

## GRANDMA ADAIR'S APRONS

Grandma had aprons, quite a few.  
Frilly, dotted Swiss; neat striped chambray;  
Sturdy blue muslin; and bright flowered ones  
Made from feed sacks she'd saved.

Each morning, two aprons she chose.  
One folded neatly, ready to don,  
To look fresh and pretty  
If guests came along.

Other tied neatly, ready for work.  
And work there would be!  
Bustling around, dust cloth in hand,  
Directing us kids on a cleaning spree.

Scrubbing, polishing—out with the dirt.  
Broom, mop, and polishing cloth—  
Routing the cobwebs that dared appear.  
And no dust bunnies under the beds!

Apron pockets were spacious  
Holding treasures she found—  
Toys we had lost,  
And marbles, smooth and round.

Her apron, an oversized kerchief  
Had wiped many a tear.  
As she examined our bruises,  
Warm hugs soothed our fear.

Her lap was ample,  
And just right for a cuddle.  
When wrapped in her apron  
All was right with the world.

When up the path, a visitor came,  
Quickly she switched to the dotted Swiss,  
Smoothed her rumpled hair,  
And smiled a warm greeting.

While Grandma's guests chatted,  
Having hot tea and cake,  
It was playtime for us—  
We kids loved the break.