

Oh So Dainty

By: Joan S. Bone

The lights were softened in the Granite High School gymnasium. I remember the mirrored ball hanging from the ceiling reflected splashes of color on the dancers below. My beautifully manicured hand rested oh so daintily on my partner's shoulder, his hand secure in the small of my back as he whirled me around the cornmeal dusted dance floor. In my shiny black Mary Jane shoes, I followed his sure steps with light agility, sending my circling starched slips and skirt swishing to the rhythm of the saxophones. I was the pure picture of gracefulness. I know I was.

Yesterday, in my "comfortable" shoes, I stepped carefully on each steep step, my painfully stiff fingers grasping the railing as I attempted to descend. At that moment, my kind husband moved forward and reached for my arm. I know I am clumsy, not sure I can trust my footing, but we exchanged smiles that thanked him for realizing my need.

Maybe today you would not describe my movement as graceful, but I have not given up on grace. I have exchanged graceful for gracious. A hand at my elbow, a retrieved paper from the floor, a door held open, a sweet grandson fetching something from the down stairs store room. All of these cheer me and fill me with gratitude. Thank you.

Thank you, world, for all the accommodations made for my stiff; sometimes slower body. Thank you for all the many opportunities for continued learning and involvement that are offered today. I will seek them out.

Thank you, friends, for listening to me, for letting me share my insights and memories. Thank you for including me.

Thank you grandchildren for your wet kisses and tight hugs, for making me laugh with your stories and your lives.

Thank you, medical world, for all you have done and are doing to help me get the very best out of each of my days.

Thank you, society, who rightfully honors beauty and intelligence. There are young clerks and receptionists who are patient and desire to fill my needs without a demeaning hint in voice or manner. I adore your beauty and quick minds, too.

Thank you, world, for your beauty. Soft breezes, sun beams through the clean window, flowers brightening a corner, bringing hope.

I can repay you with my sincere smile, an amiable nod, a soft touch. My pleasant voice and happy presence can connect with you and show you that although no longer truly graceful, by the magic of gratitude I can grow old with graciousness.