

Up Front:

Grandparenting is nature's way of saying 'Ha-ha'

Kathy Hedberg/Lewiston Tribune

When I was baby-sitting my granddaughters in Southern California a couple of months ago I looked in the cupboard for something to feed them for breakfast. There was this healthy, groovy cereal my daughter had bought full of pine needles and wood chips and thistle seed and I said: "Really, girls, wouldn't you rather have Count Chocula?"

Their mother threw a fit; the girls were charmed and, of course, I won.

During the day we'd go outside and the girls would frolic on their play sets while I sat in a lawn chair and watched, sending them inside from time to time to fetch me a beer.

When we got tired we'd go inside and turn on the TV - something some modern parents ration like it's caviar. When I was raising my children I also was kind of stingy about letting them watch television, but now that I'm a grandparent I think it's wonderful to have an electronic baby-sitter in the house.

When it got time for me to come home the girls cried and begged to come with me. And as she dropped me off at the airport my daughter hugged me close and with tears in her eyes said: "Mom, please come back soon."

It's great how everything turns out all right in the end.

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