

## To Grandma, With Love

Sometimes you're looking far away,  
Yet you're in the same room with me.  
Can I go? Will you take me with you?  
As you think about what used to be?

You had a good life, didn't you?  
I wish I could have known you then.  
Sometimes I catch glimpses of your youthfulness,  
Oh, tell me those stories again!

Like how Grandpa Frank was a racecar driver,  
And you, so lovely and bold!  
Or how it felt when he died so young,  
When my mother was just nine years old.

Or when you remarried my only grandpa,  
And when mom and Lois were ill...  
When did you move up to the redwood trees?  
Was it there that 'Dad' had his mill?

Grandma, you are my only one!  
Daddy's parents died before I was here.  
Then Grandpa 'Dad' died when I was four,  
Making my time with you even more dear.

Someday I'll be telling my grandchildren,  
About you, and all that you did.  
I'll tell them of holidays and birthdays now past,  
And your cookie jar with the wooden lid.

I'll tell them how your hair was white,  
And your eyes were the deepest blue.  
How you were the best cook that ever lived,  
And the yellow house where we stayed with you.

A day will come when God calls you home,  
But I know that I'll be fine.  
I'll always have sweet memories, Grandma.  
I am so glad you're mine.

Dedicated to Gertrude Whitty Gooch  
1913-1994

LJH 5/3/2013 ©