



## DALAWA NA!

by Maria Santayana

**W**ow! So much has happened this year, it's hard to know where to begin. Samantha has grown so fast and we've been catapulted with her into the infamous "terrible twos." Really, I don't think it's been so hard on her. Anton and I are finding it hard to keep up, though. One of her biggest milestones this year has been learning to talk -- incessantly. She started out having lengthy conversations with us or her dolls which seemed to consist almost solely of senseless prattle but, at the same time, made perfect sense to her. As the months went by she learned to speak more clearly and now is telling stories, singing songs--ok, sometimes it's one line from a song sung over and over again (as Mama Bibot found out on her birthday)--and keeping everyone entertained with all the new words she's learn-



Samantha

ing. We've quickly learned NOT to say anything we don't want to hear her parrot later on, probably at some awkward moment when we're having guests for dinner. It's such a pleasure to hear her chatting away happily though and all those times we've had to stop what we were doing, turn the TV up or off altogether are quickly forgotten when she comes up, sits on my knee, and says "I love you, Mommy," or "Yummy! Delicious!"

while eating dinner, after I've had a particularly long and tiring day. The second and biggest milestone this year has been the arrival of Jose Enrique Miguel Santayana. Okay, that was long --and you haven't even heard his whole name, hahaha! We call him Baby Ricky. Ricky was born on October 6th, 2001 at 3:27am. Why do babies always seem to be born early in the morning? If not at the crack of dawn, it seems most women end up going into full labor in the middle of the night. My midwife and I are still trying to figure that one out. My theory is that it's for the sheer pleasure of waking up a bleary-eyed husband with "Honey, we need to go NOW!" or "Honey, my water's broken," and watching them leap out of bed like a hornet stung them. Back to Ricky. Ricky weighed in at 3580 gm and measured 51 cm in length. He's a beautiful little boy with a perfect little oval



Jose Enrique Miguel (Ricky).

head, big eyes, nice ears and a lovely disposition. At three and a half weeks old he's already 4 kg and has grown 3 cm. For a newborn he's very alert and loves looking around at everything and everyone. I think the person for whom Ricky's arrival has changed things the most is Samantha. Anton still goes to work and I still stay home and care for the kids but little Sam's world has changed drastically. She first saw Ricky the day he was born. During the visit she was very excited and climbed up on the hospital bed with me to get a better look at her new sibling. Her first comment was, "Oh, yucky face!" At first I thought, oh, no, it's starting, but then realized that she was referring to the colostrum all over his face (he'd just been fed) and not the classic newborn look. The first sign of sibling rivalry showed up during that first visit. I started to nurse Ricky and Sam immediately burst into tears saying, "No, no, no." When asked why she was saying no, she just kept crying and said, "I don't know . . . no, no, no." Poor girl! This lasted for a few days and for the first two weeks she was quite moody. It just dawned on me this morning though that for the past week she's basically been her old self again; she's been much happier and seems to be enjoying her cute little baby brother much more. The other night I let her hold Ricky for a moment while sitting down and he immediately started pooping into his nappy. Sam looked extremely worried and held her leg out saying, "Oh, oh, oh." I took him off her knee and tried to assure her that he had a nappy on, but she was sure he'd done a poopy on her pants and insisted I

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