



So we walk into my cousin's house, and upon seeing my frustration, she says to my son, "Daniel, do you have to go pee-pee? Want to use Cousin Ruth's toilet?" She led him to her little half-bath, he peed on the toilet, and was treated to a squeeze yogurt (don't get me started!) in celebration. And he never wore a diaper — or used his potty — again.

Next time — and it's almost too bad there won't be a next time, almost — I'm not buying or doing any of this stuff.

Meanwhile, anyone need a potty?

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