

Geraldine Baxter, to the grandkids, she will always be known as Granny. It's funny how the words Granny and Gramps are used to generally describe old people, many times in a derogatory fashion, yet to us, we could never hold the words more dear to hearts. I stand here today and choose not to remember the Granny of the past few years, because that was not the Granny that we all knew and loved. The Granny that I remember could warm your day with a hug and that fun smile of hers. She was always good for a quick back scratch too. Every time that green and white Oldsmobile pulled into the driveway, your day somehow magically got better. Granny always cared and was always there for us.

One of the most profound moments I shared with Granny was the time that her and Aunt Sue took me after school to go see Schindler's List. It was a moment I will never forget. Certainly the movie itself was moving, but understanding that this happened during Granny's lifetime and that the events portrayed were part of her daily news, was simply moving. I will never forget the hugs from her after the movie, and how tightly she held my hand as we left the theater.

Now, if you knew Granny, you knew that you couldn't stop by without food somehow being involved. Food went with family, always has and always will. In the case of Granny, I have fond memories of frozen flavor-ice while playing ball at the yellow house on Burt road. When we were little, there always seemed to be a supply of Sunmaid raisin cookies on hand. As we got older, and stopped by on our own, it seemed like you couldn't visit without needing to eat a klondike bar, handful or hershey kisses, or some other treat. Granny's house was NOT a place to attempt to loose weight. Above all that, we will remember the Thanksgivings at Granny's. The smells, the family, the games of 500 played late into the darkness on the back patio, and the quest for who would be at the kids table the longest. Yes, it was usually me.

Da Vinci said "As a well-spent day brings happy sleep, so a life well used brings happy death". Granny's life was most certainly well used, as the family and friends gathered here can attest to. The memories Granny _and_ Gramps gave us are some of the best memories any grandkids could ever hope to have growing up. So today, there is a kitchen in heaven, with Granny at the stove or sink, wonderful smells filling the room, and everyone standing around, leaning against the counter having the best time together. This is not goodbye, this is until we meet again. I will miss you Granny.