

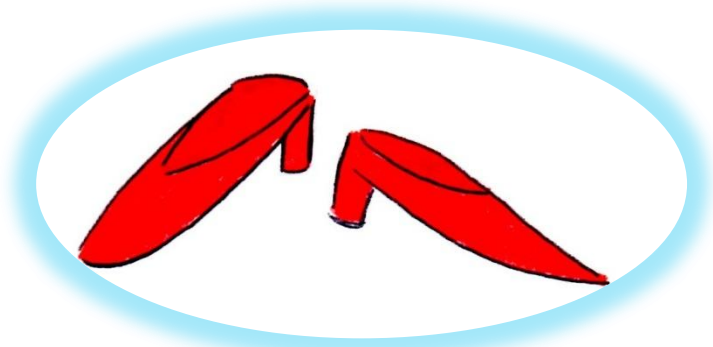
IN GRAMME'S SHOES



WRITER: COLENE SMYER HANK

ILLUSTRATOR: TOMMY BOLLS

IN GRAMME'S SHOES



**A TENDER STORY THAT WILL CARVE A HOME IN THE
READER'S HEART FOR THE ELDERLY AS THE
REALIZATION OF ROLE REVERSAL IS INTERNALIZED BY A
LOVING GRANDSON WHO EXPERIENCED THE IMPACT
OF WEARING GRAMME'S SHOES.**

LEVITICUS 19: 32

***“Rise in the presence of the aged, show
respect for the elderly and revere your God. I
am the Lord.”***

Writer: Colene Smyer Hank

Illustrator: Tommy Bolls

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**My eyes opened wide seeing Gramme's face
With outstretched arms for a warm embrace
That was Gramme's greeting to me each day
For she was simply special in every way.**



**We would watch the shadows dance across the wall
And listen to the birds cheerfully twitter and call
Gramme's love for me was rich and strong
At home in **HER** heart; I would always belong.**



**Searching every day for my missing shoe
Where it was hiding, I had not a clue
Instead of being mad, she made it a game
Never once she scolded, or placed any blame.**

**At the table when I took a long time to eat
She would always sit patiently upon her seat
Telling me funny stories of beans and corn
She grew on the farm before I was born.**





We played every day in the yard outside

Finding special places to run and hide

When I fell or cried, lagging FAR..... FAR..... BEHIND

Gramme, my friend, never seemed to mind.



**Displaying a sunny smile on a face softly glowing
She'd say it was fine because I was just growing.**

**Wearing Gramme's shoes was so much fun
Instead of walking slowly, I always tried to run
Clomping, stomping across the wooden floor
She'd hold her ears and gently close the door.**





**Beside her in the kitchen, I would stand on a stool
Wearing flour on my face and smiling like a fool
Placing butter on her lips, she would offer a kiss
Making a cake with Gramme was absolute bliss.**

**On my first day of school, when I had to ride the bus
Gramme arose quite early so she could make a fuss
Waiting at the bus stop wearing a special grin
We would race toward home to see who could win.**



Over the years, Grammy's love would never waver
For me, a precious gift, I would cherish and savor
No matter my mistakes, with a face softly glowing
She'd say it was fine because her boy was simply

growing!



**When my Gramme one day lagged far, far behind
Why I wondered, but the answer could not find
Still, all the while, she wore a smile upon her face
A gesture from my Gramme even time could not erase.**





Then once while rocking together in the swing
To me, the answer, she did so gently bring
Everything is fine, for your Gramme's finished growing
She's still the same person, but her body is simply

SLOWING.



**When my sweet old Gramme needed help with her care
She chose a place where people, her needs would share
I missed my dear pal Gramme; my very closest friend
Now thinking our time together had come to an end.**



**But when I saw my Gramme with a smile upon her face
It brought back memories that time could not erase
She was still my special friend, with a home in **MY** heart
And now that she was slowing, I would do my part.**

**I could feed her bites of food at her pretty little table
Lending to her my hands when hers were not able
I could run a soft brush through her pretty white hair
And take her for a ride in her special wheelchair.**



I could read her funny stories and sing her favorite song

Letting her clearly know she would always belong

It was now my special chance to love her in return

Through her own example; important lessons I did

learn.





