

Memory

So, you may be thinking, "That Heather--she has no time anymore for updates." Evidence to the contrary, I have penned many updates since having Finnian. Great titles, themes; even a complete sentence has been known to emerge now and then. Unfortunately, these updates have been composed at one of two times: 11pm trying to fall asleep or 5 am trying to convince baby to fall asleep. As both of these timeslots are destined to conclude with me falling asleep, alas, these wonderful updates which would both amuse and enlighten you as to our ups and downs of parenthood have been doomed to oblivion. Luckily for you, but, rather dreadfully for me, we did not get back to sleep this morning at 5 am. Gah. So here is my update on the theme of memory.

Five months of not one single unbroken night of sleep can do odd things to your brain. There are the usual exciting moments when you find yourself upstairs with no idea of how you got there and more importantly, WHY. The odd flashes of the wrong burner being switched on for the stovetop... For instance, yesterday I went to the Post Office, balancing an insulated box on the stroller, trying to mail a package of donated milk to the milk bank in the North. (It used to travel on the bus but they stopped accepting parcels on 1st Jan this year.) Now, crucially, I was also attempting to get Finnian's passport application off as well. The application had been several months in the making, with many exciting steps. So, in my head I had: "SEND PASSPORT APPLICATION" looming large. Which is why I probably forgot to say I needed the frozen milk to go overnight delivery. I was just popping the receipt in the box and taping it up when it occurred to me that I had forgotten this important step. So, off I trotted to the counter again, and the nice lady added the extra 5 euro on for special delivery. Unfortunately I didn't have a fiver, so off I trotted to the bank, then back to the P.O. Finally I got the package off. I was headed out the door before I remembered the passport application. So, back again. Such was the Great G.P.O. adventure.

Now all this illustrates how amusing (for those watching) tasks more complex than finding coffee are for me at the moment. Take for instance, Finnian's passport situation. He's a lucky guy. Not only does he have the pleasure of getting an Irish passport, he also gets to go through what is innocently called "Foreign Birth Registration" and the application process for getting an American passport overseas. We tackled the Irish passport first. It all appears so simple... Fill out the form, get a few of the correct sized photos, sign some stuff and send it in with fifteen euro. Upon closer inspection, you have to fill out permission from both parents for him to get a passport in front of the Garda (police) or solicitor. Get those photos done at the chemist's where you hold the fifteen pounder at shoulder level for a few hours while all the shopgirls coo at him to try to get him to look at the camera. You have to have those photos notarized by the Gards. Don't forget to sign on the dotted line in his place. Oh and send off his original birth cert as well as one parent's passport. Not so bad. So today I started the American process. The Embassy is open Mon, Tue, Thu, and Fri from 11-12:30 and 1-4. Except for American as well as Irish holidays, of course. On their website it says you have to make an appointment for a Consular Report of Foreign Birth. When I finally called them between 11-12:30, turns out that would be too simple. You can't just walk up and get an appointment. Oh no, they take your name and address, send you a questionnaire, which you fill out and send back to them. Then they contact YOU. I am sitting here

imagining what the questionnaire consists of: "Are you Foreign? Did you give Birth? A NO answer to either question invalidates your application, Do not pass Go. Definitely do not collect a Response for an Appointment for an Application for a Foreign Birth Report or Passport."

(It is a few days later. I am determined to get everything I have been thinking about written down.) Today, I got the questionnaire. It was pretty straightforward, asking for marriage info, addresses, SS#, and then the "Precise Dates of Physical Presence in the U.S.." What?? Yep. Apparently it may not be enough that Finn has two American parents for him to get a passport. Here's hoping we were actually in the U.S. long enough to satisfy the bureacracy. I will keep you updated.

If you have gotten this far, congratulations! Here's what's been lurking in my mind since I wrote last.

THE UPDATES THAT NEVER WERE:

Implementing Points System for House Guests

- (eg. Unloading dishwasher=10 points
- Knowing where dishes go=15 points
- Cleaning up a mess you didn't make=20 points
- Handling dirty nappy wash=40 points)

If You're Reading This Then We Survived the First Thanksgiving With Baby
(We did by the way but only with lots of help! Ditto for Christmas)

Just When You Think You've Got It... Baby Changes Everything!

Showers and Other Survival Techniques

Okay folks, he's up, gotta go! It's been fun. We think of you all often. Sorry for lack of personal emails!

Love,
Heather