



Grandpa's workshop in the basement was a testament to a builder's life. From it came the three little cribs he made for my sisters and me, so that our dolls would have a comfortable place to sleep. Nearby was the pantry, stacked with rows of roma tomatoes locked tightly in Mason jars. These were the tomatoes of my grandfather's garden, and the precious foundation for Grandma's heavenly sauce. Two fat musty barrels sat on the pantry floor and were used for storing Grandpa's homemade red wine, which was said to be very strong.

In Grandma and Grandpa's world, nothing seemed to change, but nothing seemed boring either. In this current age of consumerism, endless options and frantically paced lives, I envy their orderly household and their well-grounded lifestyle.

After Grandpa died, Grandma lived in her own little apartment for a short time, and then came to live with our family during the final year of her life. At that time I was a busy teenager developing interests outside the home. I wish now that I had spent more time talking with Grandma, listening to her, and getting the recipe for the most delicious tomato sauce I have ever known.