

GRANDMA LUKYE

Twenty two grandchildren remembering Grandma Lukye have a lot of memories! On some things, we all have the same great memories, then we each have something special that we will never forget!

Grandma made a lot of clothes for us, and with that came the fittings! “Stand still- turn- hold your arm up” while she sat on the floor with the measuring stick and pins moving in all directions! Some of us are lucky enough to still have things she made, like a flower girl dress, veil or wedding dress. She would get so excited, she could hardly wait to get to work - and the results were professional.

Spending the night with Grandma could involve any number of things: sleeping on the front porch to be cool, sleeping in her twin bed trying to stay warm, playing dress-up with the stash of old clothes and shoes upstairs, walking down the railroad tracks or dirt road to church - maybe even barefooted, and listening to stories like how she cut her knee learning to whittle and her brother, Burg, went out to the barn and gathered cobwebs to stop the bleeding -“see the scar”! Only the older ones will remember before Oct 1959 if you spent the night, she would have you up before dawn to walk through the woods and down the highway to help get Aunt Annabelle, who was paralyzed from a stroke, from the bed to the wheelchair for the day, and back in the afternoon to put her back to bed. What an example she was.

With seven large oak trees, one named for each of her children, fall meant raking leaves into huge piles to run and jump in or bury ourselves in- in fact we probably made a bigger mess! And when the firemen told her she couldn't

burn the leaves, she told them she had been burning them for 50 years there and was going to keep on doing it!

She would always play outside with us and could find the perfect sapling to bend and let us take turns “riding” while singing Yankee Doodle! Then it was on to find a tree stump and each of us would stand on top and say- “Here I stand, black and dirty, don’t come kiss me-I’ll run like a turkey!” then jump off and run!

Grandma would let us build tents all in the house and then she would sit on a blanket and we pulled her around! She never played the piano and could not sing, but loved for any of us to pound on the piano to our heart’s desire.

Her favorites were “The Old Rugged Cross” and “Bringing in the Sheaves”. Tea parties were vanilla wafers with butter.

Grandma had to cook a lot when she was younger, but by the time the grandchildren came along, we only thought she could cook two things: applesauce and fruitcake!

(she frequently burned food and burned the pans up!!)
We got to help with the applesauce - gather the apples-cut up and get the worms out-then when stewed, mash through the sieve. Sometimes you could not put enough sugar in it to make it sweet, but it was homemade! The fruitcake was her redemption in the kitchen, a major operation we were in awe of and enjoyed every Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Grandma could climb a tree, take her teeth out and spell her name in the veins on her hands!! L-U-K-Y-E She was so special! and we will always remember her with love. ☺

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