

The Kid in Grandma

I try not to guffaw as my grandma and I throw the slippery little snails into the sink disposal. We watch with delight as they are sliced up by the sharp blades. Just think, only kids my age would dream of doing this but my 73-year-old grandma made it a reality. Now, that's something for a person whose husband was drafted into World War II.

But, no matter how hard I wish, I still know my grandma is getting older. Much older. Sometimes she has trouble breathing; sometimes she has trouble walking; she even had a mastectomy and has asthma. But, as long as I'm around, she'll never have trouble having fun. We'll bake cupcakes that melt in your mouth and cookies that could float on clouds. And if I'm really lucky, she'll teach me to make her famous candied orange peels. We'll shop at Target for Slinkys and Nerf guns and Silly Putty. We'll make mischief like kids at summer camp. We'll paint snails, make baking soda and vinegar volcanoes. Once in a blue moon, we'll go to See's Candies and feast on too many chocolates. Sometimes she'll make me laugh so hard it could send a hyena away shameful.

Nevertheless, my grandma isn't made of rubber. She's 73 and not stopping for goodbyes.

It's kind of funny. Life is like a circle. When you are born you act like an infant. But, when you're old you act like an infant, too. That's how I know that in my grandma's heart of hearts she is still 10 and that's why I love my grandma.