

Birth Order

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I started taking an interest on the subject of Birth Order after becoming an adult. Mainly because I had grown tired of my older siblings treating me like I'm still 5. Birth order explains a lot about a person's behavior; especially a person who comes from a family of six children. I am number four in that order.



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I love my oldest brother and sisters but this sibling battle has been going on since they were born first and when my mom and dad began referring to their younger children as "the babies." A term my dad still uses to this day to describe us.

The older children in families will always talk about how much more the younger children got away with and how the younger kids generally had a more cushy life. But something they forget is because they were the oldest ones everything they got was new.

We always got the hand me downs. By the time I got the hoola hoop, it was shaped like football and filled with water. When I got the roller skates the rubber break on the front was worn down to the size of a jelly bean transforming the wearer into a human torpedo. And when I FINALLY got the Raggedy Ann and Andy doll they were headed for divorce court. All because of Andy's apparent mid life crisis where he streaked his yarn and was caught cruising around with Barbie in her dream car.

When my older sisters would watch us younger kids they had a special way of completing their chores... By making us do it. We could have refused but when someone- who is much older and bigger-says if you don't do the dishes before mom and dad get home "the Boogey Man is gonna get ya!" you listen. And for a snack they allowed us to eat as many raw hot dogs we could get down.

The iced tea we all shared... That is why I have an aversion to drinking after my children to this day. The tea inside that glass looked like a science experiment.

I see the mystery of Birth Order with my children too. My oldest, Jacob, is constantly annoyed by the presence of his little brother. And my youngest, Jackson, well all he wants is to be just like his big brother and nothing else. He tirelessly tries to keep up with everything Jacob does (especially wrestling) and grows frustrated when he realizes how much harder his brother hits.

If our home had a theme sound it would be a low roar. If you listen closely sometimes it sounds like a herd of cattle running through the upstairs. That would be my boys fighting over something...anything really. Where the fighting is generally over who gets what controller on the Wii or who's the fastest their fights have now evolved into seeing who can drive me nuts first.

I love being one of six children so I find it interesting that some experts say birth order repeats itself in large families with every fourth child. This means that the fifth child in a family starts acting like the oldest. This explains why my younger sister (the fifth) always thought she "was the boss of me."

Birth order can affect many things about your life. It affects whether or not you have diabetes, what type of vehicle you should drive and whether your hair frizzes when it's raining outside.

Basically if you know about birth order, you don't need to know anything else. And why should you?

You already have a sister who -because she's a nurse- knows everything for you.

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