

My golden sundrop

Business



One tap. One tap and my world won't be the same. One tap and I'm awake. For a second I don't know where I am and then I remember.

I'm in the waiting room waiting to see my mom and my new baby brother. My grandma told me it was finally time to go see them. Suddenly my emotions sing a twisted harmony. I'm nervous, excited, curious, overjoyed and eager. I walk down the hall past long, looming doors anticipating the moment I can touch the cool metal handle and push open the door.

Push open the door and not be the only child anymore. I walk in and I see them. My mom looks like a dimming light bulb, but that's not who I'm looking at. I'm looking at the curious eyes looking back at me. This baby that I've been waiting for is finally here. In my mother's arms, there is a baby.

A baby so small and so delicate, that it almost blends in with the blanket. His features are miniature and delicate. His hair looks soft as few strands stand up and out. His eyes pop as his eyelashes wave at me. His eyes look at me with curiosity and warmth as I stare back with amazement.

This baby is my brother. As I ask to hold him, I feel his warmth before he touches me. I hold him and I can't help but put on this goofy smile because I'm so happy. I remember right then when my parents told me I was going to have a new sibling. I was so happy, I ran up and hugged them and my dad asked, "Are you gonna help us feed him, change his diapers, and play with him?" I answered, "Yes!" in almost yell, barely hearing the question, running around the house too happy to stop. I don't think I slept at all that night thinking the baby would magically be there the next day.

After a while, the nurse came in and telling my parents that visiting hours were over and that I had to go. I immediately yelled “ no” in response, not being able to stand being away from that golden sun drop with the curious eyes. I was going to keep my promise no matter what and I couldn't do that if I wasn't here. There was no way I was leaving. No. The nurse talked to my dad and then told me I could stay.

I was happy, but too tired to celebrate. The nurse brought in an uncomfortable looking chair for me to sleep on and I fell asleep. I woke up and reflexively looked around the room for the baby. I didn't see him, but I knew he was fine wherever he was, so I lay down and thought about what had happened the previous day. Yesterday morning I was the only child almost bursting with anticipation of her little brother and POP! Just like that I wasn't the only child. I'd have to share, teach, and be a good example for that special baby, my brother.

There is a story in the Bible about Cain and Abel. Cain was the first-born and then came Abel. Abel was favored more by God because of his generous offerings and Cain didn't like that, so Cain lured Abel away and killed him out of jealous rage. When Cain was asked about it later he retorted with “ I don't know, what am I my brother's keeper?’ Unlike Cain, I am overjoyed to have such an important job. I take pride in knowing that it's my job to protect my brother.

I am my brother's keeper and I wouldn't have it any other way.