

Mom and Olivia - at 8 months

February 2007

There are still moments during my week that I look at Olivia and can't believe she's actually here. She is eight months old, and I'm still just amazed that I have a baby! I am having so much fun with her, and taking everyone's advice and enjoying this time of infancy. The past eight months have flown by, just like everyone said it would. We already miss those absolutely helpless cries for comfort, and how she used to snuggle on our shoulders in the middle of the night. She is swiftly becoming mobile: scooting, rolling or flipping, laughing, clapping, kicking, arching her back, and putting everything into her mouth.



We rarely have difficulties with her, except sleeping through the night. She is as joyful baby as I've ever seen, and when she does get upset, is easily comforted. We are very thankful for her sweet disposition. It is truly a source of joy for us. The only real sacrifice, in fact, that I've felt I've had to make is in sleep. Once she stops nursing I believe I will have some respite, and regain some of that mental alertness I used to have! All mothers must go through that stage: you know you aren't as sharp as usual, but hope someday you'll catch up and feel like your old self, physically and mentally. You also hope everyone around you forgives you for your short attention span and less-than-scintillating conversation.

A hilarious moment that indicates JUST how lack of sleep can affect a family:

After putting off grocery shopping for as long as possible, until we were down to our last egg and a package of butter, my husband and I went after dinner on a Monday evening. We usually try to plow through the store at high speed, knowing Olivia will last only so long in the baby seat in the grocery cart. In fact, the goal at the entrance was "to make this as short and painless as possible." We didn't set any new records, but before we knew it we were heading to the car, agreeing that indeed, it was short and painless, if not downright enjoyable. With every trip to the grocery store, we usually find something new (well, "western", to be more precise) on the shelves. Someone told us there is something here that seems very close to brown sugar, so I just HAD to get some of that!

Matt went to validate our parking ticket, while I went to the car to unload the groceries. I was returning the cart with Olivia when I looked back and saw Matt get into the car. I thought he saw me, and so kept pushing the cart to the store. When I came back out, I fully expected him to have driven up to the curb to pick me up, but he wasn't there. I walked into the parking lot where the car was and it was gone. I went back to the curb and looked out over the lot, but Matt was nowhere in sight. At first I doubted that I had seen him at all, and thought maybe the car had been stolen. But Matt wasn't to be found either. I then thought he was playing a trick on me and if I waved my hand and laughed about it he'd drive up. It was nearly 8:30 PM and pretty chilly. When I had the thought that maybe he actually left without us, I really did have a good laugh! He had said he was tired, and I could imagine him getting into the car without looking to see if we were actually in the back seat.

I went inside the store and bought a phone card after about ten minutes of waiting, still shaking my head and occasionally laughing about the growing possibility he really DID leave us there! I was about to dial his mobile when I took one last look at the curb and saw him pull up.

It is true, he assumed we were in the back seat, and drove off. He even had a long conversation with "me", and thought my silence meant I was listening intently and thinking. It may be lack of sleep, or it may be absent-mindedness; whichever it is, I certainly got the best belly laugh of the New Year!