

Baby Sitting

It is times like these when I could use four hands. This is what I thought one Wednesday morning while I was changing baby Aubrey's diaper. Aubrey was my cousin's six-month-old daughter, and this was my first babysitting job. As soon as Aubrey's mother left the house, there was that familiar odor that signaled the need for a diaper change, and there I was with only two hands, trying to juggle baby wipes, a messy diaper, a clean diaper, baby lotion, and last, but certainly not least, *baby*. I finally got the dirty diaper off and put it next to little Aubrey. Little did I think, while trying to keep her still and focusing on putting a new diaper on that she would see the dirty diaper and, of course, reach to play with it. Finally, when the great mission was accomplished, I put baby Aubrey down for a nap.

Babies wake up hungry, and as soon as little Aubrey woke up, I prepared her bottle while holding her in my left arm. The moment she set her eyes on her bottle she got very impatient and started to cry. I was trying to prepare her bottle as fast as I could with only one hand while the other hand held her. Her cry got louder and louder until it turned into a screeching wail. To comfort a baby, one has to remain calm and collected, but this is hard to do while the baby is crying, the baby formula is spilling all over the kitchen counter, and the phone is ringing. Who could be calling at such a time as this? Don't they know that I'm busy? Of course, they don't. I better answer the phone, I thought; it could be my mom or my dad. With wailing baby in my arms and formula everywhere, I rushed to the phone. It was not my mom or dad. It was a salesperson. I then returned to the urgent mission of feeding the baby. I quickly popped the bottle in the microwave, and when it was last heated, gave it to Aubrey.

This situation with Aubrey was not at all what I had expected. I guess it's what all mothers think when they have their first baby: "It's not all what I had expected"— the dirty diapers, the feeding, the sleepless nights, the crying, the worry, the sickness, and the doctor's visits. But somehow, most mothers do not stop at the first.

I held the bottle in place for Aubrey to drink. The bottle then slipped out of my hand and on to the floor. It was that moment when Aubrey leaned down towards the floor where it was and

said in that cute way that only babies can, “Uh-oh!” I started to laugh and repeated what she had said: “Uh-oh!” I picked up the bottle and started feeding her again and got a smile from a happy baby. When I saw that smile, I thought “Babysitting is really not that bad.”