

Remembering with Grandma

Why hadn't Mari been more patient with Grandma?

By Jane McBride
(Based on a true story)

Mari frowned. Grandma was telling the same story. Again. Grandma came to live with Mari's family several months ago. Mari loved her, but being around Grandma was sometimes tiring. She told the same stories over and over again. Sometimes she'd start over before she even finished telling the story.

Mari sighed.

"Grandma," she said, "you already told me that story."

Grandma looked down. "I did?"

"Yes," Mari said. "You told it to me just a few minutes ago."

"I don't remember," Grandma said. She looked sad and confused. Then she stood up and wandered back to her room.

Mari felt sorry that she had upset Grandma. Ever since Grandpa died, Grandma had gotten more and more forgetful. Once she even left the stove on, and it started a fire in her kitchen. That's when Mom and Dad brought Grandma to live with them.

Mari found Dad in the kitchen. "I really love Grandma, but I get tired of hearing the same stories. Why doesn't she remember that she already told me that story about fifty million times?"

Dad smiled. "I bet it's not fifty *million* times. But I know it's hard. Your grandma has a sickness in her brain that makes her forget things. Her stories are her way of trying to remember who she is."

Mari hung her head. Why hadn't she been more patient with Grandma? Grandma had always treated her with love. She called her "my Mari." Mari thought about when she used to help Grandma plant flowers and weed the garden.

Mari knocked on Grandma's door. "Come in," Grandma said.



Mari opened the door. Grandma was sitting in a chair with the scriptures open on her lap.

"Grandma, would you please tell me how you and Grandpa joined the Church?" Mari asked. Grandma looked up.

"You want to hear about Grandpa and me?" she asked in a hopeful voice.

Mari sat down next to Grandma. "I do. I want to hear everything." Mari took her grandma's hand. "You're very special to me, Grandma. You always will be."

Grandma smiled, sat back in her chair, and started to tell the story.

Mari had heard the story many times, but this time, she didn't feel annoyed or impatient. Instead, she felt love and amazement. She knew Grandma and Grandpa had sacrificed a lot when they joined the Church in Germany. Her grandparents had moved far from their home so they could live near other Church members.

Grandma finished the story and smiled. "You are a good girl, my Mari."

Mari hugged her grandma. "Thank you, Grandma. I love you." ●

This story took place in the USA.