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## **COMMENT**

## Welcome to the clan wee Oliver!

By Ted Brown tedbit@hotmail.com

I think my four daughters are natural born 'stress magnets'.

They are all ambitious, well-established professionals, and I'm proud as punch about their career accomplishments.

But when it comes to stress, man, they have a way of finding it in droves.

For example, last year, two of my daughters got married. From the get-go, just having two weddings 14 weeks apart is enough stress, (one in September, the other New Year's Eve), but my eldest daughter and her fiancé found THE perfect house, and bought it— with the closing date two and a half weeks before their wedding!

If that weren't enough, moving day was THE storm of December, making it necessary to tarp every load in my truck and trailer, for the trek from one house to the other.

But I must say, they seem to thrive on it, and they certainly get things accomplished.

My other recently married daughter Maggie, and her husband Jeff, also found THE perfect

I was relieved to learn the closing date was in August— a week ago Monday to be exact. It might be hot, but no snow.

I'd been called into service with the truck and trailer, and picked up a load from the old house, to deliver to the new house after they received the key.

First stress—the key was late.

However, as Jeff has a multitude of six-footplus 'human tow-motors', I knew they wouldn't be long unloading the trucks. Boxes and furniture were piled throughout the house, ready to be unpacked. And Maggie was chief overseer for the project. That was pretty much by necessity, cuz Maggie was pregnant, five weeks off her due date.

Next stressful item— the air conditioner refused to start, and it was nasty hot. With all the stuff unloaded, the gathering of helpers moved to the cooler back yard, to receive their 'pay' for helping with the move— it's a known fact the



## A Ted Bit

appropriate currency to pay movers/friends is pizza and beer, so the group gathered round to

After they all left, The Sidekick and I also prepared to leave.

Maggie was looking mighty tired.

"You okay, Maggie?" I asked.

"I just can't get comfortable," she said.

We both agreed it was probably the heat.

So Maggie and Jeff were left to their new, somewhat warm house, to settle down for their first night.

At 3 a.m., she woke Jeff; she was in labour.

Being five weeks early, they booted it to Milton Hospital, and after an examination, Maggie was transferred to Oakville Trafalgar (OT) by

She got into the OB at OT at 5:45 a.m., and at 6:12 a.m., Jeff got in the door just in time to see their son, wee little Oliver Jeffery Edwards arrive, weighing in at 5 lbs, 1 oz.

Yup, I'd say Maggie and Jeff have cornered the market on stress this week.

Being five weeks early, Oliver will stay in the hospital for the next week or so, until he gains a bit more weight. Meanwhile, Maggie and Jeff have been making treks back and forth to OT every day for feedings, adding to their stress some more.

Both Grandpa Bruce and I have been by to see who Oliver resembles— the jury's still out on who he looks like, but he has his mom's

So I'm the proud grandpa of another grandson, falling in line behind Andrew and Adam.

And I'm pleased as punch.

Being a preemie, Oliver has to catch uphe's gotta pack five weeks of growing into a couple; a task for the best of us. But I really look forward to being able to rock my newest grandson when he's finally home.

So it's with tremendous pride and joy, I say, "Welcome to the clan, wee Oliver!"



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