

A close-up photograph of a purple flower with five petals and dark purple veins radiating from the center. The flower is positioned in the middle of the frame. To its left is a thick, brown, textured stem, possibly a piece of bark or a root, with some small holes and a rough surface. The background is filled with various green leaves, some with serrated edges and others with more rounded shapes. The lighting is natural, highlighting the vibrant purple of the flower against the green foliage.

Eva Maddox Cranham
~ Her Story ~

Granny's Violet

If you look
You'll find me in the hedgerow
In the springtime
Amongst the showy dandelions
Shiny white wild alium and bright pink ragged robin
Side by side with the much beloved primrose
I nestle
Almost out of sight
For those that rush by

Velvety heart centred violets
Neither red nor blue but something more
Shyly retiring in the hedgerow
Amongst the primroses
Almost hidden
Jewel among blooms
You'll find me
If you have eyes to see
And a rhythm that is in no rush

Shyly retiring beauty
You lived your life
Hidden from view
Amongst the loud and brash
Your glorious essence
Visible only to those
With hearts to feel
The Love that was your core
Your exuberant humour its messenger

Shyly retiring beauty
Glorious heart centred violet hue
Amongst the glory of the hedgerow
You nestled
Often unseen
But your velvet petals exquisite
For those that moved in gentle pace
with your fine heart
and your magical word weaving

Lady of story
Glorious dry witty one
Your tales delighted all who heard
Bubbling up as they did
From your hidden depths
To recall
Episodes of the past
That had captured
Your heart with mirth

Our forefather
So drunk he rode the bus home
All the way into the depot for the night
You made us laugh
And kept a face as straight
As straight can be
You brought joy and laughter
To those with the time
To listen

You taught patience
Kindness
Hearing another's truth
By your being
Quiet, unassuming, feisty too
Humble unselfconscious being ness
Sharp and soft
Gentle as a butterfly wing
Cutting as a bee sting

Your woman ness
Visible
For all who had eyes to see
I shall miss you
Grand Mother dear
Granny, Cakes, Childlike
Wonder
Glad I am
That finally you got out
Escaped from the institution
The Home that was no home at all
Your heart yearning for the family
You loved so much
Your heart aching for our betrayal
Of your love
Deprived of the trials and tribulations
Of family life
Your wisdom missing from our daily routine

Deprived were we
Of your humour
Your stories
Your heartfelt childlike wonder
Of the world you found around you
The children
The grandchildren
The great grand children
Your story is sad

Our story too
Is sad
We had you with us
And yet not too
Grand Mother dear
I shall miss you
And yet too I am joyful
You found your way out
With all the glee and passion that was your nature

Go well
Grand Mother dear
Look down upon us
From time to time
See how we are doing
And, if you find me worthy
Cast an eye up on my storytelling journey
From time to time
I bear your gift gladly

And tears they form
As I grieve the loss of your magic
In my life
And carry on the legacy
Of the storytelling ones
And a heartfelt prayer of thanks
For the gift that has passed
Almost unseen
From thee to me

Grand Mother dear
I thank you
Go well
And as you watch
Your family's story unfold
See in us your legacy grow and unfurl
As tendrils of a tender plant
A violet
A velvet heart centred jewel amongst the hedgerow