



Written by

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If life is a juggling act, we keep being thrown balls to toss into the mix! We are now in battle with the owner of this house for reimbursement of the water and A/C issues. He is refusing to pay them! I am floored. We are so great to the renters in our house back in Florida; you would think that karma would be good to us, but apparently not so much. UGH. So while trying to deal with that, John is starting the construction of his new project this week. He loves what he does, but during the first 6 weeks or so of a new project, we see him as often as a solar eclipse. Of course the timing just happens to fall right when baby is due! Life is literally crazy at this moment.

We would like to just get out of this house, buy a house here in Savannah, and sell our house in Florida. That's a lot to think about while 38 weeks pregnant! I'm ready to throw my hands in the air and just let the balls drop where ever they are meant to drop. However, that is not my personality – I'm normally a great juggler. But I'm over it now. This is absurd.

Okay, I'm done with that rant and vent. On to good thoughts and happy news! I saw the chiropractor today and am hoping that he can help with the ligament pains I've been having. And, I'm hoping that he can get baby in the BEST position possible for this birth. I cannot believe that it can happen at any moment. My local midwife will be back from England Tuesday and my mom arrives Thursday. As long as baby waits until then, I'm a happy camper! Until then, I am not doing anything to "help" this baby come early. Sex is a rare occurrence, as it can help bring on labor. Don't get me wrong, it's still happening, just not as often as normal – but

I'm human and I like it, so I can't abstain totally J. No Evening Primrose Oil yet, no Raspberry Leaf Tea yet either. Next week I'll start all of those things, since they don't cause labor; they just ripen and ready the cervix to do its job.

I was in the shower last night with Scarlett and we were washing hair. I told her, "When [baby](#) comes, you get to help wash

[baby](#)

!" She replied, "No, Daddy." She then signed "bath." I thought she wanted John to be in the shower, but she said, "No. Daddy, baby, bath." She wants John to bathe the new baby. She then said, "Me and mommy bath." So she definitely knows that something is coming, and that was the first glimpse into the jealousy that will be showing its ugly face at any moment!

On a positive Scarlett note: We haven't had an accident in a while! She seems to be potty trained, but I'm sure I just jinxed that! She'll be two on August 12<sup>th</sup>. So I'm pretty proud that we've crossed this milestone before her birthday!