

My Grandma

By Dianne Gotay

My grandma spends a lot of time sitting at her window.
She likes me to sit by her.
"Come pray with me," she says.

My grandma often calls me by my mother's name,
But she knows the names of all the birds that come to our feeder;
And she knows the names of all the trees in the yard.



She tells me how she knows it will be a cold winter.
And she talks, in a half-whisper,
as if she is confiding a great secret,
with eyes twinkling,
about "God's arrangement of the seasons."

"Our lives, too, are just like the seasons!"
And then she stops,
as if she sees something far away...

Come pray with me," she says.

Grandma tells me about times and places and people I missed
Because I wasn't born yet.

She tells me about her faith, how it kept grandpa and her
strong during many hardships in their life,
And extra 'specially joyful during the happy moments.

My dad always reminds me about my school work,
My mother reminds me of my chores,
My big sister, who's in high school reminds me
I'm "too young to understand."

But Grandma always reminds me that there's a heaven,
"a beautiful place where God smiles on all His children."
And she always calls to me to come sit by her at the window.
"Come pray with me," she says.

