

## **Andrea's Tribute:**

Nana's life had many hardships, but you wouldn't know it at most times. The Nana I knew loved living every moment. She found every mountain, tree, bird, squirrel and flower beautiful. She treasured cooking, eating, gardening and entertaining. She loved skidooing, knitting, saving birds, doing crafts and being with her family. She also appreciated animals, but not the rabbits that ate the lettuce in her garden.... She was also a good shot.

Nana's laugh was contagious. It would start deep down in her belly, wiggle all her bones, and would throw her head back before it would come out. And when you heard it, you couldn't help but join in.

In the past year, each time I'd talk to Nana, she'd ask me to remember all the great fun we had at her house in Kittery Point, Maine. Those are some of my fondest memories. When I was young, and mom and dad would send us to Nana and Gramps', I thought, "I'm so lucky! My parents are sending me to the other side of the continent for the summer!"

Then, as many of my friends around me started to have kids, I thought, "Huh. My parents were sending us away so they could have a break!" But, the reality is – we WERE the luckiest kids. We spent months with just our grandparents, getting to know them, living in their community and hanging out with their friends. My brother and I really got to know them as family, not as visitors. We developed a very close bond with them.

I have great memories of going to the beach (super early in the morning so we could get good parking), making sand castles, splashing about in the waves, having cook outs in their yard with my cousins, chasing chipmunks, running from snakes, and putting out the laundry to dry on the clothes line. Nothing can replace those long hot summers.

And, Keith and I thoroughly developed our creative "brat" side those summers too. We would scheme for hours to see what kind of practical jokes we could play on our grandparents. We would short-sheet their bed, exchange drawers in their dressers, put newspapers under their bottom sheets, put fake worms in their bed, rig the door so cans would tumble when they walked in... And outdoors, we'd scheme to find the trickiest way to soak my grandfather with the hose or the outdoor shower.

And when our tricks were discovered, the sound of "I'LL SMASH YOU!!" reverberating (in her Boston accent) through the house was worth every minute of planning and stealth. When she'd yell that I know she meant, "I love you! And I love when you tease me!"

Nana truly made an impact on everyone she encountered. She was no quiet lamb that sat back and let the world happen. She was strong, opinionated, engaged and giving. If Nana was in your midst, you knew Nana. ....plus, she raised a good son.

I can only hope that as I make my way through this world, I can have an effect on the people around me like Nana did. She will be remembered fondly by everyone she knew. She has left a positive imprint on this world, which is something for me to strive for. What a great role model!

Thank you to everyone at George Hennig Place for taking such good care of my Nana. She loved you all. She would tell me about each of you and how you cared for her so much. She was very lucky to have been in such a great home.

I also have to thank my mom and dad for being such good kids to my Nana. You made her last years here special, comfortable, and meaningful. She was so proud of you two and she truly appreciated everything you did. She often told Keith and I how much she appreciated you guys.

So, I don't think upon Nana's passing with pain or sorrow. I have many great memories and have learned a lot about life from Nana. It is sad and I miss her, but I am happy and confident that she was a great lady with much to offer this world. I trust that you feel this way too.

Loving  
Caring  
Cooking  
Yelling  
Laughing  
Giving  
Playing