

# Oh Baby!

## Sugar and Spice and Everything *Twice*

*Little girls. Ahhh...so cute, so cuddly. And yes, so nice! So what's the "Twice" reference all about? As many of you know, this Pub Page has been my cathartic outlet for "keeping things real" – letting others know that they're not alone. I take this page very seriously and try to differentiate workout myth and physiological fact in what has been known as my Jami-hearted, spirited way. I'm a realist in my old age, and I'm not perfect. I don't think I'd want to be; although, at times, it would come in handy!*

Lately, it seems like I have to do *Twice* as many sit ups. I have to try *Twice* as hard not to slip into slumber at 7:30 p.m. And, I have to think *Twice* before acting on impulse- like taking a quick trip to Marshall's or grabbing some cosmos with gal pals. There's another life completely dependent on me (again), and this time yes, it's taking *Twice* my energy. Having a baby later in life (am forty-one now) is *Twice* as mind-blowing simply because there are more reference points behind me and more of life's experiences from which to learn. It's *Twice* as lovely because I'm not as nervous as a first-time, or second-time mom, which frees up my brain to notice how beautiful her hiccups are. I know, I'm also *Twice* as nutty.

Savannah Love is here. With her month early arrival came some wisdom. Somewhere between the epidural and the arrival I realized again that **my life really isn't about "me," and never will be. Rather it is about what kind of "me" can I be...for others.** What kind of example can I set? What kinds of parenting skills can I perfect? What kind of mom am I today, and what will I be fifteen years from today when Savannah starts dating? Boy, those kick-boxing classes will come in handy if those curious teenage boys try anything funky with my daughter! Oh wait, SHE will likely be taking those kick-ass classes with me, who the heck am I kidding? She'll be kicking their annoying butts herself if I have anything to do with it!

There's a saying that I heard once. I loved it so much that I wrote it down on a scrap of paper with some lipstick that was hanging out in my purse:

**"I'll take care of me for you, if you'll take care of you for me."**

I think this idea is so simplistic, yet so vitally important. It's like an unspoken, unwritten beautiful pledge or personal commitment. Lloyd (the hubby) takes good care of himself for me and reciprocally, I take good care of myself for him. This way, we can focus on our kids and not having to "take care" of each other – at least at this stage of our lives. Capisce?

Just when I am about to lose it (juggling *Twice* too many bouncy balls now at once), I think about how lucky I am to even have the

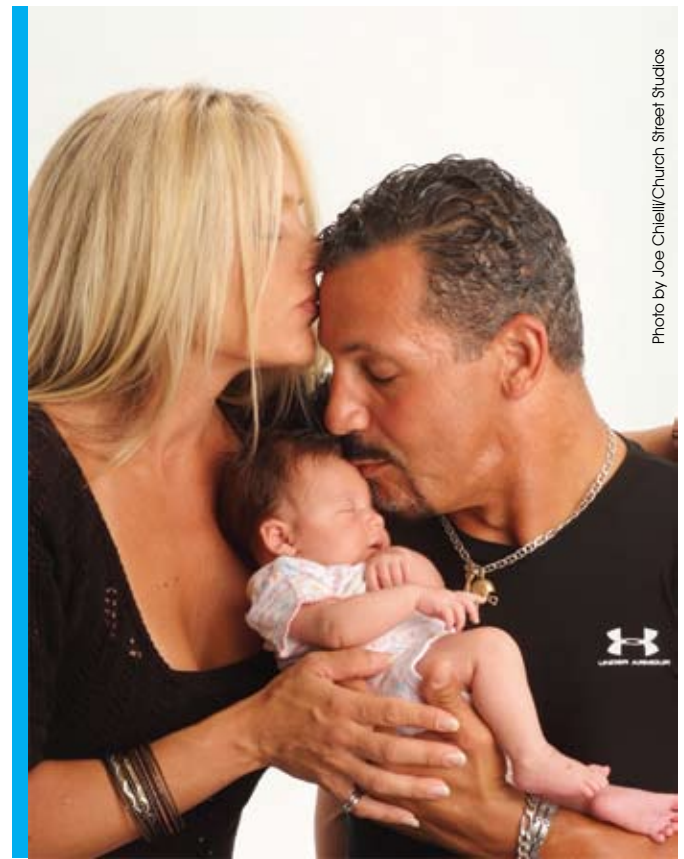


Photo by Joe Chieff/Church Street Studios

Jami, Lloyd and Savannah (four weeks old)

balls to have so many obligations, commitments and responsibilities to even cause me to whine in the first place. There are so many people suffering from sheer boredom at my age, so "starting over" with another baby actually seemed right for me. It's not right for everyone, this much I know. I can't stand being bored or complacent for more than thirty seconds – even my blood is Type A-positive. Well, actually, it's O, but I swear there is some A in there somewhere!

This time around, I will need to work *Twice* as hard to regain my pre-pregnancy figure. Exercise and more exercise is my game plan. Don't get me wrong, I now have an even greater appreciation for the female human body and its elasticity, adaptive nature and amazing way of becoming not only a body, but a manufacturing plant for another human. Incredible. Still, it's not looking so incredible as I type. Lately, I feel like a fraud, a sham – I mean I'm the publisher of PhillyFIT and I can hardly get my butt of the couch. (Please don't tell anyone!) OK, that's an exaggeration, I would never be "on the couch," but I do day dream about it once in a while.

