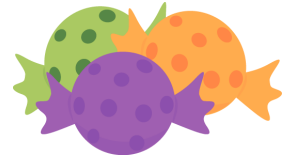


OCTOBER 18, 2017

IFAPA OFFERS SWEET IDEAS



Make Your Own Face Paint for Halloween: Face paint can take a Halloween costume from ho-hum to totally awesome in a flash. But if you don't want to spend a lot of money on store-bought makeup that can sometimes be harsh on little kids' sensitive skin, whip up some of your own. Creating your own makeup allows you to keep the mixture relatively natural, design the exact colors you want and trim your Halloween spending. Plus, the process of making it can be a fun family activity your kiddos love as much as the actual face-painting. Are you in? Let's get painting.

[Click Here for the Recipe](#)

Make Your Halloween Slime: For a fun activity to do with your kids—whip up a batch of Slime.

[Click Here for Slime Recipe](#)

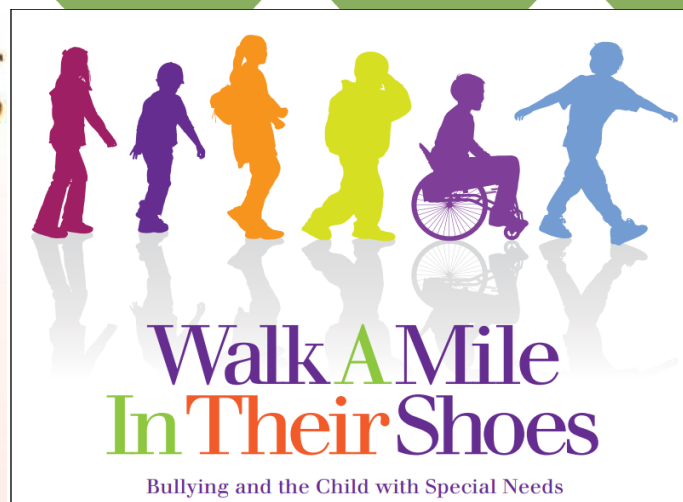
DANGEROUS PLAYGROUNDS: DRUG AWARENESS AND TRENDS

Do you know the meaning of terms like Spice, Budda, Robo-Trippin', Trail Mixing, Space Monkey or Junglejuice? Would you be able to tell if someone is drunk or high, or experimenting with drugs? If you answered "no" to any of these questions, then this class is a must for you! Participants will learn the different classifications of substances and leave this training with a working knowledge of the most common substances of abuse including terminology, visual identity, how they are used, how they are made, and the effects of substances on the community.

Sat., Nov. 4 (9am-4:30pm) – CEDAR FALLS

[REGISTER ONLINE](#)

Trick or Treat





IS LYING A CONSTANT ISSUE IN YOUR HOME?

Lying and Teaching the Truth

by Deborah Hage, MSW

The majority of adoptive parents have a moral code which precludes lying as an acceptable behavior. They abhor it. They avoid it at all costs. They admire integrity and honesty. With the huge mandate and model in the home that telling the truth is essential and lying is forbidden, why then do so many adoptees lie? When they lie, the children are subjected to consequences and disciplined in various ways. Parents beg, implore their children to tell the truth, even promising the consequence will be lessened if they just come clean. Yet, the lying persists. Some children lie when they do not want to take responsibility for their behavior. Some lie when they want something. Some lie to manipulate and triangulate others around them. Some lie in the face of the truth - with frosting on their face and fingers they will state, unequivocally, they did not have a piece of cake. Some do all of the above and simply lie about everything all the time. What internal workings of the brain tells children that lying is an acceptable form of speech?

[CONTINUE ARTICLE](#)

Children Who Lie and Steal

By Katherine Leslie, Ph.D.

Dirty underwear hidden in closets, food stolen in the night and hidden under pillows, toys that just appear from nowhere, big brown eyes that swear "it wasn't me" or a child voice saying "So what, I don't care!" Sound familiar? We live with these children. They lie, manipulate with sweet kisses and charming words, and perplex us with mood swings and angry fits. Parenting these children is tricky business, in part because we love them so, in part because these behaviors can make them so unlovable.

[CONTINUE ARTICLE](#)

Every Month With a Foster Family is a Month of Loss for a Birth Family

This week marks the sixth month that our 3-year-old foster son, BlueJay, has lived with us. Six months is a long time when you're 3. In six months, he has completely worn through one pair of slippers and is starting to wear through a second pair. He has outgrown shirts and pants that seemed to fit him just yesterday.

He has logged four haircuts, a couple of particularly intense public meltdowns and countless skinned knees, earned in the time-honored childhood tradition of always running, never walking, from Point A to Point B.

In six months, he has learned how to zip up his own jacket; if you try to zip it for him, he will promptly unzip it and start over. He can now correctly identify a whole slew of colors, and his perseverance in the face of this particular struggle fills me with pride.

He has learned the concept of cause and effect. He has learned to cradle an owl-shaped kitchen timer in his hands, to listen to its rhythmic ticking and to take deep breaths to calm his body when he is upset.

We've had six months' worth of "firsts" with him. His first trip to the beach. Our first time watching the sunrise together. His first day of preschool. Our first time shopping for a superhero Halloween costume.

I already find myself thinking, "Wow, he looked like such a baby," when I see pictures of him from our first couple of weeks together. I find myself surprised at the extra length of his legs and the deeper focus in his eyes.

Six months is a milestone that feels big and important. It feels as if it would be something worth celebrating if it weren't connected with the heartbreaking truth that he could only have been with us for six months because he couldn't be with his birth family.

The reality of this type of parenting is that every joyous moment has a thread of loss woven through it. Every "first" we experience with BlueJay is a loss for his birth parents.

[CONTINUE READING](#)