

I was reminded of my grandma the other day while watering my plants. Funny way to remember her I know, but the plant that sparked my memories was a goldfish plant. I don't know its "real" name, but the buds are little orangish golden things that look like goldfish, so I've always called it a goldfish plant. My grandma had one of these hanging in her bedroom and I always thought it was the coolest thing. As I watered my plants, I started thinking about my grandma.

I remember one conversation in particular that we had while I was in college. It was about what I wanted to be when I grew up. I remember very clearly telling her that all I wanted was to get married and have children. She said, "Well, just do it, Stace!" "It's not that easy, grandma," I replied. I wasn't even dating anyone at the time. Not long after that, I did meet Al and started dating. Maybe Grandma knew what she was talking about that day. I don't know why this conversation has stuck with me; it just has.

Other times, I would spend the night on Grandma's couch and we would stay up late watching scary movies. She especially loved the ones that involved spiders. Funny, she was terrified of spiders, but had a fascination with all TV related spiders.

I remember going over to my grandma's apartment for a home cooked meal during the week while in college. One of my favorite meals was big shell macaroni filled with a hamburger and rice mix and covered with cheese. Mmmmm, I can almost taste it now. Another one involved a baked potato. She always made them in the toaster oven so they were extra crispy and then she made up a hamburger mixture that we ate over top of the buttery potato. This is a tradition that I continued with Al once we started dating and got married, where we would visit my grandma for supper. I miss those times; I miss my grandma.

Emily, Carter, Casey and I went to Al's grandma's house the other day and baked chocolate chip cookies. Her birthday is coming up and all of the great grandchildren and grandchildren decided that each family should get together with her and make cookies together. The cookies are then going to be served at the open house being held for her 85th birthday on Easter Sunday. We used great grandma's recipe for the chocolate chip cookies that everyone has loved for generations. Emily, Carter, and Casey jumped right in spilling flour and cracking eggs; then they ran off to play while the cookies baked and Marie and I got the chance to visit. We all ate cookie dough and warm cookies when they came out. We listened to stories of when Al's mom was little and talked about things my kids were doing. It was such an enjoyable time.

I have always enjoyed Al's Grandma Marie; she has so many life experiences that I can't even begin to imagine what her life was like, having had 10 kids and raising them all on a farm! I love to listen to her and it is especially fun for me being a booklover to bring her books and talk about the stories she is reading. I left her house that afternoon feeling like we should do this more often instead of only for an occasion. We didn't just make cookies that day we created a memory, one that the kids and I can look back on for years to come as we enjoy Marie's chocolate chips cookies.

It's funny the moments that have stuck with me through the years. But, I have come to realize that those memories and moments are the small ones as we go through our days, the ordinary every day times that we end up holding near and dear to our hearts.

What sparks your memories of loved ones? Is it a smell or a favorite song? Maybe it's food, like in my memories. Perhaps, you are busy creating memories right now that will be remembered in years to come. Don't wait until you're not busy because that time will never come and you will treasure the memories you make today forever.