

Birthday Wishes

Contributed by Sue
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Yesterday was my son's sixth birthday. He had two opportunities for making wishes, with full belief in the potential for them to come true. The first opportunity was, of course, on his birthday cake following an off-key serenade by party guests (ahem, myself included). The other opportunity came when we were loading our car after the ice cream shop party. My husband and I tried in vain to retrieve one of three balloons that made an escape out the hatchback. Thinking quickly to avert birthday disappointment, I told my son to make a wish on it as it flew away. He did without hesitation.

This afternoon, while sharing some alone time over a snack at the kitchen table, we talked about the previous day's birthday party. The topic of his birthday wishes came up. Because we were alone, he confided in me. Although this may be a breach in verbal contract, I want to share the sweetness of what he said. His first wish was on his birthday cake. He wished that there was no school and that he could spend everyday with me and have a string of play days with snacks and games. Okay. Sounds good. The second wish, on the fleeing balloon, was that I said, "yes" to whatever he asked for. Without my sincere son noticing, I laughed so hard, so silently as I imagined life as if his wish came true.

Then, I realized that his wish was a very wise one, aside from the chaos it would realistically cause, but I'm not going to ruin the story by pointing out how spoiled he would become, or how poorly nourished he would be from overindulging in sweets and snacks. No, I want to cherish the root of his thought. This comes directly from the mind of a newly inducted six-year-old boy. He was just wishing for things to go his way, whatever they may be.

He did not wish for the biggest, fastest, best toy in the world. No, that would have been a missed opportunity for an all-encompassing, perfectly simplistic wish to be granted. He made an umbrella wish. Smart kid. Proud Mom.