

My Tuesday Girl

By Sheila Johnson

Settling into the Evening of my life has proven to be challenging, exciting, confusing, and sometimes seemingly impossible. Making the decision to move to Windsor Gardens meant downsizing from a large home that had sheltered and protected our family for almost forty years. Moving into a two-bedroom condominium meant thinning out my closet, selling some furniture, replacing kitchen utensils, and throwing out lots and lots of meaningless junk.

After the boxes had been unpacked, furniture put in place, cabinets arranged and rearranged, I took a moment to pause—then another moment, then hours, then days. It was in that “pause” that I realized just how extraordinarily blessed I am. I am an active member of a Church whose number one purpose is to serve others. I have people in my life who have traveled this journey with me for over forty years. I have new friends at Windsor Gardens in the Writer’s Group and a few other organizations. Most of my days are spent actively serving, or trying to figure out how to “slow down” and rest. Not to mention my part time job as a Chaplain at a local hospital. The weeks are fleeting and sometimes overwhelming. Yes, I am an overachiever who is addicted to people.

But to add flavor, color, excitement and unleashed joy, I spend Tuesday afternoons and evenings with my precious granddaughter Angel. She is more than delightful. She came into our family at the tender age of eighteen months, and she is growing into a beautiful woman of the world who is artistic, funny, creative, freethinking, and looks a lot like me! I am one of the many parents (grandparents) in the long pickup-line at her middle school. The moment she enters the car, we begin our Tuesday shenanigans. We play word games, talk about her new friends and teachers she likes or dislikes. We stop along the way home to get a snack from Starbucks or a local donut shop—far too much sugar for the likings of her parents. By the time we reach my garage, she is fast asleep. She is tired from the early morning bus ride, full day of learning and romping, and now she has rested so she can join her grandma for exciting dinner choices, acrylic painting, learning to use the sewing machine, making skirts, and scrunchies, and heating pads filled with pinto beans. Sometimes we watch television (after her homework is completed), or enjoy a big cup of hot chocolate, or drive all the way to Bonnie Brae for a delicious ice cream cone.

She is my heart. She is my love. She is my Tuesday girl.