

Number three

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So, I was sitting in Court this past Friday, speaking with my friend **Melanie**.

Melanie is an excellent lawyer, and also a new Mom to a 7 month old baby girl.

We were looking at her phone as she was showing off some photos of her precious girl, and we kept scrolling and scrolling and scrolling and you get the picture.

This is her Baby #1.

If you have kids, then you know the story behind Baby #1.

She is the cutest baby. Smartest baby. Most well-tempered baby. She is the gold standard of babies!

I have a Baby #1. And mine is all those things too.

Having spent a small fortune on her portraits, we have shrines to her in almost every room. And no offense to Melanie, but my Baby #1 was the Gerber baby and baby Einstein, all rolled into one!

Then comes Baby #2. In our family, Baby #2 is our middle child

And as in most families, Baby #2 was born for the benefit of Baby #1 – because nobody wants Baby #1 to be lonely. This immediately causes friction as Baby #2 is adamant she is not a toy, and spends the majority of her life proving her rightful place in this world.

And then there is Number 3.

I've noticed that many families stop after Baby #2. We, instead, had **Neill**.

Not only is he Baby #3, but also, our only boy.

There are practically no photos of him anywhere and in the few we do have, he is usually in a pink hand me down – because really – a Onesie is a Onesie - by the time you have Baby #3.

He is both loved and hugged on daily, because he is the last baby, and at other times ignored to the point, we are simply amazed he has taught himself to read and write!

Every broken lamp, ding in the wall, or muddy shoe print up the stairs is a result of my Number 3.

And like most Number threes, he is not going quietly into this world.

At 41 I have practically no gray hair. No really, it's true. If I ever had to fill out a resume again, I'd list this as one of my accomplishments. (Parasailing, Hand gliding, 41 and no gray hair.)

Until this past month that is.

In the last few weeks, Baby #3, has had an altercation, a few lost homework demerits and a handful of write-ups for talking.

Baby #3 is making me old!

More than that, Baby #3, has caused me to say "I'm so sorry" to more people than I care to remember. (And I hate saying "I'm sorry", almost as much as I hate my new gray hair and possibly parasailing or hand gliding, if I were ever insane enough to do those things.)

So as I scrolled through Melanie's baby photos of her Baby #1, I reminisced about the quiet life, **Brody** and I led with Baby #1 and even #2.

But truth be told, I'd trade every brunette hair on my head for Number 3.

I can buy more hair coloring, but there will always only be one Neill.

And just in case you've had a run in too, "I'll be sure to speak him. That just isn't like him. I'm so sorry. Yes, this is my natural hair color."

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