

journey to that dreaded end of the pool. Our little guy knew what had happened to his younger brother when he ventured *too deep in the water*. In hindsight, that may have been a bad choice of words your mother and I attributed to your death. So session after paid session, Danny would be held back from the next level due to his resistance to the deep end of the pool.

*"Everything grows...Sisters do, brothers too..."* Danny was smiling with sheer delight while clapping his hands to the beat of the music, as your mother shuffled her bottom over to allow another mother and her two small sons a space next to them. She couldn't help but notice the totality of their family. Yet it warmed her heart to see Danny happy again, so she disregarded the silhouette of her past and donned her mask of denial. Warmth penetrated her heart as her oldest son looked up into her eyes with laughter. She felt blessed as she touched her stomach and almost felt the new baby growing inside her. *Two weeks late, it had to be a baby*, she thought.

*"Everything grows...Anyone knows that's how it goes..."* The chorus sang on as she remembered your second birthday arriving in a few days.

I'd like to proclaim that your mother was *okay*, which she told others only to relieve their discomfort. But if I did, I would be narrating a fictional account of her grief. Yet a possible pregnancy had definitely buoyed her spirit, even though it froze mine. Now, I guiltily recall ignoring her or changing the subject when she spoke of it to me. So she spared me and kept it in her thoughts while walking through life with her head held higher and a new lightness to her step.

*"A blade of grass, fingers and toes, hair on my head...Everything grows..."*

Were you growing in your heavenly home, Billy? Were you keeping up with all the other two-year olds seated around her in that room, leaving her to miss every new word spoken and physical feat accomplished in your afterlife? But with the absence of your earthly body, you could only be growing in intellect. Would she meet you on the day of her death as a