

The SUN

APRIL 2012 ■ ISSUE 436

Readers Write

THE BEST FEELING IN THE WORLD

SEVEN YEARS AGO I WAS SINGLE, forty, and recovering from life-threatening complications after knee surgery. That same year I met Pavlik. The following July, a few months after the anniversary of our first date, we hiked around Fawn Lake in a suburb of Boston. Mosquitoes bit our arms and legs as we approached a clearing overlooking a sliver of water dotted with lily pads. Pavlik held my hands and asked if I would marry him. That was it. No preamble. I shouted, "Yes!"

We married in November 2006, and I hoped against hope that I wasn't too old to become a mom. Doctors were pessimistic. After eight months of trying, though, my body decided to produce one good egg. In January 2008 Simon was born. I was forty-three.

Now I have a spunky three-year-old boy who is showing his father and me

how to find joy in the smallest things.

"Let's do a parade," Simon announces. "Daddy, you play drum. Mommy, you play the flute."

We are a strange-looking band. Simon strums his blue ukulele and leads us from the living room to the hall to the kitchen. Pavlik taps a toy drum and takes short steps to let our toddler stay in the lead. I tag along behind, blowing notes on a plastic recorder.

The ukulele is out of tune. The drum is off the beat. My recorder playing is a random bleating. It is the most beautiful cacophony I have ever heard.

*Linda K. Wertheimer
Lexington, Massachusetts*