

Hello my Friends,

In my last letter I said that I wanted to start tackling topics that are directly related to Sotos. Here's one we can all relate to..... obsessions. Those of you who know Daniel know that his two big obsessions are mail and trash/recycling. The biggest being the trash (which of course has morphed into yard waste, raking, and memorizing what days every neighborhood in Raleigh gets their trash picked up. Yeah, this is serious). I can remember when my brother was here on business a few years ago and we went out to dinner, where Daniel talked about trash nonstop. He peppered Greg with questions about his trash delivery. Daniel was particularly fascinated when Greg told him that where he lives the trash truck actually goes into the driveway and picks the trash up from there. After a while Greg started chuckling and said "Daniel, I don't think I've ever talked about trash so much in my life" to which Daniel responded "I know. Isn't it great?". My poor brother was trapped in that booth with an OCD child talking trash. lol

I used to think that Daniel was alone in his love of trash and trash trucks. Seems I was wrong. I know this because Daniel spends time on Youtube watching trash truck videos. Daniel is on my Google account and has figured out how to have Youtube send me notices when new trash truck videos are loaded. It notifies me *a lot*. I thought America's obsession with the Kardashians was weird but at least they are people. This is trash. Don't even get me started about the time he threw a two hour temper tantrum because I wouldn't let him call the trash people and tell them that they hadn't picked up our trash that day (it was a holiday). He didn't care.

You would think that his room would stay clean since he loves to put things in the trash but nooooo.....It's a daily struggle to get that room clean. Every once in a while he'll get up in the night and eat something in his room (big no-no on both fronts). I'll find out about it when I find the remnants of chewed up food wrappers on my living room floor because the dogs found the wrappers in his room. One of my favorites is when you ask him where something in his room went (like book shelves) and he says "I put it in the trash yesterday" and the trash has already been picked up. The good news is that we only paid \$5 for the bookcase.

In Daniel's defense I do think that everyone suffers from a little bit of OCD. Mine tend to shift. My current obsession is the Winter Board meeting (it's next month). I've been sending out lots of emails to our incredible Board Members, Officers, and Support staff (love you all). I'm trying to get all the information I can so that I can put together the Agenda and run a successful meeting. Very stressful for your t-shirt and jeans President.

I do think that obsessions can have their advantages. For example Daniel's obsession led to us meeting our wonderful neighbors which is a very good thing. Now, he takes their trash out every week and gets paid for it.

My obsession with the Board meeting led me to not sleep well last night, which led to me laying down today and trying to nap (didn't happen), but thinking about all that I have to do led me to think about writing this letter, which inspired me to write it before Ellyn (Newsletter Editor Extraordinaire) asked for it. Which means I'm ahead of the game and Ellyn doesn't have to email me to remind me. Saves everyone some work. Win win.

So, while they do have their advantages I have to admit that I want to scream every time I hear the word trash which is approximately 2,351 times a day (I'm being conservative). I get a break when he goes to school. Then they get to hear it probably about 1,000 times.

Sigh.....gotta love those obsessions or not. Lol

Kellie