

Memories of My Grandma

I am thankful everyday that Grandma Koko was MY Grandma. To those who met her, she was a very special lady.

To me, she was the warm hands always ready to massage my feet. She was the vibrant greeting whenever I walked in the door. So excited to see me, and also eager to ask if I was hungry. She'd walk around the house singing a special song she made just for me when I was a baby. Making me both roll my eyes and smile because I felt her love. She was sassy and witty, always making me laugh, even if it was at my own expense. She was the vivacious grammy who always wanted to ride with me to the store or tag along on mine, or anyone's, next trip to...anywhere. Always craving an adventure, or perhaps just looking for fresh faces to share her Good News.

But most of all, my Grandma showed me what it truly means to be a spiritual person, and her example is something I strive to emulate every day. She taught me how to forgive, even when I don't want to, how to be zealous for the ministry, how to fight for truth, justice and dignity, and most importantly, how to love others the way Jehovah wants us to love.

Whenever I was going through a tough time in life, she would look me in the eye, squeeze my hand, and say, "Jehovah knows, it's gonna be O.K.". Her simple words always held so much meaning and comfort because she and I both knew, love BELIEVES ALL THINGS. And my Grandma WAS love.

In so many ways she revealed to me her spiritual strength truly had no limits. In even more ways, she saved me, and I will always be grateful I had her for the short time that I did.

I'll love her forever.

~Audry~