

2022-04-18 Anna's World

Anna's grandfather needed stories to keep their house standing upright.

The little cottage, perched oddly between the stately town homes of Beacon Hill, was always in danger of falling over.

That's why Anna's grandfather needed to stay home all day, concentrating tremendously on uprighteous things.

The walls stayed up better when he smiled, he said, but he didn't smile often.

He smiled when Anna told him about her first day at school, or when the first birds started their ruckus at spring's start, or when an especially thunderous rainstorm battered their poor roof.

He smiled most, however, when Anna told him stories about her adventures.

Each Sunday morning, she'd go out and explore Boston & her surrounding New England world. Every Sunday evening (sometimes late at night), she'd come back to tell her grandfather what she'd seen.

That retelling made him smile enough for the house to keep itself together for another week, usually.

Sometimes Grandpa would sit very still in his rocking chair, frowning, or worse, just plain tired. That meant the house was tired too.

By and large, he kept busy. Cooking, eating, reading, writing, fixing, breaking, he was never idle when Anna tumbled through their front door. Somehow he was always just finishing whatever he was doing. He could help her with her boots and books in the muddy mudroom. They lived many years, just the two of them, exactly like this.

On a wonderful day, a Sunday, just as spring was tiptoeing into winter's wake, Anna was off on another adventure.