My Granny

My Granny reminds me of paper dolls, baby dolls, and handmade doll clothes.

She reminds me of long visits in the summertime on the farm.

Collecting eggs, baby chickens, picking cherries off the cherry trees, cherry jams, dill pickles, fresh green beans, and her sweet tea.

Collecting fresh vegetables from her garden and snapping the green beans before dinner time.

Catching fireflies after dark and putting them in a jar.

Waking up early and going to Saturday morning garage sales.

Church, Sunday school, and vacation Bible school.

My Granny reminds me of decoupage crayon boxes, handmade doll cradles, bubble gum, hard candies, cookies in the cookie jar, cards in the mail with a stick of gum and a $2.00 bill.

Care packages at college and the weekends I would spend at the farm.

Her always caring way of making sure you weren’t hungry. The memories of walking in the back door at the farm and being greeted with “Are you hungry?” “Can I get you something to eat?” and whenever you left sending me with something to eat and drink.

Yes, this was my Granny.
She reminds me of faith, hope and love.

She believed all things, endured all things, hoped the best for all things, and loved all things unconditionally.

My Granny reminds me of God.

She is my reminder everyday to be a Godly woman, to be faithful, loving, and what it means to be a true servant for Him.

I look forward to her smile, hugs, and her kisses and again sharing all these memories with her.

Thank you for your legacy. I love you.

Missy 11-19-08