

Ode to Nanny

Dear Nanny,

Since the moment I was born you were with me
never leaving my side
We had a special connection like none other
It was us and Mr. Moon against the world.

Like an atom
We were inseparable
You would pull me down the driveway in a wagon,
We would laugh
And your Norwegian *Sandbakkels* were always *Velsmakende*.



We always had such fun
Putting together digital puzzles
We had our adventures.

And now you're gone

Borte

A hard thought to bear

A hard call to hear

Gone

Not for a day

But always.

And yet you are still here in spirit
I know I'll never forget you
Our connection still in our hearts
Every day I feel it
One way or another.

So while you are in the wind
No longer physical
You're still here
May we meet again.

*Bak skyene er
himmelen alltid blå.*



From (Your Favorite) Grandson,

Sean Farah

*Words in italics are from the Norwegian language

Sandbakkels: Norwegian Sugar Cookies

Velsmakende: Delicious

Borte: Gone

Bak skyene er himmelen alltid blå: Norwegian proverb that means behind the clouds the sky is always blue