

Raising Chesney

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What can one say about Chesney? He is the one with the big brown eyes, the coat unzipped and his shirt on inside out. There is Chesney, lugging his overfilled binder of Yugioh cards and his shoes on the wrong feet and papers trailing on the floor from his science folder. And it is Chesney who has filled our lives with worry and frustration and love. We are the parents of an Asperger's child, and we don't care that he paces endlessly hitting a ball against a spatula, and it is no big deal that he lines up objects around his bed at night. Meltdowns over math? Oh, yes. Panic when the school bus is five minutes late? That's our son.

But Chesney is also the one who loves us unconditionally even when we yell when we shouldn't. He tries so hard to tolerate that unplanned stop at the drugstore. And he is never happier than laying in bed beside me to watch "Jaws" for the 150th time. ("It's a twenty footer," "no, twenty-five...")

But Raising Chesney is really all about loving him, all of him and not understanding why the world can't see his beauty. I want to be the fierce mamma protector forever, hold him in my arms and save him from the taunts and ridicule of the seventh grade. Lay my hands on to heal. Lead him safely down the dark and dangerous path of life.

Little boy of mine, I love.