

Blog One

Being A Mom – Diary of Pregnant Mom

This blog is overdue, never mind that there might be a million others like it, none will truly reflect my perspective and I kinda need to offload 🙄

I love being a mom and it's truly gratifying every day. Give or take the tough in-betweens. I became a mom about eleven years ago. My first son was born, and it dramatically changed my existence. I'm sitting in the car park this sunny Thursday morning watching the traffic flow by and I'm reflecting on the nature of my routine and the dynamics of my life. I am thinking what would I change or do different?

From the top of my head and heart I want to shout and snap less, much less! Be more tolerant and so much more relaxed. Before I started this post, I said a prayer; God give me the grace to be more patient and more even tempered.

Tired of being hot, cold, and warm mom. Considering how much I've grown and changed through my second and then third pregnancies. I have matured and some edges have become smooth and rounded and others have just become more rugged and obvious. Its hectic most days, body changes, mood changes, weight changes and sleep pattern changes are weighing in. My husband is a great and irreplaceable support, I don't keep an au pair. I work around everyone else's routine. Working to build a business, write books and launch many creative ideas and ventures on the side as well school runs, house chores, meals preps, clothes preps, dual day showers for myself and the little ones and then there's homework or extracurriculars and the customary intra-curriculars that I have defined for my children because I am just that kind of mom. Think of a hybrid between a tiger mom, and afro-fusion mom and a faith-based parent – that's me.

Am I tired? From domesticity – definite yes, but from passion and enthusiasm – it's a defiant no. Am I wired and stressed on most days - I'm sure you can answer that for me.

I'm not complaining but I'm not feeling that great either. When I ask my son if i shout too much he says " no mom, you just need to rest, you are stressed. You know people who are stressed need to rest else they get angry when you get in their way"; I'm not sure if I felt good, bad or proud - just saying #lifebeingamom

Blog Two

Memory Lane

In 2011 when I first got pregnant with my first son, boy was I naïve. I had just got married a few months before and had just moved houses. I was travelling at least 25 miles to get to work, compared to the 9-mile commute pre-marriage, life had changed. Mind you I wasn't driving rather I was taking multiple buses of different sizes and sometimes even a scooter. At the time I was living in Lagos, Nigeria and my commute had changed from Surulere to Ikeja GRA, to being from Ajah to Ikeja GRA.

When we opted for Ajah, I was trying to be a good and supportive super wife, the rent was great, and the apartment was beautiful, and I felt we could manage with the commute back and forth. I was thinking more about my husband who was working in Victoria Island at the time. Those who have lived or who still live in Lagos, Nigeria will appreciate this scenario. My father-in-law had asked me if I had thought it through at the time, but I was still reeling from my walk down the aisle and all I could smell were the roses. I was in 'Lala' land, very removed from what was to become my new reality.

Believe me, that was error message number 1! I wasn't anticipating the throes of the first trimester of pregnancy. I was unprepared and I cried a lot. The journey was tedious, my appetite was gone, and I was faint all the time. My husband ticked me off once or twice when he said "but you agreed to live here". I wanted to bite his head off when he said this, but I just cried instead.

I quit my job and after a while we contemplated moving back to the UK. Considering that I had family in London both of my sisters especially were going to be great support. So, I returned to the UK while my husband continued to work in Lagos. This of course would have its consequences, but I was very naïve about the reality of marriage too. The challenges of this arrangement I will relay at another time.

Fast forward five years from my first pregnancy, the setting is different. We are in a different season learning a different set of lessons but same faithful God. It's been a while since I've been pregnant. This wasn't for lack of trying so we are very thankful for the blessing. This time our new address is a luxurious convenience, I have the most supportive business partners you could ever pray for, they are like my brothers always watching out for me, the story has been very different. Only major adjustment is with my last pregnancy there was no little person counting on me for almost everything - just saying #lifebeingamom

Blog Three

Choosing a hospital

At the time of my second pregnancy, I am back living in Lagos. My husband's job means enjoying the peculiar joys of Lagos living. I have not decided on a hospital for the birth. I am not irresponsible but there's just too much going on. And I'm never forgetful but these days I need a to do list for my to do list. I'm not careless I'm just carefree, completely depending on my Father's grace to cover me.

