

GRANDMA'S TABLE

Adelman, Penina

What is special about Grandma's table? As you read, evaluate the author's memories about her I grandmother. Every Friday night, my husband, my children, and I eat at our family table. The table once belonged to my grandmother.

When I was a girl, Grandma lived far away. My family drove a day and a night to visit her. When we got there, I ran right into Grandma's arms. Everyone got a big hug from Grandma. It was a great place to be. Then we went into the dining room. The table was piled high with wonderful food. "Sit," said Grandma. "Eat."

We ate. We laughed. Grandma told stories. "I'll never forget the day Grandpa brought this table from my parents' home," Grandma began one story.

"We had such a time getting it up the stairs," she said. "I've polished it every day since then," Grandma said. "I still polish it every day." The table was as shiny as a butterscotch candy. Grandma got quiet after that story. "I miss Grandpa," she said. "He loved our family meals. Remember how he led the Passover Seder?"

We all got quiet for a moment, missing Grandpa. I still miss him today.

Then Grandma told another story. "When I was eight, my mother took me out of school to help at

home. A woman from the school came to find me. My 'mother hid me under her family table," said Grandma. "Later my mother and I laughed about it, " said Grandma. "But it wasn't funny that never went back to school. I'm glad my grandchild loves school." "I don't love it all the time, Grandma," I said. Everyone laughed. They knew I was joking. "We don't love school all the time, either!" say my children. Everyone laughs. Then I tell them more stories around Grandma's table.