



Written by

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I hate renting a house. I hate the move-in and move-out inspections, and how the rental company tries in every way possible to suck money from you. We are amazing renters; seriously, I have OCD about a clean house. I miss OUR house in Florida. I miss knowing that I can paint anywhere I want, hang a picture without thinking about how to repair the nail hole later, etc. But, this is the nature of the beast right now. Until this economy turns around and John's company can keep us in one location, we are renters. UGH.

As you can tell, I'm in the process of moving us out of one house and into another. There are a million things on my check list to accomplish, but not even 24 hours left to finish them. I am heading to Savannah tomorrow to sign the lease, pick up the key, do the move-in inspection, have the water turned over to our name, and unload one car full of "stuff." "Why are you doing all of this?" You ask. "Aren't you just about 25 weeks pregnant?" Well yes I am. Thank YOU for remembering. Too bad my husband thinks I'm Superwoman! I did volunteer to make this trip, but it will not be fun. I'm leaving Scarlett with a friend tomorrow morning, dropping John and the rental truck agency to pick up the moving truck, and then heading on the road. While I'm in Savannah, John will be here in Charleston moving the house into the moving truck. We hired day laborers to do the heavy lifting. I'm hoping that it will be completely done by the time I'm home to pick up Scarlett. We'll be sleeping on air mattresses tomorrow night and then attempting the official move Saturday. My mom is flying in tomorrow night to help. She'll drive my car with Scarlett, I'll drive John's truck, and he'll drive the moving truck. I'm just ready to be DONE. I do have this fear that not everything will fit and we will be leaving stuff behind or doing more than one trip. The truck is 24 ft, but we have 3 bedrooms, an office, living room, dining room full of furniture and boxes – oh and 2 kayaks, a grill, a picnic table, 3 bikes, enough toys to support an entire school, etc. Where will it all fit? I'm glad that I won't be here for the loading of

the moving truck.

At least everything on my end is pretty much done, except the final cleaning. I started in the kitchen yesterday, and after 3.5 hours of scrubbing cabinets, appliances, baseboards, I wanted to cry. An almost 25 week's pregnant woman should NOT be cleaning like that!!! But it has to be done. We can't afford for someone else to do it. Today's mission: the bathrooms, windows, and walls. After the truck is loaded tomorrow, we'll scrub the floors, vacuum upstairs, and do the baseboards throughout the rest of the house. Oh and clean out the food from the fridge. Is that do-able? I have no idea at this point...I just am ready to be out of here!

I am excited and looking forward to next Monday. I get to meet the home birthing midwife!! She's our only real choice, so I'm hoping we love her! John will be at work and my mom will still be in town, so I'm not sure if I'll have her come or stay at the house with Scarlett. I just want to have some kind of connection with this midwife. I have to trust her to catch my baby and believe in her in a crisis situation (not that anything would happen, but being prepared is key). On that note, why do so many people turn their noses up at home births? Is it the unknown that scares them? Who wouldn't want to be in their most comfortable location to have their baby, as long as everything is safe, why not? A midwife has everything needed in an emergency, and God forbid a c-section is needed; the hospital is under 15 minutes away. It takes longer than that to book and prep an operating room if you were already at the hospital. As long as all emergencies are covered, I don't understand why people think I'm nuts.

On the Baby Front:

This kid is MOVING...I mean constantly. I still say it's a boy, but who knows. We have no boy name and cannot agree on anything long enough to even start a list of boy names. "Baby No Name" may enter the world come August if it is a boy. Oh well, we'll find something.

I have my glucose test at my next appointment. I don't do the normal drink and such. We do a specific breakfast and then have the finger pricked to read glucose level. I can't complain; I'm forced to eat a breakfast of pancakes, eggs, toast, milk, orange juice, etc. Not too shabby! I will not get on the scale until appointment day. Last time I did (10 days ago) my jaw almost hit the floor! I quickly packed that bad boy into a box and said "SEE YA." I'm not worried about weight gain and have not gained THAT much. But, I still don't like to see a big jump in numbers! Lol – something about being a girl, my brain just doesn't like the scale. I'm all belly, again just like with Scarlett, but this time I'm carrying REALLY low, not high like a beach ball.

I've stalled on the house cleaning long enough. I must clean those windows while Scarlett is napping; although, the couch and my book are tempting me. Hmmmmm...What to do, what to do?

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