

# My Life as a Parent:

Parent:Wise Austin's  
favorite smile break  
is brought to you by

**mibf**  
agency

**momsbestfriend**

## The Patron Saint of Exhibitionists

by **Kim Pleticha**

I like my breasts.

The girls have been there for me through thick and thin. Big, bouncy and buoyant, they not only used to make men swoon at a distance, they doubled as nourishment for a couple of kids for the better part of five years.

They are spectacular, if I do say so myself. (And I do, because at 40 I'm just thrilled they're not knocking against my knees.)

Which is not to say that I share them with the world. No, I'm fairly particular about those to whom I grant the honor of viewership. It's an exclusive club and I am the big bouncer, so to speak.

But mistakes do happen. Such as the day I stepped into church in a pretty new dress and all hell broke loose. Literally.

I must confess that I didn't set out to corrupt my church's choir director. I did not harbor any wanton desire to excite his 60-year-old eyes or thrill his aging heart. Really, I just wanted to make a good impression. It was our family's second time attending this church and we were all on our best behavior—not only because we wanted everyone to like us, but also because our daughter's teacher was a prominent member.

I strolled into church feeling every inch of the prim and proper middle-aged matron, delighting in the soft velvet of my dress and the multitude of teeny tiny buttons running from neck to hem. I could feel the good impression I was making oozing from every pore.

Vanity, of course, is a sin. And I've since learned that God's punishment is swift and certain. Either that, or He has excellent comedic timing.

The church service began with a tinkling of bells. The minister stepped to the front, raised her arms, and invited the congregation to welcome each other with a sign of Christian fellowship. People began walking around, many of them toward us, to shake our hands and welcome us to the church. The choir director, a big, beefy man with thick spectacles and a billowing robe, arrived first. He thrust his hand at me with a big smile. My daughter, nervous around strangers, was caught off guard and clutched my arm just as I attempted to lift it and shake the

man's hand. The physics of the two movements must have combined in some sort of perfect equation. Because at the precise moment when the choir director's hand was three inches from my body, every single button on my pretty new dress burst open, revealing the girls in all of their glory.

Well, that's not exactly true. They were sheathed in my brand new lady black bra.

The choir director's watery eyes popped open much like those of a bullfrog being squeezed of life. Dazzled by the perfection of all God hath wrought upon me, he stood there, mouth agape, his hand frozen in space.

My daughter's voice pierced the silence.

"Momma! Look at your dress!"

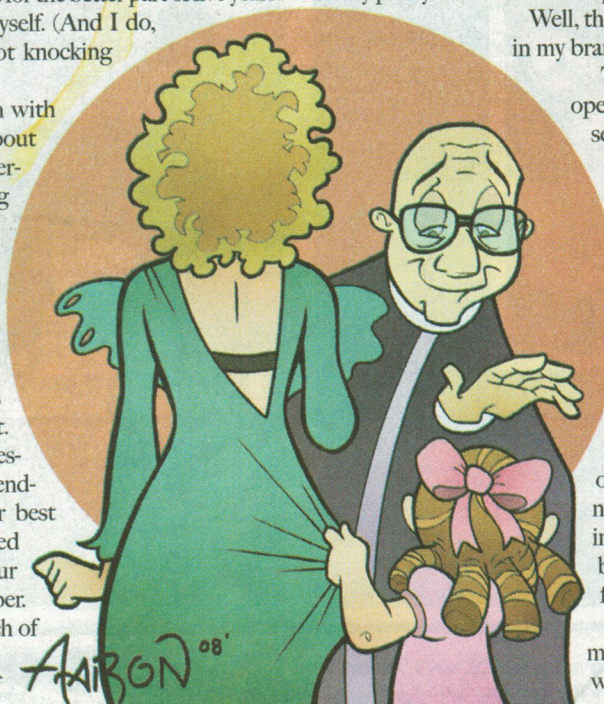
It was a siren song, of sorts. All eyes turned to me as I whirled around to begin buttoning up, only to flash the elderly couple behind me. I tried crouching in my seat, but tell me, where does one go in church to discreetly hide one's nakedness? I couldn't very well run screaming from the sanctuary—or, rather, I *could*, but not without flashing 50 other pews filled with pious yet inquisitive people.

I don't quite know how I did it, but I managed to make it through the service without being consumed by flames or turning into a pillar of salt. And afterward, while standing in the fellowship hall enjoying cookies and tea with other congregants, I had relaxed enough to chat with my daughter's teacher. She was eager for me to meet her husband, so she excused herself to go retrieve him.

A few moments later she returned—with the choir director.

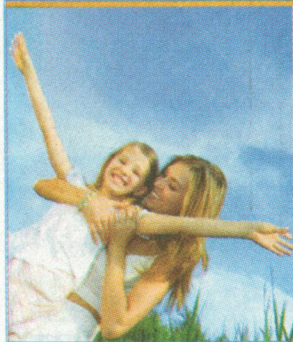
*Kim Pleticha is the editor of Parent:Wise. Her impression of Lady Godiva seemed to blow over pretty quickly at church, although she has noticed that the choir director still won't look her in the eye...and she's wondering how her performance will affect her daughter's grades.*

*Aaron Romo is our talented & handsome Illustrator-at-Large who also teaches art in Cedar Park. Read his blog at: [aaronromo.blogspot.com](http://aaronromo.blogspot.com)*



SHARE YOUR FUNNY STORIES! [EDITOR@PARENTWISEAUSTIN.COM](mailto:EDITOR@PARENTWISEAUSTIN.COM)

## Laughter and Imagination Included



- Nannies • Sitters
- Newborn Care Specialists

Our exceptional caregivers are carefully screened and CPR trained.

512.346.2229  
[momsbestfriend.com](http://momsbestfriend.com)

**mibf**  
agency  
**momsbestfriend**



## opinionated?

You can help make Parent:Wise Austin even better! Just stop by online and take a 3 minute survey. It is anonymous and your answers will help us nurture the growth of the magazine.

Go to: [www.ParentWiseAustin.com](http://www.ParentWiseAustin.com) & click "SURVEY"

## Yeah, us too.