

DOWN HOME: 'Ezra time' equals happy time

August 27, 2011

Late summer 2011 will go down on our calendar as "Ezra Time."

OK, so his dad started a new job and his parents bought their first house. That's all fine. But the big deal for his grandmother and me is Ezra arrived at our house for a nice, long visit—maybe two weeks, plus or minus a few days.

What a serendipity.

In case you haven't heard: Seven-month-old Ezra is our first grandchild. After he popped into this ol' world at Hillcrest Baptist Medical Center in Waco in January, he moved home to the parsonage of Forest Glade Baptist Church, on Highway 14, south of Mexia. To quote Mary Poppins, he's practically perfect in every way.

His dad, Aaron, just accepted a call to become the children's minister at Hays Hills Baptist Church in Buda.

Fortunately (Oh, I know Ezra's parents think the proper word is "unfortunately," but I'm looking at this from my perspective.), ministers move faster than mortgage companies process home loans. So, Aaron started to work in Buda before their family could move there.

That means Aaron is living with a Hays Hills church member while Ezra and his mama, Lindsay, are staying with Joanna and me.

It's been a long time since we've experienced a baby in our home for days on end. Ezra's visit has taught—or, in some cases, re-taught—me several lessons. They include:

- **Babies own a lot of stuff.** When Lindsay and Ezra drove up, their car wasn't packed quite as tightly as the Beverly Hillbillies' truck, but almost. Between bottles, diapers, clothes, a bouncy seat, toys, a booster chair, food, blanket, burp rags, all manner of what-not and a carseat the size of a Buick, you can fill an automobile in a hurry. And he hasn't even reached the digital electronics stage yet.

- **Babies learn new tricks all the time.** Yesterday, Ezra loved to pant and wave his arms. He also could scoot backwards faster than a racoon sprints out of a garbage can. Today, who knows what he'll do? He may have learned French or started burping bubbles. This adds extreme drama to the first moments after I stroll through the back door.

- **My arms aren't as strong as they used to be.** After a little while, a 17-pound baby weighs as much as a fridge. What? Of course, I haven't picked up a fridge. But you get the point.

- **Once you learn to change diapers, you never forget.** Except we only had girls, and changing boys' diapers can be more, uh, spectacular.

- **You can't describe infinite love, but you know it when you see it.** Ezra's mama was our first baby. Every second of her life, I've loved her with every atom of my being. I've never been able to explain how deeply I love her, but I recognize the full measure of that love on my grandson's face when his mother walks in the room.