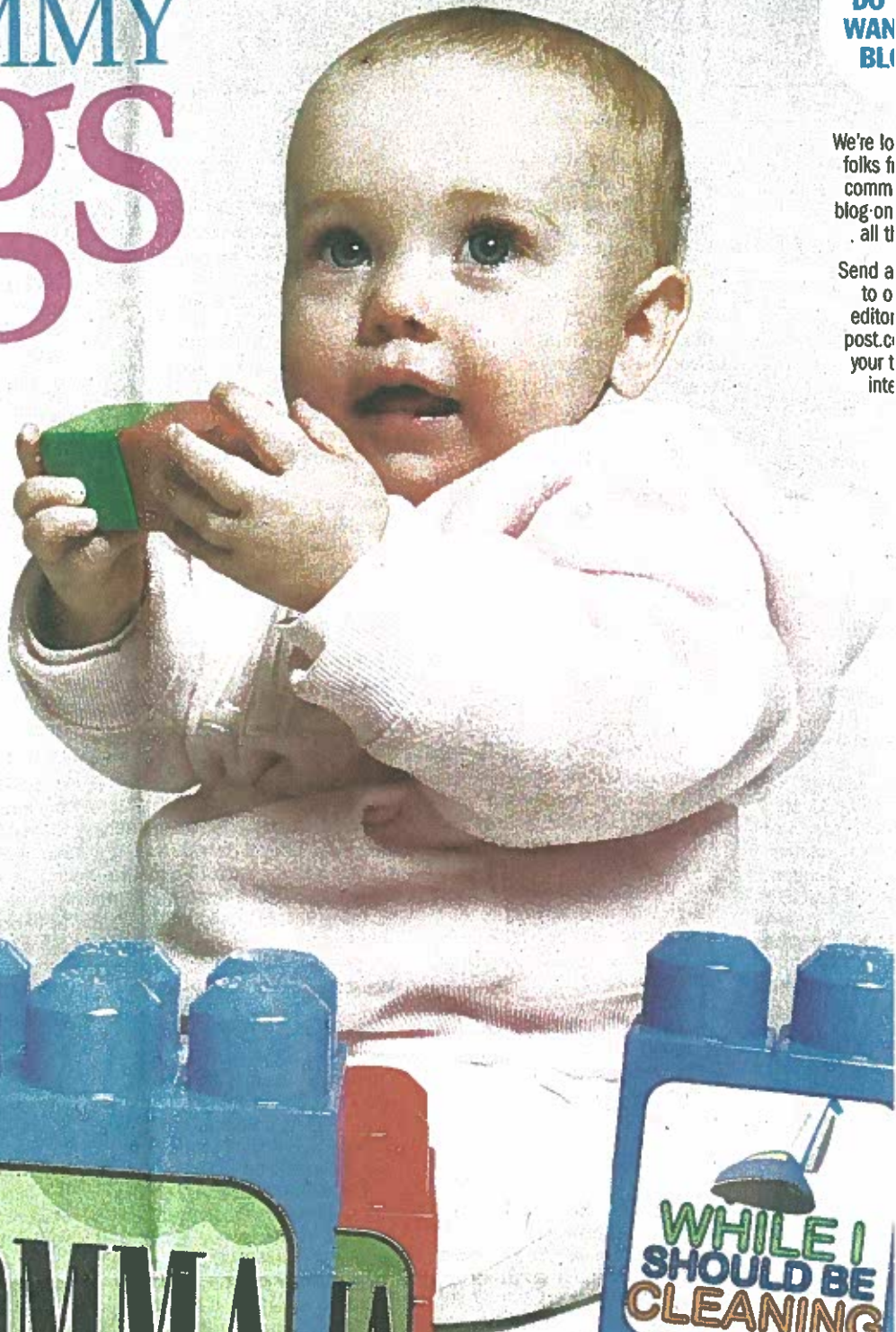


MOMMY blogs

**MORE THAN
CHANGING
DIAPERS OR
DOING DISHES**

Web logs, more commonly known as blogs, are a quick way to get opinions and information out there for the world to view. On *The Frederick News Post's* website we have blogs from staff members and citizen bloggers, including Hanna Benedict and Jennifer Gerlock, who use their chunk of cyberspace to talk about parenting. Here's a sample, and if you want more, go to fredericknewspost.com/blogs.



