

Six



The above is my favorite picture of Miss. Allanah Pearl. I do not visit the Sisco residence without looking at that picture. She's six years old now. The same age I was when we first moved to Ghana from Nigeria.

Maybe two months ago, when he was introducing Bro. Woodward at Tema, Dad mentioned that we would soon be leaving, (the rest of the family will be leaving for furlough in November - I'm leaving before them.) I missed the moment when Allanah grabbed Candra's hand, looked up at her, and said with more disbelief than true apprehension, "Grampy was just being silly. . . Right?"

She's really young, but she's old enough that she won't forget me. I'll just fade to the back of her mind a little. She'll forget many of the things we liked to do. She'll forget the sound of my voice. She'll forget the many, many, private viewings of "The Trumpet of the Swan" we enjoyed together. She'll forget the sound of my voice singing "The Teddy Bear's Picnic." I'm actually okay with that. What I'm struggling to be okay with is this: Days are long when you're that age. The end of my "Yeah... I am leaving, these are the suitcases" explanation went something like this:

"So, that's why 'Alinda has to go to school. I've got to do something with my life, everyone does eventually. I don't know when I'm coming back. I don't know where we'll be. I don't know when it will be. But I will see you. I'll send you pictures, and letters, and stickers, and sometime, I *will* see you." She heard me. As young as she is, she gets it. It's just that I know, that day after day will go by, and she *won't* see me. It's just that, she'll stop believing what I said, before she forgets.

I'm going to feel ridiculous typing this, but can I just say it? Kids, they grow up so fast. It's amazing. Right now, I can do no wrong. I have a feeling it won't be quite the same in the future.

Do me a favor regarding those kids in your life?

Read one more story. Sing one more song. Endure a couple more minutes of hair pulling, elbow jabbing, pain inducing fun. ;) Dance around the living room one more time. Pick them up, even if they're getting too heavy. Because, as cliched as it is - blinking *is* a bad idea. They change from picture A. to picture B. almost faster than you can scroll down. We all do. Actually, I think we change daily - but that's another blog.

There's my mirror girl Melandah. She loves Dora, pink things, and books.

I love *her*.

