

## My Buddy and Me

Not too long ago, I was blessed with a new buddy.

I was told he was coming before his arrival.



Without actually meeting, we got to know each other in a quiet sort of way. He was so gentle in his movements.

After much labour and excitement, we managed to arrange a meeting.





It was awesome!  
Love at first sight!  
We both cried.

During those first days we spent most of our time basking in the warm silence of our eyes. His eyes were filled with a naïve wisdom. I felt a deep respect and bond.

We have shared many good times discovering the simple wonders of the world, like a smile or a hug.

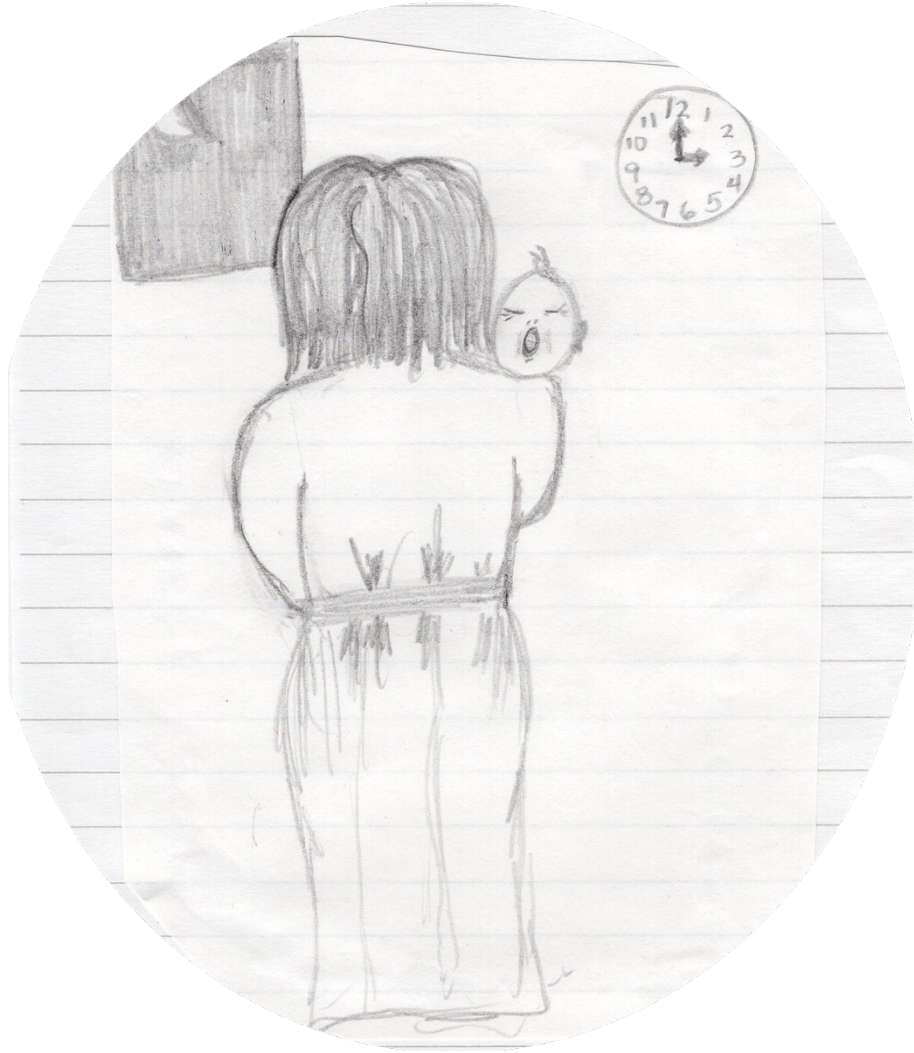


We do everything together, my buddy and me.



We need each other, my buddy and me.

I would talk to him and he would listen with a smile or gurgle or even a cry.



We have shared some rough times, my buddy and me.

As time goes on my buddy will grow and so our needs for each other will change. We won't be spending as much time together.



In addition, we are not always going to see eye to eye, my buddy and me. As my buddy's independence grows he is not always going to listen and smile. It won't be easy.

As he grows older he will need me less, but I will need him more.



Yet, I know that in letting go we will both grow. I can only hope and pray that he and I remain open to new ideas and experiences.

The bond that was once sealed by the silence of our gaze and dependence will be opened with the breath of freedom and independence, through the sharing of thought and experience.

Together we will grow not in the 'should haves' of yesterday or the 'what ifs' of tomorrow, but in the wonder and challenge of today.



My buddy and me.

**MC Rolston 1989**