

What I Loved about My Niece, Dianne —

Dianne, called me Uncle Don

(c) 2022 by Don Poss

At first there was a battle with a three-years-old who insisted on calling me, “Don.” It was good enough and everyone—and good enough for her. It just did seem right for someone three feet tall to call names “Don.”

I walked over to Dianne—towering over her— and I don’t tower over too many people—and looked down— she had an ‘I can take this guy’ expression as I picked her up, and carefully explained that when you are only 3 years old and 3 feet tall, that just about anyone in the house could pick her up and make her go to her room. We had an agreement and understanding after that— I was ‘Uncle Don’ to Dianne from then on—and really loved that.

Diane’ sense of Humor. It did not take her long to figure out that humor and fun-pranks could be fun. And, when Dianne was on the receiving end she Master the Skill of Pay-Back. For instance, one of my brothers told Dianne that it was me who pulled a prank on her, and that she should get even with me. We were all over at Dianne and Jesse’s house and she cooked up food for a hundred, as she always did. Dianne kept coming around putting a big scoop of food on my plate and telling me I had to eat it all...and of course there was dessert. — After my food-acoma induced nap, I woke up and everyone was laughing and passing around a couple of photos printed out of me ungracefully sleeping— one was like this: Head back, eyes rolled, breathing heavily

— that was the polite one. Second photo was: head-chin on chest. Cheeks puffing in and out. Snorting

— ‘Uncle Don... would you like copies? All these are mine. 😊