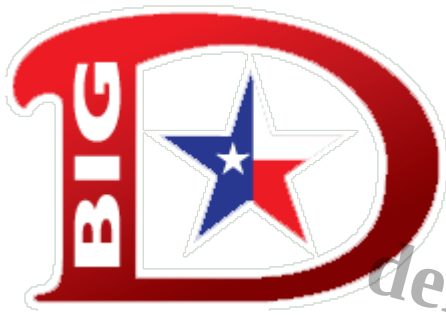


Moving On From The Big D

Description

I think it's safe to say we have moved on from the big "D", and no, I don't mean Dallas. Any [Mark Chestnutt](#) fans? I'm not talking about the [Big D Texas Marathon](#) either.



Despite the fact that I live in the suburbs of Dallas and have run many marathons in the past, I despise going into the city mainly because of the constant construction and traffic so it's just not appealing to me. That, and my long distance running days are *long gone*, by choice.

Oh yeah, I'm most certainly not talking about the other Big D know as Divorce. Although I know a [great guy](#) who moved right past his Big D and is now happier than ever, I'm perfectly happy as is. Thanks to [Going Mom](#) for being such an amazing wife and mother! Anyway, the Big D I'm referring to would be diapers.

YES!

Okay, technically, No, because we still rely on [Honest Company Training Pants](#) overnight and sometimes when running errands, but we have definitely moved on from cloth diapers. I shared about our [cloth diaper collection/routine on this post](#), and while I highly recommend that route over disposables, it's still a lot of work.

Avery and I have [many](#) memories of putting diapers together. She would sit in her [Mamas & Papas Baby Snug](#) or on the bed in our guest room as I put the inserts into each diaper and I called out each color to her blank baby stare.



Helping daddy put together cloth diapers

It seemed like it wasn't getting through at the time, but now she's a color-naming and counting whiz! Remember, parents, always talk to your babies! Their entire [growth and development depends](#) on hearing you talk to them.

She's far from perfectly potty trained (I think I could even use some help sometimes), but it's mainly undies from here on out. We have seen some impressive [â€œsnakesâ€](#) followed by her announcing the movement simply by saying â€œHissssssss!â€ and I *insert Chandler's from Friends way of speaking* couldn't be more proud of our daughter. As for her, I think she's slightly annoyed with me!



Guess I can't blame her. Sorry, Avery!

While we're on the topic of potty talk, our 2.5 year old is already learning anatomy. She's been aware that her and mommy have vaginas for a while now, but when she tried to say the same about daddy, I had to quickly let her know otherwise. For reference, here's a recent conversation we had.

Me: Okay, Avery, we need to wash your hands before lunch.

Avery: Mommy and Avery have vagina, daddy has peanut.

Me: " " " " " "

Avery: Penis

Me: So we scrub our hands with soap for 20 seconds!..

And now we hear this several times a day. At least she no longer says peanut. Is that a good thing?

Meh, whatever the case, it's bittersweet moving on from the diaper part of parenting. It's awesome because, *diapers*, but sad because that means growing up. As always, it's too fast. That's one cliché that will stand the test of time as truth.

But we have plenty of fun ahead and she constantly reminds us how we will always be new parents each and every day as she continues to drop new bombs on us. Unfortunately, that's a literal statement at times.

Do you remember the day you realized diapers were done?

If you still use them, are you impatiently anticipating *the day*?

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