



A NOTE FROM **BOB SHEA**

When my son was born, my wife and I swaddled him in a blanket, put him in a car seat, and walked him the few blocks to our apartment. No one at the hospital stopped us. None of the doctors, nurses, or anyone in security noticed that we were woefully unprepared and terrified. Our son was OK. He seemed very comfortable with the whole arrangement and really seemed to have a great deal of confidence in us. He went about his day as usual, sleeping when he was tired, crying when he was hungry, and soiling diapers at a pretty healthy pace. Our son, Ryan, showed little concern for our incompetence. He was laser-focused on being a baby, and it was up to us to keep up.

I Am a Baby is a baby's-eye view of the upside-down world new parents are plunged into when they bring home a little one. The chaos, exhaustion, frustration, and endless laundry caused by this innocent-looking person. *Seriously, how much trouble can a baby be? They're so tiny and cute! Plus there are two of you guys—can't you gang up on him? Ahh, the wisdom of a childless uncle.*

Before you have a baby, you hear a lot of horror stories from the trenches. Seasoned parents are more than happy to show off their battle scars and share stories of changing really messy diapers in the parking lot of a remote public beach when they both thought the other parent packed the wipes. Now that my son is a teenager, I never frighten expectant parents with those stories. I tell them the thing they will find out soon enough: that they have no idea how much they are going to love this little person. From the moment they appear in your life, your heart walks around outside your body. Just ask the weary parents in *I Am a Baby*.



Photo by Colleen Shea