And another thing...**my doctor tells me that I have to wait *Twice* as long as I'd like before I can start to, well...you know...enjoy Lloyd again, which only makes me want to do it *Twice* as much.** (Cripe, now I know how my teenager feels when I harp on him about sex!) I may have lost my mind, but I have not lost my drive. I know that I sound ludicrously irreverent here, but I make no apologies. Ladies, if you're lying next to a hunka hunka burnin' love each night, you know what I mean! (Yes, I know, this is the same libido that got me into this state to begin with!) There are good reasons for the doctor's recommendation not to

have intercourse immediately following delivery, whether you've had a vaginal birth or a c-section. The uterus and cervix undergo significant changes (well, trauma in my case, tore an ab along the way from my abs "being too tight") during the process of delivering a baby and they need time to heal. Usually it's suggested that mummies and daddies wait about 4-6 weeks. My honest thoughts on this much-debated subject? When the pressures of daily life feel insurmountable and "me" time is seemingly nonexistent, there's simply nothing a little "nookie" can't cure. I know the medical community will be all over me for this one, but the stress bone is connected to the G-Spot...that's for sure. OKAY Dr. Fitzgerald, I promise I am behaving myself for just a few more weeks, until I am "safe" from post-prego dilemmas I could cause. I can't help but wonder what Lloyd might think of my post-prego-body anymore (which he loved thank goodness), nor my pre-prego PhillyFIT body.

I am not quite sure "what" kind of body I call this right now, and for the first time, the weight isn't exactly falling off easily. It's been five weeks and I have eight more pounds to go to reach fighting weight again. This is where removing the bulbs from all the lamps in the boudoir comes in handy. In all seriousness, I am damn frustrated. Yes, really #\*\$\$%\* pee-od! **I am putting a 911 alert out on my belly.**

Ok, I am blowing this a bit out of proportion. I am pleased to be almost back in my jeans, but, now that I know my baby is healthy and perfect, the vanity kicks in a little and I want my old body back, and now!

After her birth I craved margaritas and Bon-Bons, except for when I was craving chicken cheese steaks and heaping plates of nachos. Obviously, I didn't indulge during my pregnancy, as I was desperately trying to keep JamiFIT and remain healthy for Savannah. Why couldn't I just reward myself? I put another human being on the planet for cryin' out loud! I needed no pats on the back (more like Pat's in South Philly). **I knew that eating my way to short-lived contentment wasn't going to solve my whywontthebabyweightcomeoff issue.** Truth be told, the last few pesky pounds are putting up a good fight! It was way easier with my first two kids. Here's a news-flash: I'm like all other women. I'm not invincible, I'm not made of steel and yes there are times when all I want to do is be alone in a dark place with a very large order of cheese fries (another secret).

I am trying to channel my inner domestic goddess as of late. I sometimes ask myself, "What would Martha do?" Coincidentally, it seems like Savannah's burpy and poopy times come right around the time when Ms. Stewart is reaching out to me on T.V. - reminding me of an interesting home-style trick I thought I already knew. I am now realizing that time management is everything. So I am planning on becoming a planner-type.

**Plan A:**

- Prepare dinner in the crock pot the night before.
- Wake up a little early and walk to Dunkin Donuts to get coffee,

(NOT drive).

• Take a noontime nap (no, I didn't say sneak in a "nooner"!). After a nap, I'll be all fresh and perky at 5:00 pm, when all my boys head on home...sounds great, right?

Ha! Now it's time for the "Plan A reality check". Turns out, I'm too freakin' tired from the 11:00 a.m., 2:00 a.m. and 4:00 a.m. feedings. I didn't get dinner in the pot. I woke up too late to walk for coffee, and NAP? Who am I kidding? The phones never stop, the sun is shining outside, and I can't sleep. RATS, plan A failed!

**I've defaulted to Plans B, C, and even D, E and F!** It doesn't really matter though because in the end, none of them really work. There is "no plan," as life is pretty much on *her* schedule right now. So the real plan is to wing it. Hey, wasn't I the one who professed that I was queen of the winging it game a few Pub Pages ago? Man, I totally incriminated myself on that one!

Darion, (my infamous nine year-old) picks up Savannah when he wakes up, when he gets home from school, and has found he must have his "fix" before he goes to bed. He calls her "My Savannies!" (Cute, huh?) Derek, (my now infamous nineteen-year-old after last issue's Pub Page he authored), gets in around 2:00 a.m., (being a busy teen) and he too, picks her up out of her crib, cuddles, gets his "fix", then puts her back down before he goes to bed. Oh, and he calls her "Nanners." Lloyd (who calls her Nannah) simply can't get enough of her, if he could sit home and be a househubby, he would. Just to sit and hold her all day would suit him just fine!

And me? Well, I call her "my Nannah Pie", we've been busy girls. I've already taken her to two photo shoots downtown, we filmed a commercial for a state representative holding a health fair, did an hour live radio show, and yes, she spoke her first grunts on the air. She lies across my lap, as I multitask the PhillyFIT kingdom the way I always have had to. Ok, so my little sweetie has been working since she was five days old! What did you expect from me? I can't change THAT much just because I am post-preggers. I made a vow to continue to be me -- the forty-something that I have grown to enjoy. Rather than succumbing to a life of rocking chairs and chips, I've decided to hit the high (fitness) road and get active right away, continuing on my path to high metabolism land and moving a hundred miles per hour. The difference though, I've added a 6 lb 5 oz bundle-of-beyond joy to my briefcase. My smile is TWICE as big these days when I walk into a business meeting. And no, it's not because I am anticipating a big sale to a potential advertiser. It's because of the beauty in "her and me", our journey through my crazy days together. **For some reason, they don't seem quite so crazy anymore. They seem strangely perfect. Like, she was meant to be here with me all along.**

Geez, if I can only get her to type...



Laura Moss, Lisa Erb and Sue Heller  
Doylestown Hospitals' dynamic maternity nursing staff, who shared the special moment of Savannah's delivery. On top of their superior professional skills, has anyone commended them on their FABULOUS sense of fashion lately?