

Twist and Shout

A child is born. Full of beans and a little wind and flatulence!

Isaac Rory Bonthron, to be known as Zac, a most welcome addition to the Bonthron and McKenna Clans.

You came to us in a warm birthing pool in the Dining Room before popping out in the Snug at St John's Road, Abingdon-on-Thames, gently, all done to music chosen for you by your Mum and Dad, songs from The Beatles, The Eagles, Abba, The Carpenters and other classics looping on your "Birth" compilation from Alexa and Amazon Music.

Within a few hours you establish your authoritative voice activation commands **shouting** your mantra, "FEED ME!"

You suckle with eager tenderness, imbibing, gurgling, poo-ing, sleeping, twitching, dreaming, building up your strength for the next round, for the next day, for the next week.

Eyes closed, pretending to be asleep, you are listening avidly to the whispers from your Mum and Dad as they tell you over and over you are totally and entirely loved, precious above all else.

Visitors come to check and find you are indeed a handsome chap with the look of all of us in you, especially your big brother, Matthew.

Drifting in and out of your dreamy half-world, you are centre stage with all of us in your thrall, noting every tiny change, learning to hold your head up and, as you open your eyes, adding watching to your listening skills.

As your days ebb and flow into weeks, we marvel as you grasp and hold, wriggling, kicking out, adding semaphore to your growing repertoire of sounds, **twisting**, singing the song from our past as you shape our future:

*Well, shake it up, baby, now
Twist and shout
Come on, come on, come, come on, baby, now
Come on and work it on out
Well, work it on out, Zac
You know you look so good
You know you got me goin' now
Just like I know you would*

<https://youtu.be/2RicaUqd9Hg>