Dear Grandma,

You taught me how to think in rainbows as your soft

pin pricked, needle poked, iron singed, aged fingers

connected the dots, connected the square patches

connected, connected, connected

sewed me into knowledge

folded me into thought and

embroidered new words onto my brain.

You were the first one to tell me

as we sat in your Sawyer kitchen waiting for Jeopardy to come on

that the eyes of a person sit in the middle of a person’s face.

You shifted my sight forever and I started

looking, searching, seeking for the details that were in plain sight.

Starkly glittering and ripped through with beauty are memories of you,

you scolding me when I complained about not having enough cinnamon and sugar on my toast;

both of us flipping through pictures in a doll-making book to find just the right doll to sew together--we picked out fire colors for her hair--

driving to Michigan from Pullman to visit you and go to the beach;

cradling my first quilt from you adorned with prancing horses

an Arabian, a Thoroughbred, a Saddle breed--

and on my earlier birthdays you gave me incentive to tell time

“Open this present at 12:30 and this one at 3:00 and then this one at 5:17.”

Grandma you have given me so many things. You’ve taught me that there is no other time than now and to savor it like it’s a gift.

I love you and I always will, and I want you to know you are everywhere I look--

in the patterns on the quilts you’ve made me that will follow me every place I will live, in my thoughts entwined deep in my brain, and in the colors I like because you and I combined so many amazing ones together.

You have been with me my entire life thus far and you still will, just in a different shape. I love you so, so much.

Your Granddaughter,

Ellie