Family Spotlight: A Year Already?

I can’t believe this is the last newsletter of the school year. How did that happen so quickly? It seems like it was only last week that I was learning the Byzantine intricacies of the drop-off and pick-up routines, trying not to embarrass myself in front of the veterans. Now I’m a seasoned pro and know exactly how late I need to be to get a spot at the back of the line, thereby eking out a few extra minutes of Fresh Air on the radio.

I used to work on campus at the School of Computer Science and occasionally I would hear the sounds of the Children’s School friends playing outside as I walked across The Cut to get lunch. I never imagined back then that one day my daughter would be one of those little noise-making hooligans playing by the tennis courts, or that I would even have a daughter, but there you have it! She is, and I do, and we feel very fortunate.

I left the School of Computer Science to stay home with Grace, and I have to say I’ve never had so much fun working so hard. The changes, the different developmental stages, they come fast and furious, and it’s all I can do to keep up most days. Grace started the school year learning to ride a bike, tearing around on the playgrounds, and hiking in Frick Park with her dads, Eric and Devin. (I’m Dad, Devin is Pop.) Then we entered the seemingly endless indoor months, and it was all about fairies and princesses and books, books, books! Grace is learning to read and is getting quite good at it. I gave her one of my old Calvin and Hobbes books a few weeks ago, thinking she might enjoy the illustrations. One morning before school she rewarded my lapse in judgment by asking me at breakfast, “Is that your face, or did a possum get stuck in your collar?” I tried not to take it personally.

Grace’s Pop is a French and Russian teacher for Pittsburgh Public Schools, and he’s always teaching her new words in both of those languages. As parents, we both believe that learning other languages and exploring other cultures is an important part of being a well-rounded individual. Also, I believe Devin is teaching Grace how to speak French so that I can’t understand what they’re saying. But that’s just me.

Now it’s spring, the sun is shining (kind of, sometimes), and we’re picking up where we left off when school started. The princesses and fairies are spending more time alone, “watching TV” in the dollhouse, and Grace is back outside riding her bike, tearing around the playground, and hiking with her dads. There have been changes, of course. She rides her bike a little faster this year and has taken to bombing down steep hills, much to the dismay of her parents. And this year, it is Grace who is patiently waiting for us to catch up on the hikes through Frick Park.