Losing Grandma





She only had a 4th grade education; But Grandma possessed more wisdom than anyone I have ever known.

She didn't go to medical school; But her hands on a fevered brow felt better Than any doctor's hands ever could.

> She never went to seminary; But her life was a living testament On how to get it right.

She always said she didn't know much But to me what she knew mattered most.

When I was young I loved to be with her -Especially on Sundays. When it was cold Grandma wore a coat With a fur collar. I liked to rest my head On her shoulder. She and her fur collar were soft and comforting. She made me feel: Safe Warm Loved.

I thought that Grandma was a saint.

When she was old and frail She fooled every doctor who cared for her.

"She won't live through the night," they'd say; But she did - for nearly a year. "Independence" is what she called her resolve.

"I never knew it would be this hard," she'd say; But Grandma never let on how hard it really was. "She doesn't understand how close to death she is." But she did - she planned her own funeral. "Keeps the details simple for everyone else."

> People say: "Well, she had a good, long life." She did. Maybe that's why we miss her so much.

When she married, her "Pa" had just died So her wedding dress was black.

She had a simple wish at the end: To wear that 80-year old dress to her grave. She did. "Ma, why do you want to wear that old dress?" "Ma, why don't you let me buy you a new one?" Her black dress had a collar The collar had not lasted 80 years -It was yellowed and frayed. Grandma didn't mind: "The collar can be replaced, can't it?" It was. Because to Grandma, the only dress worth wearing at the end, Was the one she wore at the beginning Of her adult life She would have liked how she looked in it. Why did she insist on wearing her wedding dress? I know she believed she was going to meet grandpa; She hadn't seen him in 22 years. Maybe she wanted to meet him In death Like she had met him In life: Wearing the same dress she wore At the start of their life together Ón earth At the start of their life together In heaven.

It would have been like her to think so.

Credits:

From a book of poetry, entitled *Life is a Non-Stop Event*, by Carole Bos.

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