

Weekend at G-Ma's Part 2: The Best Cat Toy for Dogs and Babies

Description

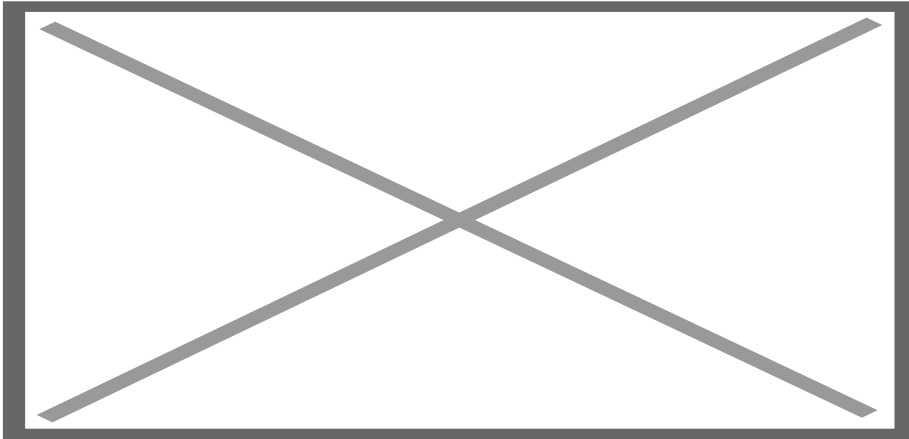
If you don't remember or never read [Weekend at G-Ma's Part 1](#), we started our second day at G-Ma's with this!



Sharing a room with your baby is rarely, if ever, an enjoyable experience, and Avery made sure to keep reminding us. We try to let her cry at night if we know her needs are met and it doesn't go on for over 20 minutes, but things sure are different when you're right there with the cries!

Avery slept surprisingly well through the booming fireworks, but still woke up for a feeding around 4 in the morning. Thankfully, Going Mom was there to save the day as usual. I have a feeling those boobs can be thought of as a blessing and a curse.

Once we were up, my mom/G-Ma made all of us coffee. Even though she has a Keurig brewer, Kelley and I have been working on reducing our use of plastics ([k-cups can be hazardous to our health](#)) so she ground coffee beans to make French Press for us. She also has one of those stainless steel reusable coffee pods and used that as well. Phew, I'm a coffee lover, but don't want to contribute to growing waste from all of those pods!



As we enjoyed our coffee, we sat in the game room to let Avery play while we watched old home videos of me as a baby. My mom had her VHS cassettes transferred to DVD, and she had been waiting to watch them with us. Meanwhile, Avery must of had a rough night because she went for a little foam rolling session.



G-Ma made sure to get a lot of playtime in with Avery now that she moves more, and I think Avery enjoyed having all of the attention. What do you think?



With the home videos still playing, thatâ€™s actually all we watched all day, Avery tried to make a move for the open cabinets. Sheâ€™s a quick and sneaky baby!



But, G-Ma to the rescue! She found Uncle Prestonâ€™s recorder from elementary school and attempted to entertain Avery with her beautiful tunes. By beautiful tunes, I mean random noise, but Avery didnâ€™t mind.



Then it was Averyâ€™s turn to make some noise.



But she decided to just eat it insteadâ€¦!



Once the recorder became a bore (see what I did there?), it was story time with G-Ma. The chose book was an old Barney and Friends book from Uncle Preston™s childhood.



One minute later, and I think Avery was happy to be done with it. Phew, I don™t want to get stuck watching that show over and over again. Is it even on anymore?



Our day mostly comprised home videos and G-Ma playing with Avery. I went for a run on Renfro Street, (literally) my old stomping ground, with nothing but coffee as fuel. After the run, I completed 31 burpees, push-ups, and squats like I™ve been doing every day since turning 30 and then ran to jump in [Tim and Melissa™s](#) pool. Ahhhh, refreshing!

When we all needed a break from baby, we found a battery operated cat toy to be the perfect solution. Turns out, this toy with a "mouse tail" that randomly revolved around was great entertainment for Avery and Abby as well as us watching.

Luckily, we capture it on video. Here's my shortened version with the best parts that I uploaded on YouTube.

[youtube <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jRcdkowW2N8&w=560&h=315>]

Avery actually had a nap late in the day, and she fell asleep with Going Mom rather quickly at night. But, once again, she woke up several times crying. Kelley tried forever to console her with the boob, but even that didn't work.

I fed her the one tiny bottle we brought along and that helped. I think she was finally exhausted enough to give in and sleep. But she still let out her random cries throughout the night. Ahhh, this two night stay has been exhausting for all of us!

We're convinced it might have something to do with the fact that we weren't feeding her solids while at G-Ma's. At home, we've been sitting down and feeding her broccoli, carrots, squash, etc. right before bed, and those must work to keep her satisfied over night.

Shame on us, I think we'll be more consistent with that now! The next day we enjoyed more coffee together and gathered our things to head home.

Ughhh, unpacking is definitely no fun, and we were at it non-stop most of the day upon returning. Such is the life as parents, huh?

Do you have a pet toy meant for a certain animal but another animal (or human) plays with it?

What's worse, packing or unpacking? Please share!

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