



Written by

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Since I have last spoken to you, we have been handed a huge reason to feel blessed. As you know, we moved to Savannah, GA. The move was pretty smooth, as was the unpacking. Everything almost went too smoothly. Then “the phone call” came from John on Monday morning. John’s boss and his family live in the same neighborhood. They had a destructive house fire Monday. John called me and told me to get to their house as fast as possible, that his boss was an hour or so away and that his wife was there alone with 2 or their 3 kids.

At first I thought “OK. A little fire isn’t a big deal, I’ll go help.” As I got within 3-4 tenths of a mile from the house, there were detours and fire trucks and people directing traffic. I parked on the side of the road, grabbed Scarlett, and ran to the house. Mandy was standing across the street just shaking as her house had billows of smoke pouring from every outlet. The golf cart in their garage had started the fire and it spread to the car and the entire garage was engulfed...then the attic caught fire. There was nothing to do but run. She ran from the house barefoot, without her phone. She grabbed her babies (9 months and 2 years) and the dog and just ran. I sat there with her until her husband came. John showed up too. We figured a plan of action and got all the kids to our house. From there, there was nothing to do but wait and see the damage.

Thank goodness they have rental insurance. They are in the same position as us, owning a home in FL and being relocated, etc. Their insurance will replace and cover up to \$50,000, which sounds like a lot, but when EVERYTHING is destroyed, \$50,000 disappears fast. They had a golf cart and boat in the garage (not to mention their car, but that is covered under car insurance). Everything is destroyed. EVERYTHING. They have been staying with us until the

new living situation is figured out completely.

There is nothing like a disaster to make you feel blessed to be alive and have your family. It makes you think about what you would REALLY grab in this situation. There is NO material possession worth grabbing, none. Yes, pictures and “things” are documents of your memories, but the people who created the memories are what are really important. They were so lucky to have gotten out safe.

This situation has made John and I feel so incredibly blessed. The least we can do is offer our house to them. So our house is being broken in well at the moment. We have a total of 4 adults, 4 kids, and 2 dogs. At least there are plenty of toys and space!

As for our life:

Countdown to baby is 13 weeks, give or take. I cannot believe I am THIS pregnant. I feel wonderful! I am working out just about daily and trying to jog still...Although after about 3-4 minutes, I feel heavy and tight, so I turn it into a good walk!

As I type, Scarlett has found all of our plastic silverware in the pantry. (The box set of 300 pieces.) My kitchen floor is now scattered with forks and spoons and a little (naked – of course) girl standing in the middle saying “Uh-Oh!” hahahahaha. Oh life as a mommy is wonderful!

I guess I should run and deal with the cutlery across the kitchen. Hopefully things settle down here a bit over the next few days!

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