

Isabella's Crib



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Isabella

Born:

Weight:

Length:

Mother:

Father:

Isabella's Family Tree



Hey there everybody, I am Isabella
and I was just born.....there isn't any one in the world
like me. I 'm one of a kind....unique.
I 'm wrapped up in a
warm pink blanket, which I absolutely hate.
Someone plunk this ugly hat on my head, too.



Someone has wrapped me up so tight I can hardly move.
I wonder how long I will be staying here.....
I kinda miss the nice room I was in not too
long ago.
I 'm peeking out with my eyes, which are
blue at the moment, but Daddy and Mommy
said that might change. They'll just have
to wait and see.....me, too.

Thank goodness they left my hands free.....I am
going to catch one of those digits and stick it
in my mouth.



It's kinda nice and snuggly in my mommy's arms.....
she smells good.

Oh, oh, what is she doing? Mommy, Mommy, don't
do that.....keep me wrapped up.....it's cold out there.

Well, what do you know, I have 10 more
digits on my feet. Hummmm, can I
get those in my mouth? I'll have to work
on that.



Gee, there's just so much to do.....so much to
see.

My daddy's holding me now. He doesn't feel like
mommy but I feel safe.....he feels strong. He's
doing some kind of dance.....maybe the
Tarantella?

Mommy's telling him to be careful.....don't drop
Isabella. Well, I hope not. I am getting
tired now and need some sleep and FOOD
for goodness sakes.

Back into my mommy's arms. AH!

My tummy is full and I close my eyes.
Mommy kissed me on the forehead and told the
nurse to loosen the blanket up a bit so I can kick free
style when I wake up.

I've been kicking and stretching for
months now, all of a sudden they have me tied down
like a little sausage. Gee whiz, I gotta be

!

FREE!



Sweet Dreams

Thank goodness Nurse Ratchet untied me. Whew!
She's busy right now changing that little boy in
the next crib. I hope it's my turn next. He said
his name is Big Guy. I don't know about
that. Maybe Big Stinky would be better. Little
Missy in the other crib is a cutie. She hiccups a lot.
I'll have to learn that trick.

I want to get back to my mommy. "Hey, Nurse
Ratchet, over here." Here she comes with
that pink blanket again. What's up with that?
I'm wide awake now and ready to go. Let's get
moving nursie.

It's hard work getting born. Mommy and Daddy will always remember this day. It's called a "Birthday". Mommy worked hard to get me into this world, but I worked hard, too. Daddy will have to take care of both of us for awhile because we are very tired. We need lots of naps. and rest time.....good food wouldn't be bad either. I hope Daddy can cook.

Mommy's up and dressed.....she looks pretty. Daddy has this big bucket with straps hanging from it.....wonder what that's all about.

Mommy's changing my clothes.....feels comfy, and no pink blanket....whoopee. She told Nurse Ratchet Isabella is going home and we don't need it anymore. I like what I have one..... a bright yellow dress, white booties, a bonnet..... Mommy said she wants everyone to know I am a girl. Well, I know I am.....Mommy and Daddy know I am.....who else has to know?

Now I know what that bucket thing is. Daddy is tying me up in it and carry me to the elevator. Mommy is in a big wagon.....Nurse Ratchet is pushing her along beside us.

Nurse Ratchet is telling my mommy what a good girl I am.....I only cry when I'm hungry, need to be changed and want some action.....

Yea, I'm not going to be laying around too much longer you know.

I've got a lot of things to do.....find my fingers, put them in my mouth, find my toes, put them in my mouth.....lots of other stuff to put in my mouth.

We're outside in the big world. Daddy parked the car by the hospital door so we wouldn't have to wait too long before we go home.

Going Home.....that sounded so nice. I wondered where home was.....how long I'd be staying there.....and what was a Home?

Daddy placed me safely in the back seat of the car. Mommy is sitting up front with Daddy. My mommy is singing "The Wedding Song"she says it's Seals version..... nice voice. Soon I fall asleep.....

We stop.....He helps Mommy out of the car, unloads the stuff from the hospital, than unties me from the bucket puts me in my mommy's arms.....the best place in the world.

Daddy unlocks the door to our house and we enter.

It's very quiet.....I hear a scratching sound and
a new noise I haven't heard before.....

yip, yip, yip, yap, yap, yap,what is that?

Now they are on the couch with Mommy and
me.....they are sniffing my toes, my diaper, too.

OH NO, you don't.....not there. Mommy
and Daddy are laughing. Get these fur balls
away from me.....what are they any way? Do
they live here? " Hey, you guys I'm bigger
than you, I am going to get those ears, pull your
tail and maybe even eat your food. "

Finally Daddy takes them for a walk. Mommy
takes me upstairs and shows me my room.

Gee, it's pretty. My favorite colors. She
takes me to my crib, walks me around it telling me
a story:

Isabella, this is your crib now. It is very, very
old. It first belonged to your great-mema,
than your mema. It was my crib, too, and
Uncle Chris' and Uncle Joey's. Lots
of cousins, great uncles and great aunts
slept in this crib. Now it is
Isabella's Crib. Sweet dreams pretty
little girl.

Mommy took my booties, dress and bonnet off,
covers me with a soft cuddly blanket, (not pink) draws
the blinds and leaves my room.

I look around.....not bad. Love my crib.....love my
room, love those fur balls. Can't wait
to catch them.

OK you guys, you heard Mommy, Isabella has arrived:
this is my crib now,
so move over.

Songs that Isabella likes: On A Mountain Stands A Lady
London Bridge is Falling Down
Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star
Row, Row, Row Your Boat
Old McDonald Had a Farm