

Grandma Ruby

(as told by Lynn Robertson)

Being a mother of two very active boys, ages seven and one, I am sometimes worried about their making a shambles of my carefully decorated home. In their innocence and play, they occasionally knock over my favorite lamp or upset my well designed arrangements. In these moments, when nothing feels sacred, I remember the lesson I learned from my wise mother-in-law, Ruby.

Ruby is the mother of 6 and grandmother of 13. She is the embodiment of gentleness, patience and love.

One Christmas, all the children and grandchildren were gathered as usual at Ruby's home. Just the month before, Ruby had bought beautiful, new, white carpeting after living with the "same old carpet" for over 25 years. She was overjoyed with the new look it gave her home.

My brother-in-law, Arnie, had just distributed his gifts for all the nieces and nephews-prized homemade honey from his beehives. They were excited. But as fate would have it, eight-year-old Sheena spilled her tub of honey on Grandma's new carpeting and trailed it through the entire downstairs of the house.

Crying, Sheena ran into the kitchen and into Grandma Ruby's arms. "Grandma, I've spilled my honey all over your brand-new carpet."

Grandma Ruby knelt down, looked tenderly into Sheena's tearful eyes and said, "Don't worry sweetheart, we can get you more honey."