I can honestly say that I am ready for our little girl to arrive within the month so that I can have someone on my team at home.

My husband Jason and I are expecting our second child by the end of May, and I am happy to report that it is a girl.

With a three year old son already with us, I am ready for the lace, dolls and tea parties. But I am mostly ready to have someone on my side.

With one man and another in training at our home, it can be pretty confusing for me at times to see how they operate together.

They both do not understand color division in the laundry room. They can, and more importantly seem to want to, leave their beds unmade for the day. Leaving toys and fishing lures all around the house adds to the decor in their mind. Their “projects” often result in bent butter knives. They even returned my pink hammer back in the tool drawer with its head completely bent back to the handle. How do you manage to bend a hammer?

But early Thursday morning was a clear indication that I am outnumbered in my own home and desperately in need of a girl.

I tend to dress James while he is still halfway asleep every morning. With his eyes still shut, I put on his pants, socks and shoes. Then I gradually wake him up to put on his shirt.

It normally goes this way every morning. After dressing him, James walks like a zombie to the bathroom where Jason brushes his teeth, combs his hair and washes his face. (This is the time I try to make those beds I talked about earlier).

But on this particular morning, things took a hair-raising turn. As I got James up to put his shirt on, he had a complete breakdown.

I was so proud of myself. I had an ironed Ralph Lauren polo shirt tucked inside his blue pants, complete with boots.

“I can’t like this shirt,” he said, beginning to cry. “I want Daddy to do it.”

“Daddy is waiting on you in the bathroom,” I explained, still tucking his shirt into his pants. “This shirt is fine. It looks nice on you.”

James then fell to his knees, grabbing at his shirt like it was on fire. With head held back and mouth wide open, he announced his dislike of the shirt.

“What is going on in here,” Jason said.

“He wants you to handle his shirt,” I said, pointing to the half-untucked shirt. “Finish tucking it in for me.”

James continued to protest the shirt. He even placed his hands on Jason’s shoulders as if

begging him to understand.
When we finally got the shirt tucked in, James had enough of it. Ripping his shirt out of his pants and almost over his head, he announced his feelings one last time.
“Daddy, I can’t like this shirt,” he cried.
“You can’t like this shirt,” Jason asked. “Come on. Let’s go get you a T-shirt. I don’t know why Momma put you in a Sunday shirt anyway.”
Sunday shirt? Was he serious? Since when did a button up shirt automatically mean it was a Sunday shirt? And who cares if it is tucked in?
“He’s in the middle of potty training, and he doesn’t need to have a shirt tucked in at school anyway,” Jason said. “He needs to be in a T-shirt.”
And what shirt did those two pick out? A T-shirt with a train on it as well as spaghetti stains.
“It’s got stains on it,” I said. “He looks sloppy. Heaven forbid I try to put something nice on him.”
But my battle was lost. I had been defeated. James proudly strutted through the house with his untucked, spaghetti-stained, T-shirt. He was loving it. There were no more tears. He was at peace while I was in defeat.
“I can’t wait to have a little girl who can help me with these battles,” I thought to myself. “These two are ridiculous.”
As my two men made their way to car, I realized that despite my frustration, they do make a good team.
But as I closed the door, I realized that the beds were left unmade again. I just shook my head and locked the door.
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