

Why I Now Cherish Our Teething Baby!..Kind of

Description



It hurts right about!..EVERYWHERE!!

All weekend long, Avery spent most of the time in a cranky, no good for nothing mood, and poor Going Mom didnâ€™t get to see much of a happy baby. Iâ€™ve come to accept the fussiness from Avery since she is my â€œco-workerâ€• every day of the week, but it bothers me when she is so cantankerous on the weekends.

I always hope Avery will be in a great mood all weekend long while Mommy is home so Kelley can see only Happy Avery, but it rarely happens to work out that way. I canâ€™t explain how appreciative I am of Kelley for taking over most of the baby duty on the weekend, and actually, I really need to work on doing more since Iâ€™m guilty of taking advantage. Sorry, dear, Iâ€™ll do better! ðŸ™,

After reading through a list of symptoms for a certain stage of teething, we quickly confirmed Avery was in a full blown session of sprouting molars. Biting, excessive pooping, very moody, hands in mouth, refusing food, etc. You name it, Avery was doing it.

Most of the signs started showing on Friday, and lasted until, well, theyâ€™re still here actually. Damn. But besides the agony of hearing your baby in agony, something happened late Sunday night/early Monday morning; we had a family bonding experience.

It was the usual scene in our house, we were in the living room and I was eating (I typically eat 2 big meals a day, and the 2nd one is the biggest and late at night) the second part of my meal and Kelley was asleep on the couch when Averyâ€™s cries emanated through the monitor. Sometimes theyâ€™re really quick and only happen when she is shifting in her crib, this wasnâ€™t one of those

times.

Sitting up and screaming, my stubborn self tried to tell Kelley to just let it pass, but sheâ€™s too caring of a mother and quickly went to Averyâ€™s aid to nurse her back to sleep. Or so she thought. Instead, Avery nursed some but then wouldnâ€™t have anymore and instead more screaming ensued.

I was still sitting down with the last of my food when I heard the screaming start back up, and continued for several minutes. Finally, I put what I had back in the fridge and went to see how I could help. Before I made it to the nursery, Kelley appeared in the living room with our poor little Avery crying in pain.

We sat in the living room as Kelley held Avery and tried to figure out what to do. Turn on the TV? No, too stimulating. Give her homeopathic teething pills? No, too ineffective at this point. Pet the cat? Ohhh, yes, that workedâ€¦for a minute. Our attempts were futile so we continued sitting there holding Avery and hoping sheâ€™d finally calm down and go back to sleep.

Hoping only gets you far. After taking turns holding her, I suggested we just lay on the rug in the middle of our living room and hope she falls asleep with us or weâ€™ll all join in on the crying fest. We grabbed pillows from the couch and laid down next to each other with Avery to see what she would do.

More crying followed, interspersed with yawns and putting her hands in her mouth. Going Mom was taking a beating from Averyâ€™s flailing limbs, so I took over holding our restless baby. Still crying and squirming in my arms, we were at our witâ€™s end on what else to do, so I just laid flat on my back and had Avery resting on her back on my stomach. I mean, why not, right?

Well, the crying stopped, but every half second sheâ€™d turn her head to the left or right and swing her arms around. I felt like it was a lost cause, but then Avery grew silent and her arms hung to the side and head stayed still. She was quiet and almost asleep!

Kelley and I exchanged glances in disbelief as it happened so suddenly, but we didnâ€™t want to risk testing her. Part of me felt extremely guilty after my dear wife spent so long trying to comfort Avery and after she became so exhausted, she winds up falling asleep on me. But then again, maybe my wife didnâ€™t really want a 20+ pound baby lying on her chest on the flat, hard ground.

My lower back was in pain and my feet couldnâ€™t stretch all the way out, but there was no way I was messing this up! She was sliding a little, so I slowly turned Avery over on her stomach while still on my chest and secured her as best as I could. Kelley and I, laying side by side on our living room floor, said â€œI love youâ€• to each other and fell asleep.

Okay, I didnâ€™t sleep much as I had to keep readjusting Avery and my urge to pee was increasing by the minute. Finally, after about an hour and a half, I really had to pee and didnâ€™t see Avery lasting much longer on my chest anyway. Using my [Turkish Get-up](#) skills, I stood up with Avery still asleep and laid her in her crib. She hardly budged, poor girl was worn out!

Our bed welcomed Kelley and me as we transferred from the floor, but as uncomfortable as it was, I will always look back on that night and smile. We rarely get to hold Avery to our chest when sleeping like we did almost daily as a newborn, so this rare occasion was a treat. And to think, I didnâ€™t even want my wife going in there in the first place! Thank you, Kelley, for not listening to me! ðŸ™,

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Do you have any *sweet* memorable moments during a stressful time?

Sweetness aside, how long did teething last for your baby?

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