

The pace of life is such that I can't focus on anything for more than a split second before it's gone. Not that there's a lot to focus on except for my daughter changing from a newborn to a fully fledged baby in the matter of a few months. It actually feels like life has stood still because there's not much else happening except for prams, bottles, car seats and nappies.

She's developed her own little characteristics already. I can't stand too close to her when she's being fed because she spies me and slowly starts to smile at me. When she's smiling then she's not feeding. She also plays her little piano toy with her feet. I bought her the instrument - it has maybe six or seven big colourful keys which make a noise, and light up, when they're struck. She doesn't have the strength, or manual dexterity, to hit them with her hands yet, but she can make a lot of noise with her feet; and she knows she's doing it.

The bottom line is that I love her more than I've ever loved another human being in my life. My life has taken on a new meaning and I'm so thankful that we had her. It does mean that everything else is a bit "fluid" right now, with the introduction of a little angel, but I'm hopeful everything will even out and settle down soon.