

Photo by R.L. Peterson



# Reid

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her coffee and his milk steamer to the patio, where they snuggle and count ‘tweet tweets,’ (birds), and Reid describes the “big guys” (buildings) he’ll construct with his Legos. Later, on a tricycle ride in the neighborhood, he grows tired, jumps off his trike, expecting Nana to carry both him and his tricycle home. She responds, “I believe you can petal to the next driveway.” There she says, “Now, to our mailbox. That’s home.” When he rides triumphantly into our garage, she applauds. “See, you can do anything you put your mind to.”

Even a whirlwind needs a breather. Afternoons, Reid grabs a blanket from the sofa and curls up on Nana’s bed for a nap. When he awakes, he visits the Snack Closet for carrot and celery sticks, peanut butter bites, and fig newtons. Then it’s Legos and more space exploration – he has a map showing the solar system, including the planets. Dinner is grilled salmon and lettuce on a freshly-baked ciabatta – Nana’s a world champion baker – sweet potatoes and green beans. Next, a bubble bath, then Reid, his teeth brushed, hair combed, sporting

Spider Man pajamas, says good night to his giraffe, his hippopotamus, his kangaroo and alligator and stows his toys for the night. Nana carries him upstairs, where she reads him books, and they discuss their day together. After blowing kisses to Mama and Dada, little brother Miles, and Grandmother Kris and Grandfather Don, Reid stretches out on his bed. Nana rubs his shoulders and tells him what a fine young man he is.

Reid falls asleep, a slight smile on his face. Does he dream of another magical day with Nana? Perhaps a ride on the train at Old Poway Park or a cooling dip in the swimming pool. Yes, a sharp-edged Lego piece hides in the carpet, ready to attack an unsuspecting bare-foot late at night, but that’s life. Childhood is fleeting. Maybe Nana’s wise teachings will smooth Reid’s transition into adulthood when he reaches that door. Until then, let’s listen to the NASA announcer. “The twenty-first Intergalactic Peace Mission is ready to visit the Universe. Reid Lawrence Peterson commanding. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Blast Off!”

A rocket ship blasts off in the Family Room. On the carpet is a green and yellow garbage truck, a blue dump truck, a red and white ambulance, a yellow excavator, a red fire engine, and two low-slung Formula One race cars. Who’s responsible for the rocket launch and all this equipment? That would be a two-foot tall, reddish brown-haired, black-eyed heart stealer with a pug nose, round cheeks, and a smile that stops time. Reid Lawrence Peterson. My grandson.

At twenty-eight months, Reid sings “Old McDonald Had A Farm,” “Itsy Bitsy Spider,” and other children’s classics. On a recent trip to the San Diego Zoo, he scampered onto the People-mover took a seat, and belted out “The Wheels on the Bus Go Round and Round” with appropriate hand motions, much to the delight of other passengers.

Reid and his Nana have an almost symbiotic relationship. On frequent overnight visits, Reid’s up before the sun. Nana wraps him in a blanket and takes