



GRANDMA'S TIME

Grandma seemed pleased that she had traded her 100 years old crystal sugar bowl and other such pieces to a traveling con man. He replaced each piece with a new plastic one. She smiled to me and said, "Why, Johnny, you don't know the times I was fearful of breaking some of those old things. I could hardly wash them. Now, this new plastic stuff won't break even if I drop it."

Grandma never considered she was being mistreated or abused while milking three cows before daylight and again just about dark. She didn't see her chore of boiling water over a fire she made from armloads of pine sticks as the wrong way to begin her laundry.

No. My Grandma loved her Lord, her husband and her children.

Grandma didn't believe in 'Daylight Savings Time'. She went by what she called 'God's Good Time'. She'd be up before daylight and to bed soon after dark. She told

me, "Son, there just ain't no way man can put more hours into God's Day. It makes no sense to me and it serves no good that I can tell."

We crowded around her as she cut the penny-bubble gum into six equal parts for us five boys and one for herself.

She leaned on my shoulder and cried the day Granddad died. She squeezed my hand and said, "It ain't fair. It ain't fair. I needed just a little more time with my man."

And I needed a little more time with my Grandma. The whole world needs more Grandma time, but I know she's in Heaven because she'd never be in an ugly place.