

Happy Birthday, Jay!

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Twenty-nine years ago, today was Good Friday and I was spending it in Soldiers Memorial Hospital in Orillia in labour with my second child, Jay Richard Seabrook. I had actually been hospitalized earlier because of some complications and my release was pending as Jay wasn't due for almost another three weeks. Because it was Easter, my doctor decided to keep me in over the weekend but I was looking forward to being sent home on Monday. Jim, Jay's dad, spent part of the day with me but then headed home to prepare for a party we had been invited to that evening. Karley, my firstborn was staying with my sister because Jim was working a lot and had been away for the week.

Needless to say, Jim received a call from me shortly after 11:00 PM to get himself to the hospital...pronto. His first son wasn't waiting for anybody and made his appearance in this world just before midnight. He was all of 7 lbs. 1 oz., his skin was red and his head was covered in a mass of hair of every colour but the blonde it eventually became.

My he has grown, only to become a mirror image of his late father; same face, same walk, same mannerisms, same determination, only taller and with my colourings. In his 29 years he has circumferenced the globe, survived melanoma twice and become one of the most caring, loving, considerate people I know. Along with his family and friends, his little nephew, Makai, adores him and he touches people's hearts wherever he goes. Happy Birthday Jay, we love you!