

## Grandma

When I talked to her  
I could hear part of me

When I looked at her  
I saw a part of me

As I remember the past  
She is there

The smell of homemade bread  
The trips to the cellar  
Lined with rows of jarred fruits & vegetables

A dinner feast  
Fit for a King

And a prayer of thanks  
Were all part of dinner

At Grandma's

Everyone close to me  
Has been affected  
By this wonderful woman

As I mourn her loss  
I need but look around  
And see her in everyone close to me

Then I know I might miss the person  
But I will never be without her  
For she is all around me  
And is part of us all

We are but a few touched by her  
For she reached out

To all who would accept her kindness  
And though many may not remember her name

They will always remember  
Her deeds of kindness

There is no loss as she leaves us  
But a great gain from her being

She will go to rest with her husband  
As it was with him that she spent her life  
And loved

And as long as I can remember  
There was one thing that remained the same

For as I look upon her there was always a ring on her finger  
A symbol of her commitment  
Made many years ago

And a pledge that lasted  
A lifetime