

The early child

My early child was my last child. She came into this world 7 weeks early. She weighed in at 4 lbs 11 oz. She spent some time on a breathing monitor at home. She was dressed in doll clothes for the first month of her life. But she was born a fighter. She would kick and scream while fighting the nurses trying to get an IV in. As she grew older she would use her skills to battle with her older sisters.

Even though her early entry into life is part of who she is, it really is a small part of who she is turning out to be. I've learned through the years, and in the choices other daughters have made, not to plan the future for my daughters. What I saw happening for each one hasn't occurred at all. So I will make no plans for the youngest either. Those plans (if any) are entirely hers. But I will say this, of all my daughters, the youngest may already have her plans laid out. This is by her choices, her questions, and her ability. Will that path be what either of us thinks right now, maybe not, but some groundwork is being laid.

My youngest is a singer, actress, scholar, pet lover and all around wonderful young lady (All my daughters have been wonderful young ladies at one point or another). I'm enjoying her time of growing to adulthood. I can't think of any better thing to say about this young lady other than "She is loved by me and reflects that love back." A very special girl entered my life a few weeks too early, but that only made for more love and joy.