What Happened to Nap Time?!

Description

Are you someone who counts on having things planned at least for the day ahead? With food, I drive my wife crazy by constantly trying to plan ahead, and this goes for most other areas in a day. As a stay-at-home dad, for instance, I think and strategize my day according to Averyâ€™s nap time.

Since Iâ€™ve transitioned from the office to a stay-at-home dad, I have learned to count on her long morning naps to get most of the things I can complete. Working out, cooking for myself and Kelley, cleaning myself (most days), and internet time if I can.

Lately, Avery stays up longer before her morning nap, so now I bring her with me to work out and maybe get some food prep out of the way if she allows. Well, today, after working out and taking cues from her rubbing her face with heavy eyes, I figured nap time was imminent.

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Bottle in hand, lights off in the nursery, and white noise on, I proceeded to help Avery fall asleep. She wasnâ€™t having the bottle, so I gave up and tried singing (keyword: tried) to soothe her, but she just started smiling. Crap, what happened to that sleep, face rubbing girl five minutes ago?

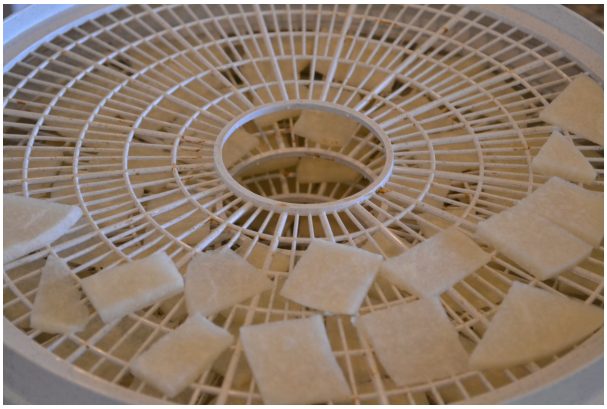
Eventually, she dozed and I laid her in the crib. But, instead of three hours later, it was twenty freakinâ€™ minutes later and she was already screaming! Sheâ€™s done this before, and on most days, she gets herself back to sleep. Not today! Nope, she started kicking the side rails of the crib with the vigor of a UFC fighter!

I watched the monitor in hopes of things calming down, but eventually had to go in and try to console her. Still, she just cried louder when I offered the bottle, and even louder if I set her down. I felt the top of her head for tiny horns because I was convinced she was replaced by a demon child. No horns were found; phew!

Over the span of two hours of trying to get her to sleep, I just brought to the kitchen with me while I finished my daily food tasks. Avery seemed content in her jumper for a while, and even flashed me smiles when Iâ€™d look over at her. For the most part, she was keeping busy.

I kept trying to offer the bottle to her, but I think this look says it allâ€¦.

So I carried on slicing a jicama to put in the dehydrator to make chips.



I was concentrating pretty hard on making sure the slices were thin enough, when I noticed it seemed quietâ€¦â€¦a little *too* quiet. I looked up at Avery in her jumper and, wellâ€¦â€¦

Oh sure! She wonâ€™t sleep in a perfectly nice crib, but being suspended in a jumper is no problem! I went over to see how out she really was, and Iâ€™d say like a college freshman on rush week!

My hear sunk when I saw this, and I picked her up in hopes of laying her down somewhere better. Wrong move. She never went back to sleep, just cried instead. We fought with the bottle a while, and then it was time for a walk. When all else fails, I can count on our trusty Onya Baby Outback to help Avery take a nap.

Like a charm.

Ten minutes into the walk and she was out. The weather was cool and comfortable, but I covered her with the integrated hood just to keep the sun off her head. Plus, itâ€™s becoming a universal sign that Iâ€™m walking with a sleeping baby and most of my neighbors know just wave; no talking! Thank you, neighbors!!

An hour later and Avery started squirming from under the hood so I took it off to say hi.

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We were in a new phase of the neighborhood where a lot of construction is going on and Iâ€™m sure the noise woke her. The previous night, we had very high winds with rain and hail, and the port-a-potties around the sites had blown over. Being one who likes to turn random things into fun, educational games, I decided weâ€™d count the port-a-potties that were tipped.

Hmm, seemed like more than that. Oh well, counting is counting, and who doesnâ€™t love turned over port-a-potties? Oh, that many, huh?

Avery continued to be stubborn on taking the bottle back home, and finally Going Mom came home from work. Yay, another non-demon to join forces! Kelley happily held her dear ~~demon~~ daughter for a while and then fit in a work out for the day.

All in all, Averyâ€™s longest nap was in the Onya (I seriously love and depend on this thing!) for around 45 minutes. Itâ€™s nighttime as Iâ€™m writing this and Avery finally conked right out after her bath. Fingers crossed for a good night!

I figure itâ€™s the first signs of teething and feel like weâ€™re in for a long, painful, and sleepless ride. Oh wait, thatâ€™s parenting in general, huh?

Have you ever had a really â€œoffâ€• day with your baby?

Whatâ€™s the longest your child has gone without sleep?

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