

# *The New Arrival*

*(On the Occasion of my Sister Dina's Wedding)*

© 1995 Marc A. Cohen, All Rights Reserved

Painfully shy, with fear in my eye, I was not yet ready to bloom.  
Awkward and thin, it was hard to fit in to that world outside my room.  
The world outside should not be denied for its riches are something to see.  
But at twelve years old I was most at home, at home with my family.

At home for me was the place to be; it was always great fun to be there.  
With my brothers, my father, my mother and me, there was humor and warmth in the air .  
So I hardly suspected, and never detected, my peaceful shell could be dented.  
But something was stirring, something was growing, something *unprecedented*.

Two brothers had I and I won't tell a lie - there were times when they irritated me.  
But apart from the fights and the numerous bites, we all got along famously.  
Richie was younger, with a natural hunger for making good friends by the bunch.  
Robert was older and quite a bit bolder - as I recall he packed quite a punch.

So into this world of tranquillity and joy, a bomb was dropped one fine day.  
My father declared, looking like he was scared, "Your mother has something to say!"  
With a voice full of sighs and tears of joy in her eyes, she told us the news of the day.  
In details quite gory she told us the story of a new baby coming our way.

As my mood began sinking, I deplored the cruel thinking that hatched this unspeakable plan.  
It should have been plain, a new sibling would strain the yarn in this close-knit clan.  
It's not that I hated or the least bit degraded little babies in a general way.  
They can be quite cute, if not the least bit astute, but they rarely have anything to say.

When the news was released, my brothers were so pleased, they suspended their usual strife.  
But I just couldn't rest with this uninvited guest forcing its way into my life.  
Summer became Fall, we stopped playing baseball , and I found a new way to survive.  
I accepted my fate and decided to wait for the bundle of joy to arrive.

Through snow and ice skating, with everyone waiting, Mommy grew bigger each day.  
And I must confess, that aside from the stress, I was excited in a tentative way.  
So it came to pass while I was in class, one cold November day,  
A new baby was born, on that gray Winter morn, and my anxiety melted away.

The first thing I noticed were eyes without focus and a vacuous look on her face.  
I began to worry that in pregnancy's hurry her brain was not firmly in place.  
But my father explained how a baby's small brain starts life without much substance there.  
And by tickling her chin, he produced a small grin, and a sparkle in that small creature's stare.

Much to my chagrin, I began caving in, and soon loved her without denial.  
Whenever she cried I ran to her side and worked to produce that small smile.  
The months then flew by for my sister and I as we got to know each other better.  
She liked to make messes of all of her dresses, and left everything a little bit wetter.

Almost from birth she was destined for mirth with a smile so brilliant and sunny.  
And I hasten to add, she inherited from Dad, a face that was equally funny.  
It gave me great joy to entertain this toy, making her laugh in uncontrollable throes.  
Nothing could compete with those little pajama feet and the milk coming out of her nose.

And just like with me, she too would see an awkward phase in her life.  
When things weren't easy and life wasn't breezy and words could cut like a knife.  
With ear to ear braces, and the funniest of faces, behind those coke bottle glasses,  
From child to teenager to psychology major the years flew by like molasses.

But after a while she developed a style, one which for her seems quite right.  
Her choice is to dine on Minestrone divine, rings of onion and glasses of Sprite.  
Her idea of a way to spend an interesting day is to visit a stray animal shack.  
Her idea of a night of reckless delight is to hang out with Emmy and Mac.

Today she is married, and a little bit harried by the stress of producing this affair.  
But tomorrow she'll smile, as she's turning the dial, Melrose Place will be back on the air.  
Dave: I should emphasize, a word to the wise, if you now have an oven unplug it.  
For after today, the meals coming your way, will revolve around something "McNugget".

In summary I must say, in a brotherly way, of her I'm exceedingly proud.  
She's managed to become a woman of some considerable substance, no doubt.  
She's come a long way, from that November day, when she found herself in life's arena  
And I cannot imagine a better companion than the loving and lovable Dina.