

◆

**April** 21st, 2012

Although I had been in attendance for each of Josiah's emergency room visits, including the time the plastic surgeon sewed up the gaping hole in Josiah's face, when it came to having several teeth extracted, I knew that I would not be an asset to my son. After recalling Jon's frequent commands to leave the bathroom during his attending to emergencies, because he found my grimaces and winces anything but helpful during such ordeals, I knew I had made the right decision concerning teeth pried from my baby's jaw. But I suffered nonetheless, knowing that I would not be holding Josiah's hand. So I decided to give Josiah something that he could grasp in his pocket during the surgery that would assure him of my immense love for him in my absence. Something loveable, yet something more masculine, was in order at this time in his life, so I searched till I found this adorable duck. Not only was he cute and loveable, but he was dressed appropriately for the spring weather.

![alt](images/stories/blog/a pocket full of love 7662.jpg) ![alt](images/stories/blog/a pocket full of love 7665.jpg) ![alt](images/stories/blog/a pocket full of love 7669.jpg) ![alt](images/stories/blog/a pocket full of love 7698.jpg)

◆

It is amazing to me, how something so little can bring such enjoyment and comfort to a child. Even now at age sixteen, Josiah smiles when he sees his duck sitting amongst our spring decorations. And he never fails to pick it up lovingly remembering how I filled his pocket full of love.◆