



My Grandmother



My grandmother often tells the story of how she met my grandfather. Her light blue eyes sparkle as she begins her story. She recalls the dark suit he was wearing some sixty years ago. She even remembers the words he said to her. My grandmother's voice, usually so strong, trembles as she speaks. Her lower lip starts to quiver, and her eyes fill with tears. Suddenly, a single tear rolls down her wrinkled cheek. I gently wipe it off. She cradles my hand in hers, and she gives it a few reassuring pats with her shaky hand. As she continues her story, a beautiful smile lights up her face once again. Grandma misses Grandpa so much since he passed away.

