

This is the home where I spent my summer's growing up, where my Grandmother Wilson lives now and where she used to live as a child. Over the years, the properties around hers have changed some but it still brings back memories of being there. Grandfather Wilson had a huge garden out back and fruit trees. His workshop and inner food storage were always fun to go in with him. He had a place for everything and saved just about everything. I can still remember him removing labels off glass bottles to save and admiring his nut seed and dried fruit collection. He loved to eat all kinds of nuts and dried fruit. I remember loving to play in the irrigation water, looking into the cellars, viewing all grandmother's pretties, playing her organ, watching her cook and getting lessons on how to wash dishes properly, taking baths in her old tub and using her seashell soap holder, getting money from grandmother to go buy groceries at the store across the street that no longer is there and sitting in her living room listening to grandfather play the harmonica while grandmother rag tied my hair. I can think of a million more things that I remember but I will save those for a later entry. I am glad my children were able to come to this place that has become special to me over time. I think they had a great time exploring just like I used to do.

Brady, the children and I arrived at grandmother's home first. I was greeted by Brent with a cold cup of root beer. Grandmother was sitting in her comfy chair on the porch. We exchanged hugs and hellos. Brent had set up some tables with some nice table cloths and put out some munchies for us and had a delicious watermelon on ice. So sweet!



























