

Where Grandmother is From

by Natalie Dunn

Grandma is from cloth dresses, The Farmer's Almanac, and milk gravy,
from Wilson's window polish and Dash detergent used to wash clothes and the
dishes.

Grandma is from the two-story home that raised four children and a pot belly
stove that burned bright and provided heat during the freezing winters.

She is from the rose of Sharon, mother-in-law tongue, and vegetable
gardens, tall hills and dusty roads that go on for miles.

Grandma is from a lucky penny in a small Bible wrapped in yellowed lace and
hard chores with very little play from Gus and Katie.

From "Always be seen and not heard" and stay away from the gypsies, they
will steal you away.

Grandma is from a lifetime membership at Jordan Baptist Church, from "We
should never be discouraged, 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home."

She is from Lewis Hollow and the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia and
Ohio, tomatoes and macaroni, and blackberry jam cake on Christmas
morning's.

From the birth of her fourth child, during a terrible winter storm, a midwife
was needed so Miss Rainey was called.

From atop the bookcase filled with familiar faces, in frames neatly dusted. Some
old, faded with time, others new, all treasured.

Grandma is from a century worth of grace, charm, and beauty. God-fearing, a
pillar, a rock. A daughter, a wife, a mother, my grandmother.

