

Docia Shares a Story about Wrinkles and Perspectives

There comes a time when children no longer ask if you are a mommy or whose mommy you are, but instead ask if you are a grandmother or a grandma. Less often do they ask if you are a daddy or a grandpa. It made me wonder what they thought about age and what being old meant to them. These are some of their answers. They reveal how observant they are.

"Old is getting white hair and wrinkles and having a husband who whines all the time."

"You're old but you aren't going to die." How do you know that? "You don't have enough wrinkles." Then, as an afterthought, "But you do have old elbows."

A kindergarten teacher told me that when she was asked why her hair was white she told the class that when one gets older one's hair often turns white. One of the children said, "My grandma's got red."

"You must have been pretty before your face got all cracked up."

"Well, I'm old. My brother is little. He's not old yet. My grandma is old, old, but don't tell her. It's a secret."

Wrinkles and grandmas seem to be high on the priority list. I like to think my wrinkles, and they keep increasing, are a confirmation of having coped successfully with what life has offered — warts and all. Wrinkles give me a feeling of accomplishment, fortitude, and hope, rather than despair and the need for creams, lotions, and plastic surgery.

Maybe we should paraphrase Robert Burns' "A wad the Pow'r the giftie see us to see ourself as others see us" to "A great the Pow'r the giftie gie us to see ourselves as children see us!"

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