

Children Grow up Fast

By Chaplain Sunday Pearson

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I recently became a grandmother (and yes, our little Axel is THE most beautiful grandson EVER!) I suppose given my age and everything, the fact that I am finally a grandparent is no biggie-wow but it is new to me and frankly, I have yet to fully embrace it.

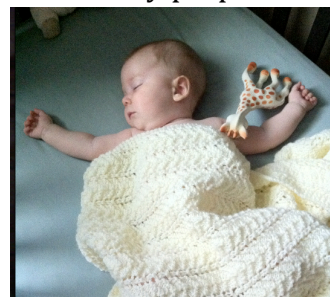
To be honest, I never imagined that I could even raise a child (much less one day become a grandmother.) I rarely babysat when I was a young woman so I was never around small children very much. Probably because I was afraid that I'd break something; you know, they seem so fragile and all. And it's pretty common knowledge that they smell and do yucky things in their diapers.



Anyway, I recall the morning that the nurse brought our oldest, Sarah, into my hospital room. Tore was sitting there with me at the time and I just remember seeing a panicked look come across his face. As the nurse left the room, she mentioned that the baby needed to have her diaper changed. I couldn't believe that she expected us to remove that little crumpled thing and replace it. Gosh, weren't they supposed to do that? Well, ignorance aside, we managed to remove the diaper and replace it with another. Problem was that when Tore picked Sarah up, the diaper fell to the floor. Seriously, I'm not making this up. At the time it wasn't funny but now that 32 years have gone by, it's pretty hilarious!

In spite of knowing nothing about parenthood, I had a pretty clear vision of what it should look like. I just knew that I would always be patient and would never raise my voice. I would keep our home spotless and everything would remain in its rightful place as I baked apple pies, and chocolate chip cookies wearing a clean, crisp white apron. The fact that I also had a career outside of the home wouldn't stop me, no siree-Bob, I am woman hear me roar!

In the months and years ahead, I learned that I was not even remotely prepared for anything resembling motherhood. My chosen method to prepare for such an event had been to study for it like I was going to take a college entrance exam. It had yet to dawn on me that motherhood is a profession that is best mastered through middle-of-the-night feedings, doses of icky diapers and years of OJT (on the job training). I have lost count of the times I removed pebbles from our dog's ears or the times I scooped poop out of an inflatable pool



of slightly yellow water. No, I did not bother to change the water. Okay, go ahead, call the parent police; I'll go quietly.

Although I had no experience, I learned how to drape a child over my arm and place them (bottom up) under a shower stream in order to clean them when I couldn't stomach changing the diaper otherwise; stay up all night with a sick youngster and still manage to function at work; remove bugs from pockets; wash crayon markings off the wall and I learned real quick that a rectal thermometer inserted too soon after a feeding can cause a breast-fed baby to spray yellow liquid further than any garden hose.

So it was that in the beginning, motherhood was tainted with a heavy dose of apprehension and was certainly not the Norman Rockwell scenario I thought it would be. Suffice it to say, however, motherhood is far more nerve racking and even more rewarding than I ever could have imagined.

In the beginning I thought maybe God had made a mistake when he entrusted me with children. He knew I was a screw-up and I certainly did not know anything about child rearing but He gave them to me anyway. He did it because He loves me and because He has a great sense of humor.

I think it's called *pay-back*.

Send your comments to Chaplain@lakehillschurch.org