

Name: Jeff Solomon
Sex: Male
Weight: 5 lbs 11 oz
Length of Labor: 12 hours after induced
Planned: Yes
Birth Order: 3rd son
Location: Birthing Center
Natural Birth
Single or Multiple: Single

Summary:

While Mom was pregnant with me, my parents took several steps to prepare for my birth. Weeks in advance, they moved my brothers into the same room, placing them on bunk beds, and set up a Mickey Mouse themed crib for their coming babe. Mother ate normally and healthily, fortunate enough to have no strange cravings, and did no smoking or drinking (though she never does anyway).

October the twenty ninth in 1992 came, and I was soon due. Hoping I would not be born on Halloween, my Mom was induced at a birthing center across from a hospital. After much waiting and walking (eleven or so hours), Mom, a bit tired, decided to get in the Center's Jacuzzi tub at about three in the morning. Disliking the temperature change, I decided I was tired of being in such a small, enclosed space. A nurse helped my mom get ready for me to come, but the doctor was not yet there. "Wait for the Doctor," the nurse kept instructing, "Don't push yet." Half an hour passed, and finally the doctor came in, hanging up his coat, and putting on gloves; he barely made the catch.

Here I was at 4:03 am, five pounds eleven ounces, laying nineteen inches long, happy, healthy, and "very cute", a tiny thing with "chubby cheeks" according to my mother. I had dimples like Dad, who maintains to this day that I looked like a banker. My aunt and uncle brought over my brothers, and they held me, my younger-older brother holding me first, then my older-older brother. My grandparents were there as well, and we all went to "The Little Kitchen" restaurant to eat, at which point my dad made up a song called "pass that baby to me".

My parents planned on naming me James, but when I came, they saw I didn't look like a James. They had been considering "Jeffrey", among other names, but weren't quite sure yet. So later, in the car, Danny, my oldest brother, said 'Jeffrey. You should call him Jeffrey.' My parents agreed thinking, a name that means "God's peace" fitting. Thus I exist.