

About *Bessie Cubalo*, Lloyd's mother
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Grams

A hug from Grams was so clean and soft and faintly perfumed. That faint scent came from her skin cream, an Avon product in a little blue jar. She used it on her face, neck and arms because her skin was so dry. Other grandmothers may have used the same moisturizing cream, but they didn't smell like my Grams. I looked forward to her warm, firm and scented hugs at the beginning of every visit to her home.

After Grams died, I was helping to organize her clothing. I found one of her favorite sweaters. I buried my face in it, inhaling breaths of Grams. I wore it, hoping Grams' scent and warmth would envelope me like one of her firm hugs. But alas, after no time at all, the sweater didn't smell like Grams, it smelled like me. Desperate for Grams, I sealed one of her hankies in a plastic bag. I will open it on Kristen's wedding day, and Kristen and I will have the scent of one last soft warm hug from Grams.

Lynn VanderLinde
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