

Grandpa Marky's Tribute

I'm going to start this off with a bit of a strange comment.

How lucky are we?

How lucky are we now and how immensely lucky have we been?

In this time of mourning, how lucky are we to have had such a beautiful soul to now mourn?

The last time I visited him he was having a "no" day. Not in an unhappy or "hard no" type of way but in a Marky smirk type of way. There were four of us there at that time and we would all ask things like "would you like some water? *no* How about orange juice instead? *no* Want a bite of this egg salad sandwich? You like those and Grandma would make this every week. *no* We made some cookies to bring you; would you like to try one?" *no* All received a no, but in that Marky-type of way and I was close, holding hands and he looked at me and actually made me giggle like it was an inside joke and we were somewhat delighting in being juuust a tad difficult, just because we could. Then I asked, "Well looks like today's a "no-day" and who doesn't have a good "no day" every now and then, but does that mean tomorrow's a yes day? He gave me and almost beleaguered "yes" which made me laugh again. Then I said, "Well, do you want to see some videos of my cat?" And his eyes opened wider than they had been in hours, he lit right up and his smirk became a much larger grin, and he said *yes.* I showed him a video of our dog and cat bickering and, well, basically my cat winning, and I knew he had been cheering her on the whole time. We watched it three times and I swear between his chuckles I saw pride. In my cat. But hey, maybe there was also pride when his Booger swiped at and hit Jordy from the top of the fridge.

My grandfather was many things to many people, and all are so lucky to have had them in his time. He was born a son, brother, cousin, and family. He became a friend to many. He became a soldier and comrade to others. He then became a husband, a father, a grandfather. He completed his schooling in the eighth grade and became a hard worker. He provided for his family, and he provided well. He was a patriarch to the generations after him which will continue into time. There are so many other aspects that I know I can't remember, haven't included, or can grasp because to me, he was "grandpa."

Writing this I must admit that I realized at times, my still almost childlike mindset of my grandfather. I know he had a long and full life, filled with experiences and emotions and a long, long time when he wasn't just "grandpa." But grandpa to me was "grandpa," a hard worker, a farmer, a family man, and one who was just there in almost perpetuity. Walking into my grandparents' home was like walking straight into complete comfort and familiarity. Absolute confidence that they love you and whatever you want is a-ok and strongly encouraged. That grandma always had sweets and hugs and if you wanted to have grandpa help you climb and explore the farming machinery in the shed or ride along at harvest, you could do so to your heart's content. He was so solid, a structure in my life that would, of course, stand solidly there forever.

Unfortunately, we all learn that that's not how life and time work. But there is a time and a place for every single bit of life that comes at us.

There were times lately when his decline was hard, but I also tried to find and encourage the beauty in it. If he called my mom Tudy, I thought "how beautiful that he finds comfort and resemblance to the love of his life." Or if he thought he was talking to Mike, Rick, Scott, or Todd "how beautiful he's having conversation with such lovely family members that we're, again, lucky to have."

His moments of confusion led him to such happy places as these.

He is at peace, he's with loved ones, he's happy there.

I know he's so happy to now be with my grandmother and all those gone before him. He's having another type of reunion up there and we should all rejoice in it, and while we have sorrow here, be grateful for how lucky we were to have him.

This was the song my husband and I walked back down the wedding aisle to, beginning a new life together and while it's not Johnny Cash or country, I think grandpa would approve of my use of it here. These Beatles lyrics hit me once again while thinking of him and here they are for you:

"Here comes the sun, and I say "it's alright"

Little darling

The smiles returning to the faces

Little darling

It seems like years, since it's been here

Here comes the sun, and I say, "it's alright."

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Little darling

It seems like years since it's been clear

Here comes the sun, and I say, "it's alright."

Here comes the sun

It's alright

It's alright

