I’ve always heard of a mother’s instinct, and now I know that it really exists.
My husband Jason is usually on top of things around our house, but lately I have been exercising almost superhero powers with my ability to see and hear everything.
And those abilities help out tremendously with a curious four year old son.
Our son James is getting into everything now. His curiosity sometimes lands him in sticky situations and more often than not, trouble.
But I have shocked myself with my latest ability to see a lot of things before they happen and hear a few clues that usually suggest trouble.
Jason and I were watching the last episode of “Band of Brothers” earlier this week. For the past nine evenings, we have watched an episode a night. With this one being the conclusion, Jason was really tuned into the television.
And I mean, really tuned into it. The whole house could have started shaking, and he would have never taken his eyes off the television screen.
Sitting in my recliner, I heard it. It was the squeak of James’ closet door. My mind seemed to flash through a variety of scenarios of what he could be up to in there. But something told me he was taking out his “outside” toys.
I don’t know what made me think that thought, but it made me ease up and head toward his room.
And wouldn’t you know it? James had two baseball bats and a baseball out in the middle of his room. He was just about to take a swing with the bat when I grabbed it out of his hands.
“No sir,” I said, shoving the toys back in his closet and closing the door. “Those are outside toys. We can’t play with them inside.”
“But I won’t be loud,” he said.
“It doesn’t matter, baby,” I said, ending the conversation. “You might break something.”
Walking into the kitchen, I heard the usual grunting and stomping of feet that comes with a boy who is defeated.
“Just remember, Momma hears and sees everything,” I said.
Jason was clueless about what had happened, and he began to ask about it after the show ended.
“I didn’t hear the door open,” he said.
Sometimes not hearing anything is bad news too. James will be as quiet as a mouse in his room playing when that creepy silence comes into play.

"What is he doing," I will ask Jason.
"Playing," Jason responds.
Upon closer inspection, he will be dropping his fake fish in the toilet or about to pull a William Faulkner and write his story on the bedroom wall.
Aside from hearing everything, I have recently acquired an odd sense of predicting the future. I can see things happening before they actually do. Jason tells me I worry too much, but I feel that someone in the Patterson home should worry from time to time.
For the women out there who have not married a man like my husband, you won't understand. But the Patterson men often do not see the risk or danger in any situation. They have no sense of consequences. They don't see the injuries or financial expenses that come with "what seemed like a good idea."
And James is proudly carrying on the tradition.
It's amazing how in a split second I know that my presence is needed.
Grabbing a speeding tricycle with James on top of it before it crashes into the side of the house has happened from time to time.
Catching James before he flings himself off the bed while jumping on it is a regular thing in our home.
Stopping the car to dig peanut butter out of James' mouth before the actual choking begins is something else I have seen before it happens.
I have grown to love my new abilities, and something tells me they will improve in time.
I used to ask myself how my own Momma could hear and see everything I did. It was a baffling concept that has recently come to light for me with two babies and a husband.
Mommas really do see, hear and know everything.
Which would probably explain why I have a feeling Jason is shaking his head right now as he reads this column.
And I know he won't admit that I'm right.