

# ONE More Time, She Says...

Yeah right. I've heard that before. I went to the dr. today and we were supposed to schedule an induction date – AGAIN. But we have to wait and see how I'm doing at another appointment – AGAIN! My body is very slow to react and I think that if I weren't induced, my babies would never come out. But Thursday is the new day, so we'll see how I'm doing then, and she said *hopefully* Friday I can be induced. Hopefully is the key word here because after going to the dr 4 times to get an induction date and not getting one, I'm starting to lose optimism. My husband says let's just wait until the 21st... that's funny because our first daughter was born on December 21st, our second daughter was born on May 21st, and our 3rd daughter was born on October 20th (the 21st was a Saturday and the dr. was off work and didn't want to induce me on a Saturday). So it's only fitting we should have a July 21st or even July 20th baby, right? But this whole pregnancy my dr. said she wanted to induce me a week before my due date (which is July 14 and she is adamant that it is correct) because I have large babies. My first was 7 lbs 2 oz which is normal, but my youngest two were 8 lbs 12 oz each with the last one being even a half ounce more than her sister... so it seems that they just keep getting bigger. Except today the dr. said this baby doesn't seem to be as large as the others, and since my body is not cooperating anyway... it's the waiting game we play.

I guess we've gotten spoiled with being able to set a date for having the other kids; we've gotten used to knowing when the babies are going to come, and it's hard to remember and realize the fact that it's not an exact science even in this day and age. I want him here ASAP of course, not only to meet him, but also for selfish reasons; mainly involving having my body back so I can do some things other than eating and sleeping. I feel so guilty about my lack of participation

around the house, but physically, it's become impossible to even push myself to do things like I was a few weeks ago... I can no longer bend over to let the dogs out, and bending over to do laundry is becoming more difficult by the day since we have front-loading machines. My muscles most of the time feel so tired that I worry they won't even hold up my own (very heavy) body, let alone strong enough to chase kids around... and my kids have been acting horribly lately – what timing. Hubby has really had to pick up some extra slack around here, well more than that really, he's doing almost everything... and I feel badly but what can I do but wait. My biggest wish of course is a healthy baby, and wish #2 on the list is an easy, painless labor, so if I get my wishes, all this waiting won't be so bad in retrospect. But in the meantime, I have so many people waiting on us... Grandma's been on standby from 2 states over for a week now since she is planning to come and watch the kids... Hubby's work is somewhat on hold since he must take frequent breaks to referee the kids. He's waiting until I'm in the hospital and Grandma has the kids, then he's going to work like a maniac in the empty house to build up our finances which have also been neglected during the waiting game... Not to mention all the wonderful friends and well-wishers who want to meet little Christopher! Maybe on Thursday I will have some better news... or I could actually start going into labor on my own before then... yeah right! ☐