What is it like to be a Grandpa?

C. J. Radke

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After a long day helping with house repairs, Grandpa sits down on the couch to relax among a myriad of move-in boxes. No sooner than settling in, he is attacked by hordes of grandchildren, exactly 2 of them.

They do not attack individually, but in a planned foray from different directions. They climb onto his lap, pull his ears, stick fingers in his mouth, run toy cars and trucks up and down his arms and legs, hit him on the head with toy hammers (Oops, Mommy yells when that happens), rub their hands across his afternoon beard, pull his glasses off, spill his water drink, and get chalk on his clothes.

He, of course, repels this onslaught with vigor, escaping by tickling or any other trick he may have up his sleeve. If he is clever enough, the attack ends in quiet book reading with the enemy snuggling at his side and on his lap. He declares victory and says to himself:

Isn’t it wonderful to be a Grandpa.