

Sean Chronicles  
June 27, 2009  
Bait and Switch

As Sean grew and matured into a young man, his mom was usually the one he looked to. Being his mom meant I was the “comfort coordinator” for Sean’s every need: his food, his feeding, his hygiene needs, his going to bed after being tucked in, his playmate more often than not, etc.

Mick used to comment that he (Mick) was just the monkey but Sean knew who the organ grinder really was.

Over the last year or so, since Mick has been driving Sean home with him, Sean has become very aware of Dad. Sean uses his limited residual vision to locate his dad nearly every moment. And over the last few weeks, Sean has taken to waking us up during the night. Often several times a night. Sean will come into our bedroom and stand over the bed. Sometimes he’ll gently pull the comforter off until one of us wakes up. Since most of Sean’s years growing up included being awake at all hours, I went for years with very few nights of uninterrupted sleep. For some reason these days, now that I’m in my fifties, I am sleeping harder. Consequently, Mick is the one who seems to wake up more than I. He dutifully gets up, turns Sean around and helps him back to his bed, tucking him in, getting Sean some Gatorade to have next to his bed.

Recently however, this routine has taken a new turn. Sean has practically become obsessed with his dad. He went through a phase for a few weeks of coming into our room and waking one of us several times a night! One night I got up every 20 minutes for 3 hours trying to keep Sean from waking up his dad on a work night! While Mick wakes up often to help Sean when he comes into our room during the night, I really try to help so that Mick doesn’t lose a night of sleep when he has to get up at 4:15 each morning and drive nearly an hour to work.

Sean, being the clever man that he is, has now exhibited a new characteristic with his middle-of-the-night antics: the bait and switch. It happened last night. There I was dreaming about a horse, thoroughly involved in the storyline, as we do when we dream. Suddenly I realized Sean was standing over me holding his plastic glass. The horse faded away as I dragged myself out of bed. I turn Sean around and we head out of the bedroom. Sean hands

me his glass and I pad to the kitchen to fill his Gatorade glass as ordered. I mix the Fruit Punch Gatorade powder and water for Sean and turn to hand it to him.

Out of the bedroom come Mick and Sean. Sean had gone right back and gotten Mick out of bed as soon as I was occupied with the Gatorade. Sean's huge grin seemed quite self-satisfied as both his mom and dad accompanied him back to his bedroom to tuck him in! Gatorade was dutifully placed next to his bed. Ah, success! BOTH parents gotten up! My job is done. He didn't get up the rest of the night.

Nancy Wenlock  
June 27, 2009