

My Bad

I'm on the phone with my sister Christie and I hear Bob in the kitchen. I'm not overly concerned as he fixes the same meal every morning.

When the smoke alarm goes off, I go to check. Bob couldn't remember where we keep the toaster waffles so he was toasting my Keto (expensive!) bread and also toasting a frozen turkey burger!!! That was interesting and the dripping grease burning inside the toaster was what was setting off our smoke alarm!

I took the burnt Keto bread for myself and showed him where the toaster waffles were (and always are). I put the still very RAW turkey burger on a plate to microwave it even though Bob was protesting that it was cooked enough.

Lesson learned:

Being in the same house with him is not the same as caregiving.

**WHAT I
LOVE
MOST
ABOUT OUR
HOME
IS WHO I
SHARE IT WITH**

Time to step up my care-giving
game!!!