When I was asked to write about a memory of my grandmother I really had no idea where to begin I have spent so much time with her over the years but where are the special memories. It’s difficult to look too far back because I was just a crazy kid at the time who never really paid attention. Come to think of it there are too many memories too many little things to write about in a short piece such as this. I would have to say I think the most relevant memory in recent years was when I managed to convinced grandma to come with me to the Woodbury car show a few years back. The story begins with me sitting on the couch at grandmas home and arguing with her about she never gets out anymore. This was before her spinal surgery and she had been staying at home and constantly turning down invitations to events and such. I had plans to go down to the antique car show at the hollow park that weekend and so I essentially ended up strong-arming her into coming with me. I was desperate to see her have some fun and enjoy herself for a change. So the weekend rolls around and despite trying to weasel her way out of it again I managed to get both her and the wheelchair packed into the car and off we went. I spent the day pushing her around the rows of antique vehicles and was actually surprised at how much she knew about some of them even pointing out some of the older ford models and telling me stories relatives who had owned this model or that one. The best part of this memory was how happy and talkative grandma had become even though it was simply a local event it was still good to see her getting out of the house. She was in high spirits for several weeks and as much as this is a memory it is also a message to grandma to remember that even when things seem really bad it is never too late to make new memories by getting out of the house once in a while