

My Nana was a good grandmother. I know I did not see her often, but I would still go see her anyway. I would give her ice cream and her mail sometimes -- if I ever brought it late she would "fire me". I miss those good times.

I also think of her as a storyteller because she told great and funny stories about my dad. That was the thing I loved most.

When she was in her room with those oxygen tanks, it was hard to see her suffering so much. But she still had her humor, and that is something that I will always miss. Her last joke to me was after she ate something and she made a face, which was very funny.

It is strange not to have her in the house anymore. I went in her room and looked out the window and saw myself as she must have seen me when I was outside. It was like looking through my grandmother's eyes. And she was a great person in my eyes.