

# My Writings

Here I will share random writings such as Essays, Prose and Poetry. It will be a constant work in progress. Check back from time to time to see what's new!

## [Poetry Link](#)

## [20 Lessons from the Garden \(excerpt: Broken Arrowheads and Dragonflies\)](#)

## [You Don't Have Enough Points, Sir](#)

*(I wrote this for my mother for Mother's Day 2016. She is pleased to share it with you.)*

## Reflections of My Grandmother



My Maternal Grandmother

She is standing in the sparse, linoleum floored kitchen in her high-topped shoes and apron covered dress. She wears a small smile given freely to the unknown photographer. The sun shines through the sheer curtains covering the windows

beside and behind her, outlining her with a glow of light. I can see the egg pail which she used to gather eggs morning and night from the happy chickens in the yard. The free standing cupboard must be filled with canned goods full of produce which she lovingly planted, harvested and preserved. Her jar lifter now resides at my daughter's house, in her canning drawer.

....reflections of my grandmother.

A child's lunchbox sits on the wooden chair near the dry sink. Its contents unknown to us now but once enjoyed by my mother, her sister, or one of her brothers. The lunch lovingly packed with haste and care as my grandmother began her day in the activity of cleaning, dressing and feeding the children.

The wooden ladder back chair rests against the wainscot along the back wall under the calendar which sports a woman wearing the fashion of a time gone by. Her wide-brimmed hat with feather and pinafore over a white dress signals to us the decade of the 40's, a simpler time when people knew the differences between needs and wants and lived their lives accordingly.

My grandmother has a dishtowel slung over her shoulder. Here is a woman who worked hard for her family, modeling the woman of Proverbs 31 who rose before sunup and stayed awake long after all had gone to bed. "She girds herself with strength and makes her arms strong. Her lamp does not go out at night."

....Reflections of my grandmother.

See the worn linoleum on the floor? The shine has faded and stains tell a story long forgotten. But the wash pail in the corner tells me she took pride in what she owned and treated her belongings with care and respect. There is not a thing out of place and the room is tidy.

Many prayers were uttered in the cushioned chair which speaks of rare moments of rest after a long day of work. Prayers were spoken to the Eternal Father who sees all and provides for those who seek His wisdom and love. There were prayers of thanks and forgiveness, pleading for help, healing and sustenance; and prayers for strength. Strength for today and hopes for dreams she never lived to see. She dreamed of watching her children grow and saw visions of her grandchildren. She longed for them to have an easier life than her own, but was grateful for all that brought her to that moment in time when she was captured in a photograph. Time

passes on and we have carried on the teachings of this woman who left too early but gave so much while she was on earth.

I stand in my worn floor kitchen, apron covering my clothes as I make jam from wild plums foraged along the edge of the woods with my mother. She taught me how to look for wild growing edibles. Putting food away for winter months is a skill she learned watching her mother in that kitchen long ago. Instilled in her was the love of family and hospitality. "She rises also while it is still night and gives food to her household." This woman beside me....

....Reflections of my grandmother.

I never met my grandmother. She was whisked away at an early age when she was still needed here on earth. All her children had not yet grown, still needing her loving arms and thoughtful smiles. But there on the face and in the actions of my mother I can see who this woman once was. As I look into a mirror, she stands before me. And there, in the women my daughters have become, I see...

....reflections of my grandmother.

~Karen Glenn Farr ©2016