

Little Sam fell asleep in the baby swing this morning while Aline was gardening and I was checking on laundry. As I was coming upstairs and out to the deck I could see he was leaning over precariously close to falling. And then he tipped further. Both Aline and I rushed over and caught the swing before he slid out.

Crisis averted.

(Though Aline wants it noted for the record that she didn't know I had popped inside and would have been watching him more closely if she had known I wasn't there.)

Shortly afterwards, I'm lying in the hammock beneath guarding him and the hammock falls.

Aline says: Oh, it's you. I thought it was Sam.

After a minute, she asks: Are you OK?

It's clear that I'm number four on the depth chart of love around here.