

CURIOSITY

My son sat on the floor and played with the new Lego set hour after hour, attuned to nothing but the magical snapping pieces. Torn wrapping paper and ribbons lay strewn across the oval rug ... empty boxes ringed the perimeter of the living room. The logs in the fireplace popped and flashed ... the sound of my children's voices warmed the air that Christmas Day.

I watched him play, fitting the colorful pieces together, then taking them apart and redesigning. He played with a purposeful intensity one might expect from a dedicated scientist close to finding an invaluable cure.

I wondered — *Where does such curiosity come from?*

He played on and I added another log to the fire. Fames danced off the floor-to-ceiling windows, the shadows of the trees barely noticeable as the outside world slipped into darkness. I dozed off on the couch and dreamed of snow falling silently through fir trees in Taos, New Mexico, the mountain air crisp. The tip of my nose felt cold. A lone skier dressed in red and black swished by on the trail and in a moment was gone from sight.

I awoke from the wonder of the dream and there was my son, still playing with Legos. He played through dinnertime and did not stop until I put him to bed, twelve hours after opening the gift.

