

# Third Trimester Blues

Well, it's that time again, the lovely third trimester of pregnancy. It crept up on me really fast while I was waiting for the 'golden age' of pregnancy to kick in – the second trimester. Except that I never felt as great as they say you should feel during the second trimester, so while I was waiting, time passed on by and here we are in the third trimester. I guess I should be happy that the pregnancy is almost all over, but it's hard to look at it that way. This is the time when babyitis kicks into overdrive. The yearning to hold and sniff and care for the newborn baby becomes so overwhelming, it's intense. And then there's the lethargy and the grumpiness. I just don't feel like doing anything lately! It's really difficult to not be grumpy while chasing after kids all day when all I really want to do is sit on my butt and play video games. But if I were even to allow myself to indulge in some "doing nothing" time, I know I would be interrupted constantly by needy kids – kind of like when I sit down to type a blog post! And then there's the guilt... now that we're past the 85°+ heat wave, I feel like I should take the kids outside, but I'm just too tired! Besides, as much as I tell myself to let the housework go for a month or two, I still can't bring myself to actually let it happen. So by the time I'm done with my "dailies" (daily chores like laundry, meal making, picking up after kids, errands, etc), I have barely enough energy for anything extra like my long-gone daily walks. This week, I have to unpack the kids from their trip to Grandma's, but at least I got caught up on laundry while they were gone and lucky for me, Grandma sent them home with literally only 2 pieces of dirty laundry – NICE! The kids had a lot of sleeping to catch up on, so they've taken naps today, and I've gotten a lot done, so maybe tomorrow or later this week we can get out and enjoy the beautiful weather. Our town's annual carnival is in town starting tomorrow, so I know we'll be up there once or twice. They

have Dippin' Dots, ice cream super-frozen into little balls, and it's SOO good! It's my favorite thing to begin with, so during pregnancy, it's a MUST-HAVE!

The good news is that my mood seems to be improving. I actually wrote the beginning of this post weeks ago – I just haven't had time to finish it until now. And now that I'm finishing it, my feelings have changed a little. Instead of feeling the usual 'my-body-will-never-be-back-to-normal' frustrations, it seems like the birth of our baby is right around the corner; actually I have to start doing the weekly doctor visits already! And I feel less grumpy than I did a few weeks ago, and even less sore in my body, though physically even more tired. The difference is that instead of not feeling like doing anything, now I feel more like doing things, but I physically cannot because I am so huge. I have gained over 50 lbs with this pregnancy. Perfectly normal, I know, especially with the insatiable appetite I encountered between 3-5 months, but things like bending over to pick things up off the floor have become impossible. You wouldn't believe how long it takes me to put on lace-up shoes without help – which stinks because those feel much better on my aching feet than my sandals. And turning over in bed has evolved beyond the 3-point-turns into the 5+ point turns – I kind of have to scoot in a circle until I'm turned over... not fun for me; must be incredibly annoying to my bedmate – between me and our kids who wake up very early and sometimes throughout the night, he doesn't get much sleep! And with all this fun comes the feeling of dread that I know labor is just around the corner... I sure hope this baby is easier on me than my second child was during labor... long story short, she took forever then came really fast, which meant that the 'window of opportunity' where I was supposed to get the pain medicine opened and closed too quickly for anyone to do anything for me, leaving me with a 'natural labor' – and NOT by choice! But kid #2 has been trouble from the time I could feel her kick right up until this morning's tantrum, so as I always

say, hopefully she is one of a kind!