

Grand Children

by: Connie McWilliams

When I was 47 years old, Jeremy Adam Nicholas was born. I was at the Heights hospital in Houston, Texas, along with my three sons and wives. Danny, who is my youngest son's best friend, his wife and a few week old son were in the waiting room. Of course, my son's mother in law was in attendance. She and I were standing outside the birthing room groaning along with the mother. Crisa, the almost mother, yelled at me to pray, which I was doing hard and fast as I could between my groans.

Just then I heard this huge slurp sound and a baby yelling. There was Jeremy kicking and screaming as he came into my world.

He had a cone head just like the ones in the movie, so did his cousin Aaron. Small birth canals produced cone heads, we found out. Thank God they grew out of it.

If not, they could have made a movie.

I could hardly wait to get my hands on him. After my youngest son's wedding and reception, my girlfriend Joyce and I drove out to their home so I could hold him.

We arrived and I was holding him, showing him to my girlfriend. His mother took him away after five minutes, wrapped him tightly in a flannel blanket and stored him in his bassinet and rolled it into the hall.

I was stunned. We came to understand that was it for that time. We drove back to Houston in disappointment.

To get my hands on Jeremy again, I had a party inviting my three sons and wives and Danny and family. We ate a meal and went out to the backyard to play a few games of badminton. After that, we all settled in the living room, in a circle.

Then I asked Jeremy's dad outside for a few minutes. "Listen up! Your wife will not let anyone hold Jeremy more than a minute. Do something please," I growled.

He held his wife in his lap, and I do mean held, while we passed Jeremy around in a circle and we all held him for about ten minutes each and baby Danny also was freely passed around.

Sometimes I would call the dad and ask for Jeremy to visit.

Dad would say I am not coming that way. I replied, "Put Jeremy on the lawn mower and head the mower toward me."

"Right Mom...I'll get him to you some way," he groaned.

When Jeremy was 15 months old, I, along with a group of other ladies, went to a water park. Some of the slides were at least 3 stories high. Jeremy and I walked up to the top with friends behind me. I wanted to put him in my lap and go down. The guy in charge would not let me. I sure was not going back down those steps all the way.

"Joyce, you hold Jeremy and I will go down part way and stop...you let him go, I will catch him" I said. Tears were streaming down Joyce's face. "I am scared to do it!" Joyce replied.

"Just do it," I snapped.

Jeremy was laughing all the way down. I caught him, put in between my legs, and down and turn and down we went. We laughed all the way.

In the coming years during the summer, I attended all three water parks around Houston with my six grandchildren. When they each spent the night with me, we read the Bible and prayed together.

Even now, at the age of 80 I want them to take me to ride with me on a roller coaster.

No takers as of yet.

I wait.