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Home Sweet Homes Helps Put the Humor in Moving

Author turns one of life's most stressful experiences into page after page of laugh-out-loud moments.

Moving ranks right up there with death and divorce as one of life's most horrible experiences. Diane Laney Fitzpatrick thinks it's hilarious and wants you to think so, too.

The San Francisco writer and mom of three has written *Home Sweet Homes: How Bundt Cakes, Bubble Wrap, and My Accent Helped Me Survive Nine Moves*, part humorous memoir and part tongue-in-cheek how-to, filled with hilarious stories of her many moves.

"Most people wait years to look back and laugh about the mess that is moving," Fitzpatrick said. "Why wait? Laugh about it now and you'll get through it with a lot less stress."

Between hunting for the perfect house, arranging for home financing, selling a house, entrusting your grandma's china to a moving crew, and getting the kids settled into their new surroundings, a family's move is one stressful moment after another.

"Stressing out isn't going to help, and neither is feeling sorry for yourself," said Fitzpatrick. "I hope my book will help movers and movers-to-be find a little bit of humor in their own moving experiences."

Fitzpatrick was a freelance writer and humor blogger in Lexington, Kentucky, when she first sat down to write the stories in *Home Sweet Homes*. It was published in June, after moves to South Florida and then to San Francisco.

"I thought I had experienced it all," she said. "But even in this most recent move, I had to have my baby grand piano brought in the front window by crane. Even I had to force myself to laugh my way through that!"

Home Sweet Homes is available in paperback and e-book on Amazon.com, at BarnesandNoble.com, and directly from the author by sending a request to info@homesweethomesbook.com.

The book tells of her cross-country moves with babies, toddlers, teens, and dogs, frogs and goldfish, over 20 years and through seven states. From hiding dirty dishes in the car when you're trying to impress home buyers, to moving-day visits to the emergency room, to failing the driver's test, Fitzpatrick covers home selling, home buying, packing, moving pets, moving pregnant, dealing with Realtors, settling into your new town, and everything in between.

On house-hunting:

“I once walked into a townhouse in Virginia and wanted to buy it because the owners were from South America, and they had all this cool Latin stuff all around. They had handwoven throw pillows on the couch, a beautiful rug, and rustic, carved wooden masks hung on the walls. I’m a basically smart person and I knew - absolutely no question about it - they were not going to leave those masks for me to keep. Nonetheless, there was a little voice inside me that said, ‘If we live here we’ll be like them.’ And they were clearly awesome, international types who spoke with accents and drank imported tea. (Boxes and boxes of it, in the cupboard over the sink.) Moreover, I knew that the rug I loved so much was actually hiding a cigarette burn in the carpet. . . I knew this, yet I didn’t care. I just wanted the house so I could go home and take a long nap and then start planning my new life as a Bolivian expat.”

On meeting the new neighbors:

“I had hoped to sneak in and at least empty the minivan of the McDonald’s food bags or maybe look in a mirror that wasn’t the rearview kind. Instead, as we pulled into our new driveway, it was flanked by our new neighbors, Ginger and Mary Ann. I was, at best, a younger and skankier Mrs. Howell, in a wrinkly turquoise jogging suit, asymmetrical pigtails, and my glasses from 1983.”

On the DMV:

*“Then they call number 127. I jump up like I’m on *The Price is Right*. The guy next to me slides off my shoulder and slumps onto my chair. He might be dead. I approach the open window and smile like an idiot at the woman behind the counter. My heart is beating fast, I am so grateful that I’m finally up to this window, that I’ve been called, that I feel a little Stockholm syndrome sweep over me. I’ll do anything for this woman, I’m so grateful that she called my number, and so hopeful that she’ll give me those yellow plates for my car. I will hold a machine gun at a bank robbery for you, I telepathically tell her. I will be your Patty Hearst.”*

Fitzpatrick invites *Home Sweet Homes* readers to join the conversation and tell their own moving stories on her website, www.HomeSweetHomesBook.com, where you can also find her moving blog and read about the day-to-day adventures of her most recent move from Florida to California.

“Everyone loves to tell their own stories about moving,” said Fitzpatrick, “so I’ve set up a forum on our website and on our Facebook page to let everyone in on the fun.”

A former newspaper reporter and editor, Fitzpatrick worked as a freelance writer, blogger, and Internet content writer in the seven states where she’s lived and raised her family. She has written the popular humor blog *Just Humor Me* at www.just-humor-me.blogspot.com for the past six years. She and her husband, Tim Fitzpatrick, have three children, who live far and wide, and who have their own share of moving adventure stories.

Diane Laney Fitzpatrick is available for media interviews. You can reach her at diane.fitzpatrick@mac.com or (561) 281-3145.

Home Sweet Homes

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