Without a doubt

One of the many surprises of motherhood has been discovering that I am expected to be a dictionary.

This afternoon as we were driving and listening to a recording of *Mercy Watson Goes for a Ride*, I was asked to define a few words. I hesitated for a moment on "careen," but Leo was satisfied with my explanation.

A few minutes later, though, he was ready with his next question.

"Mama," he said, "what does 'without a doubt' mean?"

"It means something is absolutely true," I told him. And then I gave him examples.

"Without a doubt, it is raining."

"Without a doubt, we are sitting in traffic on the beltway again."

"Without a doubt, the Incredibles are superheroes."

"Without a doubt, we are going to have a good time when we go to the beach."

Leo listened and then he stopped me. He wanted to take a turn.

"Without a doubt, we are a family," he said. "Without a doubt, God made us to love each other."

Then he and his brother were back to listening to the story, with occasional breaks to banter about whose turn it was to hold which stuffed Angry Bird.

I just sat there, inching along the beltway, thinking how amazing it is that these two boys who were born in China have become my sons.

God knew what He was doing when he brought us together.

Without a doubt.