



The View from Here

My wife, Berta, and I were recently blessed with the birth of our first grandchild, a beautiful boy with a personality that draws you in and devours you. His name is Logan.

I kidded my daughter, Kelly, Logan's mom, about the name. "Why are you naming my grandson after an airport?" I teased. She wasn't amused.

Strangely enough, since his birth in September of 2007, I can't imagine a name that would fit him any better. He has become 'Logan'.

Being a grandparent is a very special thing. I'm not sure that it's something that one can understand unless they've had the experience. It's amazing. It's unique.

Berta and I have three children and each of their births has a special place in our hearts. Each of them was a great gift. But being a grandparent is just different somehow.

It may be that being older, and hopefully wiser; we appreciate more the wonder that is the creation of a new life. We understand how precious and fragile that new life is, and how totally dependent that life is upon those of us who love him and care for him.

Logan has come to the point where he now recognizes people. He smiles a big, broad smile when he sees Berta and me because by some inexplicable means, he knows that we're special people in his life. He knows how much we love him.

He has no expectations of us other than for us to love him, nor are we required to perform some task or live up to some worldly expectation in order for him to love us. He's a reflection of God's perfect, unfailing love – and that's an amazing thing.