

Nana

Nana loved facts
She'd read biographies by the stack
And nonfiction books back to back
An impressive vocab
She was unmatched
With those little letter plaques on plastic racks
If you played her at Scrabble, you would get smacked
Because Nana never lacked for words
If you played her at boggle, you'd come off the worse.
She could still beat my Dad when she was 94
She'd find some way of getting a 'W' on a double word score
I mean my dad's written books but he rarely stood a chance
If the game involved words or plants
Because Nana was also green fingered
I mean her garden looked like it was postcard pictured
Blooming Camellias and the metal work gate
That Grampy had heated and turned into shape
Which accessed the spinney where you could
Imagine that this might be the Hundred Acre Wood.

Nana impressed me
Occasionally scary
Certainly never to be challenged or contradicted
Stories powerfully scripted
Nana was the grand narrator
Even more so in her life later
Her stories would repeat like mythologies
Now in less clear chronology
Perspective without apology
She would just chat away,
narrating yesterday
Often in tales of learning and caution
And then on to lunch at the Harvester where she eat the child's portion.

Nana was certainly faithful
Prayed for our family everyday and we're grateful
My strongest memories are when Nana lived on her own
Simply and faithfully in her Bennets End home
She'd cook vegetables in her old pressure cooker
And talk happily about waiting until the Lord came and took her
She had a clothes brush duck and glass paperweights
And brass trinkets and photographs around her electric fireplace
I remember asking Nana for the secret to her long good health
For I knew it wasn't money wealth

Was it a diet of reading, prayer and sensible eating?
Nana was actually pretty sure that it was having no central heating
Just a fire place and the Sunday Service on Radio 4
Playing loud enough for her and all the houses next door.

When Nana finally became more frail
She moved up to my folks in Silverdale
And there another new season began
When her great grand children got to discover their nan.
When we'd go to stay, our kids were intrigued to stunned
By this concept that grandad had a really old mum!
And so our kids would take Nana her tea at tea time
And Nana would 'chat away' to this new family line.
And they'd have a go in her electric reclining chair with the remote control
And struggle to grasp this idea of a hundred years old.

In her final decade, Nana loved to say she was now ancient
Waiting for the lord to come and take her and that she would be patient
She'd been old for ages, but now ancient she'd say
As though her value obviously increased by the day.
Certainly Nana is an impressive volume of history
She dies just shy of a hundred and three
And how might we honor her memory
Should we etch a bench or plant a tree?
Well, given her vocabulary, her impressive literacy
I think she should have an entry in the dictionary...

But then it occurred to me that I think perhaps she already has,
And this is a quote from the Oxford Pocket Dictionary of current English to which I have
added nothing:

indomitable

ɪnˈdɒmɪtəb(ə)l/

Adjective

impossible to subdue or defeat.

As in "a woman of indomitable spirit"

Synonyms: invincible, unconquerable, unbeatable, unassailable, unsurpassable,
unshakeable; indefatigable, unyielding, unbending, stalwart, strong-willed,
strong-minded, staunch, resolute, intransigent, inflexible, adamant, intrepid, plucky,
mettlesome, gritty, steely

Well Nana, there is some serious potential for high Scrabble scores in that lot.