

# **STAND-UP MOM!**

My Life on the Comedy Stage

Sally Edwards

# **STAND-UP MOM!**

My Life on the Comedy Stage

Copyright 2013 Sally Edwards

All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without permission.

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

With heartfelt thanks to Brenda Lung Photography (**BrendaLung.com**) for the beautiful cover photos and to Michelle Leichty (**MLcontent.com**) for her wizardry in editing.

## **DEDICATION**

To my Wonderfully Supportive Husband, Bert, and to our Beautiful and Talented Children  
Brendan, Steven and Christine.

I love you!

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE: Why Don't You Write a Book?	6
CHAPTER TWO: Casting Call	11
CHAPTER THREE: Astrophysics	16
CHAPTER FOUR: Comedy in the Womb	20
CHAPTER FIVE: What Am I Thinking About?	25
CHAPTER SIX: Space Aliens	30
CHAPTER SEVEN: Christine's Pink Mittens	36
CHAPTER EIGHT: Power Rangers	41
CHAPTER NINE: BIG PEOPLE, little people	47
CHAPTER TEN: Detective Work	54
CHAPTER ELEVEN: Teenagers	62
CHAPTER TWELVE: Breaking Free	69
CHAPTER THIRTEEN: Positive Reaps Positive	77
CHAPTER FOURTEEN: Finding the Funny	82
CHAPTER FIFTEEN: Career in Comedy	87
CHAPTER SIXTEEN: Blind Date	91
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN:	
Name a Profession and a Location	95
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: Going Solo	100
CHAPTER NINETEEN: New Club on the Block	103
CHAPTER TWENTY: Surprise! You're a Stand-up!	107
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: Meager Beginnings	113
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: Bert	116

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE: Dating the Boss	122
CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR: Smile!	125
CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE: Planning Parenthood	130
CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX: Pet Therapy	138
CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN: Bombing	147
CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT: Go With the Fear!	150
CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE: Couch Stories -	
Gilbert Gottfried	154
Carrot Top	161
Bobby Vinton	166
CHAPTER THIRTY: One More Show to Make You Squirm	170
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE: Staying Healthy	177
CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO: Empty Nester	182

## **CHAPTER ONE**

### **“WHY DON’T YOU WRITE A BOOK?”**

“When do I have time to write a book?”

I looked incredulously at my husband, Bert, like he had just emerged from the “land without a clue”. We had three children – three, four and five years old. If they weren’t laughing, crying, sleeping, eating or just making it to the potty, they were requesting a service from me – right now!

(“Right now!” was physically demonstrated by running in circles or hanging on my arm like a young, hyper chimp.)

“I really think you should write a book. You’re a mom. You’re a comedian. You see humor in everyday life that most people miss. I think people would really find it interesting.”

“Bert, I just got to a place where I feel comfortable going to the bathroom with the door closed. It would only take two seconds for one of our kids to kill themselves in this house.”

I am always fighting my over-protective nature. If I had it my way, children under 10 would wear a helmet for everything. That would include Big Wheel helmets, car helmets, playing tag helmets and yes, even house helmets. How anyone lives past the age of three is a miracle in my mind. (Our son, Steven, split his lip and needed stitches when he went to hug Bert while he was shaving in the

bathroom. I guess “bathroom helmets” would fall under the category of “house helmets”.

Having three children in just four years was my way of fixing the large gap between siblings I experienced as a child. My older sister is seven years older, my next older sister is 10 years older and my brother is 12 years older than me. People wonder if I am an “Oops!” baby, but I am still convinced I am not a mistake. I imagine after seven years, a little free time opened up.

At the time of my husband’s “Write a Book!” declaration, Bert and I were parents to Brendan - age four, Steven - age three and Christine - age two. “Write a book?” At best, I could dictate one about sleep deprivation, complete abandonment of social graces, and a huge desire to talk to Big People.

The idea of writing a book seemed so ridiculous, that if I did write one, I would have required that everyone spill milk on the cover or

use it as a coaster just to make sure the book felt real. Better yet, give it to the dog and let it chew on the binding and eat a couple of pages.

Ideally, the book I authored would be a picture book – something that could be easily skimmed while standing in the grocery store line or something moms could glance at while eating over the kitchen sink. I knew I wasn't the only mom who was busy!

It would be another 15 years before I even considered this book writing project. Our children are grown now and spread across the country. I'd be lying if I didn't admit to succumbing to some heavy "Empty Nest Syndrome." I personally would rename this horrible loss "Empty Nest Affliction," or "Empty Nest Chronic Disease" or "Empty Nest Stake to the Heart."

