

Grandma always whispered "yes" after each phrase of our bedtime prayers. Nothing else ever impressed me so with the significance of my own prayers (which were typically rather rushed and repetitive).

Janet Hoffman

- Pulling Grandpa up out of his chair.
- The big gray floor fans in their living room.
- Black Jack gum and pepsi.
- The money jar in the cupboard and a penny to get a piece of candy at the D & C or Fishers.
- Swinging strings over the banister upstairs.
- Lunch on Sunday evenings at Grandma's.

She had supper with us every Friday night. One Friday I rode with Marcia to pick her up and she had an accident on the corner of Coit and Quimby. Marcia was very upset-- Grandma helped to comfort her. But as I think about it, she probably was as upset as Marcia was.

Grandma had a way of making me feel I was special, as I'm sure she did with each of her grandchildren. She always said it was okay that I was fat because I was so jolly!

When she passed away my world caved in. I couldn't imagine what it would be like not to go see her each week or have her come see us. She was such an important part of my life during my childhood.

I remember wanting Grandma to teach me how to tat. After several attempts and millions of knots I gave up but have since learned how. Every time I pick it up to work on I think of her.

Grandpa's funeral was my first and only experience of riding in a limosene. I remember what a big deal it was to have 3 seats and automatic windows. They told us kids not to play with them because we could get our head caught and cut off in them and they told of a girl that this happened to. Then we all thought it was quite something that someone would die going to someone else's funeral!

Mary Glerum Westra

For some unknown reason we (Marion, Bob, Mildred) never attended the same church with our parents. They attended the Broadway Avenue Christian Reformed Church. When we became old enough for Sunday School, we were enrolled in the Sunday School of the Creston Christian Reformed Church. When radio came to Grand Rapids my father began to listen to the preaching of Dr. M. R. DeHaan. He liked his preaching so well that they transferred their membership to Calvary Reformed Church. We children left Creston Christian Reformed Church and enrolled in the Sunday School at Berean Baptist Church. When we were small children we only attended Sunday School