

'Child or Adult?'

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by Rebecca Enney

Are you a child or are you an adult? Seems like a silly question, cause of course you are a child, right?

And yet, here is Elizabeth and as you know, she is in second grade. And there are times she feels like an adult. Like when she is taking care of the twins, Edward and Ella. They are still babies and wear diapers. In fact, Elizabeth is tall enough to stand at the changing table and change their diapers, well, unless it is a messy one. Then she calls her Mom to come help!

And Elizabeth knows how to calm them down when they are fussy. AND Elizabeth LOVES her brother and sister! She has taught them to say her name, which they say more like "Lis" but that is fine, they are still babies. And when they are on the floor wrestling, Elizabeth knows how to be gentle with them and even to let them romp a little hard on her. Elizabeth is much like an adult with the twins.

On the other hand, when Elizabeth is wrestling on the living room floor with her daddy, he is the one who is careful. He is the one who is watching out for Elizabeth. And Elizabeth is the one who is the child! Fun times!

So, you might ask, are there times when Mr. Mawakasunga is the child? Yes, there are. Like, after a very, long, hard day at the engineering firm, where he is responsible for designing public water systems and then he comes home and helps with dinner and feeding the twins and getting them to bed, and then goes to a finance meeting at church and comes home late, he is exhausted. Some time he feels like throwing a tantrum! That would be childish.



Now, Mr. and Mrs. Mawakasunga are very rigid, that means they are stiff and inflexible. They don't bend at all. That is because they are awake, and maybe because they are adults. But when daddy and mommy are in bed and fall asleep, when they are sound asleep, and I have peeked where they both live on the closet shelf and seen this with my own eyes, they become very soft and bendable. They become like a child, curled up in the shelter of each other's arms. They are like a child.

Now, I am sorry to say, Aunt Gertrude never acts like a child. She is always an adult, which is too

bad.

There are lots of ways we adults become like children and lots of ways you children become like adults. But there is one place we are ALL children.

When we are in the arms of God, the father of us all!!! THE END