

They Named Him After Me!

When our fourth grandson was born, Ruth and I were in the birthing suite with our daughter and son-in-law. The physician handed him to our daughter, Jill, and she counted his toes and fingers...making sure that all of his parts were in the right places. She then handed him to Michael who kissed him and brought him to us. He handed him to me and said “ We’re naming him Glenn Austin after you.” I have an old fashioned name--Glenn Alan--and it came as a real surprise that our newest grandson would be named after me. There were hugs and kisses—and lots of tears, and I went home walking just a little taller, and a little prouder.

I knew that our daughter loved the name Austin (a family friend from many years ago) and imagined that they would be calling him Austin; so several days later I asked his big brother, Andrew (seven and a half at the time...and named after my father), “What are you going to be calling the baby?” (Ruth claims that this was an unfair question to ask of such a young child!) Andrew answered without waiting a second, “Mom said to call him Austin all the time unless you’re around...then call him Glenn.” Out of the mouths of babes...

Several days passed and the adults were sitting around our kitchen table, Jill holding the baby. Andrew walked up between his mom and me and looked at the baby. He said, “Glenn sure is sleeping good.” Andrew looked at me, rolled his eyes and gave me a high five! Jill said, “I think I’m going to have trouble with the two of you!”

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father. Thank you for the children of the world...whatever their names might be. Let those of us fortunate enough to be grandparents, realize our role as your messengers on Earth...sent here to help our children raise their children. May we serve as important role models in the lives of these impressionable young people. Amen.

Glenn Saltzman 6/99