

# Grandma's Garden

Written by Ruth Agnes Mantley, date unknown

I hope that somewhere in the City of God,  
He gives my Grandma a bit of His sod  
For her own to tend with a golden hoe  
And plant daffodils row on row  
For Heaven itself would seem more fair  
If she could grow forget-me-nots there.

Perhaps instead of a halo bright  
She can wear her ruffled sunbonnet white.  
I am sure that while happy around the white throne,  
Her thoughts must stray earthward where she left her own.

And I like to think that inside the gate,  
Grandmother will in her garden wait  
To welcome us children home to Heaven  
As she welcomed us here when I was seven.

**Note:** Written by Ruth Agnes Mantley, regarding her Grandmother Laura Tipsword. We know from Laura Tipsword's great-granddaughter, Carolyn (Robnett) Bierman, that Laura was "a tiny, gentle lady who loved working with her flowers."