

"The Dress"

My Grandma Fay is the person who, aside from my parents, has influenced me the most. She's not the kind of grandma who knits all day and ignores her grandkids. Grandma Fay didn't go to college, or have a fancy education, but I always leave her with a new knowledge of something.

For instance, when we went shopping for a dress for a Valentine's banquet, we both went straight to the same dress. It was the most expensive one they had, and, knowing it was terribly over-priced, we tried to talk each other into not liking it.

"Do you like it?" she asked, she knew I loved it, but asked anyway.

"Well..." I tried desperately to find something wrong with the dress.

"It is a little resque." That was a flat-out lie. Who was I kidding? This was not a suggestive outfit.

"Good! Let's go." she took me by the arm and we went to look at the other dresses.

After what we had just seen, nothing looked good. Too fancy, not fancy enough, too pink, too young. This was getting us nowhere. (Finally, we stumbled back on the dress and I tried it on.)

It was better on than it was off. But it wasn't worth that much. Period. I forced myself to be good about not getting it, and tried not to act disappointed. I got my regular clothes on, and when I came out of the dressing room, calm and collected, there was Grandma Fay paying for the dress!

Well, I don't really know what the moral to this story is, it was just a shopping trip and, even though I loved her more than I could ever say or express in my life, I knew that was how much she loved me. She didn't say anything, but I knew.