

# Reverse Repunzil

Here's a little family funny.

Friday morning of last week I was awake and sewing when at about 6:45am my phone rang. It was Craig. Our conversation went like this.

Craig: "Jo, what are you doing?"

Me: "Sewing".

Craig: "When do kids come?"

Me: "Carver is the first one the rest won't be here until 7:30ish."

Craig: "Oh (very relieved) then you can come over."

Me: "Yes, is something wrong?"

Craig: "Yes, I'm locked in my bedroom."

Me: "What?"

Craig: "Ya, I'm locked in my bedroom and can't get the door to open. Can you come over and help me get out of my bedroom?"

Me: "(Very confused) Yes. Be there in five minutes."

Still very confused (note that Craig is also VERY well known for sleep talking), I went over to their house. Kalissa was working the overnight shift in the ER and would be done at 7am but that's a half hour away and Craig was suppose to be at work a half hour away in West Union.

I got up to the house...The back door is locked. UGH.

I call Craig on his cell phone.

Me: "Craig, the back door is locked."

Craig: "Oh, I was afraid of that."

Me: "Where do you keep the spare key?"

Craig: "Kalissa lost it."

Me: "Is the front door locked?"

Craig: "I'd be surprised if it wasn't."

I walk around the house. Yes. The front door is locked.

I talked to Craig.

Me: "What can we do?"

Craig: "I'm not sure."

Me: "Can you open it if I get some tools to you?"

Craig: "Yes. Go get the 10' extension ladder."

Me: "Um...I don't think I can. (Yes my shoulder is better and actually very good but I'm afraid to injure it again.) I think we should call Roger."

I call Roger and he can't believe what I'm saying so I said, "Just come into town." He said he'd be there in 10 minutes.

Craig calls me.

Craig: "I think I can get the lock open if you can get me a Phillips screwdriver."

Me: "Ok. I'm in the garage. Where is it in the garage?"

I find the screw driver. My intention was to get this found so once Hubby got to the house, he could get the ladder and set it up and this would already be found. As I am looking I see a skinny piece of quarter round wood trim. I call Craig back.

Me: "Do you have tape in the garage?"

Craig: "Yes. Painter's tape I think."

I look and look. Finally I find it and do this....



I walked around to the front of the house. I held the 12' long piece of quarter round as high in the air as I could. Craig had taken the air conditioner out of the window, opened the window and was able to hang out the window far enough to reach the screw driver.



A couple minutes later he yelled that he was out the window. Oh my! Then Craig said, "I feel a little bit like Repunzil." BAHAAHAHA!!!

I called Hubby. He was on his way so he turned around and went back to work.

I went home and started my childcare day. 20 minutes later Craig was over with Carver and we both laughed and laughed.

Craig explained that Carver had woke at 6ish and Craig didn't feel like getting out of bed so he put Carver to bed with him. He shut the door to the bedroom. He climbed back in bed with Carver. Then 45 minutes later when he got up, the door wouldn't open. The mechanism in the knob didn't work. So it was me to the rescue. How random and how funny. Craig is such a great guy with a good sense of humor. So many people would have been so angry. Not Craig. He simply said it was a

“Monday” kind of Friday and hoped the rest of his day went better.

I can't help but think of it, even today, and laugh!!