

Blessings

At 4:30 this morning, I laid in bed listening to my daughter talking softly to her son. The hushed whispers, the belly laughs, all took me back to when my own children were that age, and early morning feedings were a magical time. There is something special about that time, when even the birds sleep and there is only the two of you.

As I lay there, floating somewhere between sleep and wakefulness, enjoying the moment, my daughter called out to me. Rushing into her room, I expected an emergency or a small boo-boo at the very least. Instead what I found was my grandson had learned to cough. It was great fun. He would let out a few hacking coughs then grin at us to see if we were watching. Of course, such a great accomplishment had to be celebrated, so we roused Grandpa out of bed. With an audience of three, our little angel went into overdrive, kicking and coughing, laughing and talking.

At ten weeks old, Kylan has taken over our lives. Rubber ducks lay drunkenly in the tub, rattles and squeaky toys litter the floor while car-seats and swings decorate our living room. Dr Seuss has started making house-calls, encouraging us to laugh with his twisty rhyming logic as he teaches life lessons. TV watching involves Elmo and the only books we read have pictures. We are once again finding our noses and playing patty cake while making the wheels on the bus go round and round.

When our daughter first told us that Kylan was coming, I will admit to a little hesitancy. It had been many years since the pitter patter of little feet had been heard at our house. But with a baby on the way, and only three months to prepare, who had time for indecision and second guessing? There were diapers to buy, car seats to research and something new called butt-paste to exclaim over. Things had changed since our children were little. As grandparents, we had so much to learn. Instead of strollers, they now have travel systems, bottles are angled so no air gets in the tummy, and a Boppe is mommy's best friend. Today, everything lights up or makes music, and we can have him reading by nine months with the right learning system.

We marvel over our life before Kylan when we watched whole programs, and had conversations that did not include the words "do you need changed?" What did we do for fun? Today, everyday is exciting. Watching him learn is fascinating beyond belief. Just this week he learned that when you make a loud noise, someone comes running, no matter how many times you do it. It is amazing how one small child can add so much to a family. While we never knew we were missing him, today, we can only be thankful that we are so blessed.

