

# The Dude Is Growing!

My son had his 30-month ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  years for you laypeople) check-up at the doctor today. All is well, though he wasn't very cooperative for the student doctor in training when it came to getting his nose and ears checked. And he had to get a shot, which of course was sad to witness. Unlike his 3 brave older sisters, he did cry, but he got over it quickly and proudly showed off his "owie" for the rest of the day. The little dude weighs 29.2 lbs. and is 2 feet and 10.5 inches tall.



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## Double Doctor Duty

This morning was our appointment with the pediatrician. The "our" refers to my little 18-month-old boy and I. It seems strange for a 31-year-old to have an appointment with the pediatrician, but as I've said before, he is also our resident sleep expert. Since I never feel rested no matter how much sleep I get, I was trying to get to the bottom of it and even got a sleep study done.

First and most importantly, my little boy is growing exactly in accordance with the growth chart at the pediatrician's office! There was an intern doctor he was training this morning, and he noted to her that it was very rare to have a baby grow so normally – so I will take that as a good thing. My little guy **hated** being poked and prodded, but at least he got the A-ok! He weighs 24 lb 2 oz and is 32 7/8" long.

As for me... nothing doing, really. My heart was fine during the sleep study, so that's a good thing. But according to the doctor, I slept for 7 hours of the 7.6 hours I was being studied (could have fooled me). My oxygen levels went a little bit low, but nothing that needs any fixing, I guess. He said that because of my "structure" (I have one huge tonsil), I will have to get this sleep study done every few years to make sure that things don't get worse, but I disagree – that is not going to happen. All in all, it was a waste of time I would say. I'm a little frustrated because the sleep study was kind of an unpleasant experience, especially to have nothing to show for it. And for the past week, my sleepiness has gotten even worse – I feel like I've been bordering on narcoleptic! I've stopped sleeping with the tv on, something I've done and loved doing since I was about 6 years old. I've been going to bed earlier, as much as I hate missing out on 'me and Hubby' time – I even got a nap in on Sunday! But even after making all these efforts, I've still fallen asleep at the movies, at home while watching movies; and (I hate to admit it), but I was struggling at church and I also dozed during a class we're taking. And it's not like I'm bored – I love to learn, and I really like church and look forward to it! I was really disappointed that I missed some of last week's message! Why can't I stay awake?!? Back to square one, I guess... whatever that is. Time to stock up on coffee and energy drinks, I suppose, there seems to be no other hope for me.

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# He Is A-Ok!

Our little guy had his 15-month check-up with the pediatric nurse the other day. Yes, this is the same nurse who can be a harsh critic when it comes to things like sippie cups, bottles, and anything else she perceives as leading to bad oral habits in adults; namely smoking and drinking alcohol.

She gave our little Beeber a few age-appropriate skill tests, such as stacking blocks (he stacked them ALL, which is very impressive, even to the experienced nurse – might I consider sharing my Lego collection with a certain little builder in a few years?), following a flashlight with his eyes, and throwing and catching a tennis ball. He did really well with all of them, but I felt badly for the little guy because he did everything that was asked of him, but after he performed the test with each toy, he seemed to assume that he would then have his turn to play with them. But nurse Judy swiped them all away before he knew what was happening. It all became too much for him when she started poking him with that nasty wood-tasting gag stick – who can blame him for crying; I could never stand that thing either! And, in a true kid's toast to irony, he began to cry the moment the nurse asked, "Is he always this mild-mannered?" Then, "WAHHHH!". Hilarious!

Our 15-month old (and first boy of the family) is 31 inches long and 22 lbs. 11 oz. He is in the 40th percentile for height and 25th percentile for weight. This means that if you take a sample of 100 15-month-olds, my son is shorter than 60 of them and lighter than 75. He is the first one of my kids to be under the 50% mark. Two of the girls were around the 90-100% mark, so Beeber is a little guy! That's cool; you can be good at baseball if you're on the smaller side ☐

Overall, he checked out very well and impressed the nurse with his development. Although he gets into so much trouble at home with his constant climbing and desire to spill liquids and throw things, it's still a blast to witness this stage of toddler-dom. Case in point:

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# Random Kid Stuff

The other day, my husband reminded me of a cute story about something our oldest daughter did when she was younger, probably around 4 years old. He said I should write it down somewhere so we don't forget about it, so I decided to write something about all four of our wonderful kids, starting with the oldest and going down. Here's a visual:



TAYLOR – About 5 years ago, we began finding the letters “WCPL” all over the house. The letters were always written together like a word, and they were everywhere – walls, books, VHS movies, chairs, everywhere. We couldn't figure out what word our then-4-year-old was trying to spell, so we had a talk

about not writing where we're not supposed to, cleaned it all up, and moved on. A few weeks later, I took my daughter to the library to check out some books and movies, and that's when I saw the labels on the VHS cases – WCPL = Williams County Public Library! She had noticed that all of her books and movies that came from the library had those letters on them, so I guess she figured things were supposed to be labeled WCPL – hehehe!

SAMANTHA – Sammie is a very unique child. She can be a real spitfire, but she just has this incredible spirit about her... But she'll ask me questions that I have no idea how to answer. When her older sister was her age, she would ask the normal kid questions about life and how things work, and even if she didn't phrase her questions correctly, it was always easy for me to figure out what she wanted to know and where she was coming from. Not true with Samantha! Since half the time I don't know what she's asking about, I can't think of any of her confusing questions to share here on the blog, but I will say that she is the type of kid who asks the embarrassing questions in public – and *loudly*. We went to a nursing home to sing Christmas carols during the holidays, and there was a gentleman in a wheelchair who suffered from a muscle illness that made his tongue swell. He loved the caroling and really got into it, singing quite loudly. This got Sammie's attention. She asked me, "Does your tongue hang out because you get so old?" She just has such a different way of looking at things... This is the same kid who asked me one time (really loudly of course) why someone was wearing purple underwear in the bathroom stall next to us!

DISNEY – It's funny because Disney and Sammie look very much alike, almost like twins years apart. But their personalities are night and day. The other day, Disney, our 2-year-old, looked up at the sky and said, "Airplane! See it, on ceiling?" Awww....

CHRISTOPHER – I remembered something I forgot to mention about

my son's 6-month doctor visit. The nurse said he should be eating 3 meals a day – something that seems obvious, but I'm actually really glad she mentioned it! When you have a baby and you're used to popping bottles in his mouth all the time, you forget that when he's old enough to be eating solid foods that he needs meals just like big people! My son loves all kinds of food; he tries to grab as much as he can, and he shoves it into his mouth with his little fists. As he gets older, I'm starting to notice the difference between girls and boys, especially when it comes to their eating habits. Boys are messier and more enthusiastic eaters, while girls tend to be dainty and more picky. But again, maybe these are just differences in *my* kids, rather than a difference based on gender, who knows. And from what I remember, all the kids started out not being picky about their food – they were just so happy to be experiencing flavors after an entire life of only formula!

I have been blessed with 4 kids, and they have 4 very individualistic personalities. It's really neat to watch how they interact with each other. Well, except when the interacting involves fighting!