

CDC Parents' 411

May 2012



Parent Advisory Board

Parent Advisory Board (PAB). What is it? Our AFI states that we must have a parent advisory board consisting only of parents. The PAB meets quarterly with the flight chief and center directors, and annually with the support group commander.

What does the PAB do? The PAB acts as a sounding board for the annual parent involvement plan, shares concerns and praise about what the program is accomplishing. This role is vital to ensure that our program can adapt to meet the changing need of the Air Force Mission. It also provides an opportunity for us to share what our AFI and Inspection checklists require so we can find common ground as frequently as possible. The Parent Advisory Board plans special functions for our caregivers, such as Caregiver Appreciation Day, as well as special activities for the children.

The parent advisory board for Hurlburt Field works hand in hand with the Child Development Center, Youth Center, and Family Child Care to foster an environment of continued learning and growth.

There are lots of opportunities for parent involvement, even if you are unable to attend the meetings. Check the Parent Involvement Calendar posted in your child's room for volunteer opportunities. Thank you for your time. We hope to see you our quarterly meeting:

**1130 on May 10th at the Youth Center.
More info? Call 884-6771**

May Events

7-11 Caregiver Appreciation Week

12th GPAB 900-1500

**10th Joint PAB Meeting
1130-1230**

at Youth Center

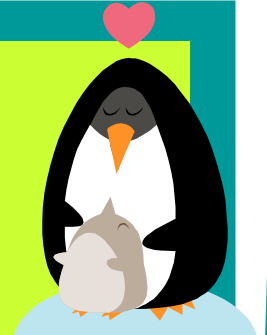
**11th Annual CDC Family BBQ
1100-1200 Make your reservations**

**18th PNO 6-11pm
Great chance for a date night**

23rd Last Day Wrap Around VPK

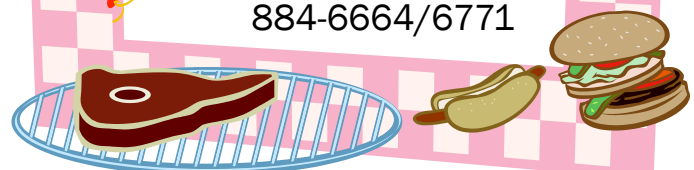
**24th Brown Bag Luncheon
1130-1230 @ CDC Main**

28th Closed Memorial Day



CDC Annual
Family Barbecue
11 May 2012
1100-1200

Please sign RSVP
sheet in your
child's classroom.
For more info call
884-6664/6771



"The Meanest Mother"

I had the meanest mother in the whole world. While other kids ate candy for breakfast, I had to have cereal, eggs or toast. When others had cokes and candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich. As you can guess, my supper was different than the other kids' also.

But at least, I wasn't alone in my sufferings. My sister and two brothers had the same mean mother as I did. My mother insisted upon knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were on a chain gang. She had to know who our friends were and where we were going. She insisted if we said we'd be gone an hour, that we be gone one hour or less--not one hour and one minute. I am nearly ashamed to admit it, but she actually struck us. Can you imagine someone actually spanking a child just because he disobeyed? Now you can begin to see how mean she really was. We had to wear clean clothes and take a bath. The other kids always wore their clothes for days. We reached the height of insults because she made our clothes herself, just to save money. Why, oh why, did we have to have a mother who made us feel different from our friends?

The worst is yet to come. We had to be in bed by nine each night and up at eight the next morning. We couldn't sleep till noon like our friends. So while they slept--my mother actually had the nerve to break the child-labor law. She made us work. We had to wash dishes, make beds, learn to cook and all sorts of cruel things. I believe she laid awake at night thinking up mean things to do to us.

She always insisted upon us telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, even if it killed us- and it nearly did. By the time we were teen-agers, she was much wiser, and our life became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the horn of a car for us to come running. She embarrassed us to no end by making our dates and friends come to the door to get us. If I spent the night with a girlfriend, can you imagine she checked on me to see if I were really there. I never had the chance to elope to Mexico. That is if I'd had a boyfriend to elope with. I forgot to mention, while my friends were dating at the mature age of 12 and 13, my old fashioned mother refused to let me date until the age of 15 and 16. Fifteen, that is, if you dated only to go to a school function. And that was maybe twice a year.

Through the years, things didn't improve a bit. We could not lie in bed, "sick" like our friends did, and miss school. If our friends had a toe ache, a hang nail or serious ailment, they could stay home from school. Our marks in school had to be up to par. Our friends' report cards had beautiful colors on them, black for passing, red for failing. My mother being as different as she was, would settle for nothing less than ugly black marks.

As the years rolled by, first one and then the other of us was put to shame. We were graduated from high school. With our mother behind us, talking, demanding respect, none of us was allowed the pleasure of being a drop-out.

My mother was a complete failure as a mother. Out of four children, a couple of us attained some higher education. None of us have ever been arrested, divorced or beaten his mate. Each of my brothers served his time in the service of this country. And whom do we have to blame for the terrible way we turned out? You're right, our mean mother. Look at the things we missed. We never got to march in a protest parade, nor to take part in a riot, burn draft cards, and a million and one other things that our friends did. She forced us to grow up into God-fearing, educated, honest adults. Using this as a background, I am trying to raise my three children. I stand a little taller and I am filled with pride when my children call me mean. Because, you see, I am thankful that I had the meanest mother in the whole world. Happy Mother's Day

CDC Phone Directory

Main Desk 884-6771/6664

FAX 884-6937

Annex Desk 884-6931

The front and annex desk personnel are able to transfer you to the training and directing staff



Mama's advice: Keep a whole outfit, for your child including shoes, in the car. That way if you need to detour on the way home from child care, like stop for dinner, your child will be ready to go.

