

ARADHYA - MY GRANDDAUGHTER

Description

I'm surprised how Aradhya, my granddaughter - the three-year-old bundle of sparkle and naughtiness guessed my arrival. For me, huffing heavily, I have to climb two flights of steep stairs. I almost run out of my breathe slinging a computer bag on one shoulder, a couple of books held in my hands. I was left with the last packet of energy in the body. Then I find her quickly racing towards me. She looked like a vibrant bubble of laughter rolling to reach me!

Her spontaneity deleted my tiredness. She took a quick turn, the moment she spotted me. As if a quick thrill possessed her she ran towards me, stretching her soft little hands. I looked at her silvery eyes dancing with innocent mischief. Adjusting her smile as far her tiny mouth would permit she darts towards me. I quickly note - she is there for my wife, and me to make our days bright. No matter how tired our days are. Her infectious hug has all the relishing excitement for us as the grandparents to forget our dark drained days. That is the gift I received every day from my granddaughter- Aradhya.

A fair small roundish face set with eyes questioning and commanding at the same time. There is a pinkish mouth enclosing tender sprouting teeth. Aradhya was on a short trip along with her mother, my daughter to India to spend some time with my wife who was ill.

Whenever she finds me at home irrespective of time of the day her energy levels take a sudden surge. She would drag me with all the strength her two little hands could muster. The hurry was to show me her mini destruction on display. She would spare nothing from the moment she woke up, ripping everything in between. Whatever her eyes can hold, and hands can grab.

The destruction includes buckets of water spilled, magazines torn, newspapers ripped, fresh vegetables mangled. I could see an assortment of utensils throw down over from the parapet. Even my wife's collection of mini Idols not spared. I find them, sadly, collected in a bowl and thrown away at a place usually reserved for discarded daily garbage. A sacrilege she committed that left my wife mortified. The maid was equally helpless and less pleased. And Aradhya looks on gleefully when she finds her mother in a head-banging frustration.

It amuses me looking at the solemn attentiveness with which she carried out her sole damaging mission. Try any attempt to stop her we are in for a rude astonishment. She shows her sheer shrill of innocent stubbornness. Looking at her and her mischief I'm thrown into a confused dilemma. According to my philosophy of bringing up children, I should allow Aradhya, to run free of her: in body, spirit, and actions. Would anyone in the family allow? That it means scenes of mutilated objects every day in every corner at home?

I'm proud of my awareness. My threshold levels of tolerance towards children run very high. During the days of raising my children, I adopted a faith the way I affectionately respected my two kids. That includes their opinions and freedom.

I'm greatly convinced if I wanted to enjoy my role as a parent and to make it a fulfilling one. I have to put into daily practice one hermetic model. I have to have at any time, in any mood good, open-hearted attitude towards my both kids. If I could introduce this family formula, I'm sure I could raise the satisfactory quotient in my wife and my children. And will help healthy relationships to evolve for a long enduring term. Essentially, we have to bear in mind that, in a happy family the emotional security is what is needed. Physical amenities and financial conditions is never a substitute for unconditional love and protection we throw around our family.

Now for this tiny body of life Aradhya, I know I need to cuddle her, smile at her, hug her. Her stay is for a brief period my daughter reminded me often. She kept hinting me, spend as much time as you can, in whichever caring way you can before she leaves. And I rejoiced everything that she is: the funny words, the giggles. Her enchanting presence was soothing enough to let me forget for a moment my angst and all?

Allowing for my thirty years of parenting I have learned the pleasure of patience. I have studied many hearty ways to capture the spectacle of enjoyment and the depths of delight in my kids. How it felt the swell of warmth by being on the side of the children. It has bound me to understand them unconditionally. I granted them as many chances as practically possible to stay unanxiously joyful.

I'm cautious and careful, kept under control any intrusion of my age-induced regressive nature in the process. Till today I preserved these worthwhile parenting attitudes and the know-how of how to enjoy the pranks of children. I have gathered them through my self-educating, self-observation, self-practicing process.

Involving extreme care, I have modified, adjusted my behavior. To see that it suits the age-appropriate needs and care of my children as they grow up. It's now the turn of my granddaughter. I say this to myself, I want to reach out to her, that she is so special to me. The days I spend with her would let me build a cheerful coming together; both for her and me. And I know she is the joy of my future I remind myself thinking about the fatal illness of my wife.

Perhaps, I read a lot of child psychology books, or it's my natural outlook. I have an instinctive manner with which I'm comfortable relating to children or young adults. Based on which I went on to create a habit of my attitude about how to groom a child. I can reflexively empathize the inside mystique of how, when, why of immature, fragile moods and tantrums of children. My nerves formed an instant rapport with children and remained well defined in me.

After thirty years, now these tired nerves craving for a filial relationship have come handy to create a grandfatherly canopy to comfort Aradhya.

I have been knowingly, and at ease with the how to formula for child nurturing. I enjoyed every bit what she does and damages; even when my mental tolerance levels, at times, are dismally low. However, my alertness, my preparedness would get ready to jump at the faintest hint she waves at me with her eyes are you ready to spend time with me?

Maybe it appeared that I had raised the bar of pampering to a higher level. I believed that when a child makes a sweetest request of any kind NO was never a choice. Even though I knew, it sounded childish considering my many preoccupations. When my little child, red in her face, waving her tiny hands, stomps her delicate legs and asks me, will you join me as my playmate? no excuse

would stand in between us to deny me that pleasure. The simple wisdom I followed for Aradhya, and it was my way of expression of my love for her.

There was always a bounce in her expressions. I adopted personal eagerness to see everything through her fluttering eyes. I have learned to respond to her special kind of innocence. I have to be one with her ways â?? her needs, her time, her moods. All that I needed was to attend her with a blissful urgency of â??here and now.â?? All it required was a special emotional antenna to receive her immature lovable signals.

In small thoughtful favors, I shared with her the daily doses of encouragement. In whatever efforts I allowed her to test her free will and abilities in as many ways she can. I made her with my closeness to see her role and place in the extended family pool. In return, she gave me sunshine each morning and hope and smiles on my wifeâ??s face â?? confused with a doomed illness.

Even though, Aradhya stayed with us for a short while â?? the psychological titbits, the emotional goodies I have â??re-tastedâ?? after a long hiatus are as worthy as valuable jewels. I saw her as a crazy dynamism and a joyous active being. Once I start looking into her sparkling eyes, it gave one message, â??my mischief doesnâ??t happen when you want it, my playfulness is spontaneous. It never acts out on your timelines. Instead, they run about bursting off like firecrackers â?? sparkling, brilliant but short-lived. You have to be ready to catch themâ?•. I very well understood her special ways to bring cheerfulness to our lives every day.

She is a miracle in front of my eyes, as very real and very near. She with all her delightful innocence is ready to cast a presence as a memory to be solidly preserved deep inside me. My choice is to appreciate, brushing aside pains, problems, and enjoy her stay as much as I can. So I did spend time with her as much as she demanded. I had been with her as much intimately as my grandfatherly soul would ask. Iâ??m deeply aware that this pleasure will never get repeated and she never will be three years old.

Besides Aradhya my granddaughter two more tiny miracles Kaushal and Abhiram are unhurriedly showing their endearing shine. One is barely a year old and another just logged in a month in his arrival book. More about them in coming months.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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