

Dear Paul-

12/9/83 -

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Paul, you are already ten months old - a bundle of joy -
When you were born - most of all I felt - peace and joy -
The nurses wrapped you ever so tightly - and put you under
a heat lamp
You were chilled - such a beautiful, warm person -
Note: Your mom was angry with me for taking so long to
pick you and she up at the hospital -

A chubby baby, you and your mother quickly became one -
She would hold you - talk and chatter with you -
And you would make her smile and laugh -
Your wrinkles in your chubby legs made you "difficult" to both

Always people said - "such a good baby" - so content, so happy -
Likely so because of your Mom's love and temperament
You and she communicated without speaking - "loved"
Perhaps you got your Mother's adaptability -

Your first summer - you liked to swing in the baby swing
We played kickball with the neighbor kids -
You came to Fort Worth, Tx to be by Dad's work -
You slept on my shoulder - we were warm together

How you have grown - not gradual but in plateaus
Suddenly you became a interested, interesting participant
An awareness, an alertness that may indeed be a gift
So involved in your environment - you notice everything

From participant, you quickly leaped to a communicator -
Momma, Dada have crept into your special vocabulary
You follow and chase with eye contact,
Clearly you communicate the need for orange juice

Suddenly too, Paul has instant mobility - almost runs -
Walks, turns suddenly and follows on foot now -
You, PJ and I chased one another on hands and knees
Mom would laugh at our silliness - you & I chased PJ often too

Your gift of observance, or seeing what others miss
 Whether it be the Beardsley or Bronx Zoo, you notice -
 The baby rabbits, the birds at Beardsley - P/E I missed them
 Around the house, it's the same, at Disneyworld too
 - a rare gift

Another gift received from your mother, the gift of play -
 Patient, curious, intriguing play - perhaps a part of the
 phenomenon of observing
 So content you are at play - as your mom is -
 Dad needs to learn to play with more patience

I so enjoyed our quiet moments - Seaworld - you slept
 thru the main performance on my shoulder -
 Again we got warm together - our contentment
 when chilled you bring your arms between us - whereas
 your normal "hug" is truly a "grasp" - your hands
 saying "held me"

Realize later, realize your mom's love - if you learn
 one thing from her - learn her love
 She cares so much for you - holds you so specially -
 Taught you some of the contentment you so enjoy -
 Love her for all your life - tell her you love her

Another past special moment - our breakfast together -
 You either sitting on the cupboard - bar or standing
 in your high chair -
 Anyway - you seem to enjoy peanut butter & strawberry
 jam
 You seem to have fun - let's have more together