



## By the Fire



An ancient sort of ancestral knowing.

I remember one night waking to the cry of my infant son. My wife was nicely sleeping so I went to him. He was wet, a little hungry, but I had the distinct sense that he simply wanted company. I was the guy for the job. I swaddled him in his soft cotton blanket - tight, firm and weighted; like a football that nestled neatly in the crook of my elbow. I headed down the spiral staircase for a warm bottle. We sat on the couch



together. Having stirred the banked coals in the fireplace, the logs I had placed on top began to snap and we were bathed in the glow and warmth of its radiance.

Nineteen years later, just a few months ago, I am on the third floor of a different house. It is 5:30am and I listen to gentle creaks and snaps of my son's joints as we are doing a yoga routine together. We have tea on the floor next to us, the soft light of a lamp on the shelf bathes us in a warm glow and I remember. We are together in silence just as we were so many years ago. I hold him in my conscious embrace as he holds me in his. Something moves between us, then and now. Something holds us in recognition, a quiet, ancient sort of ancestral knowing.

## Reference

Timothy P. Dukes, *Fathering Journal*, 2010

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