

Memories of Grandma Richman

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My earliest memories of grandma are very fond ones. She loved to cook and enjoyed having all of us (our family and Reta's) over for Sunday dinner. Because of this I always looked forward to Sundays.

Grandma was always concerned about our safety. I remember the large tree in front of her house. We loved to climb it. Grandma would stand in her doorway; watching over us; cautioning us to be careful. Sometimes we would climb and play for hours; but she would remain in the doorway. Never moving, because she loved us so much, and didn't want to be unaware if something should happen.

We loved to color pictures for her. She had a big scrapbook, she used to glue them in. She always told us how pretty our pictures were, and how proud she was of us.

I remember sitting with grandma on the side of the street, watching parades in Brigham City.

I remember walking with her to the city building in Brigham City. She couldn't wait to show me where Reta worked. She was very proud of her.

I loved it when she would come for visits and stay at our house for a few days. My favorite memories are climbing on the couch beside her with stacks of storybooks. She would read to me for hours.

I remember helping her irrigate the garden and pick cherries from the orchard.

She went on many vacations with us. I remember going to the Black Hills Pageant. Grandma was in awe over the special effects—lightening,

earthquakes, etc. For the next few days, she kept asking, "How did they do that?"

Even memories of visiting her at the nursing home were bittersweet. She couldn't communicate after she had a stroke. But you could feel her sweet spirit and the love she had for all of us.

Grandma was always such a great example to me. Always steadfast in her testimony and her love of the gospel. Her family was the most important thing in her life. I look forward to the day when we will be reunited.