



Memories of Grandma

Andrea

Flowers:

When Grandma lived at the farm and I came to visit her, we would sometimes take a walk out to the ponds and just before the ponds there was a stand of trees. In the trees especially in the spring there would be a flush of wildflowers and we would pick them and make bouquets to bring back to the house. Grandma loves flowers and her yards always had beautiful flowers. I still think of her whenever I see Grape Hyacinths or tulips, or Impatiens. I still recognize Grandma and Grandpa with supporting my interests in gardening, by letting me help plant their annuals at their new house on the lake during my junior high and high school years.

I also remember picking strawberries one night out of her garden at the farm maybe after church for strawberry shortcake. I loaded up my skirt with them, and she scolded me b/c I had just gotten strawberry stains all over it! And every time I taste a dark plum I am back in that tree on a heated summer day tasting the sun warmed sweet plums in their backyard, what a memory.

As a kid, we always looked forward to going to Grandma and Grandpa's after evening church whether for pizza and soda or for dessert. Grandma's hospitality didn't stop there, if we feel asleep on the couch we could sleep in Grandpa's t-shirt and then wake up to a great breakfast of oatmeal with apples and raisins and brown sugar followed by a ride in Grandpa's truck back home. Many family recipes are lovingly written in Grandma's beautiful scrolling handwriting and the recipes are of course delicious, it is like a double batch of good taste mixed with elegance. Which made me think of another of the things I love about Grandma. She lived on a farm a good part of her life, but she never struck me as a story typical farm girl, she is so elegant and proper and clean. I have her spoon collection, it proves that she is a world traveler too and the many years worth of National Geographic show that she and Grandpa always lived local and dreamed global. They were not content to stay put in Lake City, but went on adventure after adventure together.

It is amazing how many of my memories of Grandma include her amazing cooking and hospitality. Chocolate cherry cake, Hummingbird cake, barbeque, pink lemonade, family dinners under the maples at the farm and the oaks at the lake house, oatmeal cookies, caramel corn and Bingo at the cabin.

Memories of Grandma and Grandpa go together like strawberries and shortcake (another favorite food from Grandma's). How can you separate them? What a great example of complimentary personalities and care for one another. I am so glad that I have such great memories of them together.

When Laura and I were in high school, we would often rent a movie and bring it to thier house to watch. They would often watch it with us. Isn't that funny? We were teenagers, watching movies with our grandparents!!

When I think of things I can hear Grandma saying, I hear her say:

“Oh, Keith!”

“Sit up straight, like a lady.”

“Here _____, have some more _____.”

I remember one time mom and dad were gone and while spending the weekend at Grandma's I got strep throat or some sore throat disease that I was sure would kill me. Grandma nursed me the way her mom or her Grandma nursed her, with a warm compress and vicks. I felt loved and cared for for sure.

For my 10th birthday, Grandma and Grandpa gave me my first Bible. It is a King James Precious Moments Bible and came in a box that I kept for a long time. It was my main Bible for devotions until I graduated from High school and could take my NIV home for good. I remember sitting next to Grandma in her room after she gave it to me and watching her write my name and date in the Bible cover. She has the most beautiful handwriting. I am glad it is in my Bible, I will cherish that as well as the gift of love for Scripture and its truth that she and Grandpa have passed on.

Grandma, I thank God that you are willing to serve God through your whole life. Your witness to God's love, care, faithfulness through the generations is reassuring and inspiring. I love you Grandma and am so pleased to be your grand daughter.

Andrea

Mark's comments: Suet pudding is a big surprise to Mark. He never had her batch, but thinks that it originally started with her and LOVES it. He says that she has the same calming demeanor, clearly Aunt Nancy got her demeanor from her mom.

Tammy

Grandma was a good match for Grandpa. She was quiet but strong. She is very giving, taking care of her family and others. Hospitality is another thing—she is very hospitable. She makes me think of the Proverbs 31 woman.

Joel

I always remember when Grandpa and Grandma lived up at the farm house, how on Saturdays when Dad was in meetings how I could go and have Hot Chocolate— and not just any hot chocolate but Swiss Miss hot chocolate. Then I would make up some lame excuse to watch t.v. or watch the, to me what was the best movie of all time, “Old Yeller”. Grandma would always open up her house to us kids whenever we were up at the farm.

I also remember how Grandma always had Alfalfa sprouts to eat, always having them in stuff. Grandma was always health conscious. Mandy and I had fun looking at old Prevention magazines up in Canada from the 50's.

I remember in the mornings in Canada Grandpa would sing, "Here she comes, Miss America."

Matt

My single most memory that always comes back to me is Grandma Clark's smile. Whenever I thought of it, it always made me feel that everything was alright.

My Memories of Grandma Clark

I have to say; being thirty four years old now, going back to my early child hood memories is like watching an old home movie with a hazy and distant look to it. Nevertheless, my memories of Grandma are still as beautiful as the day they were etched in my life. Over the many years of memories I have of Grandma I can say that they are all sweet.

I remember when my family lived in Traverse City we would periodically visit Grandpa and Grandma's house. After what seemed like a forever trip to get there, there was always a hug and a kiss waiting for me. I would then go straight to the white candy dish that always held a wonderful surprise that would hold me over till dinner was on the table. I remember playing with the circus train and the other toys in the basket you had set aside for us. Old Yeller became my favorite movie at your house. I can still smell the old farm house with the delicious aroma of food. The best word I can think of to describe Grandma's house was Warmth.

The summer I turned 11, Jenny and I spent the summer in Michigan. There were many wonderful memories of that summer from the time that Grandma bought me a small tractor for being good while she ran errands, to the trip to Canada. It didn't matter what age I was, if I was upset or sad, you always seemed to have something encouraging or positive to say.