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Staff photo by
Bill Green,
Illustration by
Bethany McLane

Screening of "Zambia Hope International" at 10 a.m. today. Ten-minute film about the pro-

Blogs

(Continued from A-7)

I then realized my husband has no gloves and no hat. I think he's just as much vain as I am when it comes to a hat. He also rolled out of the house without a scarf. When he takes the beagle on her walks, he has no gloves.

I realized that I wasn't always like this — I used to buy clothes for people all the time. Over the years, though, between lending and borrowing and switching out, the older members of the family start getting the shaft — no gloves, no scarves.

Rockstar would kill me if I got him a cute hat. He doesn't care. Techie seems to try to sneak away with stuff — no hat, no gloves.

Today is a complete reality check, though. Ponds I didn't even know existed are now frozen over — I can see them on my commute. Is it summer yet? I think I'm ready.

Momma Mania

About her blog: Jennifer Gerlock is a 30-something mother of two trying desperately to hold-it-all-together while juggling work, life and the perils of raising boys.

When not surfing the Internet for random celebrity gossip or out running with friends, Jennifer is usually overwhelmed by piles of dirty dishes and laundry. A big fan of all things coffee, she also enjoys British literature. '80s hair bands, is obsessed with Jack Bauer and anything Latin. One day she dreams of growing up to be Lara Croft.

After surviving a 10-year stint in the music industry (Nashville, Tenn.) Jennifer now finds herself back home in Frederick County with her family. In addition to blogging, she also manages to hold

(muscle strengthening), 10:30-11:30 a.m. \$20/12 weeks. Book Club Meeting, 12:30 p.m. Feb. 26.

ning and public relations as well as serving as a volunteer on various committees in the community.

"Mommnesia"

How can I know so much and yet so little all at the same time?

I've got all sorts of stuff crammed into my cranium. My brain is a fountain of knowledge — most useless, some important. I know the kid's schedules, their medical records, what kind of chips they like, what their test scores are, who was mean to them on the bus, what their favorite underwear looks like, where their shoes are, why Squidward hates Spongebob, and on and on....

Not to mention big people stuff that I know like when to pay the mortgage, where my Weis card is, how to avoid getting a ticket, how to do my job correctly, how to file taxes, where the best coffee in Frederick is, how to balance my checkbook, where my husband's keys are ...

ENOUGH ALREADY! I just can't remember anything else. There is no more room at the inn. I am convinced that I am so filled with information that it is oozing out of my ears and that quite frankly, nothing else fits.

That is the only explanation I can offer for my unique ability to forget simple things, like, names of my children or words I learned in kindergarten.

The other day I forgot the word "cup." I even concentrated and seriously couldn't pull the word out of my brain. Cup. (Only three little letters and I couldn't think of it.) This happens to me all the time anymore.

I also find myself walking aimlessly around my house. I start out with a purpose but then turn

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heck I was going and why. I just stand there staring blankly.

"They" (whoever THEY are) call it Mommnesia. A mixture of motherhood and amnesia. And it is real. Friends. Totally real.

A SIDE NOTE: Not too long ago I found some old papers that I wrote in college. (We are talking the '90s here, folks. I've had a couple of years to grow intellectually since then.) Well, anyway, I IMPRESSED myself. Wow! I mean there were complete sentences with words that I don't even know anymore in there. The writing made sense. It had a beginning, middle and end. Phenomenal.

When my Mommnesia gets really bad and I want to feel better about myself — I just pull out those old term papers. Instantly I feel like a genius. Makes my student loans suddenly worth it.

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