Mark was sleeping peacefully, down for his afternoon nap. Tucked in, warm, breathing those heavy slumber breaths that came through murmur clear on the baby monitor. Suddenly, stirring. First a little squawk and a turnover. Then another turn and a soft cry. Finally, fully formed, pitiful howling urged me into his room. One whiff through the door announced the cause. Another hot, heavy, grumpy-full diaper had cruelly thrust my son into the waking world.