

I Rocked My First Easter at Nana and Papa's

Description

We're traveling back in time to Easter 2 years ago. Our daughter was 5 months old, but apparently quite fluent in speaking/writing. I enjoy looking back at our little chubby-cheeked sweetheart, so I thought I'd share her story of rocking her first Easter.

Today's she's rocking her third Easter and hopefully finding all of the eggs hidden in our backyard. Guess we'll know if she missed one if our dog has worse than usual gas. Whomp-whomp.

Happy Easter!

Hey there all you bunny-loving babies! Did you just get through your first Easter like I did; crazy, huh? Bunnies, colored eggs, stuff called candy, a basket, and a search to put the colored eggs in a basket.

I wasn't sure what to make of the whole occasion, but I owned the day like a baby boss and made sure I had everyone's full attention! Here's how I owned the day and plan on doing the same for the next time I am put in a crazy situation!

First things first, right when we arrived at Nana and Papa's, several giant babies called my family immediately flocked to me. You might deal with the same thing if you are the only baby around; learn to embrace this and take advantage.



Don't act very enthused at first, that's too easy, just kind of stare and look droopy. No hard feelings, Papa, just making sure you know who's in control here.



And Aunt Stef, I know you were excited to see me, but I was more interested in watching those little hairy things scurry around and bark.



After a lot of banter over how much I’ve grown and blah blah, things were quiet for a while. Aunt Stef held me and I could see the other giant family babies with plates of food. I didn’t like the quiet, so I made my loud chicken sounds and screeches which made everyone acknowledge my presence again.

With eating out of the way, I was told it was time to hunt for Easter eggs. I found out, this is similar to when Daddy and I went on a scavenger hunt for Mommy’s breast pads, only it’s outside. Oh, and instead of a laundry basket, you put eggs in an Easter basket. My basket was the head of a rabbit with my name on it. It seems pretty cruel to make a basket out of bunny’s head, but he looked happy.



There was no way I was going to just go hunt the eggs, so I demanded Mommy to carry me to my plastic prey.



My first quarry; a shiny golden egg! I was pretty excited about reaching out and getting this one.



But then I noticed the floppy ear on my bunny head basket and became distracted. What egg?



So take note, there will be distractions, but donâ€™t lose sight of the ultimate goal; get the eggs! I let my defenses down there, but luckily Daddy but it in that poor bunnyâ€™s head. I directed Mommy to my next destination where I was faced with two eggs! Ahhh, choices!!



But I maintained my composure and made the obvious choice; the shiny blue egg!



One of those barking things (my family calls them dogs) looked like a threat, so I snatch the egg and held tight!



Once the barking threat was gone, I safely placed my glistening trophy in the bunny basket.



Moving on, I directed Mommy to another popular egg hang out where I was once again faced with two non-shiny options. They were dull and I was not egg-cited about either one. Ha ha, get it? No? Was it a bad yolk?



Mommy tried to pick one for me, but I just laughed at her simple mindedness.



But Nana's plants were intriguing!



It was an arduous egg hunt, I even lost a shoe, but I let Mommy hold me a little longer and even smiled for pictures. Another note, everyone wants to take pictures of everything you do; just use it to your advantage and watch as they make ridiculous sounds and faces.



I told Mommy to let Daddy hold me for a while since she did a good job, but something didn't seem right when he had me.



Oh yeah, I wanted to be higher! I promptly demanded Daddy to hold me higher so I could see everything and have the giant babies look up to me just as they should! This made me happy.



Daddy didn't hold me higher for very long until he brought me down again. I did not like being lower and let everyone know with my "not cool" face.



But this didn't bode too well for me; I just started to get passed around. First it was my great grandma, Papa's mom.



Sweet lady, but I was still bored, or maybe it was that hata€hmmmm. Then my cousin, Garrett, took over. I didnâ€™t even know what to do with this, so I tried to make it an awkward situation with my wide-eyed poker face.



It worked and I finally got to do something fun; play with aunt Stef and my cousin Taylor!



Playtime was tiring and I was demanding we leave soon, but first I wanted a picture with â€œthe girls.â€•



Back home, all of the activities from the day caught up to me and I became very tired. I let Mommy and Daddy know just how tired I was by using my vocals until they put me to bed. It worked. My Mommy rocked me to sleep and I slept well!

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