Welcome to fatherhood.

My wife just had our first child. Six weeks early, which caught us both by surprise. And it was a boy! Nicholas Anthony Swerbinsky is doing great, and should be home from the hospital in about a week. I had them wheel in a TV over the weekend so that he could watch the weekend action at the British Open, and he successfully predicted a Tiger win on Friday.

It went down like this ...

I fell asleep last Sunday night about midnight after a couple glasses of vino, eager to get some rest for a long scheduled day off and a round of golf with some friends. At 1:30 AM, I am awoken by the lights being turned on. I roll over, and see my wife standing at the side of the bed. A split second later, her water broke right in front of me. Even a clueless sap like me knew what this meant.

I scurried to action, nervous out of my mind, yet trying to act like I was calm and in control for my wifes benefit, as she was very nervous. Could this be happening ... I asked myself. Shes not due for six weeks! Typically, I had yet to even really begin the mental preparation. Using my powers of Dumb Man Logic, I figured I could put that off until at least 3 weeks before the due date. I had actually just started reading a book called "Becoming A Dad". Truth be told ... I bookmarked it that Sunday night right before the start of the chapter titled "Alright, It's Time To Go To The Hospital". Needless to say, I cast that book a couple evil glares as I frantically raced to get ready. They really should have made that chapter one.

We had only made one dry run to the hospital. We were planning on doing another. I was somewhat confident in my ability to retrace my paths from memory ... but could I execute now, under extreme pressure, and with my wife leaking like a '68 Pinto? I made a turn we both thought was wrong, which sent my wife into full panic mode. It turns out I made the right turn, and I ended up making it to the hospital in record time.

She was having full contractions every 3 minutes the second we got there at 2 AM, and was 4 cm dialated. At 3:30 AM, 6 cm ... at 4:30 AM ... 8 cm. It was go time. This little guy wanted out, and he wanted out now. AT 6:11 AM I had a son! As they held him up and I saw his apparatus swinging in the wind, I officially knew it was a boy ... backing up premonitions I had been having since day one. I desperately wanted a boy. We all know all the catch phrases men are forced to spew out "Oh .. it doesn't matter to me" ... "as long as its healthy", and so on. In hindsight, lets be honest. I would have been one of those guys that would have kept trying for a boy until I had enough kids to field my own little league team. I am a pretty typical non-metrosexual guy. I like sports, beer, golf, movies, fixing things, sports, and beer. It was crucial for me to have a son to pass my sickness onto, and to have a little impressionable male mind to warp.

The people at University and Rainbow Babies downtown are amazing people. With all the financial and sports woes of Ohio, and Cleveland ... we often forget about the little nuggets that make this the greatest place on the Earth to live, and having the nations top hospital system ranks high. I even had high speed internet in my wifes hospital room!