


Katherine wrote this to my mother yesterday.
What a woman she has become  2010

To my beloved grandmother,

I am grateful to you for so many reasons. I want to make sure you know how much you have influenced me and all of the choices I make every day.

I remember being a very young child and believing that my grandmother was the most beautiful woman in the world. Your room in Lakeside was one of my favorite places to be, looking at all of your clothes, and the various pieces of history assembled on your dresser, your sewing kit and carefully organized desk, that was mission control for so many.

I am grateful that I learned from you that every style eventually comes back, and that the greatest compliment I have ever received was at a wedding when someone asked me if my festive party pants used to be Ma Mere's. I walked taller the whole evening.

I am grateful that I got to spend an entire summer living with you and Albert, it was the summer that I turned ten, we learned the match game, and tried to figure out how you and Albert had ESP and confounded us with the game where you always could read each other's mind. For afternoons spent at Ann Friedmans playing in her incredible costume box...

I am grateful for the weekends spent at the Chicago Arts Festival with you, staying at 70 East Cedar and going to Free Street Theatre, where everyone wanted to come over and greet you, and looked at me with envy that you were MY grandmother.

I am grateful that virtually every space I have ever lived in has been designed by you; with large windows so that we are never far from light and a view. With the indoor spaces stylish and functional, I can walk into half the homes in Lakeside and see the touch and distinctive eye of my grandmother. Those spaces feel like home to me.

I am grateful for these years when I have had young children and you have been a daily part of our lives. From those early days when I was sleep training Ben, and I was telling you how much I hated listening to him cry at night, so he would go back to sleep. You reminded me that when your children were small and crying in the night you didn't just worry that they were hungry, or wet, but what if their diaper pin had slipped out and was poking them. I still think of it when my children wake up in the night, of you many years ago, hearing one of your babies cry and wondering if they were being poked with a pin.

I am grateful that you have spent enough time with my children that Benny knows that you had a teacher named Mrs. Pokinghorn, and that they will never see a glass dish with a bird on the top without thinking of their great grandmother and the candy that they feasted on.

I am grateful for these years when my family has been able to live in this little nest surrounded by the people who we love most. It is a place so safe and beautiful that we do not take a single day for granted. Your spirit continues to influence me and my children every day, even as your body seems to be frustratingly failing you.

I am grateful for every day that we are all together and can celebrate a life and world that you have touched every inch of.

Thank you, I love you.

- Katherine

17
WA S