

Hereford Mom Diaries

Yep, I'm Going There

by Christy Couch Lee

My past 24 hours have been spent disinfecting, washing every piece of bedding in the house, meticulously combing through a child's hair strand by strand and possibly cussing under my breath. Definitely cussing under my breath.

It's not something that's often discussed. But I'm going there. Yep. After having children in one school system or another for 11 years, I finally got the call. That dreaded four-letter word: lice.

I had heard a rumor that they were circulating, and I began to be even more proactive. Reminding our sweet child to not hug friends as normal. "High fives are the new cool!" Washing hair with the rosemary/tea tree shampoo that supposedly these nasty varmints despise. They don't despise it nearly enough, apparently.

When I got that call from the school office, I literally got nauseous. Because I knew what horror was coming our way. I was an hour from home at a photo session when the call came. So, after ensuring my mother-in-law could handle the school pickup, I went to my next step: calling on my friends who have been there.

(Let me just say, if you've never dealt with this nasty little issue, consider yourself blessed. And knock on some wood. Right now. But chances are, you've experienced this joy. And, if not, you know several families who have — even if they've never discussed it with you.)

Thank you, friends

These friends were a godsend. Giving tips on the products that definitely do the job of killing every last one of those repulsive creatures. How to disinfect those 5,346 stuffed animals. Which combs work best. How to clean furniture and carpets and rugs and every soft surface in the ever-loving

home. And how to hang on to that last little bit of momma's remaining sanity.

And although I was anything but chipper as I began this enormous chore, I was also thankful. Thankful for the friends who had walked this road before and who could provide the advice I so desperately needed. Thankful for those keeping-it-real friends — the ones who aren't afraid to share the truth and be open and honest. The friends who aren't afraid to "go there" in conversations. The friends who are transparent and who are the first to admit no one's life is perfect — no matter the Instagram posts of all smiles, all the time.

Sometimes, life isn't pretty. It's downright gross. And that's when those real friends are the most valuable. Those friends are needed in every aspect of our lives — and in the barn is no different. If you've made it any amount of time with cattle in your life, you have no doubt run across at least one overwhelming issue. Likely many. Those friends who will answer the phone and give the reassurance that you'll get through it are invaluable. The ones who have been there and can give the practical advice to help you through.

So, during this season of thanks, I'm thankful for the friends who can provide the real-life, down-and-dirty advice we need in all areas of our lives. And in the meantime, I'll be washing and drying and diligently disinfecting every surface of our home.

Because it's an all-out war in the Lee home. And no little creature stands a chance. **HW**

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