

A Mani-Pedi Treat & Bounce House Feat

Description

I know, the moment she reads the title to this post, my wife will shake her head at the fact I just said "mani-pedi". Honestly, I feel slightly weird every time I say, but I still do. It's just easier than saying the full words, "manicure and pedicure". Plus, it is in [this online dictionary](#).

Mani-Pedi's aside, my aunt Tammy, uncle Paul, and Grandma from Pennsylvania came down to visit my mom and have an early 60th birthday celebration with her. Kelley, Avery, and I didn't see them every day they were down, but we met up on three on separate occasions. I've found that I'm spending too much time blogging and not enough family time which creates way too much stress, so I'm breaking up each outing into three parts; this post is 1 of 3.

Uncle Paul is the only brother out of the four kids my grandparents had on my mom's (G-Ma's) side, so he knows a thing or two about what ladies love. That's why he treated all of the ladies, my mom, Tammy, Kelley, and Grandma, to a lavish mani-pedi treatment while he, Avery, and I went to the [same bounce house](#) Avery has been to a few times. Credit to my awesome wife for setting up the hand and foot treatment for everyone!

Before we did anything, we all met at a new restaurant called [Mod Market](#) for lunch.



This was our first time to see them since they arrived, so there were plenty of pictures. Of course I had to get one with Grandma! She was here when Avery first entered the world!



Then over to Paul and Tammy for more picture-taking love.



It's crazy to think back to when I was just a little boy and they would pick me up from the airport when I flew up to PA during most summers. #TimeFlies

After lunch, the ladies were off to have their hands and feet given the deluxe treatment while Paul, Avery, and I went to see Avery accomplish a feat at the bounce house. In the past visits, I've had to mostly just carry her up and around everything and she could hardly bounce. This time, she was able to crawl up and into most of the inflatables and took off on a bouncing frenzy!

I still had to carry her up climbing obstacles and go down the slides with her, but I'm not complaining, I love these things!



There were more complicated houses that I took her through as well, and once again, Iâ€™m pretty sure I had more fun than she did. Probably didnâ€™t help with the way we exitedâ€¦



Just a little push here and you can do the rest, right, Avery? Aannnndddâ€¦!



Oops, wrong. I made a quick recovery and busted out in dance urging her to join in.



Despite the picture, she actually rocked a few dance moves and had Paul quite impressed. But then I had to go and ask her to do high knees which she always does when we say the word, and she busted hard flat on her face. Crying, no, screaming, soon followed and that marked the end of the bounce house. She had a busted lip with a little blood dripping down from her tears (or was that snot?) so I made a quick clean-up at the bathroom before taking us home.

The crying continued the whole ride home, but Paul and I were able to carry on a conversation without having to raise our voicesâ€too much. The girls were still enjoying their treatment so Paul and I just spent more time sharing stories while simultaneously trying to calm Avery who was, yes, still crying. Then, lo and behold, would you believe something got her to settle down? She wanted nothing to do with Daddy, but Great Uncle Paul worked his magic!



Yep, as long as he held her, Avery remained a happy camper. She even showed him the trees in our backyard. Or was it the dog? I can't remember. He tried to set her back down a few times but she wasn't having it, he *must* hold her all the time!

Luckily, with three grown boys of his own and a long-time high school math teacher, I'd say he has just a little bit of patience, so he kept her happy until the ladies arrived. It didn't help that we had passed the normal nap time, or at least I'm using that reason to explain her aversion to Daddy.

After a short chat with everyone, they left to go explore more of the surrounding area and we attempted to get Avery to take some kind of nap. The nap never happened. Maybe if Paul stayed to take a short siesta with her we would've had more luck.

Our first outing with the family was quick, but it was great to see them as usual. For our next place, and what you'll see on my next post, we visited a somewhat nearby craft brewery, [Revolver Brewing](#). It was an hour away, I was a grump (sorry everyone), and I'll fill you in on the details soon.

Do you have family out of state that you are close to?

Do you get to see them on a regular basis?

Is saying 'æmani-pedi' acceptable for a guy? For anyone?

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