



My first three months of being a father

Even before Daisy entered the world we had decided that Rachel would be going back to work and I would stay at home and look after Daisy. As Rachel was breastfeeding we had decided that I would have the job of changing nappies. Rachel ended up having a caesarean birth, I had to do more than I originally thought.

Nobody could have prepared us for the first few weeks of being parents.

Sleepless nights and busy days followed

A tidy house soon became a nursery filled with Daisy's clothes, baby toys and a nappy box which was always open. As I couldn't help with feeding Daisy I happily took on the job of

'head cook and bottle washer'.

First thing in the morning, (day break) Rachel would breastfeed Daisy and I would make breakfast, which we took in turns to eat. Together we took on different roles washing, dressing and entertaining Daisy. At first I was apprehensive about how to wash and dress Daisy as she appeared so small and fragile. However, after a few days **I was confidently able to wash and dress her and change her nappy.**

When we finally ventured outdoors, I suddenly realised which establishments catered for breastfeeding mums and those that did not. I found it a relief to see signs in restaurants, shops and other retail outlets that support mums who are breastfeeding. My general knowledge now consists of, where there are good breastfeeding and male friendly baby changing facilities. When we now go out we take our custom to those outlets that supply us with the best parent and baby facilities.

As the father of a 3 month baby girl

I am now able to recognise her different expressions

and cries and how aware she was of the world around her.

She quickly responds to my voice and she will smile and crane her neck to find my face.

However, I will also be the sole carer of Daisy, how do I feel? Apprehensive, excited and a bit scared.

Whilst Rachel has been preparing to go back to work, she had been **expressing milk and freezing it** (the milk lasts up to 6 months in the freezer). Will this be when I get to feed Daisy? Who Knows!

By Jason Bould, father to Daisy