

No Tears In Heaven

One day I was cleaning my four year old son's bedroom when I came across his family tree album that I had made for him when he was born. I had just sat down on the floor and started flipping through the pages when John Anthony came running in looking for his dump truck. He asked me what I was doing sitting on the floor. I told him that I was looking at his family tree album. He came over and sat down by me and I laid the album across our laps. I told him that when he was born that I wanted to do this album for him so he would know who his family was. He flipped the first page over and started grinning. He said, "That's me when I was a baby right mom?" I smiled and said, "Yes son and look how cute you use to be." He looked at me and said, "I still am mom!" He flipped the page and yelled, "That's you and do-da right mom?!" I said, "Yes son that's us when we use to be cute." John Anthony just laughed as if I was the funniest person in the world. When he got finished laughing he turned the page and yelled again, "That's my papa, that's my papa and li-si!" I couldn't help but laugh at his excitement of seeing pictures of us. He was all excited and flipped to the next page. He pointed to the picture and I asked him who they were. He smiled at me and said, "That's my ni-si." He got this puzzled look on his face and asked me who that man was with his ni-si. I told him that was his Grandpa John Alfred. He kept looking very intensely at his grandpa. He then looked at me and asked me where he was. I told him that he was in heaven. He looked up and pointed and asked, "Up there with God?" I said, "Yes son, with God." He sat there and looked like he was pondering and I was about to turn the page when he stopped me. He looked up at me with his big, brown eyes and said, "Mom, I know him." I replied, "You do?" he said, "Yes mom, I've met him before." I said, "Really son, where?" He replied, "In heaven before I came to you." I was really surprised at his response. He just sat there looking at his grandpa's picture. I told him that he was named after his grandpa and his papa. He turned his little head to me and said, "Grandpa use to sing to me in heaven." I said, "Really? What would he sing to you?" he said, "Songs." I laughed and asked him, "What songs?" John Anthony sat there for a few seconds and then started singing The Old Rugged Cross. I sat there in shock listening to him sing parts of that song. When he got finished he told me that his grandpa would play his guitar and sing that song to him all the time. Tears started rolling down my face as I was trying to comprehend what he had just told me. John Anthony sat there looking at the picture and then said to me, "Grandpa told me that he was so glad that he got to meet me and that he loved me very, very much." Then, he flipped the page.

As soon as he saw the next picture he squealed with delight, "Mom, that's Granny Lucy and Grandpa Steve!" At this point my heart was racing and I could barely breathe. He said, "I sat at Granny Lucy's feet and played while she made baskets for me. That basket in my picture, she made that for me." I quickly got up and went into the living room and got his newborn picture off the wall and brought it back to his bedroom. I sat back down and asked him if this was the basket. He started grinning and said, "Yes." I sat there in shock wondering how my 4 year old knew so much about his grandparents. We had never talked to him about his grandparents that had been gone for years. I asked John Anthony if his Granny Lucy talked to him. He said, "Yes. She would tell me how much she loved me and that I was her favorite little cootie." I immediately started crying. He asked me why I was crying. I told him that his Granny Lucy used to call me cootie too. He asked me if I met her in heaven too. I explained to him that I knew her here on earth before she left to go to heaven. I told him that I used to sit at her feet and play while she made baskets too. He just smiled at me and said, "I love my Granny Lucy."

At this point, I knew John Anthony had met his grandparents. I felt it in my heart and soul. Excited to hear the next story, I asked him what he and his Grandpa Steve would do. He started telling me that he and his friends would carry rocks to the river for his Grandpa Steve. I asked him who his friends were. He sat there for a minute looking like he was trying to remember and then his face lit up and he said, "There was Kyle Ethan, Ryan, Lyric, Elias and Jindrek." I replied, "They are your cousins' sons." He said, "We would play all the time for Mom. Kyle Ethan would pick us up and swing us around and around and around. After we would take Grandpa Steve his rocks we would play in the river together." I asked him why his Grandpa Steve needed them to bring him rocks. He said, "Grandpa Steve was building something." I asked him, "What was he building?" John Anthony sat there for a minute thinking and said, "You know that thing at church where everyone goes to pray at?" I asked, "The altar?" he said, "Yes, an altar. We helped Grandpa Steve build his altar. I sat there speechless. John Anthony shook my arm and asked me what was wrong. I told him nothing was wrong that I was just remembering that his li-si had told me that she would help Grandpa Steve carry rocks down to the river too when he was on earth. He told me not to cry because heaven was a happy place. I told him that I wasn't sad, I was just thankful and glad that he got to meet his grandparents. He told me, "I love and miss them." I was curious about something so I asked him, "Do you remember the day you left heaven?" He looked at me with this big grin and said, "Yes. We were all so happy. We hugged and they all told me that they loved me and that they would see me again one day. Then I felt these big arms pick me up and I was carried away." I pulled John Anthony

over onto my lap and I hugged him tightly. I told him that I loved him and that I was so glad that he told me about his time in heaven. He kissed me on the cheek and jumped up and grabbed his dump truck and out of the room he went. I sat there and flipped through his album again thinking about everything he just told me. Just as my eyes started watering, John Anthony started hollering for me to come play dump trucks with him. I got up off the floor, wiped my eyes, put his album back on the shelf and went into the living room to play dump trucks.

~ A.S. Tahquette