

Windows of Wonder - Libby



31 July 2011

I sit in my daughter's front room, enjoying a family visit. My autistic grandson, aged 6, is playing with his trains, absorbed, as usual, in his own private world.

Suddenly he runs to the trampoline and starts to bounce up and down, laughing as he does so. I stand in front of the trampoline, enjoying his pleasure. Suddenly, unbidden, he stops jumping. He reaches out and takes my hands, gently wrapping my arms around his soft body. He leans his head upon my chest and rests there.

It feels as if the sun has suddenly started to shine, and the warmth of such rare unspoken connection envelopes us both. Without words.....Love flows.....