

10-15-88

This past summer I went to the funeral of one of my son's friends. He was an artist and one of my friends too. Over at our house so often, he seemed like family. The service was a gathering of strangers [I didn't know anyone there]. Even the people who were there together seemed alone. It was one of the hardest things for me.

Today I look out--not at strangers-- but at familiar faces who are really "family" to me, gathered to pay tribute to Grandma. Because I call her "Grandma" most people say "Oh you're her daughter or Granddaughter"! When I explain the connection I feel especially tickled and proud at their assumption.

Grandma was one special, incredible lady. Knowing her is one of the highlights of my life. Even now she just makes me giggle. What a gift.

By building Bottle Village she created a vision and left us her spirit. Every kid dreams of building the ultimate treehouse, a clubhouse, the fort where no adults are allowed. Most of those grand schemes end up as a pile of rubble in the backyard-- and your mother says "Clean up all that junk and throw it away, it's such a mess!"

But Grandma really did it!! When she was supposed to be "old"! She kept that magic dream of childhood and made it real. If she saw her Village today she'd probably take a deep breath and say-- "Oh it looks terrible, c'mon let's fix it up!"

With your help, with our minds and our muscles, with our hands and our hearts. We can. For Grandma.