

You are My Sunshine

My grandma was a wonderful lady. She loved with all her heart and had a smile that was contagious. She was married to her 'sweetheart' for 61 years and raised three children in a small township called West Pittsburg.

Growing up, I spent every Sunday at my grandparent's house. I can recall the remarkable smell of my grandma's homemade sauce as I walked through the front door and Italian polka music playing from the radio. As an Italian woman, she loved to cook and entertain for the family. Holidays were her favorite – Christmas in particular. She had her tree lit bright and had her house decorated with snowmen and wreaths. We would dance around her living room to all our favorite holiday songs. My grandma passed away on December 26th, 2016 after a few months of fighting a terrible disease. We all knew it was coming, but she held on strong one extra day so that she could spend her favorite day of the year one last time with her beloved family.

I'll always remember my grandma for the way she sang 'You are My Sunshine' to me as a little girl. I can still hear her voice singing that song to me just months before she passed. When I am missing her, I look up at the big bright, blue sky and relive all our wonderful memories. Grandma, you are my sunshine...please don't take my sunshine away.