

This town has five thousand families and every family has a story. This is one of them. Only the names have been changed to protect the writer (but you can probably guess who they are anyway).

5:30 a.m. I finally realize the strange dream I've been having about Motley Crue and a traffic jam on the Port Mann Bridge is actually my clock radio that's been prattling away since 5:00 a.m. Another morning I won't make it to the pool.

Back to sleep, now in five minute bursts waking up just enough to punch the snooze button and feel guilty.

6:35 a.m. Feet on the floor and the morning routine comes into focus: 25 minutes to shower, make my tea, my husband's coffee, breakfast and lunch to take to work.

I have 10 minutes.

It's Friday, a day like any other day. Story of my life.

7:00 a.m. Knock on a door on my way out of the bathroom.

“Hey, sweetheart, wake up. Time to get moving” She's a teenager. She likes to sleep but not at night.

7:30 a.m. - breakfast on the table, get the paper from the front step and realize I still haven't seen the kid yet. Go back to the door and knock again. A shoe hits the door from the inside. She's getting dressed.

7:45 a.m. - start to look at the headline on the front page, protest at the Legislature. What's new. Start to turn to story on page 2 when the kid stumbles into the kitchen and asks for juice. Something is wrong. Her voice is raspy and then she coughs; one of those deep hacking coughs, the kind every mother knows.

I check her forehead. Just as I thought. She's a bit warmish.

I'm a mom. Just a mom, putting in a regular day. Not doing anything special; just taking care of my kids, my husband, my house.

Then I go to the office and take care of everyone there. I'm a working mom.

From the time I get up until I feed the cat and turn out the lights, it's all on my watch.

8:00 a.m. Phone the school and leave a message. She isn't going there today.

8:20 a.m. Dosed with decongestants and cough syrup, she's tucked in on the couch and already asleep. I pull the tv table up close, make sure the phone is right beside her and juice, the tv remote. Take a moment to brush the hair from her face and kiss her forehead.

It's just a cold and she's old enough to be left alone. It doesn't matter though because I'm a mom and I worry. It's what I do.

9:30 a.m. Boss is on the rampage, looking for a file. Where's the file, he stands at the filing cabinet and stares at it, waiting for the file to jump out. I go into his office, get the file off his desk and bring it out to him. He asks for a coffee, goes into the office, closes the door behind him.

11:30 p.m. Phone home, sleepy answer, she's fine, still coughing but feels better. I know she's feeling better because she asks what's for supper. I ask her what she wants.

Nothing icky.

What's icky?

Celery.

3:35 p.m. Wander through the grocery store looking for something to make for supper. Had chicken last night. Decide on spaghetti. Without celery. Go to bakery for a baguette.

5:10 p.m. Other daughter is looking at me because she has a dance class at 5:30 and supper isn't ready. I make her a peanut butter and jam sandwich with extra guilt.

8:00 p.m. Mediate dispute over who's turn it is to do the dishes. I know how it's going to end

and start rinsing the plates while my husband tries to use logic on the combatants.

8:10 p.m. House is quiet except for the sound of the dishwasher being loaded, the pots being washed and the counter getting wiped down. And the loud music from the basement bedroom. And the coughing from the sick kid's bedroom. And my husband's favorite tv show, Myth Busters.

9:30 p.m. Sneak the remote away from my husband now sleeping on the couch. Have a choice between a CSI I've seen three times already and a documentary on an endangered wild dog in New Guinea. My husband wakes up, wants to know what happened to the show he was watching. I tell him it ended half an hour ago. He goes to bed.

11:00 p.m. Sherlock Holmes pulls a deadly snake out of a hat, Dr. Watson babbles in astonishment and a Victorian damsel swoons in gratitude.

Time to clean out the cat box, turn out the lights and find my way to bed. I wonder if I'll be able to go to sleep without reading a bit but I can't stay awake long enough to worry about it.

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Just because the Dunahee walk is over doesn't mean Child Find Canada has folded it's tent for another year. On May 1st two retired teachers, Brian Potter and Tom Ropelski, will be at Esquimalt High School for an early visit from 8:30 to 9:30 a.m. where they'll kick off their cross country bike ride raising money for and awareness of organizations like Child Find Canada.

“In Motion for Missing Children” will go from the school down to Mile “0” to dip their bike tires in the Pacific Ocean before heading off for the 1:00 ferry to Vancouver. Their goal is to raise at least \$200,000.00 for by the time they reach the finish line, July 1 in St. John's, Newfoundland. More importantly, they want to raise awareness of Child Find Canada and all the other organizations working in the community to help missing and exploited children. Schools all along the route will be involved in the campaign, learning how to stay safe and to

become involved in their communities.

Their progress can be followed on their website: www.inmotionforthemissing.ca . Come down at Mile "0" at 9:30 a.m.on May 1, where the journey of 7158 kilometers takes it's first step.