

every available pair of hands, shady patches quickly filled with exhausted shoppers, and all of my ice that I brought from home melted. Sometimes the sun became so bright it made my eyelids so sleepy they refused to open. For my lunch break I worked my way down the endless aisles of vendors and people constantly bumping into each other, losing their coordination due to the heat. Wooden lawn ornaments, bulky plastic sacks, wagons full of blanketed children, and shelves of many sizes floated among the crowds. My favorite vender, a lady in her seventies, sold dried flowers. She worked hard every week to bring a new supply of dried bouquets that were certain to be sold out.

At the end of my break, I ventured toward the lemonade stand, bought my drink, and slowly made my way toward the Red Barn Greenhouse signs. I felt like I could start a new day at work with a last sip of my lemonade, which always tended to warm up in a few minutes. By the time I returned Joanna was more than ready to take an intermission, so I took on the task of answering plant questions once again.

On the bumpy truck ride back to the greenhouse, Joanna and I sipped on our third or fourth lemonade of the day, counted our earnings, and gossiped about rude customers. I really enjoyed my summer job, and always felt an eagerness to return to work the next spring. The hours, days and weeks of work at my job blended into one another, but the time spent with fellow workers and loyal customers who love nature and beauty made it an enlightening job experience.

MY GRANDFATHER

by

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Elementary Education

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[Assignment: Based on your direct observation, write a description of a place or person which conveys a recognizable feeling more through the selection and arrangement of sensory details than by stating the attitude or by naming the emotion.]

Everyone has a place in their heart for someone special. Though this person may pass on, the memory you hold remains deep inside. As for me, I will always keep a fond memory of my grandfather hidden within. His name was Joseph Surinak, and he was the greatest man alive.

At five foot, eight inches in height, my grandfather had very gaunt and skinny legs that almost resembled a chicken's. Thin and long, his nose thrust out like a beak. His lengthy face gave weight to his balding head that was left with only a few strands of thin, grayish hair. In an attempt to scare his grandchildren, my grandfather would quickly take out his false teeth and hide them in his back pocket. With his back hunched over, and his arms hung downward he would open his toothless mouth and speak some unknown language. Though we never understood a word he said, we would roar with laughter until we could not breathe.

My grandfather had a personality unlike many others. He was given the nickname "Sugar" because he was always so sweet to everyone. Kind, considerate, and ambitious, a great deal of his inner strength came from the three and a half years that he served in World War II as a Marine. As for my grandfather's top priorities, family always came first. My grandmother never learned to drive, so she always depended on my grandfather to take her everywhere. Whether it be to one of her friend's houses, the beauty parlor, or the mall, my grandfather never complained. He loved to make people happy in any way possible, and he did so every single day. Maybe it was the way he had our whole house cleaned, beds made, and garbage emptied by the time we arrived home, or just his little surprises that he always had in store. I can remember one time when I was seven years old, and my grandfather was babysitting me. I had just come inside from playing and he told me that he left his eyeglasses in his room, and to go get them for him. Well, when I walked in the room there were no eyeglasses, but instead sitting on my bed was the doll I had wished for for many months. I started screaming from the joy and excitement that I was feeling, while quickly running to give my grandfather the greatest hug he would ever receive. Since that day some eleven years ago, this special memory has never left my heart.

I can still remember the exact way my grandfather slurped his coffee. His mouth would quaintly open as he slowly brought the coffee cup up ready to drink. While he drank, it sounded as though a hurricane had hit. While scrunching up his nose and closing his eyes, he slurped so long that everyone would turn around to get a good look. My grandfather never ever stopped doing this, and we all loved him for it.

My grandfather's compassion for his family was shown to us in so many different ways. I will never forget the days when I would get off the bus from grade school and see my grandfather standing at the corner waiting for me. Though I only lived three houses down from the corner, he was still there to greet me with his loving smile and huge bear hug. While we walked home hand-in-hand, he would remind me to put my bag in the house because we were going on our usual trip to McDonald's. The ride there was always so much fun because I chose the radio station to listen to and sometimes sing to, while my grandfather never complained once. When we got to McDonald's I would pick the table to sit at while my grandfather ordered the usual. It consisted of two cheeseburgers, a large fries (to split), and a small coke for me, and a coffee for him. We always sat by a window in hopes of seeing someone we knew. While we ate, my grandfather would ask me how my day was, and if I had a lot of homework to do. Every now and then he would make his long and loud slurp of coffee while I listened and laughed.

When my grandfather's cancer was diagnosed five years ago, he took it like it never happened. He did not want to spend his days being sad. Instead, he still made his everyday trips to our house to drop off his bargains that he found at the grocery store. My grandfather was a fighter for some time, until he realized that he was ready to let go of the people whose lives he touched the most. At the hospital the day before my grandfather passed away he still tried to please us. Though he could barely talk, he promised my brother that he could have his car to take to college, and he told me over and over not to cry, because he would soon be my guardian angel and continue to watch over me. Even though my grandfather was in his last hours of his life, he wanted to make sure that we were happy.

Till this day, I still believe that my grandfather is my guardian angel. Whenever I am doing something, I know that I can look to him for guidance and he will always be there for me. I never have to feel as though I am alone, because I know that way above I have the greatest friend that anyone could ever want.