

## ***McKenzie Beth Williams' love to her Grandmother***

This wonderful story, tells us the memories Granddaughter McKenzie Beth Williams has, of her Grandmother, Donna Braig, who passed away August 7<sup>th</sup>, 2017.

**If we have been pleased with life**, we should not be displeased with death, since it comes from the hand of the same Master. Our grandma lived an entire lifetime that most definitely pleased our Master, and impacted hundreds, if not thousands of lives during the time we were



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blessed to be with her here on earth. Whether you considered her a friend, teacher, co-worker, family member, or any combinations of those then you know that hearing the name Donna Braig invokes a personal memory of some sort of blessing she was to you. Women like donna are impossible to replace. One of the strongest, most inspiring women we have had the blessing of not only knowing, but to also be able to call our grandmother.

Our grandmother was a constant in our lives. From a young age she strived to teach us to give to others. That was one of the best traits about her; she always put others first before herself. "Be nice to the poor people", she'd say. "They might not have any food at home, or this is the only nice thing someone did for them today."

Grandma always put the needs and wants of my sister and I before her own. She loved us each the same way. Every time we went to visit she'd give us a dollar each to take to the Family Dollar, which meant there were about 3 things to choose from in our budget. Or she'd give us money to go to subway, and every time they'd charge us normal price for my sisters cheese sub with one piece of bologna we'd have to listen to her exclaim how "that just wasn't right".

**Donna was always easiest to find**, no matter the crowd size, mostly in part to her ear piercing whistle that came so naturally for her. We're pretty certain we could be riding bikes past the yacht club and hear that whistle

to come home. During our teenage years, we weren't so fond of it, as it became her way of summoning us over away from our friends at school events.

Donna also had a strong rebellious vibe. She followed the rules to a degree, but when she didn't we had such fun. Collecting McDonald's monopoly pieces were one of our favorite things to do together, we were sure we were going to win big! Donna would always ask us what we were going to spend it on if we won. Well, we got tired of only getting a few pieces each time we ate at McDonald's so Donna decided to take us to the post office after closing and let us go through the dumpsters to get thrown away newspapers with pieces in them. "It's only paper!" I remember her telling my mom when we told her that grandma let us "dig in the trash"

**As you all know, she loved history** and loved teaching us about history. She drug us to every museum, monument, historical anything within 50 miles of the lake. Memorial Day – you could find us at the cemetery for the 21 gun salute, rain or shine. Not only would she make us go, she'd make us big up the bullet casings after they finished the salute. The only kids out there, she'd hurry us to "go get them all". It's safe to say you'll be able to find me urging my kids to "go get the bullets" after a 21 gun salute on Memorial Day.

She was at every game, concert, program we put on. All of our friends knew her signature Cadillac, and she took every one of them home for us at least once. She pushed us to do better, and to help others do better as well. We couldn't have asked for a better grandmother and standing here today I remind myself not to be too sad, for we will have more time with her again one day. Until then, she is most definitely spending her time in heaven organizing some sort of educational teaching for the angels up there with her.