

In Times of Crisis

by Miriam Silver

“It’s perfectly formed, look, isn’t it amazing?”

They hadn’t stopped talking since I walked in. Their excitement was palpable, and would have been catching if I had not had such a difficult long journey.

They had been texting and calling me constantly for the past, what seemed months, though in fact they had only known about it for eight weeks. They had found a wonderful surrogate, all above board and approved.

“You must come, we’re so happy get some leave, see you soon”.

It wasn’t a good time for me to leave the office, though no one ever asks me about my work, I was at a crossroads, too many ambitious people waiting to take my place. Living as far north as I lived south, the journey would take too much of my time, but when family calls I know where my duty lies.

He is still one of my children, so I relented and here I was exhausted, trying not to think about their selfishness, while I was given a tour of the enlarged scan, which was surrounded by blue and pink balloons in preparation for their ‘welcome to the family’ party, leaving me to my own rather sour thoughts about ‘it wasn’t like this in my day’.

During the long journey I had pondered on my childrens’ ability to be self-centred, none of them ever thinking of anyone else except themselves. Where did I go wrong?

Allowing their father to indulge them, gave them everything, that was my mistake, I should have helped them to be more self sufficient less reliant on us. My fault.

Alice is still a worry, ruined her marriage by her demands for ever more updating everything, always keeping up with neighbours until eventually it emerged that the second home in Italy was one expense too far and her husband's loans came to light. I'm supporting her of course, while waiting for her misguided Peter to come out of prison, I only hope she'll keep her job and he will survive sufficiently to start over again.

I remember when we had our second son, Duncan, another brother for Alice, how nice for Father to have sons to follow him into his business. Didn't happen, silly of me really, making plans. I wonder if we'll see him, I doubt it probably his habit won't tolerate travel. We, that is I, did try to help him sending him to rehabs, housing him until he went to live with so called friends, Would be nice to see him here joining in with his family.

I must be positive, after all here I am staying with my successful son living in his own house with his partner, both welcoming me and including me in their new life, me a grandmother. I acknowledge their prosperity, wealth, good fortune and obvious happiness.

I must get a grip, become part of their drama, his contentment and delight with his male wife is so obvious I immediately admire the decorations and closely study the enlarged photo and even manage to say,

"So perfectly formed, beautiful!"

"Do you know if you're going to have a boy or girl?" I ask without querying where the baby was now, though I did wonder. "Whatever sex," I managed to say, "you'll need lots of equipment, stuff I think you call it these days!" while handing them a John Lewis gift card adding, with a big smile,

"This should cover all that you require, at least until he/she goes to school, then, remember your Mum, always there for you," I said and hugged them both.

"May you always love your baby as much as I love you, now, let's party!"

