



REFLECTIONS of a GRANDMOTHER

For Heather, by Carol Hough

**I GLANCED AT MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR IN THE HALL
I HAD TO STOP A MOMENT - IT DID NOT LOOK LIKE ME AT ALL.**

**THE AUBURN LOCKS OF YOUTH WERE NOW MUCH SHORTER LOCKS OF GRAY;
THE FIRM, SMOOTH SKIN OF YESTERDAY SEEMED WEATHERED IN SOME WAY.**

**REFLECTIONS OF THE YEARS GONE BY PASSED QUICKLY THROUGH MY THOUGHTS;
A HUSBAND DEAR, THE CHILDREN AND THE PATH OF LIFE I WALKED.**

**THE TEARS ON LITTLE FACES, THE ACHES WITHIN MY HEART;
THEN THE JOYS AND LAUGHTER, THAT REMAIN THE STRONGEST PART.**

**I THOUGHT OF LIFE AND HOW IT'S CHANGED AND MISSED THOSE DAYS GONE BY;
A SADNESS SWELLED UP FROM WITHIN - A TEAR CAME TO MY EYE.**

**BUT THEN APPEARED, AS IF HEAVEN SENT, A PRECIOUS CHILD OF THREE;
"GRANDMA" SHE SAID WITH TEAR STAINED FACE, "I FELL AND HURT MY KNEE".**

**"DID THE BABYSITTER KISS IT?" MY WELCOME ARMS REACHED OUT;
"BABYSITTERS DON'T KISS KNEES," SHE ANSWERED WITH A POUT.**

**I GLANCED BACK TOWARD THE MIRROR, AS I HELD THIS CHILD SO TIGHT;
I HAD TO STOP A MOMENT - MY REFLECTION LOOKED JUST RIGHT!**

**THE LOCKS OF GRAY HELD CLOSE AGAINST A LITTLE CHERUB FACE;
I KNEW OF ALL THE STOPS IN LIFE, THIS WAS SURELY THE BEST PLACE.**

**BECAUSE EACH MOMENT OF OUR YEARS GIVES US SOMETHING WARM AND TRUE;
"BABYSITTERS DON'T KISS KNEES, BUT HONEY GIRL - GRANDMAS DO!"**