

G is for Grandma

One of the joys of being a grandparent is that it gives you permission to play, to be silly, to “waste time” snuggling and cuddling little people you love more than you could ever imagine, and to become a child again discovering the world through their innocent eyes. Seeing the flowers wake up again in the spring, making friends with bugs, catching snowflakes on your tongue, seeing them get their first taste of Putz’s creamy whip— these are all treasures money can’t buy.

And the added bonus is the love that is lavished on you just because you’re grandma. I remember my grandson Sam announcing to his class one time when I picked him up from his school, “That’s my grandma. Look at me. I’m hugging my grandma.” A few years later his younger brother Simon came running over to me in front of his classmates shouting, “Grandma Angela, Grandma Angela.” No money could ever buy that.

From nuzzling an infant’s soft downy skin to breathing in God’s spirit when cradling a sleeping child, there’s no better remedy for a bad day or dealing with life’s problems. The world may be a mess but in these moments there is hope and awareness of God’s great love and power.

I think we become grandparents in the latter half of our lives so we can remember again what is important. Through their honest questions we see innocence and wonder again. My grandson Sam has talked to me about whether I can feel it from 500 miles away when he hugs his daddy. (When he was struggling with my leaving I told him that when he

hugged his daddy he was hugging part of me.) We’ve shared stories about when I was his age and talked about heaven.” What happens when you die?” “Is there a ladder to get into heaven?” “After you’ve been in heaven with God, what’s next?” Deep theological questions— I’m impressed by his spirit and then brought back to reality when he asks, “Grandma, when you go home, how will I be able to see how scary your hair looks when you get up in the

morning?” He’s getting older now and more jealous of our time together since he now has a little brother. One time I had to leave early to get ahead of a snow storm and rode in to the airport with his father. “Why are you riding in with Daddy and not taking me to the bus stop?” he asked. I explained that I hadn’t spent much time with his dad and wanted to talk with my son. “I guess that means I’m not your grandson anymore,” he said. Ouch! It feels good to be that important in someone’s life.

The three younger grandsons are taking me back to my own days as a parent. Too often I was busy then. Today I’m not the parent. I don’t have their laundry to do, meals to make, appointments to keep. I have the luxury of few responsibilities for them and more time just to savor our being together and revel in the wonder of the miracles they are.

Children are amazing teachers and gifts— no wonder Jesus came as a child!

- Angela Anno, Pastoral Associate

