

Is a vacation possible, without my son?

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This past weekend my husband and I flew to Cancun, Mexico. We spent four nights in Shangri-la, while our son stayed at home with visiting grandparents. It was our longest time away from our son. The weather was nice. It was slightly overcast part of the time, but as long as I could sit in a lounge chair by the pool with my husband beside me, I was euphoric. Blake was thoroughly entertained and happy at home, and the grandparents were thrilled to be with him. What could go wrong? Me.

Apparently, I need to take a vacation from my brain. For the first day of my trip, it just wouldn't stop the movie reel: what if our plane crashes? What if Blake desperately cries for me for hours? What if they put him in the warmer pajamas but the heat is turned too high and Blake overheats in the middle of the night? What if they forget to read him "Goodnight Moon" at bedtime?

What if I shouldn't have left my baby?

I met another mother at the hotel bar who was also on her first "couple" vacation with her husband since having their ten-month old. We bonded. She told me that she's surprised no one called the police when she handed her daughter over to her mother-in-law the day before their vacation. The transfer happened at a McDonalds at a highway rest stop mid-way between the two ladies who lived hours apart. When my new friend passed the baby to her mother-in-law at the fast food joint, she was bawling, as if she would never see her daughter again.

By day 2 of our trip, we had confirmation that Blake hadn't cried for his mommy or daddy once, that he ate his entire meals (which he never does with us!) and that he was energetic, happy and a pleasure to be around. Now we could really start relaxing. And so the vacation from my brain began.



We ate, we drank, we talked, we slept, we... you know, and we laughed. We laughed at our son's funny words and habits (like "pooter" for computer and how he copies us and sometimes calls himself "Blakey Blake"). We laughed at ourselves and how we go away so that we can spend half the time talking about Blake. We realized that just like everything else changed when we had Blake, so had vacations. The fact that the hotel provided free phone calls to the United States was better than drinking margaritas and eating chocolate cake. A direct flight home, priceless.

I didn't know if would be possible to ever have a relaxing, beautiful beach vacation again with my husband. It is. We are not just parents, we are a couple.

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