

Derail the Pain Train; Climb the Hope Slope

It wasn't a responsibility I aspired to, but now that it arrived, I relished the joy. The new role was *grandpa*. At a sporting event, grandson indicated he needed to go to the bathroom and I, the grandpa, volunteered for the duty.

We walked down the hallway to the restroom and entered. Panic. No urinal. Was I in the wrong restroom? Whew! I was OK, just no urinal. Oh well, I put the toilet seat up, pulled down grandson's pants and hoisted him up with my arms around his chest. All was going according to plan, until there was a huge bang followed by a major flow of tears. I was struggling to keep grandson at the proper height and facing the right direction with one arm, as I pushed the toilet seat off his head with the other arm. I groaned, "That stupid toilet seat!" This grandpa role wasn't as sporting as I imagined.

Both flows ended, tears were dried off, pants were restored, and a harried grandpa returned grandson to his parents. But, my peace came to a sudden halt! Grandson looked into his father's eyes, then his mother's eyes and he blurted out, "Grandpa said a bad word!" You all know what I did – shoulders up, arms outstretched, palms open, eyebrows squeezed together, and mouth wide open. Concurrently my wife spoke in a tone you can imagine. For today, let's just say it wasn't the tone she uses first thing each morning when she greets our puppy. She exclaimed, "Lee, what did you say?!"

Then Grandson confidently tattled on me, "Grandpa said stupid!"

My wife and I relaxed as our daughter-in-law explained that our grandson had been calling everything stupid and they were attempting to get him to stop. You tell me what the word is for combing exhaustion, laughter, and relief?

My grandson, now a student at the United States Air Force Academy, has forgotten he ever tattled on his grandpa. However, I have not forgotten; stupid is forever engraved on my memory.

We shall return to *stupid*; I promise you.