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## At the Foot of My Bed

Pam Daugherty Smith

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# AT THE FOOT OF MY BED

by Pam Daugherty Smith

Crocheting was a pastime that gave my granny pleasure.  
Why, all my kinfolks have an afghan they dearly treasure.  
And a little part of my grandma lives in every thread  
Of the Indian paintbrush quilt that lies at the foot of my bed.  
Orange is her kitchen color, home of her good eats,  
And red is her cherry pie that spewed but whose taste couldn't be beat.  
Dark green are her plants that never quite grew tomatoes,  
And light green is the color of her True Value garden hose.  
Dark red is the farm ground from which she came.  
Purple are the violets for which she got her name.  
The blues are her heart when they laid my granddad down,  
And yellow are the haloes they're both wearing now.  
All those colors together tell one woman's life—  
The good times and bad, the happiness and strife.  
Fond memories of my ancestral line  
Live for me in the variegated twine.  
This blanket warms not so much my body as my soul,  
So I curl up inside when life takes its toll.  
And I can almost feel Grandma gently touch my cheek.  
Then the tears well up and that lump comes that makes it hard to speak.  
I try to call  
As the tears fall.  
Grandma's gone,  
But the band plays on,  
A sweet melody in my head,  
About the blanket at the foot of my bed.■

*PAM DAUGHERTY SMITH* wrote "At the Foot of My Bed" in memory of her grandmother, Violet Marie Rymer Arnold, who was reared at Thomas and in all her 72 years never lived outside the boundaries of WESTVIEW.