Even though I have a career as a corporate stand-up comedian, I've fared no better with my children leaving the nest than a round-the-clock

homemaker. To fill the void I threw myself into one of my favorite passions which is animal rescue. Our children are gone but my need to “mother” is not. Our six rescue dogs, four cats and “Fred” the fish are testimony to that fact.

So now my nest is empty of children, if not animals, and time is more plentiful. I write this book as I look back at my life raising three beautiful children and performing stand-up comedy. First let’s start with a quick look at a few reasons why I could not write it a heck of a lot sooner.

## **CHAPTER TWO**

### **CASTING CALL**

“Mom, Moooooom, Moooooooom!” I heard the screams from Steven’s bedroom and I decided to ignore my desire to drop the telephone and run. I’d only been on the phone for just a few minutes with my friend Sandy Golami and I really wanted to be one of those moms who didn’t panic every time her child shouted, “Boo!” After all, Sandy didn’t drop the phone every time her girls let out a

yell. I had been in her huge, five bedroom house and watched construction workers remodel the living room with pitchforks and chainsaws while her kids ran freely to and fro. Everyone was still alive. Why couldn't that work for me?

So as I spoke to my oblivious mom-hero I decided to let a few more "Mooooooms!" go unheard. Secretly though, it was killing me. "Moooooom, Moooooom, Moooooom!" I couldn't bear it any longer. Somebody needed me! I knew I was never going to be the mom who let her children run with wild abandonment in a Costco parking lot or play on the tracks in a deserted railroad yard. I had to know what was going on!

Acknowledging the persistent screams from the second bedroom, I promised Sandy I'd get the full story about the new set of drapes in her family room at a better time. To this day, I don't know if she decided on floral or pinstripes. Slapping the phone down, I headed to Christine's bedroom

where the screams rang out. To my horror there was now more to the message. “Mooooom! Help me!”

Turning the corner, I saw Steven hanging upside down like a swinging trapeze artist. One leg was stuck precariously in the wooden slats of the barrier that kept Christine from falling out of her bed. Like the famous Wallenda Brothers, he hung freely in space without a net. His leg weaved into one slat while his foot clasped another. There was no give and he was unable to wiggle himself free. I was consumed by mother guilt as I helped Steven free his leg to even more screams as I placed him back on the bed. I was in shock. I couldn't believe I had ignored that agonizing “Moooooom!” and was amazed the accident had happened the very first time I struggled against my instincts and had decided to go rogue.

Flashes to a Department of Children and Family Services interrogation went through my mind.

“And so Mrs. Edwards – you were on the phone with your girlfriend talking about floral or striped drapes and you refused to hang up the phone when you heard your son yelling. Is that right? And the louder he screamed, the more you decided it was important to your personal growth that you not answer every time your name was uttered at a pre-determined loud volume. Is that right? And when you entered the bedroom your son was hanging upside down from his sister’s bed flailing his arms, increasing his pain ten-fold. Correct? No further questions.”

An x-ray quickly confirmed Steven had broken his leg in the fall. They gave him a cast in the color of his choice – bright red. Why bright red you say? Because it just so happened that our tabby cat, “Scooter” had broken his leg a month prior and he was limping around the house in a pink cast. Rather than risk his manhood by picking a pink cast, Steven got the next best thing.

If our household didn't scream "Family Services" nobody's did. "Mrs. Edwards, according to our records, Steven sustained a broken leg not long after your CAT broke its leg?! Could you be in the business of breaking legs?"

Yes. I'm sure of it. DCFS would definitely have more questions.

## **CHAPTER THREE**

### **ASTROPHYSICS**

“Mom, what’s a black hole?” Brendan was six years old when he called out to me from the back seat of our green minivan. I felt lost. How could I, the mother of three young children give an adequate answer to that infinite question?

I knew I’d have to give it my best shot. Steven and Christine went silent in their car seats. The

minivan always went silent when Brendan spoke. From the age of four he always carried a book. When he took a break from reading, he'd watched science shows, or the History Channel (when the History Channel was still about history!) Now he'd presented me with a question that begged a lame answer compared to all of the astronomers who he had no doubt been watching on TV that day.

“Well, a black hole is in outer space and it appears black, and they think it's a kind of hole .... that as I mention, is in outer space. Yep. That's pretty much it.” ...

I looked in my rearview mirror to see Brendan gazing out his window. “Brendan,” I said. “Do you have any more questions?” “No mom,” he said. “But when I grow up, I'll tell you what's the real answer.”

---

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

