

## Isabella's Crib



Written by: Mary Ann Urda

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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