

ARTICLE SUBMISSION

Title: *When I Brought You Home*

It was a cold and rainy September day when I brought you home. The air was crisp when we stepped out of the hospital doors, and I worried if you were warm enough. I took another blanket out of the bag and nestled it around you as we put you in the car. You looked so cozy, snuggled in your car seat, eyes closed and lips pursed, utterly unaware of the world around you. I sat in the back seat with you on the way home, not wanting to miss a moment. You had only entered our lives a few days ago, but I already felt like I would never want to let you out of my sight. Your father drove cautiously home. Partly because he is a good driver and partly because I was nagging him the rest of the time to stop driving too fast. He really wasn't. I was just being too overly cautious.

Once we got home, we brought you inside, and you started to cry. I tried nursing you, rocking you, changing you. But nothing seemed quite to work. After a while of trying, I heard your dad talking to my mom and realized I hadn't taken you to meet her yet. I picked you up and walked you to the mother-in-law's suite to meet your grandmother. You have her eyes.

My eyes.

When I placed you in her arms, she cradled you like only a seasoned parent does as she put another hand on your chest and said, "Hi, sweet girl, aren't you beautiful."

She then started singing *Goodnight My Someone* from the Music Man, a song her mother sang to her, and she sang to me. I sat and watched you both, taking in the moment. You fit perfectly in her arms, like you had always belonged there.

You had still been crying a little, though you had begun to quiet as she sat there with you, rocking you back and forth and patting you on the bottom, the way anyone who has put a million babies to sleep does—still singing to you as you looked up at her with your beautiful bright blue eyes and your long lashes batting at her every so often. You seemed to be trying to figure her out, or maybe you were trying to figure it all out.

As I sat there watching the two of you. Finally, you quieted slowly, fluttering your lashes less. They looked so heavy on you, like they had weights on them, and you were trying everything you could to keep them open, but you couldn't win the fight any longer. She snuggled your blanket around you as you drifted to sleep to keep you warm. You nuzzled your face into the crook of her arm, prepared to ride out your slumber firmly planted where you were.

I heard a click behind me and turned to see your dad taking a picture of you two, knowing how special this moment was. Knowing I would always want this moment to look back on. At that moment, Momma heard the click from the camera and looked up at me.

“You have such a beautiful baby.” She said.

“She has your eyes, Momma.”

She looked down at you with a puzzled look and then back at me. As she did this, I stood up and moved closer to both of you, reassuringly touching her shoulder.

“What do you mean she has my eyes? This isn't my baby,”.

“No, Momma. She is my baby. I'm your daughter... remember? I'm Kelly. I just came home from the hospital, and this is my daughter, Anna.”

“Oh... Oh. Right...Of course. I knew that.”

“She's your granddaughter, Momma. What do you think about that?”

She sat there for a minute or more without saying anything, still holding you, rocking you, patting you on the bottom. And then I asked her again, “So, what do you think, Momma?”

“About what, dear?”

“Nothing, Momma.”

I smiled back at you both, happy that I had this moment. I stood up and bent over to pick you out of her arms. You cooed softly, sound asleep. I kissed Momma on the cheek, and she smiled at me.

As I left her room, I looked back at Momma in her rocking chair. She still had a big smile on her face.

“I love you, Momma.”

“You have a beautiful baby, ma’am,” she said.

At that moment, I probably could have been sad, but I realized that whether she realized it or not, we got to share that moment, and I would remember that forever. So I smiled and said, “Thank you, Momma.”