What she once did for me, I could now do for her

This I believe; of this I am sure

Although her body's older, my Gramme's still for real

Showing love and grace to her; on my knees I'll humbly

kneel.



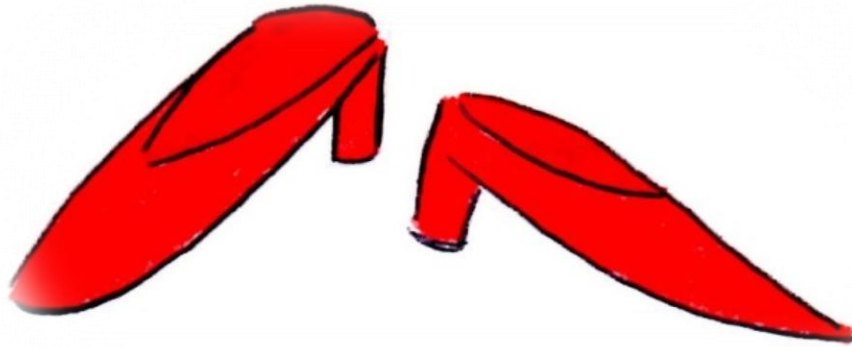
It's certainly clear to me that Gramme is not growing
She simply needs more time because her body now is

SLOWING

But when she feels my love like a stream freely flowing
The room comes to life from her face that's brightly

GLOWING!

ABOUT THE



ILLUSTRATOR

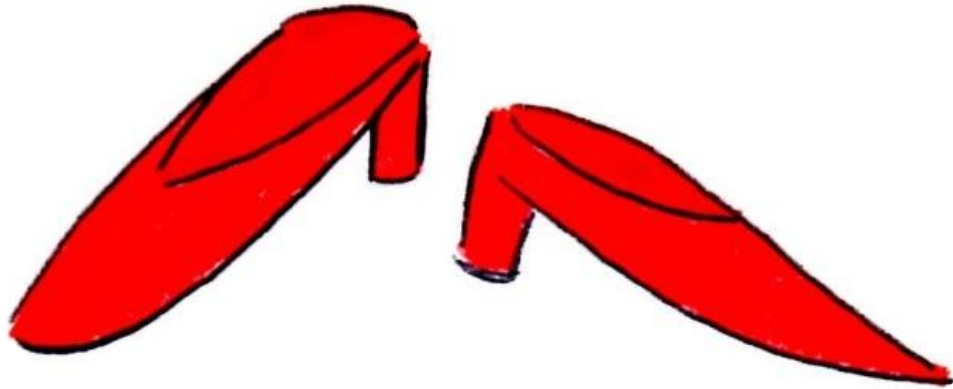
ILLUSTRATOR--TOMMY BOLLS



Meet the illustrator for “IN GRAMME’S SHOES”, Tommy Bolls, an 18 yr old senior from Catholic High School, Springfield, Missouri, who with this book makes his debut as a rising star in the field of illustration and animation. Not only will you as a reader be thrilled with the way in which he portrays Gramme’s personality but also be captivated by the tenderness he shows as her body ages to the point of needing assistance with her daily care.

The fact that Tommy so willingly took on this inter-generational project whose focus was the elderly demonstrates the very depth of his character. His compassionate, gentle nature was then brought further to light when he personally visited with 95 year old Ruby Smith; a bedridden sweet lady who kindly served as the model for Gramme. Spending time in her company allowed Tommy to not only witness the effects of the aging process upon the human body, but internalize the fact that the love at the core of her heart was still freely and generously flowing to everyone she encountered. Please join the writer in extending to Tommy our accolades and prayers as he prepares for a brilliant career in the movie industry.

DEDICATED TO



RUBY SMITH



"2ND GRADER PRESTON HERD READS TO 95 YEAR OLD RUBY SMITH IN THE NURSING HOME"

"IN GRAMME'S SHOE'S" is dedicated to 95 year old Ruby Smith, a resident at Christian Health Care East in Springfield, Missouri who generously gave of her time, wisdom and abundant love to both the writer and illustrator; all from the confines of her bed. Even though her aging body no longer allowed her the freedom of physically moving around the facility, the glow on her face demonstrated to all in her presence that its brilliance was generated from the core of her being. Upon entering her room, whether friend or stranger, everyone witnessed her unbelievable countenance of peace, joy, and love; thus, the perfect model for Gramme's character.

