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## Hesitation

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## Hesitation

Beth T. Ayers

Hesitation emerged with my daughter's wedding,  
A lovely traditional wedding, not far from home.  
Then we had a wedding with the groom's family... in India.

Choosing unique gifts for the family, I thought:  
What could be better than something created inch by inch  
With them in mind? What could be better than something  
Held in my hands, hour after hour, color after color?  
Two light blues, a dark blue, yellow, just a touch of red.  
What could be better than the soft warmth  
Of a handmade, crocheted, zigzag afghan?  
Grasping at the very last stitch,  
Hesitation hurled into me with force.  
Always lurking nearby, poking, prodding,  
Making me doubt, Hesitation now consumed me.  
What was I thinking?! What in the world was I thinking?  
Afghans are not needed where mosquito netting is a must,  
Where windows are open all year, where palm trees flourish.  
What was I thinking? Not to mention packing.  
This was a bulky bunch of colored yarn...  
My handmade bulky bunch, so we found room.

I must tell you about Grandfather, the groom's grandfather,  
Who left his home at the age of seventeen, a refugee  
With nothing but the clothes on his back. But he was a visionary.  
He could see that hard work and careful planning  
Could lead him to a home, lead him to family,  
To a future when he would be Grandfather, the man of wisdom,  
The man with foresight, always the visionary.

The time came to present my bulky bunch of yarn to Grandfather.  
And, let me tell you, Hesitation climbed on that plane with me.  
Hesitation crossed the Atlantic, changed planes in Paris,  
And followed me out of the Bombay Airport.  
Hesitation was nipping at my heels all the way to the very moment  
When I passed the handmade, crocheted, zigzag afghan to Grandfather  
With apologetic recognition that they might not need it.

Those visionary eyes lit up. He happily, gratefully accepted this gift.  
Then he vanished. He left the crowded room almost unnoticed,  
Returned with a plastic bag, a bag he knew where to find,  
A bag that had been waiting, sitting in its proper place for  
More than fifteen years, yet there was no hesitation  
As he ceremoniously placed it in my hands.  
I accepted the bag and opened it to see yarn, skeins of yarn.  
Yellow, brown, and coral colored yarn ... yarn meant to be held in  
*His wife's hands*, meant to flow across her fingers  
As she knitted... something.

There was no hesitation in my acceptance of this tender gift,  
This heartfelt gift connecting me to his past, connecting me to  
His grief ... and to his joy. This was a wedding, after all.  
Grandfather almost winked at me when he told me to  
Make something "Special."  
When his visionary eyes met mine, we shared a vision.  
We both saw a small, handmade, crocheted, zigzag afghan  
With a touch of yellow, brown, and coral. A soft, warm,  
Blending of our families, to wrap around the future.  
There was no hesitation when I said, "Yes."  
"When the time comes, when the moment is right,  
I will make something special." Without hesitation.

Hesitation worked hard.  
That nagging, insistent, relentless Hesitation  
Almost blocked me from this experience,  
Almost kept me from finding this connection.  
Even now, Hesitation made me pause  
Before sharing this story, with you.  
But there is something you must know about Hesitation,  
That poking, prodding, insistent Hesitation...  
Sometimes  
You must ignore it.