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# Her Day

by Janet Carr Hull

Grandma told me about her day  
She went down to the church picnic  
Aunt Doris wore her flowered shawl  
Grandma thought she looked so nice

There were pickles, corn, platters of chicken  
Macaroni and cheese, peas, and pear salad  
Pitchers of tea, you know in the South  
We always drink it cold and sweet

There were children running all about  
They played freeze tag in churchyard sun  
She hugged me because I was sad I was smallest  
Could not run as fast and was always It

The piano was brought to the camellia garden  
Grandma played from the Baptist Hymnal  
I told her I knew she could play them all  
She smiled her smile and said that she did

I kissed her forehead before I left  
As she napped in the sun in her chair  
Today I was only six years old  
Sometimes her disease is so beautiful

