

Sally Student

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English 151B

Description Essay

Visiting Grandmother

The skies were far from marvelous that day. The glowing tangerine and ruby streaks that usually streaked the blue brow of the sky were dormant, concealed behind the heavy haze. There are some days when the sunlight seems to dance, to weave and cavort with tongues of fire between the blades of grass. Not on that day. That evening, the yellow light was quite faint. It scattered subtly through the gray curtains with a shrouded light that failed to illuminate. High up above in the treetops, the leaves swayed but on the ground, the grass was silent, limp, and motionless. I heard nothing but the voice of tranquility. The sun set and the earth waited.

Looking below, my eyes met the ornamental stone marking my grandmother's grave. My soft fingertips lightly brushed the tarnished golden letters of my grandmother's name. Her grave marker had been of a deep, rich color of maroon, yet years of downpour forced it to become tinged with an unpleasant brown. Touching the velvety petals and having a firm grip on its stalky, green stem, I deeply inhaled the rich, brisk, profound scent of the rose for gentle refreshment of the mind and senses. The rose retained the classiest combination of sweetness, richness, delicacy, and complexity. The aroma traveled quickly into the nostrils of my nose, and then escaped to knock on the doors to my soul. I tenderly put the vibrant red, wild roses on the

surface of her maroon headstone, where they laid to rest just as she did. I placed the soft flesh of my lips to the tips of my fingers, communicating a kiss. Then, I put those fingers back on the hard, solid face of her gravestone in hopes of transferring that kiss to her spiritual being.

I missed my grandmother. The gloomy weather and my emotions began to intertwine, creating a cheerless, dispiriting atmosphere. Vivid memories acted as film strips continuously playing in the movie of my mind. Thoughts triggered emotions, and emotions triggered heartache. I was suddenly paralyzed into a state of retrospect. I was given the ability to see, feel, taste, hear, and smell all the memories again. I saw the fine strands of her soft, silver hair and the creases that resided on her beautiful face. I felt the warm sensation and gentleness of her physical embrace. I tasted the richness of her specialty dish that she loved to make, Leche Flan. The flavor of the golden-colored custard dessert with a layer of soft caramel on top came into contact with my taste buds. I heard her delicate, angelic voice singing me childhood nursery rhymes until I drifted off into a state of unconsciousness. I smelled the aroma of her sweet, pleasant fragrance, a scent of the heavens. At that given moment, she was living again. My meditative and spiritual state of mind allowed her to come into full existence.

My grandmother's death was one so unexpected that I literally felt she had been stripped out of my life. Her passing was sudden, which caught my family and I off guard. Her death triggered pain not only because it was abrupt, but because she was essential to life and made it feel worth living. She formulated and shaped my being as a person. I looked up to her for guidance, wisdom, and as the heroic figure in my life. Her whole being was the epitome of an angel. Visiting my grandmother where she laid to rest proved to be therapeutic and refreshing for

the sake of my mind, body, and soul. It enabled me to finally be at peace and come to terms with the reality of her death. It allowed me to encounter many moments of clarity as well. Though I have finally discovered an acceptance for her death, she is still extremely missed. My love for her is still alive, and it always will be until the end of time.

A bird began to chirp a musical tune, extracting me from my moments of reflection. Walking away, my feet sunk into the squashy mud with each step. My eyes stumbled upon nature once again. I gazed at the various shades of grey which were painted on nature's biggest canvas, the skies. I breathed in the chill, invigorating air. It was still a sunless afternoon shrouded in mist. The clouds look ominous with the threat of rain. The air was crisp and smelled fresh after a day covered in thick fog. A grove stood at the cemetery entrance with a peaceful pungent greeting that carried through the air. Along the cemetery's landscape as the foliage gets thicker, it is evident that Mother Nature knew the autumn season has arrived. Leaves have begun to turn the fall colors and drop to the grass. I delivered one last look to my grandmother's resting place, and shifted my attention to my car's direction. I placed the rigid, cold key into my maroon car and sat down to rest on the soft cushion of the seat. I shut the door, letting out a gentle but sudden bang. I placed the key into the ignition and the engine let out a roar. As I leaned out of the window, I smelt the damp scent of earth. Looking up, I saw the clouds gather together to drench us below with their cold, wet drops. The trees swayed in the wind, as if they protested the unexpected drizzle that was coming their way. I felt as if Mother Nature shared my emotions and was getting ready to cry and let out her pain as well.