

Jonas is Four

Every morning for the last week Jonas has been asking if he's four yet. Every time I had to tell him he still wasn't four, his world ended and no amount of "Mommy can't control time" could console him.

Saturday morning found him curled up between Matt and I in our bed (as usual) and I pulled him into a snuggle bunny hold. "Am I four now, mommy?" "Yes, my darling boy, you are now four."

Four is a big deal. Four has rounded over the peak of the transition from infant to kid and is firmly the other side of the hill. It makes sense to me that he's four (maybe because that's all he's talked about for a good couple months) and yet...

Jonas wants so much to do things on his own. He always has. "No, I can do it!" has been his motto since he was two. He takes this to new levels every day from picking out his own clothes and combing his hair pain-stakingly to the side in the morning to insisting on using "big forks and spoons" at dinner time. I'd say about 70% of the time, I can convince him that my way of doing things is easier but that other 30%? No, I shouldn't even talk to him. I'm wrong and I'm embarrassing us both by my insistence that I'm not, in fact, the most wrong that anyone has ever been wrong. In those instances, I walk away and let him wear his shoes on the wrong feet and accept that he, "likes them that way."

He's very rarely quiet. Not in a bad way; generally he's singing or talking about whatever is in his mind.. I'll be working on something and hear him in the other room singing some little song he heard or he made up and just smile. People have commented that we used to worry about his because he didn't talk very much. We don't worry anymore.

His favorite thing in the world is making people laugh. I remember noticing this trait when he was still less than 2 years old. He'd do something, Jaden would laugh and he'd do it again. He's always trying to material and his latest work involves making a goofy sound and then suddenly dropping his head to the side with his tongue hanging out, playing dead. Or just saying "poop" or something to do with poop. The one thing that's always a hit and is probably the most random thing he does is shouting, "FISH!" for no reason. He first did this a few months ago when Jaden and I were having a serious discussion about something (science? Music? I can't remember) and I asked her a question to get her thinking and Jonas answers, "FISH!" which had absolutely nothing to do with anything. Yesterday he and I kept yelling "FISH!" at each other and laughing.

Because I'm all about counting chickens pre-hatching, he's going to be my reader. After stories, and hugs and kisses (always asking for "more more hugs and kisses") he asks for a book to look at on his own. This isn't new but it's still awesome and worth mentioning.

Matt and I cannot leave in the morning without a hug and kiss. Once we say, "Ok, I'm leaving." He races into the room and throws his arms around us and wishes us a good day. When we're sitting down for dinner we're asked how our days were.

He's not without his trials. The boy cannot keep a full glass of water upright to save his life. He'll insist he doesn't like that food your serving even if he's had it before and you know for a fact he ate it the last

time. Whenever he's asked what he would like for dinner his response is either "chicken nuggets" or "spaghetti with red sauce." Don't you DARE try to trick him or be slick by saying, "We're having pasta." If it's not spaghetti and you're serving a white sauce. Just tell him it's "tortellini with white sauce" and get the whining out of the way. Otherwise, you're just prolonging the inevitable.

Generally, though, I really can't complain about this kid. I will, don't worry, because seriously, kid, just put the shoes on the right feet already! Or just stay in your bed tonight. He's a wonderful boy. He's helpful, for the most part, picks up his toys and his room when asked. He feeds the dog (for a quarter/fill) and helps with the dishes. His favorite thing to do with me is snuggle bunnies and I can't begrudge him that. He tells me to "calm down, mommy!" when I start nagging about something he's already doing or not doing, thus keeping me in check.

Four. It's a big deal.

