

**Grandma
(Mom's Mom)**

Growing up
You gave me
Beautiful flowers and garden vegetables
Macaroni and cheese, and hot biscuits
Knowledge and love.
You kept
flowers I picked for you on the windowsill,
even if they were just dandelions.
You encouraged me
to be kind
and see other humans for their inner value.
You taught me without even realizing,
I think.

Your actions spoke loudest,
as you worked in the kitchen
over a hot meal,
and made sure I was clean and clothed.
You taught me to cook,
And to keep a clean house.
(I always joke that
I will never be unemployed
as long as there are hotels and inns -
the training you gave
would make me the best maid ever.)
You taught me to grow
plants
and grow inside myself.

As I go throughout my days,
I often hear your words,
recalling the things you
would like to have me do and be.
I try to keep these things
in my heart
as I move through the years.

I know it was not easy
helping mom to
raise me.

I hope the memories
Of crying and tantrums,
All the childish needs and wants,
The insecurity of teen years,
The hateful words sometimes said,
and the passionate forcefulness
of my convictions
-then and now-
become something you see
as a growing process,
not something that defines who I am to you.

Please see that I am growing up
to be
Someone new everyday,
And so are you.

In love,
Forever
My Grandma
My Mother.
2007