

No Special Bond?

No Special Bond between two who crossed the Misty Mountains and crawled the dark Mines of Moria together, each day marking on a map in red, we must be here, and here, and now there is Smaug?

No Special Bond between two who stood together as Aslan sang the world from Darkness into Being, who found together a Golden Key to The Secret Garden with an even more secret gate through which Fern Larkin came into the world, while high above Venator cried and whirled on reddish wing?

No Special Bond between two who cried together when Remus Lupin died or Albus fell from high atop the tower? No Special Bond with the one you whispered to, “Papa, use your voices when you read”?

No Special Bond with one who taught you all your colors? Or counting? With one who pulled you in your wagon down to Circle K for apple juice in round glass bottles, or M and M’s?

No Special Bond with one who helped you make Hot Chocolate and build a tent with books and blankets and straight-backed chairs?

No Special Bond with one who brought “Gaty” home and found a place for a five foot stuffed Crocodile, on whose back you flew above the Mountains of Middle Earth while you held your Magic Wand, also a gift from one with whom you had No Special Bond?

No Special Bond with one who took a second job, and then a third, so that your Nana wouldn’t have to go to work and could drive you to your school each day and pick you up and take you to the library and to Kid’s Club and to the park to feed the ducks and to Disneyland with annual passes, so that she could make cakes and cookies for you and for your entire class, so just you and she could go to Bass Lake to play with cousins and swim and bounce behind a boat in inner tubes?

No Special Bond after all the Plays and Puppet Shows and Concerts? After pot luck dinners at the church, and late nights to wait in line with crowds for that first release of our Harry Potter books?

No Special Bond with one who listened quietly as you explained how Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde is really “all about Drugs”? No Special Bond with one who, with you,

pondered how Percy Jackson might survive, who told you every Greek Myth he could remember, who bought you book after book about Egyptian Lore and took you to museums to see mummies and so much more?

No Special Bond with one who helped you research Hawks and Sailing Ships, and bought poster board and printed photo after photo for you to paste in place?

No Special Bond with someone who took you cruising down to Mexico, who drove you back and forth to Texas and to Arkansas, who bought a TV just for you to watch as we drove across the wide deserts and the Texas plains? No Special Bond with one who drove across the country—just you and I and a hermit crab you named Hermione (who, to this day, along with Gaty and a small black dog named Doc, still lives at my house but belongs to you)—drove across the country listening to Jim Dale read Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban and talking all the time about what it meant?

No Special Bond with one you sat beside upon a couch and snuggled up to as we would watch Old Yeller and would give to you his handkerchief when you would start to cry?

No Special Bond after all the peanut butter sandwiches and paper airplanes? No Special Bond after all the Monday Spaghetti Special Nights with salad and olives you stole from me and stuck upon your fingertips and dipped in blue cheese dressing?

No Special Bond with one who took you out into the yard and pointed out Orion and Betelgeuse and Seven Sisters and set up huge binoculars to look at craters on the Moon?

No Special Bond after all the scribbled notes of I love you do you love me check yes or no? After all the notes and drawings and school papers marked with stars we hung proudly on the refrigerator door?

No Special Bond?

Say what you wish that might please others.

You might even fool yourself.

But if all of that—and more—was never Special,

Then like the Bard, “I never writ, nor no man ever loved.”

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