

Musings

In the stillness of the night the only sounds filling the nursery are not really sounds at all. A quietness, a barely audible whoosh of a softly cushioned rocking chair rocking back and forth. A wisp of air, a puff, as the newborn's tiny mouth kisses the tan rubber nipple on his bottle. The trickle of the sweet scented milky liquid sliding down his tender throat. The soothing melodic humming from a contented grandmother cradling this new miracle in her arms.

She gazes at her grandson's angelic face, his dark blue innocent eyes and tiny button nose, smooths the soft wisps of down on his precious little head, and envisions a young boy's devilish adventures, a teenager's angst, shaving cream, fast cars, loud music, icy roads. She draws him in and snuggles closer, breathing in the fresh morning dew of fragile innocence, and kisses his warm little head.

Glancing around the room she sees diapers and baby wipes, changing pads and burp cloths, baby lotion, soft terry towels with hoods, and foresees jock straps and dirty socks, smelly sneakers, sweaty T shirts and baseball caps casually strewn across the carpeting. She hugs and snuggles him closer, breathing in the pure soapy scent of fragile innocence, and again kisses his warm little head.

The bookcase is full with Goodnight Moon, Benjamin Bunny, Runaway Bunny, Pat the Bunny, colorful cloth books of the ABCs, pop ups with baby animals and their mothers,

trucks and buses. She pictures stacks of Sports Illustrated, books of baseball stats and trivia, the history of the Super Bowl and Yankee Stadium and hidden Playboy magazines and once again she nestles him closer breathing in the sweet milky scent of fragile innocence and kisses his warm little head.

Cuddly Teddy bears, a green stuffed alligator, trucks made of softly padded cloth with wheels that turn find their home on neatly arranged shelves, and she visualizes lacrosse sticks, baseball bats and gloves piled in corners, locker room smelling knee pads and shoulder pads, tennis racquets and footballs sprawled across the floor. She cuddles him closer once more, breathing in the warm summery scent of fragile innocence, and kisses his warm little head.

Unique emotions unlike anything she's ever felt before flood her body. In the quiet room silent music erupts as if rising from the vibrantly colored depths of the Grand Canyon. Trumpets, horns, violins, a crescendo exploding from the electrifying red rocks fill her soul. Plans sweep through her mind, dreams sail the seas of her imagination. A little hand grasping hers as they walk through the woods on a crisp autumn day crunching leaves under their feet. Building sand castles, digging a garden, planting tomatoes and petunias, baking cookies and laughing while dunking them into cold milk, sharing hot chocolate on snowy days after building snowmen in the back yard, puzzles, finger painting, and Play-Doh on her kitchen table, the zoo, swimming lessons while mommy's at work, sleepovers and pancakes in the morning. Big boy trips to see dinosaurs and giant whales, dolphin shows and Broadway shows, holiday train shows and the windows

on Fifth Avenue. Bringing a girlfriend home to meet her, graduations, doing the hora at his wedding. The music slows... adagio. The horns cease, the violins and flutes are soft, melancholy. A cloud blankets her eyes bringing the darkness of the desert's night sky. She snuggles him closer, deeply breathing in the wholesome freshly bathed scent of fragile innocence, tenderly kisses his warm little head, and wonders...What if... will you remember me?