My Nana is not a teacher or a poet. She is not wise at history. Nor is she a math whiz. I never realized it but boy does she.

I don’t realize all the ways my nana teaches me. I just spend time with her. If someone asked what my Nana has taught me I could name things tops: how to plant seeds, how to water a garden, how to use a blender, and how to cut onions with a making you cry. While other children grandmas teach grandchildren how to knit or play tennis, even Fi: But nana is more then a little education. She’s pots and pans. The smell of pie. She’s modison Band-aids. She’s a garden waiting for me to dig her knapsack with my small red shovel, waiting calmly. Voice is sweet as devils food cake. Her soil can as bitter as the horse radish on Passover. But we will, it can turn as soft as a bunny’s fur. My Nana is then an education, she’s my nana.

Hallie’s notebook entry, “My Nana.”