

I lost my grandmother on July the 11th, about a month ago. At the time I posted a letter on my blogdrive journal that I wrote to her before she passed away. My Grandfather read it to her while she was still alive, in the ICU of our local hospital. It was such a relief to know that he was able to read it to her, and that she heard what I wanted to say to her. I needed for her to know how I felt before she passed away. Thank God, she knew. When I posted the blog on my blogdrive journal I was sent a comment by the woman below, asking to publish my letter for people who read her site. I didn't really know anything about her or her website, but her intentions seemed good, so I said okay. Earlier last night, I happened to look up this article that she made in response to my letter. It brought tears to my eyes, reading it. So, I'm posting it here in my grandmothers memory. I never expected such a heart felt response.

The day before my grandmother passed away, I was at her bedside at the hospital, and I joked with her that her husband, my grandfather, had insulted me because he'd asked me if I had help writing my letter, because 'It was written so professionally,' as he put it. My grandfather is so sweet, I had to make light of his question. She smiled though, and that was my confirmation that he had read it to her. At that moment I told her, "It came from my heart, Grandma." I'm so lucky that I got to say goodbye. And I'm even more blessed that I was able to tell her how much I loved her before she passed away. I know so many people don't get that. She passed away the following night, surrounded by her family.

Thanks to Maria, my Grandmothers life can touch people who haven't met my grandmother, but who can get a sense of what a beautiful person she was, and also can be reminded of how much the little things matter. Eating dinner together as a family. Listening. Enjoying the company of the people you love. Its the little things that matter, that build over a lifetime into a sustaining span of actions that forever change the world. Even if its just the world of your neighbors, family, friends, and co-workers, no life passes unnoticed. Theres a reason we're all here, even when it doesn't feel like it. I don't think my Grandmother, in her time with me, ever thought of the impact of just being herself would have on my life. But, I tried to let her know, through my letter, before she passed. Shes lucky, but shes not rare. Because we all effect those around us. Just by being ourselves.

My grandmother could be seen as just an average woman, who grew up in a little town. But we're all average people who grow up in places never realizing how much we do matter. Most of us never live the "exciting life" that we're taught we should have on t.v and in books. So we usually don't give ourselves the credit we deserve for our seemingly "average" efforts. But my grandmas life is one example, proving that in the scheme of life, in our every action...in the little things...that none of us are really *average* at all.

Marias Article



Article Written by: Maria Pastrami

Located at: TOOYOU2_STOP1

Reflecting - and Introducing Two Beautiful Women

About a Grand Daughter and a Grand Mother

I found something else.

Something of great value.

I found a letter of a grand daughter: [Author].

The letter is recently written and addresses her grandmother.

Reading it touched me deeply.

The honest and straight forward way [author] expresses herself in the letter to her grandmother. Her gratitude and love towards her. And even more the respect and awareness of the invaluable meaning to her personal development her grandparents had in her life, made me think back of things I talked about earlier on this site and it shows a relation to the above research as well.

[Author's] personal letter is a touching example of dry facts.

Her Grandmother died recently on a respectable high age.

She must have been a wonderful person, who touched many hearts.

As [Author] wrote it to me in an e-mail: *"My Grandma was a truly beautiful person. There were 400 signatures at her viewing. For a woman of her age, she was very active, and she will be very missed by many in our community"*.

My compassion goes out to her, knowing she has to miss her grandma who gave her so much. My respect for [Author] is great not in the least for the fact that she managed to pick up what was offered to her to learn during her hard and difficult life from childhood onwards. She has a warm and beautiful heart, jumping from your screen reading her words. She writes beautifully and naturally.

**I asked [author] for permission to publish her letter here, as I value her so personal words as a statement literally everyone can benefit from!
She teaches us many things by pouring her heart out.**

For every reader an other aspect of her words might be highlighted, depending on your background and present experience. But what ever your life is like there is so much positivity in her letter, you can't miss it. This while [Author's] life is - nor was a piece of cake at all!

With great respect to [author] and to her wonderful grandparents I hand the 'microphone' to [author] now by publishing her letter entirely here, in the post below.

I sincerely hope you will all read it and take in what [author] has to tell you.

I am very grateful to her that she allowed me to show you her beautiful heart and inner wisdom.

The photograph below her writing is an image of the woman [author] is so grateful towards: [grandmother, Josephine].

To emphasize the importance of people like [Josephine, Grandmother] and her grand daughter [author] as driving forces in society I decided to publish this photo with the letter.

Please read the "Letter of Gratitude", as I have called it, below.

With great respect and honour.

Thank you [author]!

Maria

A Letter of Gratitude

Dear Grandma,

I've always been better at expressing myself in words more so, than out loud. So that is why I'm writing this. I need you to know, that I know I wouldn't have made it as far as I have in my life today, without you and Grandpa. Though I didn't know it at the time, you two were the only example that I had growing up, that proved to me that people could live quiet, happy lives.

I never learned that from Mom, in the way that she lived. And, I know in my heart, that I never would have, had Dad not lived with you all those years. The time living with Mom, in comparison to the time that I spent with Dad, and with the two of you in your home, was like living in two different worlds. We sat down as a family and ate meals together. Everyone actually enjoyed each others company. There was structure. There was no walking on egg shells, or waiting for the next shoe to drop.

To you my opinions seemed to matter, and you actually took the time to listen to me. But, more than anything, you and Grandpa have shared a life together that will always remind me that love can last. You've worked hard and gone out of your way to help others. You've always loved and still love each other. Nothings ever come in the way of that, that I know of. You've stuck by each other through both good and bad. You've always respected each other. You never spent a night in front of me, putting each other down. I never had to worry about breaking up a fight when staying with you. I never had to worry about you not coming home, or leaving, without warning. Your love for one another never seemed driven by any sort of immoral manipulation, or based on any lie.

I know that times have changed, and that with that, certain expectations in our relationships with one another have also changed. But I blame that on the laziness and skewed expectations of younger generations. I know you both grew up during times when it was unheard of for men not to take responsibility for their children and wives. But, thanks to the two of you, I have a clearer understanding of what it means to love, and to be loved. I have a clearer understanding of what behavior is acceptable and not acceptable. I've come to appreciate that and recognize the importance of it more and more, in the past few years. Even now, I've been able to depend on you both through hard times. You were there for Stephen and I, when things got really bad for Stephen. You've been there for Mike and I since I've gotten sick. I watched the way you were there for Dad when he got sick, after his heart attack. And after Mom divorced him, and he had nowhere to go. I watched you take care of Stephen when he couldn't stay with Mom anymore. So, I need to thank you both for everything I now have, to be able to pass down to my own children, through your example. And for them to pass down onto theirs. In this way, I want my future children to know that they can come to me for help, no matter how old they get. I'll want them to know that being there for them as a parent won't stop once they turn 18. That it won't be conditional.

And for that, I'll never stop thanking you. The love you've had for one another, and for us will never die. In retrospect, it will keep the love of this family alive for generations to come. And that, to me, is nothing short of priceless.

I love you both with all my heart.

Love,
[Author]

Thursday July 13 2006