

Oh Brother!

I was six I remember when Mother declared we were having a baby in the new year.
But with two brothers already, I instantly knew, another BROTHER was NOT needed here!

Time for a SISTER, I was completely convinced! With imagined authority (though not *too* tough)
I told God in my prayers to please understand: Another BOY? Our house had ENOUGH!

One cold night in January Dad drove Mom in haste (while Brothers and I were sent to our beds).
Returning much later he called up the stairs, "It's a BOY!" he grinned. Oh my face rose to red!

Another BROTHER? I was dumbstruck, upset! While 2 Brothers were jumping and starting to
shout

I held hope that Dad was pulling my leg. "I'll believe It when I see It!" I declared with a pout.

Disappointment continued when Baby Brother came home. Too big for the carriage I use for my
dolls?

Babies aren't usually ELEVEN POUNDS at birth. (Mother explained.) "Your Brother's not small."

My wish for a SISTER would never be granted, but I kept my course in a house full of BROTHERS,
with

bunkbeds and bikes, footballs and friends, and paper routes passed down one brother to
another.

Friends would tell me, "You're lucky with brothers. They don't steal your jewelry or favorite
sweaters!"

And little by little three BROTHERS felt right and Time saw fit to transform my displeasure.

And the years became filled with memories for each-

Brother 1, the oldest, taught me how to play Chess.

Brother 2 liked card games and ball games for sure,

Brother 3 liked to sing and play piano duets.

Life gave me BROTHERS, these three were my gift, three men in my life to be special indeed.

And what I know now that I didn't know then? God in His wisdom sends just what you need!