

Seeing Rainbows



**Anonymous **

During these strange and trying times, it is easy to lose hope. It seems at every turn there is bad news. What I keep trying to tell myself (and our son) is that from now on, things will not be as they were, and that is for the most part, a good thing. This evening there was a magnificent rainbow, brighter than I have ever seen. At one point there were three in the sky, something else I have never seen. It might seem a bit cheesy, but I took it as a sign of hope.



Growing up, from say, age 8, I was obsessed with all things rainbow. Some kids have rock and roll posters on their walls, but I spent my adolescence studying rainbows and collecting and decorating my entire bedroom with rainbow things. On one of my bedroom walls I had a giant rainbow kite suspended as a decoration. My parents got rid of that and many other things when I went to live overseas. Sigh. So, it was always a kind of joy

to see the rare real one, knowing of what it is composed - particles of water in light. How simple.

Guess who made me a rainbow bedspread (it was a waterbed!) with a bright orange ruffle around the edges? My Gramma Ada. She was my favourite person ever. Not only was she incredibly positive, but she was incredibly wise. I am 'glad' that she is not with us during this very turbulent and scary

time, although I am certain that she still would have managed to stay on top of the news from her trusty bedside radio. She passed away last year at age ninety-nine.

Wise as she was, she wasn't immune to emotions that arise in difficult situations. What I can hear her say even now during a situation like that is, 'better not take any hasty decisions eh!' She imparted to me on many occasions that doing the right thing doesn't always have to be noticed, or paid, or praised. She would matter-of-factly state 'sometimes you just have to get in there and help'. Ada Ross was certainly not afraid of getting her hands dirty, literally or figuratively. She never tried to force her views on me



(except for that time she insisted I enlist in the army). She was a fact-gatherer. Wise as she was, she had a beautiful naïveté just under her capable exterior. She was also stubborn as a mule.

I couldn't help thinking of her tonight when I saw the rainbow. Had she been here during this time, I bet she would have been trying to put on a brave face and cheer *me* up! I guess that's what Grammas do. I like to try to channel Gramma whenever possible; asking myself what she would do or say. Inevitably, it's the good thing. Wherever she is, I hope she saw the rainbows too and thought of my awesome bedspread. \\



Thanks for Reading!