

Grandma Temple's Story

By: Anne Gostling

We all get in trouble or in a fix once in a while, but chances are, we don't dwell on it for too long, even if we still remember it years later.

When I talked to my grandmother, Diane Temple, she told me many stories as we looked through the old scrapbooks and pictures she had. Some stood out more than others and some involved her getting in trouble.

When Grandma Temple grew up she had to walk home from school every day, just like many of the other kids. When she walked home she had to go around a corner to get to her house. Eventually she got tired of going the long way, so she decided to try a new way and cut through the yards that separated the school and her house. So every day she would walk through the yards and watch from behind fences to make sure that nobody would see her. Yet, everyday when she walked through one elderly lady's yard, the lady would, "Rap on the glass and wag her finger at me," Grandma said.

Eventually the lady ended up calling her principal. He was a man with dark eyebrows and was in a wheel chair due to a disease that had permanently crippled him. The principal called Grandma down to his office and gave her a lecture in a deep booming voice.

Another time she got in trouble was when she was in the 5th grade. There was a boy named Johnny—she considered him a goody two-shoes with his perfectly ironed clothes and nice shoes.

Every day at recess, Grandma would play with her friend Karen. The playground was divided up into a boys' side and a girls' side. One day Johnny started to come over onto the girl's half, so Grandma said to Karen, "Let's get him!" So they did. Johnny got really frightened when the two girls started chasing him. Then Grandma and Karen grabbed his hat and "Bopped him on the head with it," Grandma said.

When Grandma got home from school that day her mother asked her what had happened and she explained. Later that night Johnny's mother called her up and explained that Johnny had heart problems and it really scared him when they started chasing after him. The mom said that she was just trying to make him seem more normal with all of the special treatment he was getting. After the talk, Grandma didn't think that the boy was very weird anymore.

When I talked with my grandma I realized how many stories you can accumulate over a lifetime. Not all of the stories are positive but all of them have a meaning and all of them are important.