

Where is Grandma?

The young child asked
“Where is Grandma?”
And the adults gasped
Not knowing what to say.

Not in the earth
Buried, covered over with soil and small rocks
Not in the heavens
Distant, far off, a fantasy of the imagination.

Closer than earth, closer than heaven
Grandma, dear child is within us all
In our memories of her kindness and goodness
Not faint echoes but memories resonate in us.

Grandma is in our tenderness with each other
In our loyalty to family
For friends, in our love of our people.

Nothing noble dies with death
Warm embraces, wise counsel, celebrations of the spirit
Do not evaporate into the air.

Grandma is not “where” but “when”
Whenever we gather together to celebrate festivals
Whenever we offer help to the poor
The homeless, the sick
Whenever we defend the innocent
Raise our voice against injustice
Grandma’s influence is present.

Grandma stood for noble purposes
raised her voice against injustice
Grandma stood for ideas and ideals
Grandma stood for care and concern
and comfort of the Other.

What she stood for we now stand for
Even as we stand for the Kaddish in her memory
In her honor with our love.

