



*Dorothy C. Yang*

T.J. Thomas Jon is my grandson who lives in Hawaii. I have only been able to see him about 5 or 6 times since I have lived in Philadelphia. When we are together we play. He calls me "Nanabobo", for grandma. Sometimes we talk with each other on the telephone.

I was unable to see him and his twin brothers age 17 months for over a year due to my study at the seminary. After my school ended, I could not wait to see them. Before I left, I called T. J. to see if I could bring him something. It took him some time to say a bucket. My son said to me that he did not need a bucket but I made a special trip to town to get a toy bucket for T.J.

When I arrived at Honolulu airport, T.J. came running to me and hugged my legs. Only a grandmother can understand the sweet feeling of love from a grandchild. He remembered the bucket. I did not disappoint him because we were friends.

We went to movies, playgrounds, and a place called "showbiz". We ate popcorn and pieea, which I seldom eat. He loved watching the video of Peter Pan. We watched it over and over again. He is great company.

Every time I have been in Honolulu I

have gone to help at the Golden Ager Association of Hawaii. I was not sure whether it was wise to bring T.J. along with me. Anyway, his daddy prepared his lunch and his toy bag for us to take along. It was impossible to believe that the whole time he played by himself and with some children that had come with their Chinese grandparents. Not once did he come to me when I was busy taking care of the problems of the senior citizens.

I was invited to lunch with T.J. by an old schoolmate. All he ate was rice with water, beef and milk. He was so well behaved and I was so proud of him.

In the evening he asked his daddy why Nanabobo spoke Chinese. His daddy answered "Nanabobo IS Chinese"

At the end of my visit while we were going to the airport in the car he mumbled to himself "Nanabobo I am going to miss you" at least 5 to 6 times.

I know that one has to work hard to be a good grandparent. The grandchild's love and respect has to be earned and not to be demanded.

I thank God for T.J.