It was almost expected that I would travel return to the UK to be around my siblings and in-laws for the birth of this 🤰. But I think I already knew early on that I wouldn't be going anywhere; I wasn't keen on the long-distance marriage skit. It would not have been clever or practical. I've become quite averse to taking off and being away from my hubby and this time should I choose to do so; it would be my husband and my four-year old son that would have to manage for a while without me.

There are just too many cons when weighed against pros and I have had peace about the choice so it's a "Trust God not Man season". However, this choice has its own sub-choices, which I hadn't anticipated when I chose to do a proudly Nigerian delivery and a critical choice here is choice of hospital.

The matter has been a bit long and yes, I'm 33 weeks in as I write this, so it's not exactly responsible to not be settled on where to have the baby. I know my steps will be ordered and I'm listening intently so....

When people ask me when I'll be going away to have the baby, I decide whether to invest the time to explain, especially if they look surprised when I say that I don't have plans to be anywhere else. When it matters, I do say more, and it meets the most-sincere looking " I understand, it makes sense" nod of the head.

While we are on it, I might take the time to mention I'd really forgotten what it's like to be pregnant. I miss just lying down and sleeping without two or four pillows and eating what I like without concern of time of day or measure of oil and spice.
Just saying - #Lifebeingamom

Blog Four

The Irresponsible Mommy

For weeks on end, I've been feeling like the only mom bringing her kid to school late every other day, sometimes every day. 🤦

I just need a little understanding. Sometimes I feel oh well 🙄 I can only do what I can do and other times I'm so embarrassed 😞.

Even when I try all I can with prepping some things over night it still happens that I feel exhausted or slower or just overwhelmed in the morning. My son's schoolteacher asked to see me a few weeks ago. It was about 'the' lateness. All the while she was talking, I was thinking to myself "oh my! I'm not usually like this". I tried to explain the circumstances but gave up halfway. I reasoned with myself "Come on Mattie - you are not the first pregnant parent, so buckle up!" and buckle up I did for my son's sake, Sadly, my adjustments haven't exactly lasted. This is real life.

Has anyone ever been in my shoes or am I the only one? I don't have a nanny, au pair or child-minder. It's not an excuse. but the school run is hectic. In this season I've thoroughly enjoyed midterm breaks and holidays because I feel normal in many ways again. Not like the sometimes-forgetful mommy who leaves the water bottle in the car or the mommy who just remembers on Monday morning that there's nothing for the little one's lunch box.

Just saying -#lifebeingamom

Blog Five

What happened to my own prayer life?

I'm grateful that through God's grace I am not disconnected from His light and direction. I do however desire a deeper walk, communion you know.

How to find a balance? How to stay committed and disciplined? Why am I so tired? Am I judging myself harshly? Is there a practical way? What is the standard? Is there a standard? Shouldn't it be simpler? Why do we act like God doesn't see or know all? These are some of the questions on my mind.

Despite it all, I know my quiet time can be better and more consistent but I'm grateful for every expression of grace and mercy. I truly delight in all the moments of illumination.

In every season give thanks. Just saying - #lifebeingamom

Blog Six

Humility vs independence - Nannytime

I have never had a nanny in my married adult life. I have simply done what I can within my strength, splitting responsibilities with my superhero of a husband and my treasure of a mum when I've needed the help.

I haven't done badly, apart from being grouchy, touchy, body-guardy, temperamental, moody, and exhausted half the time. I'm not soo bad, I've managed well or haven't I?

I don't have any regrets about my choices so far but with baby number two on the way, it's become paramount to consider what the best foot forward will be. I can only do so much, and I mustn't deny my family my best self.

