

# Concerts will never be the same for this mom

It had been a long time since I'd been to the UNO Lakefront Arena. If this tells you anything, last time I was there, I was 16, and I saw Pearl Jam. So, yeah. A long time.

This past Sunday, I was back at the arena. But things were a little different this time. I'm twice as old as I was during that Pearl Jam our 2-year-old and 4-year-old to see Imagination Movers.

If you have small children, you are familiar with Imagination Movers. They're from New Orleans and got their start here on public television. Their concert, and while there was a little bit of rocking out involved, it was of a different variety. This past Sunday, my husband and I took popularity exploded when their TV series released on the Disney channel in September of 2008. Kids love the four-man band, and parents don't mind them so much, either. No, really! They're quite catchy.

So there we were—my husband, my two kids, and my enormous, 35-week-pregnant self. This is what

concert-going looks like at this point in my life. The parking lot is filled with mini-vans, and I am toting along an enormous diaper bag stuffed with Goldfish crackers and juice boxes and hollering, "You have to hold Mommy's hand in the street, that is the rule!" and "Do you need to go potty one last time?" I did manage to sport a semi-crop top, just like I did many years ago, but not because I was looking to show off my washboard abs. No, the crop top, it happens against my will these days, and is due to the fact that my stomach is so enormously round with child that no shirts will cover it properly.

The concert was great fun, and it was pretty rockin', even if we were jamming out to songs about healthy snacks ("like baked tortilla chips with a healthy salsa dip!") and the seven days of the week ("Wednesday I am in the kitchen helping Mom with dinner!"). My kids hopped and waved and spun around and did everything one does when one is rock-

ing hard at a kiddie concert. They were sticky with cotton candy and hyper with sugar and rolling around on the floor by the time the concert was over. I figure rolling on the floor indicates one has really enjoyed the show, as does passing out in the car immediately afterward, so my husband and I deemed the afternoon a success.

But rocking out takes on a different flavor when the audience members are holding sippy cups and juice boxes, and you spot several pacifiers in the crowd. And passing out has nothing to do with beer, but everything to do with a missed nap time.

Eat your heart out, Eddie Vedder. I've got snack food on my stereo!



by **BETSY SWENSON**