

You Can't Love Your Children Too Much

Sample Chapter: Introduction

When the nurse first let me hold my daughter in the hospital, it was love at first sight: I knew I would do anything to protect her and make sure she knew she was loved. She was my first-born.

First, I started calling her “Precious” – something I still call her today. Then I talked to her and held her really close. And I did all the usual motherly things like feeding her, bathing her, and changing her diapers. And I hugged her and kissed her all the time.

Then they sent me home.

I found out that there are a lot of things to parenting that no one talks about in those baby books. Like, you need to resign yourself to no sleep for the next 18-plus years!

After a day or two of facing that reality first hand, I received a call from a coworker. She was just dying to come see my new baby. I thought to myself Alice is a mom who raised two kids, she'll probably be able to give me some great ideas as to how I could manage my time better and possibly get some sleep. (Sorry Moms and Dads, you won't find the answer to that one in this book - it still eludes me!) If not that, then maybe she could give me tips on how to hold a baby while cooking and cleaning.

Well, what I ended up with was the most valuable lesson I have ever learned for raising children. This is what happened:

At one point during our visit my brand new baby, Jennifer, started crying. So,

- I did the usual checking of her diaper: It's clean!
- Then I tried to feed her: she wasn't hungry!
- And then I tried giving her a pacifier: She still kept crying! ARGH!
- So I finally picked her up, held her close and just started rocking her.

That did the trick, Yay!

I was thrilled to finally be able to relax so that I could enjoy my visit with Alice.



Apparently Alice was not going to have any part of that! Her reaction to my action just amazed me:

"You shouldn't do that Jan! If you pick her up every time she cries, you'll just spoil her!"

What? I thought to myself. You've got to be kidding!

I couldn't believe she said that. I'm not sure which parenting book, friend, or child psychologist she may have gotten that one from, but somehow it didn't ring true with me.

At that point I quietly told her I was tired and wanted to take a nap. Then I politely asked her to excuse me.

This begins my "story" about parenting. Okay, maybe this is just a laundry list of my points of view about parenting. I'd like to think that most of what I have to say is just plain old common sense. But, like all things in life, sometimes life just gets in the way of the most simple of concepts. If you don't remember anything else after reading these pages, try to remember this one simple truth:

You cannot hug or love your children too much!

