

Coffee with Kelly

Kylan's Daddy

Saturday was a big day at our house. Our grandson's Daddy came to visit. After no contact from the time he found out that Kylan was on the way, we had allowed ourselves to believe that he wasn't interested. While we wondered how he could turn away from someone as wonderful as our boy, we didn't let it dampen our joy. After all, I will admit, I love being the only grandma. I have never been good at sharing and didn't feel that at my age, I should have to learn. Life has a way of slapping you back to reality.

Saturday dawned bright and early as we whipped the dust into shape. We swept, we mopped, and on the off chance that he looked in the refrigerator, we destroyed the science projects. In an effort to put our best foot forward, cobwebs were swept, cushions were vacuumed, and cats were banished. Even the dog was brushed within an inch of going bald.

Apprehensively my husband and I waited in a house that did not remotely resemble our relaxed lifestyle. In comparison, our daughter lounged in sweats and played "tickle the tummy" with an equally unconcerned boy. Did they not understand the importance of this day? What if he didn't like us? What if he didn't approve of animals in the house? What if he questioned our qualifications as grandparents? Kylan's mom shrugged and asked 'What if?'

While I admired her relaxed attitude, I felt a wee bit put out by it. This was a day of huge importance. It marked a whole new chapter in all our lives. No longer was Kylan just ours. Holidays, weekends and birthdays would now have to be shared. Every decision from this day forward would have to be made with his daddy in mind. Maybe he thought beds had to be made everyday, or he believed in spanking, or heavenly Hannah, what if he did not approve of cookies for breakfast?

Rolling her eyes at my worries, she reminded me of all the advice I had given her over the last seven months. Had I not preached that it was important to let bygones be bygones, start from today and go forward? Who had said that they needed to form a friendship so that they could raise a baby together? Had there not been a whole lecture devoted to putting aside the past and focusing on what was best for Kylan?

Who knew she had been listening?

As my husband opened the door to greet the young man, I suddenly found myself relaxing. With his arms full of diapers and baby food, he looked as nervous as we felt. I realized that it is okay if we don't mesh right away. We have a whole lifetime to get to know one another. I am sure over the next eighteen years, there will be many times when we do not see eye to eye, but as long as they focus on what is best for Kylan, everything will work out.

Now I just have to worry about what cookies the other Grandma makes for breakfast.