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## Grandmother's Legacy

By Mrs. Paul E. King

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"Do tell us another story, Grandmother," the children begged as the silver-haired lady folded her wrinkled hands in her lap and settled her head wearily back on the padding of the old rocking chair.

"You tell the best stories!" Nancy exclaimed. "And the truest kind," Marlene added.

"I wish my grandmother was like yours," Tim said sadly.

"We have the best grandmother in all the world," James and John said simultaneously, "and the nicest."



A smile played carelessly across the face of the beloved little old lady and in a feeble voice she said teasingly; "Hush! Hush! You'll be giving me the big head unless you change the subject. Run along now and do some playing while I rest a mite." And the children ran down the porch steps to the yard and the seclusion of a large spreading maple tree.

For a long time after the children had fled to play the form of the little old lady rocked back and forth, listening to their merry laughter as it floated from the big tree. She watched as the pansies nodded their heads to each other as though in fervent conversation; she saw a brightly colored humming bird plunge his long bill deeply into the fragrant petunias then flit gracefully away. The pine tree whispered softly to her and the clematis vine with the cardinal nest in it afforded her free observation with a

ring-side seat from her rocking chair. The whole of earth seemed beautiful, alive and active, as everything about her did. Her heart had pained dreadfully all that day but she must never let Martha and Sam know. It would pass over as the others had and she would undoubtedly feel fine in a day or two!

She made several feeble attempts to rise from the old rocking chair but her strength failed and she settled back to the soft cushion of the old chair. If this wouldn't pass over! The thought filled her with sudden apprehension. Remembering how everything had been taken care of years before she closed her eyes and folded her hands. Her soul was at rest and peace. A heavenly smile caressed her face as the children's merry laughter faded from her hearing.

"Mother, Mother!" Martha called softly from the kitchen doorway. "Are you all right, Mother?" Then stepping softly onto the porch she tip-toed lightly over to the familiar chair to caress the sweet form in it.

"Mother!" she exclaimed softly again, but no answer came. Noticing the sweet smile and still form she burst forth crying, "Mother! Oh, Mother."

At that moment Sam came up by her side. He placed his arm about his wife's shoulders and led her into the living room and the sofa.

"I'll take care of everything," he said tenderly. "Don't worry!"

"Oh, Sam! The children! Who's going to tell the children?" Martha sobbed. "We all loved her so dearly."

"I'll take care of everything," Sam said as he called the doctor and the undertaker.

"Now children," Daddy began after the beloved form was gone, "Grandmother's told you much about Heaven and Jesus and how she's going there. Today shortly after she told you a story the angels came after her. Grandmother's gone! She can't come back to us but we can go to her."

"Grandmother? Dead? Oh, No!" and a sob rose from the children as each hastened from the living room into His own bedroom to weep.

It was too much for Nancy who shared the big front bedroom with grandmother. She walked softly into the room and stood for a long moment inside the doorway; there was the big poster bed with its pale green ruffled bed skirt and grandma's fine, elegant snowy white quilt gracing the top of the bed. Across the barrel back boudoir chair was her warm black shawl and on the big black trunk lay her Bible, its pages worn and tear-stained. It couldn't be! It just couldn't be -- not her beloved grandmother gone and dead! But it was! A shudder of despair escaped her girlish lips

as she advanced reverently toward the Book to touch the frayed cover and let the tears fall unashamed.

After a long time of praying and weeping she lifted her head and noticed the lilacs were still blooming in bright purple and lavender hues on the wallpaper in the big room. The sun was shining all golden and stretching her long, warm fingers into the bedroom and lying down on grandma's quilt and the big braided rug in the room. Everything was the same as usual but yet so different with grandma gone!

A number of weeks passed by. One evening after family worship Mother and Father called the children into the big bedroom.

"We're going to open the big black trunk now, for grandmother told me long ago that when she left us for Heaven we should open the trunk and receive a last token of love from her," Mother began brokenly. "Your Father and I feel like this is the night. It will be a time to never be forgotten."

Father spoke softly and reverently: "You know grandmother had no wealth, nor houses and lands to give us; but what she has left us will have lasting results. She has already given us far more than money could buy. She gave to us happiness and true faith and trust, in both God and mankind. She has helped to mold and shape each of your young lives by her patient teaching and godly example. Then too, her sweet, good spirit has sprinkled sunshine and fragrance all through this house. She is gone but her wonderful fragrance and godly example will forever inhabit this house," and he looked around the room.

The room was heavy with silence as daddy opened the big old trunk. Inside the lid, in her familiar hand writing was this little note:

"To those I love more dearly than life itself, I leave these few remembrances. We have been parted now, but we shall meet again -- in our Eternal Home. Till then, keep looking up! I'll be waiting for you. Love, Grandma!"

For a long time no one spoke or moved and the tears flowed freely; then Mother lifted a thick piece of calico cloth and began to unpack. There was a beautiful quilt for mother's and father's bed and the big German Bible with a few bills inside its pages to help pay on the house.

For Nancy there was the beloved old rocking chair, "To rock your grandchildren as I have rocked you," the note said, and a soft, warm, pale-blue knitted shawl and gloves to match, "for Sunday School and church."

For James and John there were old time Holiness books and a Bible apiece; "To Help you understand the Word better and make you fitted for His service. "May God

make you as James & John in the Bible (after they had their Pentecost)," the little note said.

There were many other lovable remembrances and as the children related their various inheritances the next day at school, one of the girls spoke up.

"Is that all she left you? My grandmother left us lots of money and two fine houses in Westwood Manor and a big car and..."

"Ours was the best in the world! She left us things that money can't buy," the children said sweetly. "We loved grandmother; not what she had or didn't have!"

"Grandmother's legacy will be bearing interest one of these days," Nancy said brightly as she thought of the treasured Bible on top of the big black trunk in the big bedroom. Her own Bible now! A far away look stole sweetly over her young face and she thought she felt grandmother smiling down upon her.

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**THE END**