

That stupid pandemic. Haven't seen my family, my grandkids, for months.

So one day, Jenn calls me about something that is too involved to text about.

Libby discovers Mommy is talking to me and whines for the phone. Since Jenn is getting ready for supper, she hands the phone to Libby.

She jabbers while I laugh. I love her so much.

She tells me about her day as only a one and a half year old can. Jabber, jabber, jabber.

She points to this and that and of course, I can't see what she is pointing at. But since I haven't seen or talked to her for that long, I don't care. I love every minute.

At one point, she leans down and places the phone—me—on the floor and goes about her duties. Remember she is 1 1/2 years old!

I hear her. I hear whatever her mommy is doing—getting supper, yelling at the boys to stop fighting. It's a busy household of seven—two adults and five kids, plus dogs, chickens, and bees.

I am hearing things but all I can see is ... the ceiling.

That's okay. I know she'll be back.

Or someone will be.

But, she doesn't come back.

Soon, someone else's head dips in.

A puzzled look.

A slow smile. “How did you ... ?” The other granddaughter, Rebekah! She’s eight and she’ll understand.

She picks up the phone and grins. “G-ma! What are you doing on the floor? What are you doing in there?”

I smile. I know she can see me and I can see her. I’m no longer looking at the ceiling, but her beautiful face. “I ... I was talking to Libby and she put me on the floor. Must have had something else to do.”

Slam!

Rebekah jumps. Looks up. Screams! “That’s *my* chicken!”

Thud!

I’m back on the floor, only the sounds I hear now aren’t supper preparations or boys fighting. I’m fearing sounds of, “That’s *my* chicken! Why do *you* have her? She’s *mine*!”

Chicken squawks.

Screaches. Not all from the chicken.

“Kids!” Mom is back.

I’m still on the floor. The ceiling has a fly on it, or I think that’s what it is.

A little head leans in.

Sebastian! “Hi Sebastian! How are you?”

Sebastian grins, as only he can grin. Just looks at me for a little minute, then picks me up. Or picks up the phone. “G-ma. Did you know you’re on the floor?”

He grins again. He looks around, maybe to tell someone else or maybe to try and figure out this mystery, of why his grandma is in the phone that is on the floor.

He shakes his head and gives the phone a hug. Then sits down on the floor, holding me, or the phone carefully on his knees. He opens his mouth as if to say something, then shakes his head. “It’s really nice to be together again.”

I nod. “It is. Thanks for picking me up, bud.”

“You’re welcome.” He sings it. Just like on the movie Moana.

I grin. “I love that movie.”

He nods. His eyes get big. “I’ll be right back, G-ma.” He puts me carefully down on the floor and walks away. He comes back. “I’ll be right back.” Makes sure I know he’s serious, because he holds up his finger and nods.

I know he’ll come back. Maybe not right away, but—

Music.

Ahh. My favorite movie.

Moana.

A head bobs in. It’s Sebastian!

He picks me up and takes me to the living room where he shows me the room and the TV.

I’m laughing.

We are in the living room, just him and me. He is holding me up so I can see the TV. Every once-in-a-while he checks to be sure I can see the movie.

I love this movie.

Noise. The door slams and someone is crying.

Alex, I think.

He clomps into the room. I only see his feet.

I know it's him by his voice. He is crying—kind of.

He leans over in front of the phone. “G-ma?”

I grin. He's so cute.

“G-ma?” He looks into the phone, then tries to see behind it, only Sebastian's hand is in the way. “Is she in there? In the phone?”

Sebastian doesn't answer. He really gets into the movie.

Alex leans in again. “Well, I lost my turn on the slide and then I couldn't find my bike. But I can ride it.” He nods and takes a bite of what looks like a fudgie bar. Looks yummy. “So how did you get into Mommy's phone?”

He reaches for it to take it away from Sebastian.

Sebastian tries to grip it, but it slips from his hands and I am spinning up in the air.

I catch glimpses of ocean and boats on the TV. I spin. The couch. More spinning. I want to close my eyes—I am getting dizzy—but I don't want to miss anything. I hope my daughter's phone doesn't get broken!

I see—

A hand—

Ocean—

I'm bouncing off several hands.

Screams.

Everyone at once.

“Catch her!”

“Don't let her hit the floor.”

“She'll hurt—”

“She at home, Dork!”

“Don't break my phone!”

“Dabidmucka. Down down. No!”

I stop spinning.

I'm not looking at the ceiling. Or at the TV.

Ian!

“I caught you, G-ma!” Ian is grinning, a chicken snuggled beside his face, its eyes closed.

“Wow. Thank you Ian!”

“You're wel-come.”

We laugh.

Right in time with the movie.

