

Christopher Ward
08-08-2017 by Harry Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun date 34507

Before this tale, Barbara and I for years have kept our list of family birthdays; this triggering our calling each the morning of their birthday, hopefully before they are fully awake, together sing **Happy Birthday.**

Done this for years; have never had a complaint, though neither of us can carry a tune. Now, more on the topic.

Barbara and I had a friend, genius, who claimed he recalled the actual moment of his birth. He described an ugly scene. Women cried, men became ill. But when pressed, his brain had not yet developed that sense of time; others had to tell him the Julian day he was born.

And so it is with all. We trust that detail of birth to others who hopefully registered the event with hospital, State and Church, to avoid conflicting memory of those responsible.

This year, last week of July, our extended family celebrated an unusual birthday. Mother, her Parents, brothers and sisters, cousins, friends, gathered at numerous parties to celebrate the birth of our first grandson, an event late in the last century. When born that child was put up for adoption; none of our family had seen him since.

His mother had contacted him recently, asked him to come to Denver, meet "his family". In adoption, he was raised by a loving couple in Washington State, given their name Ward, had two

sons of their own, and one other adopted child. Quite an outstanding couple.

Our grandson is Christopher Ward. The years since he has lived in Olympia, Washington, had married, is divorced, father of two children, sharing their custody with his wife on a friendly basis. He has been employed by COSTCO for years.

Last week his mother arranged a raft trip on the Arkansas River, inviting only his siblings and whatever of their family members who wished to be involved. A gathering with those his age, immediate family. A sunny Colorado day, ideal mountain setting for siblings, cousins, to become acquainted.

Back in Denver parties were thrown three nights for him to meet the extended families. These were great. But those crowds prevented his one-on-one visit with most.

On the afternoon of his return, a cousin comped a luncheon; his mother, we Grandparents, his mother's brother Tom, her sister Josephine. Like our other grandchildren, Christopher is handsome, articulate, smiling, likable.

Last week this thirty-six year old was born to all relatives in Denver, excepting his mother, all gatherings a birthday party.

Later each will return to their life, note Christopher's 1978 birthday on their calendar. And in quiet moments some in that family, and elsewhere, minds may wonder, what other wondrous secrets exist in our family?