



My Week with Grandma

Last summer I stayed at my Grandmother's house for a week. That week my Grandmother volunteered in the kitchen at her Church and I attended Vacation Bible School. It was my favorite week of the summer! I helped Grandma shop for snacks. She had to provide snacks each day for over 100 kids. I helped her assemble trays of food. We made trays of donuts, cookies, pretzels and chips. She even let me sneak a few samples. Everyone loved our snacks. I also helped her in the kitchen and made lemonade for all the kids. It felt good to be useful and I know Grandma appreciated my help.



That week we also picked oranges from all my Grandmother's orange trees. We picked boxes and boxes of oranges. Grandma set up the kitchen table with two juicing stations and we washed and juiced oranges for hours. It sounds like a lot of work but it was actually really fun. We made 3 gallons of orange juice and it was delicious. We made a huge sticky mess but Grandma didn't care as long as we were laughing and having fun.

One afternoon we packed up the car with sand toys, chairs and umbrellas and went to the beach to play and watch the sunset. Grandma helped me build sandcastles and walked with me to look for shells. She sat in the sand with her big floppy hat on and we dug for coquina. Grandma also brought bread and we fed the seagulls. Hundreds of birds hovered around us and we laughed as we tried to keep them from stealing our other food.



During our week together we had a lot of laughs. My Grandmother knows my favorite food is eggs. One night she took us to Perkins and we had breakfast for dinner. While we waited for our food my Grandmother was talking me and putting sugar in her tea. When she shook the sugar packet it slipped out of her hand and flew over her head and landed on the table of the people behind us. We couldn't believe it happened. Then my sister accidentally flicked a piece of pancake at my Grandfather. We could not stop laughing. Even now we still laugh about it. It was a night to remember.

The week I stayed at my Grandmother's house was my favorite week of the summer. I'm lucky that I live close to my Grandmother. I get to see her a lot. She's always there for me and I feel very grateful to have her as my grandmother. I know we will have many more laughs and make more memories together.