So then pride and concerns aside, I think I need secondary support (what some may call a nanny). How else do I manage it all without any other human support. I wouldn't want to become a domestic monster snapping at everyone all the time and blaming them for keeping me exhausted ... or would I? I must admit there's a bit of joy in that in the moderate manipulation 🙊

Then again many of my mommy counterparts across the world exist in communities where nannies are not the norm. I believe they get on just fine. In fact, they blossom in their roles as selfless super moms. So maybe just maybe I can manage.

Just saying - #lifebeingamom

Blog Seven

My own Mommy

Every day is Mother's Day! My mum is proof that this should be. She is super selfless, and I am increasingly grateful for her by the day.

The way she cares for me I can't explain, and the things she does for my son are priceless. In all my years of motherhood with no 'nanny', she has been my failsafe. The reason why we can skip town for a few days or shuck in a date night here and there is because she valiantly takes over her grandma duties with grace and kindness.

Her candid advice and her invasive shopping have saved me many times despite my telling her not to bother. Or is it how she drops in just in time with the much-needed tea towels or scouring sponges to save day the day over and again.

Even when I'm tempted to think she's overdoing it, I realize she's not. Till date when she comes to spend time with us; before I wake, she has helped to tidy and organize the whole house. Poured the toilet cleaner in the loos and prepped pancakes while at it. She is my hero. She's a saint!

Growing up, we were privileged to have throngs of secondary support. I know it not that my mum is accustomed to DIY, but we were raised to do things ourselves, so that we would always be capable of managing with or without help and my mum does this effortlessly.

She is ever beautiful in my eyes, my darling mummy! Did I mention how she would cook up a meal for me on a whim if I simply implied that I was hungry. Just two days ago she followed me home and helped me cook. We filled up so much Tupperware you would have thought how anyone could cook so many meals in so little time. All this with no ado about it being with just a day's notice. She did this so that I could stock up on food for the house as my due date approaches.

Father God you are the one who has blessed me such a relentlessly reliable and selfless mum and I praise Your Holy Name!

Just saying - #lifebeingamom

Blog Eight

My Superhero

No one comes close to Jesus in my life! He is my steadfast and the reason I pull through every season fruitfully.

However, my superhuman superhero is my husband. He is a kind and selfless provider. The kind that motivates you to want to give all you've got because he gives so easily without complaining.

Yes, he is a boy! Sometimes oblivious to my constantly changing needs. I do also know that there's nothing he wouldn't do within his power for my health, wealth and comfort.

During this pregnancy he has outdone himself, some parts of him I didn't know existed have come shining through. With our first pregnancy, as I hinted, he didn't get the chance to care for me as much as we were far apart. For the most part, this time around he is filling the role of 'ninja of love". Constantly captivating my heart. He would cook,

massage, pamper, cuddle, pray and encourage constantly and this is priceless. On the days he can, he would bath and dress our little man before he jets off to work, just so I can have it a little easier. I am so thankful for him.

Is he perfect? No, not at all! He is human but in all his humanness, he lets the love of God compel him. I am blessed.

Just saying - #lifebeingamom

Blog Nine

When grace is enough

It is sufficient and always on point. I have tasted over and over again. And I continue to. Don't wrestle with grace rather allow it. Be a child and allow God to be "Super Capable Sovereign Daddy" and enjoy true rest.

As much as I believe and know this, countless times I still jump on the wheel and try to stir things with the resultant frustrations to show for my zest for control. When compared to the times I remember and choose to trust His love, I wonder why I don't consistently settle for His aid, support and leading and enjoy manifold peace.

I don't know why I do this. I should have learned by now. Then I recognize its human nature. Being human, we sometimes forget, and we power on stress. Only then do we recognize our need to constantly renew our minds and our need to constantly surrender.

Just saying - #lifebeingamom

Blog Ten

Are we ready?

The hassles of the daily routine had kept us procrastinating getting ready for baby. By getting ready I mean washing old baby clothes, the car seats, play cots, rocker/bouncer, bath station, highchair etc. which had been used lovingly by our first born.

