

## Grand Father's Day

Camille Comiskey was born June 8th, 2018 to Christina Comiskey and my eldest son Greg. She is beautiful, feisty, and unusually tall for her age. Her dark hair and eyes captivate us; her exuberance keeps Greg and Tina on their toes.

Camille was also born with a temporary problem involving her blood sugar levels so she was 10 days in the NICU. She needed monitoring and unusual amounts of feedings to normalize. That was tough on her and her parents. By the time Father's Day rolled around on the 17th, Greg and Tina were weary in doing well and frustrated by being cooped up in a rather dreary unit that in spite of everyone's excellent efforts was light years from home.

On top of it all, Christina was readmitted to the hospital due to some complications from her cesarean section. So Gregory divided his time between wife and child in different sections of the hospital. Tough. Yet he rallied valiantly and determined to do what was best for the two without complaint. I saw glimpses of St. Joseph in him as he served his family. I was proud.



For our family, Father's Day surrounded the struggle of this young family. How fitting: Greg's first Father's Day did not begin with breakfast in bed or receiving sentimental cards but in a sleepless prayerful night followed by a day of caregiving. He nailed it. I bought him a sandwich on a break that day and marveled at his tenacity. He was anxious for both wife and child yet grateful for Christina's recovery and his splendid daughter. We prayed and went back to the NICU where Annette was caring for Camille.

I went home alone and was surprised by a brief visit from youngest son Sam and wife Chelsea who

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brought Jacob--8-months-old now, and unbelievably cute. Pictures don't do him justice. He renews Annette and me unlike anything else. I drank him in on this first Father's Day for both Sam and Greg. They gave me the best Father's Day ever.