

About Grandmommy...

by The Rev. Fran Moran

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She's given me a new name, Irene. But sometimes she calls me Mary. I love her for who she is – right now. I sit with her a little every day, and it's an unexpected joy. Still independent, she wants to lead, but her balance is off. Her feet turn the wrong way. She's frail and fragile, sometimes frightened. So it's best if we take our time for every task. We take all the time she needs. Patience in the simple chores...like getting up in the morning, eating a meal, or walking to her chair; we should all take heed. Handholding is good standing or sitting. Her conversation doesn't make sense to outsiders or those who choose to live in the past (wishing she could be like she used to be, again). She'll never be that way anymore, but it's okay. She is who she is now. I like our conversations. I understand her in the intonations, the metric, there is a real language there, full of creative words, and yes, even sensibilities.



She's a rare beauty this woman is. Some days she fares better than others. But every day is so precious. For her every face is brand new and everyday faces are brand new too. She delights in ordinary things... like warm soup, the design on her lap quilt, the feel of the lamb I gave to her for Christmas, and the company that comes over to offer care. She recognized green today. What a thrill. We all laughed with her ... laughed at the sound of green, the way she said it. "*Green.*"

I'm not sad for her. I love when she calls me Mary. It's nice to be called by a name. When I leave for my house, we have good night kisses and always she remembers to say, "I love you." She still knows in the deepest kind of way what love is.

I love her too. She's a gift to me these days.