Then there's been the tidying of the room that would serve as the nursery too. Not to mention other parts of the house that need cleaning. Now that I'm not into the bending and standing for periods of time our home has not been enjoying the regular spring clean it got every now and again.

Over the past week though with hubby on leave. We got some of the work out of the way by a significant measure. However, I don't know if that qualifies as ready. Yet to do baby laundry and I haven't even packed a hospital bag.

I've been exhausted, most of the time. I'm not sure where my priorities lie with the prepping situation. A huge part of me wants to lay back and be pampered, another wants to take control, and another part of me just wants to chill out.

Which do I listen to? Plus remember that these days I'm needing a to do list for my to do list - #thrillsofpregginess! I've read that just before your due date some chemical is released that energizes you for the sole purpose of spring cleaning.... maybe I should count on that eh 😊 or nah?

Just saying - #lifebeingamom

Blog Eleven

Nonchalant

I'm feeling nonchalant! Lazy! Sleepy! Hungry! And eager for TLC solely dedicated to me.

I just want to relax. I deserve to. There have been times during this pregnancy when friends of mine would ask how I'm holding up, or say things like 'well done', 'how are you keeping?', 'Try to rest', 'let's do that for you', 'don't bend', 'ask for help', 'is it too hot?', 'is it too cold?', 'do you want anything?', 'should we change the chair?' and I'd be wondering what all the fuss was for?

Well not anymore, I completely understand it now, in fact I want the fuss more than ever. I really need all that attention too. I wish I'd been taking advantage it instead of showing off my independent streak.

I want to be massaged, cooked for, sang to, held close, encouraged, bathed in Egyptian milk, have my hair stroked and braided, you know all the simple things that royalty gets for free. I'm a queen or I am I not?

Oh well I'm just saying - #lifebeingamom

Blog Twelve

We chose the hospital - Finally!

It's South Shore Women's Clinic guys! I made the decision with hubby after much perambulating and analyzing. Once we decided that travelling for the delivery this time around wasn't going to be practical for many valid reasons we accepted it, put faith in God and received great peace.

I found out about this place from a very close childhood friend whose friend happens to work there. You know what they say about how that need you have can be met within your circle. So true. The reviews have been good, and this has given us great comfort. Talk about ordered steps. I am so glad and more importantly I'm grateful that our peace comes from knowing who is really in charge and He doesn't fail or shame, we are GOOD.

I've registered with them quite late in the pregnancy but so far, I'm really impressed with the care, the facilities. and the vibe I get with the Chief Gynecologist, the doctors, nurses, and staff.

A particular nurse who had to run a CTG on me when I was experiencing 'tightenings' was quite nice, I mean extremely nice and polite. She was considerate, present in the moment not distracted and well, very polite. If anyone told me that care could be this way I'd have been like #shutthefrontdoor

All I can say is thank you, I'm grateful, keep leading, shielding, and guiding.

Just saying - #gettingreadyforbaby

Blog Thirteen

Any ideas for frozen meals

Less than two weeks ago I was fully persuaded that I needed to plan for a supply of food to furnish our freezer in anticipation that the heavier I get the more standing would be an inconvenience. And as thus, I was completely deterred by the idea of long hours of cooking and washing up.

I had my mums help with the cooking, and we laughed our heads off talking and mimicking each other. Now it is apparent to me that this provision will cover the current month and maybe a week or so extra; maybe this will coincide with when baby arrives. After my first pregnancy, I vowed I would take things easy with any future pregnancies. Life is to be enjoyed after all. I have learned and understood that the body needs rest and time to recuperate after a birth. No point trying to be a ninja and growing offended when others allow themselves to depend on you rather than vice versa.

Now I'm thinking hard about a sufficient supply of meals I can prepare and freeze ahead in anticipation of baby's arrival and my need to rest, relax and be at peace with my duties at home.

Have you got any ideas and suggestions for foods that keep well in the freezer and are a good source of nourishment for all the family? All ideas are welcome.

Just asking - #lifebeingamom