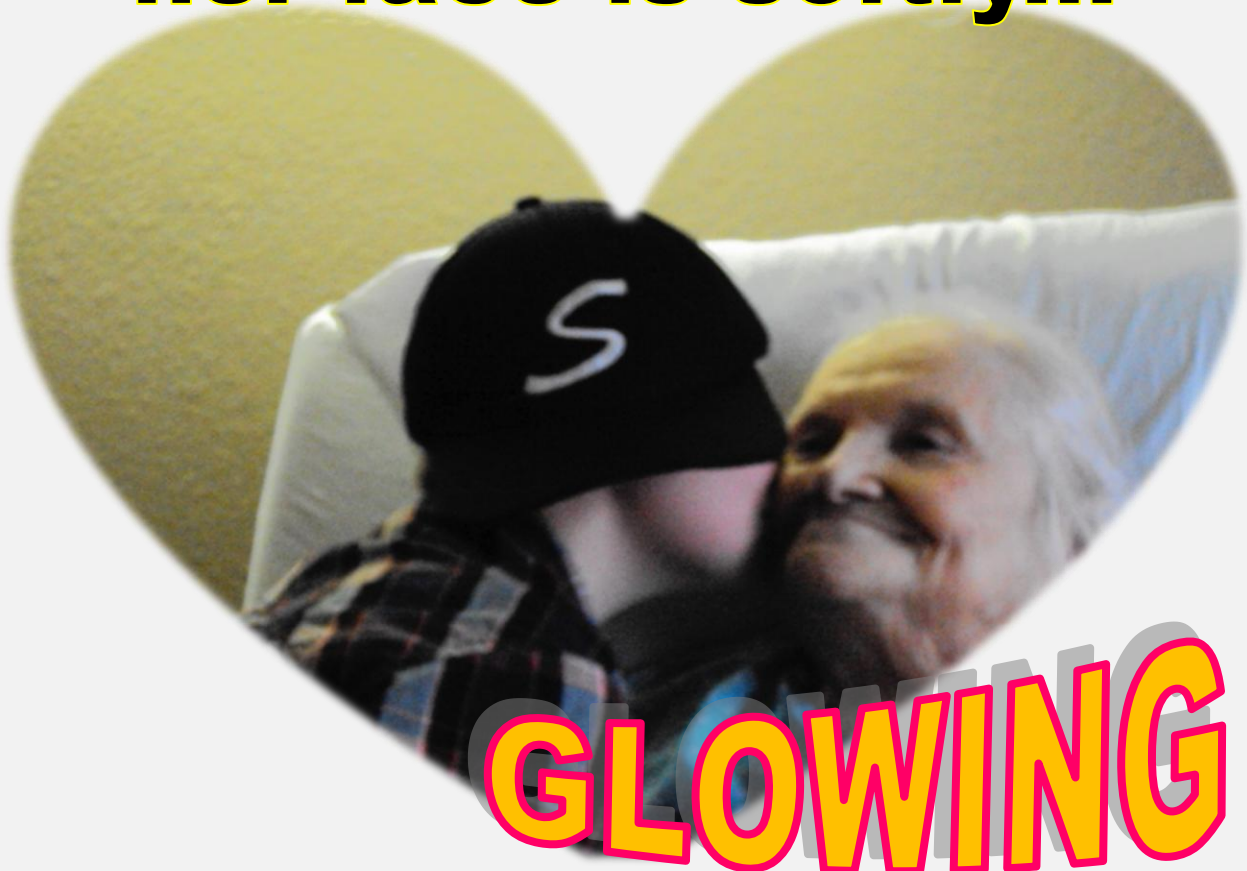
Ruby listened to the story long before illustrations were ever a thought, allowing the writer to see if the message about the aging body was being delivered tenderly and accurately. Then, she welcomed Tommy to observe as the writer read the story to her one last time so that he might internalize the full impact of the project's importance to the elderly. Preston certainly got it!

Thank you Ruby on behalf of the elderly all over the world!

When Preston reads to Miss Ruby



her face is softly...



GLOWING!

