My Grandfather's Garden

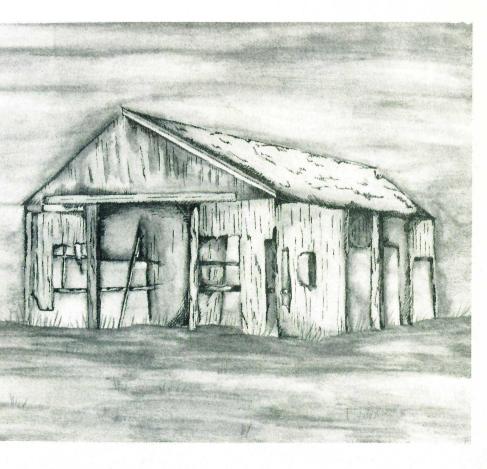
I think a lot about the garden that my grandfather kept always Full of green beans, cabbage, tomatoes, and okra which was only for me because no one else ate it including Grandpa I think and I know now that this is what is important, not Drinking, and unhappiness, and the illness which finally took him But rather that garden from which came the okra that my Grandfather grew for me and It makes me smile to understand that everything that was good and loving in him He did share with us through his garden.

Marshelle Dawkins



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Fani Anagnostou



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