I had the opportunity to visit you a couple of months ago Grandma, and as I watched my baby boy prowl around looking for things to get into and picking up things he shouldn't, I noticed that you didn't mind, in fact you seemed to delight in seeing him regardless of the misadventures he was having. That's the love I remember when I was little like Jacob, the sweet gentle voice that always represented love or goodies, the smile that represented a joy that told you, you were loved. Grandma, thank you so much for being who you are and who you have been. Thank you for giving me some of the sweetest memories in my life to return too when life it tough. The place in my heart and mind that I can go to experience the warmth and gentleness that this world cannot replicate. Thank you for all the birthday cards. Thank you for all your prayers. Thank you for loving my family. I thank God for you and I love you Grandma.

Your Grandson,

Andy

Rhonda

Grandma was always a gentle woman-till she got mad at Grandpa. One time I was cleaning the garage for Grandpa. He did something in the house and she chased him right out. Grandma ran the house. She was gentle and quiet, but strong underneath. She had some grit. I remember, too, when Grandpa got his second plane. She'd said if he got another plane, she got a new car. She got her new car! I admire her for sticking to her guns to stay at home after Grandpa died, even though everyone wanted her to live with them.

I remember that she and Grandpa were always romantic, right up through their 80's.

Jill

A few snapshots: Grandma smiling sweetly at Grandpa while he complained that she always won at cribbage as he deposited more dimes in her little jar. It was the same smile she'd beam at him when he'd call her his queen and his girlfriend.

Eating breakfast at Grandma's. All our health conscious Grandma had was cereal that, in some form, resembled twigs and leaves, unless it was oatmeal. But, she'd put honey on the table. And she wouldn't watch too closely. And we could load up on enough honey to slide those twigs right down.

Picnic lunches at the farm. Grandma would make the best tuna or chicken or egg salad, with black olives. Lunch was an affair even if it was out at the picnic table under the big trees at the farm. Grandma always did things well and beautifully, even if it was for an everyday event like lunch.

Frozen bread dough loaves lined up on the counter to thaw and bake fresh bread. Alfalfa sprouts in mason jars covered with old nylons up on the farm's big kitchen windowsill. Little Debby's Oatmeal cookies with the creamy frosting filling. Oreos and milk. Grandma's oatmeal and bran while the rest of us dined on pancakes up at the cabin. "Baking soda" biscuits that are really made with baking powder. Grandma showing me how to make a cheese sauce from a basic white sauce.

Grandma is always a lady. When I tell my girls to act like ladies, Grandma is one of the sources for the character pattern I urge them toward. She has a gentle grace that just accepts us how we are and loves us all. She's always welcoming, whether she really feels up to company or not. There is an iron in her soft touch. Grandma can accomplish what she wants, quietly and nicely, but very definitely. I saw her work that magic on Grandpa a few times—he knew about that iron, I could tell, more so than the rest of us!

As Dad prepared the pictures for the slide show, a couple of them stood out to me. One was of Grandma in the yard of the house in town with all her little children. Was she really once a young mother of many children like me, trying to keep up with the house, so many busy, dirty children, a garden with it's weeds and produce, and a busy husband? Another picture was of Grandma, probably in her 30's or so, sitting on a picnic table with two girlfriends. That's the thing I appreciate about my Grandma turning 90. You've been where I am in one way or

another. You have passed through many stages of life with grace and dignity. You are a treasure and a blessing to your granddaughters.

Sam

She always gives us cookies whenever we go over there. One time she got mad at Grandpa for getting soft ice cream, that was supposed to be hard, when we were down at the lake.

Danny:

I love that she lived out her faith. She is “a very gentle person; you can see Jesus in her.” She’s very kind. He said as well that “she makes the best blueberry pie I’ve ever had.” He remembers picking blue berries in Canada – a trip that included Uncle Jerry and Aunt Judy’s family. One of his favorite memories is one Christmas in Canada: she bought him a handheld football game called “Head-to-Head.” It was exactly what he wanted!

Tim

As far as Grandma, I think (from a distance) she really set the standard for how to take care of her family: things (like meals, really good meals) happened on time. As a parent now looking/thinking about the logistics of having everyone up to the cabin...it makes me tired, but she was on task. I think you said it well when you said she’s such a necessary lady. She’s the matriarch, the classy standard, and the glue that holds so much together.

Love, Tim

Jenny

She taught me what the boiling stages of fudge are. We did make gingerbread men together. It was dark out and Grandpa was not there. We made a mess with the flour and I remember her showing me where to put the raisins for the face and buttons. I remember the summer Andy and I spent a month in Michigan, just before I went into 8th grade. Washing windows using a bowl of Windex and a cloth. She took Andy and I to the dentist. We went to Canada and there are these little plants she likes that grow in the woods. I remember walks down the drive way. That’s a really good walk! That was where she taught me how to play Cribbage. She was meticulous about our Christmas gifts and I remember many of them, especially a table and chairs for Barbie and years later a purple sweater with large snowflakes on it. I wore that until I grew out of it! I remember watching her play “Sequence” with Danny. She was patient in explaining the game, and had no qualms about beating him! She’s very sharp, and humble about winning her games, but I wonder about that: I remember the score sheet in Canada that tallied her Cribbage winnings against Grandpa’s! To this day she’s still better at it than I am!

Of the many things I love about her is that she’s a Lady. I’ve never heard her raise her voice or intently express anger or frustration. She is generous with her love and with her time and is a pillar of consistency and strength in my life. Wherever I’ve been, I’ve always known where to find her. There’s a very large place in my heart that belongs completely to her and it’s always been full of love, memory and hope for the next time I see her!