

The Tragedy of Growing Up

By Sharon Buchan

I remember my daughter announcing to me that when she grew up she would do everything differently than I had.

She did not like the way I decorated, mixing the old with the new. She wanted canvas and plastic. Also she would never marry or have children.

And why was it so important to have a career? She was going to be a shopkeeper. But after high school she changed her mind and she obtained a degree in Zoology and then one in the medical field as a Nurse Practitioner.

She then married a wonderful man. His hobby was refinishing antiques. And somehow she ended up decorating with the old and the new in her home.

Like the song goes: "First comes love, then comes marriage and then comes the baby carriage." Of course she then presented us with the brightest and most adorable grandson in the world.

On his second birthday she told Aidan that she was going back to work and that she would not be breastfeeding him anymore. He was not a baby anymore but was growing up and now was a little boy.

When Aidan began to pout she drew him onto her lap and said, "You and I can still snuggle. Now you might think that was the end of the story, but alas the tragedy was not over for Aidan.

A few days later Aidan's father took him to the YMCA to go swimming. Afterwards when they were in the shower Aidan looked up at one of the men in the shower and asked, "Does your wife have snuggly breasts?" And without losing a beat the man answered, "Why yes she does."

Aidan replied, "They are just for babies you know?" The man exclaimed, "OH NO THEY AREN'T."