Having a baby daughter is quite the learning experience.
When my husband Jason and I discovered we were having a little girl, we were both really excited but very nervous.
“How hard can it be,” I asked. “I used to be a little girl. I’m sure I’ll remember how things go.”
But Jason gave me a concerned look. He was clearly in different territory.
“Yeah, but it’s gonna be different,” he said. “I’m clueless when it comes to little girls.”
But by the time little Elsie came into our worlds, all those concerns went out the window. We had our first baby girl, and she was wonderful.
Our son James was so excited to have a little sibling, he didn’t care what he got.
For the most part, things have went well at the Patterson home. Elsie, who is now six months old, is a very calm and happy baby.
She is nothing like James. I had several mothers around town tell me that there was always one child who was wild and hard to manage but then the other was calm and easy to deal with.
I believe those mothers now because our two children are so different. They are like night and day.
Adapting to a little girl has been fairly easy for Jason and me. But with Elsie smiling more, laughing at random things, crawling around, posing cute...Jason is wrapped.
With the men around town, many told me that when a daughter comes along, Daddy is hooked. They couldn’t be more right. Elsie has Jason wrapped around his finger. I would go so far as to say that she has more pull than I do.
The little princess of the house has been upgraded to the queen.
There have been several times when I have begged Jason to skip a hunting trip during those early morning hours. I had chores to do or errands to run, and I would like him to stay home to help.
I am usually met with “but honey, it’s the rut” or “this is the only time of the year I get to do this” and even “well, it’s just gonna have to wait until I get back.”
But the other morning, before the sun arose, baby Elsie decided she wanted an early morning snack.
Armed with a bottle, Jason figured he would feed her and put her back down in her crib so he could make a mad dash toward his deer stand.
I found it odd that the living room light was still on when I woke up later.

I soon discovered Jason in the recliner with Elsie in his lap.
“Did you go hunting,” I asked, getting a cup of coffee.
“I couldn’t put her down,” he said. “She was just grinning and trying to talk. I decided I would stay home with her this morning.”
I almost spit my coffee out.
What? You skipped hunting? A Patterson man stayed home on a good hunting day?
“You mean to tell me that I beg and beg you to stay home from one hunt, and all Elsie does is grin and it works,” I asked.
When I grin, I’m usually met with a “what do you want” or “what’s that behind your back.”
Yes, baby Elsie is the only female...no, person....in the world who can keep Jason from the woods.
It’s official then. Daddy is wrapped around the pinky of a little girl. I can only imagine what this will progress to as she gets older.
But it reminds me of my own grandfather. He never spanked me. He never even raised his voice at me. He spoiled me with gifts, affection and love. And all it took was a wide-eyed grin from me.
As Jason put Elsie down for her nap that day, I grinned at how something so little could make a man melt.
And then a felt a tug at my robe.
“Momma, can I have some pancakes,” James asked, rubbing his eyes and then grinning.
Grabbing the mixing bowl, I quickly went to work on fixing the batter.
There may be a Daddy’s little girl, but there’s also a Momma’s little man.