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Synopsis of *Oblivious to the Obvious: Wishfully Mindful Parenting*
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JERUSALEM – *Oblivious to the Obvious: Wishfully Mindful Parenting*
ISBN: 978-965-544-003-4
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In forty-one super-energized essays, *Oblivious to the Obvious: Wishfully Mindful Parenting* larks at family life. Both sweet and sour, this collection of essays zings across many aspects of parenting, including: exhaustion, pets, sibling rivalry, access to convergent media and integrating family with fortune. Throughout this book's pages, the lighter side of life is held up for examination. No situation is too common to escape *Oblivious'* lens and no episode is too silly to fail to merit inclusion in this book. To feel cozy about, as well as to chuckle at, your own experiences of raising children, read *Oblivious to the Obvious: Wishfully Mindful Parenting*.

Excerpt from "Fiction and Phobias":

Mortimore lives in my Missy Younger's room. He's a stag beetle. At least, I think that's what he is; I have never had the dubious pleasure of eyeballing him. I do not want to meet him. I hate bugs. I am even afraid of them.

Most of the times, I avoid such encounters by sequestering myself in my office. There, not only do I escape the attention of members of the Lucanidae family, but I also manage to quell any of my preexistent, harmful passions.

As a Mommy Writer, I brim with prehistoric, fire-breathing tendencies. Such propensities arise from the combination of my inherent, female, chemical soup and from my inherent, female, parental need to suppress all of the local, recurring, coup-d'etats.

Specifically, when toy geese go swimming in the toilet, when the hamburger meant for dinnertime gets consumed as an afterschool snack, or when the circuits shorts, especially while I am penning a "masterpiece," because too many electronic entertainment devices have been simultaneously plugged in, I rage. Using only my screen as a protective device between my feelings and my young, I storm through alien creatures and careless love arrangements. I take bites out of

government officials and deconstruct all possible escapes that wanton mangers might have considered evoking. My fictional world makes my real one safer. No quolls patrol our corridors, yet.

Excerpt from “Negotiating with a Kitten”:

For my part, I’ll remind the children not to toss you from the furniture like some ill-scored math test or like some siblings’ laundry. I’ll look the other way when my husband cuddles you, though both of us know who really stole the defrosting hamburger meat.

A lyrical purr, at two in the morning, though, is insufficient to compensate me for that broken baby picture of Missy Older. A small, rough tongue dragged against my ankle, during dinner, does not make up for the torn sweater I had saved since college. In particular, settling, all warm and soft, on my lap, does not put an end to your guilt as that onus is connected to the sudden disappearance of my great-grandmother’s pitcher.

Tiny, no weight, impossibility of a feline, it is despicable how you manipulate my family. Stop staring, all large eyes and disproportioned belly, directly at me. I would have no trouble reducing you to ear muffs if I did not feel so compelled to keep on petting you. We must reach an understanding. I am Mama. You are Darling.

Excerpt from “Mission Almost Possible”:

As I lifted my head off of the pillow, I heard the following tape play between my ears. “Good morning Agent Mommy. This message comes at a particularly difficult time. The school year is ending, your employment situation is fluctuating, a multigenerational celebration is mere weeks away, and your family has been threatened by a gang of dumpster cats specializing in precision assassinations.

“Agent Computer Cowboy has already been redirected to the Indian Subcontinent for purposes of income. Agent Missy Older has been aimed at completing her year’s worth of qualifying exams and at finding volunteer work for the summer. You are on your own. Control believes that you, the Indomitable Mommy Force, are perfect for this job.

“Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is: to properly medicate, with tea and with herbs, the small child in the family’s therapeutic facility; to sort out the rest of the household, from the morning’s first wash to the previous evening’s last load of dishes; to get the children to school; and, most importantly, to make a drop, of packets of celebration announcements, in another neighborhood. All tasks must be completed within the two hour time window between these words and the start of your work day. Should you fail, headquarters will deny any knowledge of you or of your assignment.

“This tape will destruct your day all by itself. Good luck Agent Mommy.”

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If you would like more information about KJ Hannah Greenberg or to schedule an interview with the author, please call Shoshana Kleiman at 972-2-651-5795 or email at shoshana@frenchcreekpress.com. For more information about French Creek Press, please visit our website at <http://www.frenchcreekpress.com>.