

Grandmas House  
By Grace Leonard

Grandma's house was filled with the joys,  
    of laughing, shouting girls and boys,  
And the fragrance that filled the air,  
    said that Thanksgiving was really there.  
With all the goodies that Grandma bakes,  
    Ginger bread cookies and luscious cakes,  
There's Pumpkin pies and turkey and dressing,  
    and Uncle Bob to ask the blessing.  
But happy visits must always end,  
    and Grandma is left alone again.  
But the echo of laughter lingers still  
    and memories cling as memories will.  
Of happy days of long ago,  
    When the children were small and life more slow.  
And Grandma alone, must sometimes weep,  
    But oh, that extra hour of sleep.