

- fighting over who got to read Grandma's Ripley's Believe It or Not Book.
- tying strings to little soldiers and cowboys and dropping them over the banister in the upstairs hallways and dangling them in the foyer below.
- going over on Thanksgiving mornings to pick up Grandma and the turkey. The whole house would smell terrific.
- listening to that old grandfather clock.
- playing games on that front porch.
- taking Grandma to Wheaton every summer.
- squeezing all the family around Grandma's table (the table buffet, and cabinet we have in our home now) for Sunday dinner.

Bob Hoffman, Jr.

I can picture every room of that big house on Coit Avenue. I loved going there to visit Grandma and Grandpa and to play with my cousins. I remember looking at the books in the bookcase in the front hall or wishing I'd get a cold so I could have some of Grandma's black licorice kept in the kitchen cupboard. I remember watching Grandma prepare a meal in the old kitchen; smelling of the perfumes Grandma kept in the glass decanters on her dresser; sitting on the window seat by the stairway landing; taking a bath in the tub on that pink stool; watching Grandma sew and mend in the front bedroom.

I remember Grandma herself with a smile on her face and a sparkle in her brown eyes. Her white hair was so pretty and she was so tall. I really loved her, I think because she loved me.

Grandpa isn't as clear in my mind but I mostly remember him sitting in his chair in the corner of the living room, cane at his side, chuckling to himself. I also remember setting the table and putting his special fork and spoon by his plate.

Each memory I have of going to Grandma and Grandpa's is a happy one, an important part of my childhood.

Rhoda Lower Engstrom

I remember playing checkers with Grandpa at the house on Coit. We used to go over there every Saturday night when we were little. Grandpa's hands would shake while he was moving the pieces, but he would smile while he was playing and really seemed to enjoy it.

Another thing that made an impression on me was that my Dad was talking once about how Grandpa was always giving money or a car or other things to anyone who said they were going out to tell the world about Jesus. Apparently Grandpa was not always wise in his giving but he was never stingy. That is my impression.

Paul Hoffman