

Being a grandmother

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Editor's note: In writing this delightful account of being a grandmother, Alex's little granddaughter has added a few lines all by herself to illustrate the very point her grandmother was making!



By Alex Chislett

What a privilege and a deep, deep joy!

I am doubly lucky, because with an unexpected pregnancy, my daughter moved back home to me, and her own daughter was then born just over a year ago. To watch one's own child take to motherhood in such a natural and selfless way, is one of the very best experiences in my life so far, and to see my granddaughter develop and grow on a daily basis, is the greatest gift of all. I have heard my daughter say of my granddaughter, "She only seems to have her temper outbursts when it's just me and her, and she can stop them abruptly if she clocks anyone else in the house". That was a very familiar feeling, and one my daughter and I can now laugh about with a much deeper understanding. My daughter and I have watched a video of when she was about the same age as my granddaughter, which she never showed the slightest interest in before. To be able to share those moments and delight in them has been incredibly healing.

We have delighted in every milestone. Not necessarily even the big ones, but the beautiful idiosyncratic ones: my granddaughter's obsession with a certain picture in our house, her giggles when tickled under her arms but not on her tummy, her utter dislike of getting dressed, her pride at discovering she can blow down a straw and make bubbles. But those are incidentals. The best thing about being a grandmother is having time. When I was a young mother I cared more about what other people thought, I was anxious

