



Welcome to a Work in Progress May, 2008

Our granddaughter Charlotte had come to spend the day with us and stay overnight, a thing she loves to do. We love her for coming as well. No sooner in the door than downstairs, first to her bedroom—all hers for the day and night—and then to the closet with all its games and art supplies for drawing and coloring. Soon she was busily engaged, just outside my study.

The French doors through which I heard her setting up shop were open, as usual, and I was fully aware—even if not observing—the process. All of a sudden she was in the doorway, simply asking, “Are you going to be at your computer all day, Opa?”

Where *was* I going to be “all day”? Simply an appendage, off to the side by myself doing all that was on my mind, or a companion for those hours, as only a grandpa can be? I knew that her attention span was fairly brief, and just being with her would require concentrated effort—not to mention energy. Nonetheless the question braced me, and still echoes often in my ears.

As adults, even as parents and grandparents, we too quickly tell young ones like Charlotte, “Don’t just stand there! Do something!” Maybe we need to pay more attention to their pleas—even if unspoken: “Please, don’t just keep doing things! Stand here awhile—by me!”

(Signature)