

An Introduction

by Belle DeCosta

Hello, little one. I'm your mom's mom, your grandmother. A bit formal, I know, but I have no idea what you will choose to call me. I do know whatever you decide will sound like angels singing to me every time you utter it. You see, you are already a precious being to me, the center of my heart.

Your mom tells me you are only the size of a strawberry, tucked all cozy inside her womb, your first nursery. No matter, it's never too early to get to know each other.

I can't wait to hold my hand on your mom's belly so you can feel my energy and I can feel yours! I'll most likely drive her crazy doing it often in the next few months, but I'm sure it's something she'll suffer gladly to bring the miracle of you into the world.

Your presence has long been awaited, little one, and there are many loving arms anxious to cradle you, none more so than mine. I can't wait to snuggle into your softness and feel the gentleness and innocence of your soul. To taste your sweetness when I smother you in kisses and to feel reborn every time you smile.

Oh, there is so much I want to teach you! Things like how to blow bubbles in your chocolate milk through a straw. How to tap dance, hug a tree, and embrace yourself. And how to properly play in the warm rain, face to the sky and dancing in puddles. How to doggie paddle, play Go Fish, and who to trust.

I want to show you that life really is a bowl of cherries, even with the pits. Yes, there is also a bowl of pits. Fortunately, it's a much smaller bowl and full of valuable lessons.

I look forward to encouraging you to think outside the box, to use your wonderful gift called imagination. And then sharing all the incredible, delightful things you will bring to life within your mind!

I want to teach you, by example, that it's more than okay to cry but never to whine. To make sure you know whoever stares back at you from the mirror is someone to be proud of as long as they are kind. Oh, and that the purest hearts you will ever meet have four paws.

I want to show you how exhilarating it is to color outside the lines! To let your dreams and creativity run free and see where they lead, and that ice cream sundaes make a great dinner. All in moderation, of course.

Or not.

I can't wait to stand in the woods with you, eyes closed, so your other senses can better share the life happening all around you. You'll hear the squirrels chatter, the chipmunks scurry, and the different birds conversing in their song. Together we'll breathe in the smell of the earth, the fallen leaves, the moss, and pine. You'll taste the honeysuckle on the wind and feel the vibration of rustling leaves. I look forward to watching your reaction as you face the sun, and it sinks into your pores and warms you like it does the water lapping against the rocks. I promise you it will all happen!

I intend to read to you endlessly, anxiously awaiting the day you can read to me. We can make up stories, both together and for each other. We will sing at the top of our lungs, laugh ourselves silly, and jump on the bed. I'll draw you two stick people, one tall and one short, holding hands on cloud nine, like your mom's grandmother used to do for her. And you will turn my fridge into an art gallery with your magnificent drawings.

I will love you, unconditionally.

I will make sure you understand that anything that lives in your heart is real and true. And yes, that includes Santa Claus and unicorns. Because as long as it lives in your heart and you believe, there is hope.

And I now know with hope, little one, all things are possible.

I know this because there is you.