

Remember
...in your dreams?



Alejandro Canton-Dutari

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By

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Eloquent Books

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Dedication

To all grandparents

who have shared memories

with their grandchildren

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Hi

I met you yesterday and found out that you're a tiny little thing. You're fifty inches long and weighed almost eight pounds, which is quite above the national average in your country. Your hair stands up like reeds and I remembered that the same was said about me. That only guarantees that it will be very straight throughout your life. And I hope you keep it for all your lifetime. Your grandfather is almost seventy and he might never be bald.

In this patch of earth named Panama the first thing that is done by many when a baby is born is to check his balls. The darker they are the darker the body's color as age starts setting in. According to this you will be slightly tanned. That will make you a good candidate for modeling if your eyelashes grow as long as the men in our family and if you don't end up as short as my maternal grandfather.

But, the important thing is that you have arrived. And grandma isn't here, but I shall tell you about her because I want her to be someone important in your life, as she was in mine.

So far, you've been with us for twenty hours already and you've had a great time: eating, sleeping and other essential things. And it's what you are supposed to do for the coming months. Though, later on, centering too much of these activities might get you into trouble. But, in the meantime, enjoy.

Dimples and Breasts

I remember that when grandmother was waiting for the nurse to bring you to her room in the hospital something funny happened. A nurse's aid entered pushing a big table with divisions each one holding about ten topless cubicles each one with a newborn baby in it. As soon as she spotted your dad pointed a finger while saying: "I want that one." And I could tell a few seconds after that it was in fact my second son. This took a bit longer for me because I didn't know who you looked like. Though a few seconds ago you sort of smiled and a little dimple appeared, just like your mother and your brother.

I was also looking at the little sheets placed close to your crib. I recognized some that your grandmother had sewn for your dad and uncles. It's obvious that she had saved them and given to your mother before leaving. But I was not saddened by them because I feel my wife's presence in such a work of art.

Watching your mom breastfeed, you added to the novelties because your grandmother couldn't do it with her children. She had been working and in those times the whole process of pumping milk to keep in the refrigerator was not popular. She always regretted this. You, on the other hand, have a full-time breast.

You will be more protected from baby diseases than many or, as your great-great-grandmother would say: "My daughter is so healthy because she was breast fed til she was a year old." She was referring to my mother.

Father's Day and Such

I had not realized that Father's Day is just around the bend. And on this occasion, your father shall receive two gifts: one probably done in school by your brother, and another that your mom will buy in your name.

Your grandma and I taught your dad that each child gives a gift to his father or mother on Mother's Day or Father's Day. That meant that grandma would get something for her father, I would do it for mine, and each child would give me something. We didn't have to go through the process of getting presents for all relatives who happened to be parents. But, as neither my wife nor I had fathers your grandmothers were the beneficiaries when we had our own family.

But we did try to inculcate that, in spite of all the hoopla about Father's or Mother's Day, every day should be honored as such. And for us, every day was Son's Day.

There's no Grandparent's Day? Not fair

Well, someone said now there is, but not in our country.

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