

## I Hope You Dance

*By Constance Williams*

Constance Williams, my grandma lived a good life. She always told us how blessed she was because she had a great job that gave her opportunities to help others achieve their goals. She loved encouraging them to dream big and then take the next step. Grandma loved being close to family, especially her grand kids. She would keep us when mom and dad had to be somewhere else, take us to our activities when she could and join us on various holidays and vacations. My favorite time with grandma when we were little was when she would have me read the instructions while my sister would measure ingredients for some surprise recipe. We didn't know it then but she was helping us gain a fondness for reading, math and creating. Grandma had many friends and to us always seemed gone on some adventure with friends.

She often told us about her wonderful husband, our granddad. She felt blessed to have been loved by him. They loved traveling together and visited many fascinating places. I believe their favorite destination was Bali. She talked about how beautiful the country and the people were. I remember him as a kind gentle man who made sure I knew what to do on my first Easter. He taught me and my sister how to dye eggs and then how to look for them hidden in the back yard. He felt I was ready at 2 to go on my first hunt with the big kids.

She gave the best of herself to her work and her family. She loved reading, especially historical fiction. These stories transported her to places of extraordinary beauty. Grandma especially enjoyed stories of overcoming impossible challenges through determination, prayer and faith.

In later years, she enjoyed golfing, writing short essays with her beloved Windsor Writers Group and a new found love of editing other's personal works.

Most important to her was witnessing God's glory, His beauty in nature—mountains, blue sky, cloud formations, flowers and people—their generosity of heart and spirit was most intriguing. She loved sunrises and sunsets, and was so ready and appreciative of the sunrise, her beginning, and sunset, the end, of her life.

She often recited the words of the song "I Hope You Dance". And I believe she would want me to end this eulogy with that message to you

I hope you never lose your sense of wonder."  
"You get your fill to eat but always keep that hunger."  
May you never take one single breath for granted."  
God forbid love ever leave you empty handed  
I hope you still feel small when you stand beside the ocean  
Whenever one door closes I hope one more opens  
Promise me you'll give faith a fighting chance  
And when you get the choice to sit it out or dance  
I hope you dance  
I hope you dance

I hope you never fear those mountains in the distance  
Never settle for the path of least resistance  
Livin' might mean takin' chances, but they are worth takin'  
Lovin' might be a mistake, but it is worth makin'  
Don't let some Hellbent heart leave you bitter  
When you come close to sellin' out, reconsider  
Give the Heavens above more than just a passing glance

And when you get the choice to sit it out or dance  
I hope you dance (Tell me who wants to look back on their years and wonder)  
I hope you dance (Where those years have gone?)

I think that would be her message to you today.