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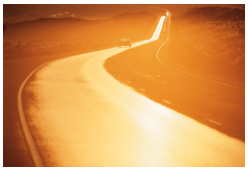
A TWIN REVELATION

Anastasia Smith

The author's trip down memory lane points to the future.



A few years ago, I visited dear college friends, Laura and Jason. The stated purpose of my trip was to take a turn in the family-friend "tag team" established to care for their newborn twins — a boy and a girl. My real intentions were selfish. Yearning for the arrival of these babies ever since Laura and Jason decided to start a family, I wanted to be one of the first members of the college "crew" to hold the babies, to brag about the time I spent with them, and to pass along my pictures.

Literally a few minutes after I walked in the door, Laura left me alone with the twins. She was eager for a luxury I had every day — a peaceful ten-minute shower. I had experience with many babies, but something about these newborns made me nervous. First of all, they were double-teaming me. Secondly, I flashed back to our college days and questioned the ability of me — or Jason and Laura for that matter — to care for such precious cargo.

In those first moments with the twins, as I remembered our college years, the images did not engender thoughts of responsibility and adulthood. One night involved Laura being placed in a garbage can. (She's tiny and we wanted to see if we could do it — we did!) Another night, Jason and I were kicked out of a friend's room because of a wrestling match gone awry. There are countless stories of trouble found and classes missed. How was it that suddenly, Laura was in the shower, Jason was at work, and I was babysitting their TWINS? The implications of certain happy events — their wedding, my law school graduation — hit me: we were all grown up.

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I took a deep breath, and looked down at the twins. What could we offer these bright young minds? Instantly, more memories came to mind. I realized that parenthood for Jason and Laura would be what college was — a road of good intentions, fun, lots of harmless mistakes, and the love and support of those around you.

> I remembered Jason's patrolling the dormitory halls as a Resident Assistant and knew he would diligently tutor his children's math assignments and nurture their future broken hearts.
>
> The memory of Laura crawling out of bed at 3:45 a.m., every morning one summer, to attend an internship with a morning television show convinced me she would teach her twins to work hard for their dreams.
>
> And, as I recalled my decision to change majors and pursue law school, I resolved to encourage these children to push past their personal limits.

My thoughts were broken by a cry and then a smell. I laughed a bit and picked up little, miniature Jason. All the life lessons from a newbie "auntie" could wait. The only important thing was finding where Laura kept the diapers.