

Disney On Ice, Parenting on Point

 By [Taryn Springhall](#)

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One of the joys of parenting is seeing your child happy. Seeing them sit still for 40 whole minutes is the other joy. Before having children, I might have hesitated at the prospect of the GrandWest Grand Arena packed with 1000s of hyped-up kids between the ages of three and eight but now, as a mom to one hilarious, busy, and omfg-stubborn four-year-old, nothing scares me anymore.



It was kind of a relief knowing I'd be among my own kind, i.e. other parents hoping to give their kids the time of their lives while secretly praying that those same kids will behave to the end, or close enough.

So think bubble gum-flavoured slushies, super ~~expensive~~ impressive merch, popcorn-sprinkled seats, and bejewelled plastic wands waving dangerously close to your eyes. And like magic, the third rendition of my son's latest remarkably detailed but nonsensical story came to an abrupt halt - as Tinkerbell skated onto the ice. By the time Mickey and Minnie besti squatted onto the scene the arena was filled with silent, wide-eyed fanboys and girls mesmerised in a way only Disney can.



It became a beautifully choreographed and well-executed blur of princes and princesses for a while but, somewhere around the Seven Dwarfs ho-humming it was me who got grumpy and started questioning my career choices. Why was ice skating never on the list? Maybe this would have been living my best life. Maybe now I'll never know.

Like Sleeping Beauty, I snapped out of my spell, not by true love's kiss but by the magnificent Maleficent. Any doubt that motherhood has changed me was torched when I found myself sympathising with the most villainy of villains. I get her now. I'm like her. She goes all dragon and I was like, "see? she probably had to tell someone to put on their shoes over 10 times today too". Of course, she had to get scary – how else does she get anyone to listen?



Fast-forward to *The Little Mermaid* scene and I'm plunged straight back to 1989 when the original movie was released and my music teacher made us learn the lyrics to every.single.song. on the soundtrack. Add one Savanna Light and I'm singing along in a Jamaican accent wondering how I never appreciated just how wise Sebastian is. I mean, sure he's grumpy but he's also right. Up on the shore, they work all day, out in the sun they slave away? Preach! I had just started really identifying with Ursula's body type, convinced that she doesn't have any time for herself mothering those two wiggly, lispy eel children, when they called half-time and we raced to the bathrooms to stand in the world's longest child bladder-control exercise of a queue hoping that my kid isn't the one who cracks.



The second half was as much of a spectacle of intrigue and delight, double loop jumps and Disney favourites as the first. I don't know if I was elated or gassy but, for the first time in forever I could listen to songs from *Frozen* without nightmarish flashbacks of shopping malls playing the soundtrack on repeat the Christmas after the movie came out #TeamAnna. But at full time do you know what the best part was by far? Happy eyes and smiles for me and my little boy from a truly enchanted night at *Disney on Ice*.

So for all the moms and dads wondering if it's worth the time, money, and pre-anxiety, my advice to you is let it go. Dream big, this might just be the one time your kids appreciate your efforts to try and make them happy. Take your kids. Love is an open door at the entrance to *Disney on Ice*.

ABOUT TARYN SPRINGHALL

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