

Grandma

I never had a grand parent. This makes me very sad. There was never that soft, warm haven for me to turn to when I was a kid. I never heard those tones of manifest pride declaring, 'This is MY grand daughter!'. Gee, I wish I had.

Did you have a grand parent? ARE you a grand parent? It seems to me, an outsider looking in, to be a magic sort of thing. The fields of inter-generational relationships appear to be cropped with faery dust - how else could they flourish with such purity of intentions, generosity of spirit? As my nose presses closer to the window that looks out on GrandmaLand, I can discern random acts of kindness, motivations of altruism, sparkling eyes reflecting mutual love and admiration. Nowhere to be seen are the demons of criticism, self-absorption, or hurtful pride. I'm longing for this kind of richness and depth in my life.

Sadly, in our country, we have established age-segregated barriers. We've locked ourselves into little homogeneous age-time capsules, looking neither left, right, up or down. Extended families living together are a thing of the past, as are community-based inter-generational commitments. Like - sticks with like, and the old get put away. And all are withering from the lack of nourishment these bounteous amalgams brilliant at providing.

How bout you? Are you just too darn busy to call an older-aged loved one, or too afraid of burdening a younger one? Have you donated any of your free time to a different-aged group? Are you in a battle with a parent, and hindering your children from entering this magic world of grand parenting? Please, please don't do that. Take it from someone who has spent forty years with their nose pressed to that window. Children and Seniors SHOULD be together. They are a natural. Everything about our history as human beings proves this.

And Grandma, I know you cant tell me directly, but I bet when you read this, you will exclaim to the nearest angel with pride, 'that's MY granddaughter!'.