



Household Hero

He makes all our dreams come true

By Kelli Wheeler

It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's Superdaddy! Faster at building and fixing any request than a store full of Home Depot weekend warriors. More fun than a pocket full of quarters at Chuck E. Cheese! Able to drop everything at a moment's notice to be with his family! And he still thinks farts are *really* funny. Yes, he's our hero.

My kids, ages 6 and 7, think their daddy is the smartest, funniest, strongest, most courageous, resourceful, talented, wonderful, fun and awe-inspiring male they know. (I had to put male in there or else he would have been out of the competition against the ol' Mommoo.)

I think it's great. Most of the time.

For example, I think it is absolutely adorable when my son straps on his tool belt, laces up his work boots, grabs a 2-by-4 and walks side by side with Daddy, a little Mini Me, to tackle their next project. Countless times, I've run to grab the camera to capture the scene, creating a photo diary dating back to the first tool belt worn around a diaper.

However, there are times when Daddy's influence leaves me groaning. Like when my daughter was 4 and she walked into the bathroom while dropping her pants, a book under her arm, announcing, "I'm going to drop the kids off at the pool!"

Ahh, yes. Daddy and his verbal gems: There's the downside to thinking everything Daddy says or does needs to be copied and made your own.

There was the time when my son was around 2 1/2 and was having some boy-part issues. I wanted my mother-in-law, a former nurse, to take a look at the inflamed area and give me a second opinion. When I called Logan over, instructing him to pull down his big-boy underwear (if you can call Bob the Builder underwear "big boy") to give Nana a peek, he delivered another Daddy gem.

Incredulously he asked, "You want me to show Nana Big Jim and the Twins?"

Oh no, there's more.

How about my little precious girl, instead of saying "excuse me" after passing gas, declaring, "Put that in your baby book!"

Or my son jumping in to shout, "Fart football! You're up one to nothing!"

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Before you think of my husband as totally uncivilized, I'd like to point out that he has a fabulous wit and sense of humor. But when the audience for your chuckle-worthy material is made up of children, the potty humor is what sticks.

Thankfully, the kids have emulated more than just Daddy's off-color humor. My husband is a hard worker, and the kids are always following after him as if he's the Pied Piper. They are more than happy to do any chore with him, despite its demands. It's inspiring to see them realize at such an early age the value of hard work purely for the satisfaction of a job well done. Plus, every now and again Daddy will throw in a Slurpee.

It's not surprising that Logan has decided he wants to be a construction worker like Daddy. He also informed me he does not need to go to college because he's just going to work with Daddy. When I told him he still should go to college, pointing out that Daddy went to college before becoming a contractor, Logan was not buying it.

"Daddy told me if I could tell him what nine times nine was, I was smart enough and didn't have to go to school anymore. Nine times nine is 81."

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Dang that Daddy and his teasing, leaving me to clean up the mess.

Which leads us to Whitney, who has moved from thinking Daddy is the funniest person she knows to thinking *she* is the funniest person she knows. I like to point out to Daddy, who thinks this is quite cute, that he isn't the one here all day getting 6-year-old material tested on him nonstop.

But we all know that if he were here, he'd laugh at every silly, unfunny, missed-mark joke or laugh line, because that's part of what makes Daddy our household hero. He laughs at the unfunny, he makes dreams reality, he is the fixer of all things broken, he knows the answers to all questions (or pretends to know), he is the big kid in the giant body, he turns gray skies into sunshine just by stepping in the room, and like a cherry on top of all that, he thinks farts are *really* funny.

Put that in your baby book.

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