

A Generational Ornament

By Jenny Rose Curtis



It's to the benefit of every person that the human race is made up of people of all ages and in different stages of life. It's a beautiful thing to watch or be a part of the time spent with people of different generations. Memories and growth come from a parent with their baby, a child with their elderly neighbor, or even a teenager with a mom that has six children! What every relationship has in common is a learning of the other person's life and the amazing differences and similarities that they both have. The beauty comes from the bridges that are gapped between the ages and the love that comes forth from acceptance and admiration. The time spend together doesn't have to have a limit. It could be a minute, an hour, or a whole day. In my case, it was a week.

My family drove down to my grandparent's house in Pembroke Pines when I was ten years old and it was decided that I would spend a week with them until they came back up for Katie Beth's graduation. I was excited. A whole week on my own with my grandparents! While I missed my family a lot, I had a good time there. I read, ate, played cards and, of course, got on the computer. But what stood out to me the most was making ornaments with Baba. She was so good at it, better than I ever could hope to be. She so gracefully and skillfully poured the paint into the glass ball ornament and twisted and turned it when the time came. I tried my best, I really did, but for some reason they just never turned out quite like hers. I don't think I would have even finished them if she hadn't encouraged me and helped me!

What Baba did for me was more than just teach how to make paint-filled ornaments, although that is a nice skill to have. She showed me love by spending time with me and enjoying it. She gave me the gift of a grandmother being proud of her grandchild, something no one else can quite give like her. Even when I ruined my ornaments, she would just encourage me and tell me to keep at it and not give up on what I've put my hands to. She taught me to have patience with myself and the things I do. No matter what I put my hands to, I must have patience and perseverance to complete them well. A gentle word of praise kept me going until we had finished them all.

As much as all of those things helped me grow, what I treasure the most was that it benefitted her too. Nothing made me happier than seeing some of the ornaments we made together put in a place of honor on a little table or the big piano. It meant something to me to know that it meant something to her. Those little worthless balls of glass and paint were brought to life when we made them together because even if they weren't perfect, they were full of love and memories. A sharp twinge of remorse and hurt shot through me when I watched one break two years back and I realized then that it wasn't the ornaments themselves that were special, but rather what they represented, which was the special time that Baba and I spent together. And even though she's in Heaven and I'm still here, I know that she still loves me and is proud of me. So as great as it is to spend time with another generation, it's even better when it's with a person that you love and loves you back.