



“shhhhhh, it’s okay, it’s alright. Grandma has you”, I say with a calm voice and a tear gathering over my eye. My heart beat is slow and steady, I can feel the warmth run over my skin and my mind rests. His weight is pushed against my body and his breath slows down as I speak to him. My smile is unbearable as it pulls the muscles in my cheeks to unnatural lengths. This is an amazing feeling. I am a grandmother to a beautiful and healthy boy named Mayson. A part of me feels complete and a part of me feels like its just the beginning. I’ve waited a long time for this moment and its more than words can describe.

As I was containing my vibrant emotions, the innocent child, who is full of exhausting growth, has fallen asleep. I take this opportunity to acknowledge his wonderous qualities. Repositioning him, I lay his delicate body over my legs. His light brown hair shaggs over his small head. His skin is soft and full, pulsing with life. His eyelids, covering the striking blue color, softly move as he indulges in his pure dreams. What a work of art, what potential, what an amazing life ahead he has!

My life has indulged in many tasks, all with different requirements. First a child; my jobs was to grow and learn to develop into who I am. Next an adult who provides for myself and faces challenging steps. A wife was next; caring for my husband in all ways to live happily together. Then a mother; caring for my kids and helping them grow happily and healthily. And now I am a grandmother. There is such a blessing and privilege to not only support and care for him, but also to help my child be the mother she is destined to be. Mayson will do wonderful things and uphold the family name with strength. I will be there for him in all ways that I can. I can already see the creative play dates, the important lessons, his physical and emotional growth, and his ability to create joy.

Unwillingly, I can feel a tear escape my body and run down my rough skin. It was a transforming moment. Mayson wiggled around slightly, and his eyes crunched shut as wrinkles divitted his forehead. He reached out and grabbed my thumb. His whole hand fit around my one finger and he held on with all his strength, trusting me. A chill crawled up my spine up over through my whole body and I saw his life for what it really was, a miracle. I am ready to be the best grandma there is. “Mayson, you’re safe now”.