

Journey

DJ Kane

The taxi pulled up to the front gate of this huge red building and stopped at the curb to let us out. It was a very cold day, temperatures in the lower 30s in Brooklyn NY. Maureen, and I, exited the taxi with Grandma. We were about to enter this very large and mysterious red building. It looked like a building I have at Grandma's, that I have all my toy soldiers in, but of course, not as big, or maybe it's a large prison. Why would we be here? I asked myself. We were not told the reason why, but soon will. Grandma, made sure we had our hats, gloves on, as well being well bundled up, as we preceded through the front gate, and up to the front door. With my sister and me holding Grandma very tightly, on each arm. As we got closer to the front door, Grandma took my hand from her arm, as she attempted to ring the bell. It was answered on the second ring, when a woman opened the door, and invited us in, as we were being expected to arrive. My sister and I did not know, what to expect when we walked through the door.

“ Hello, Mrs. Kane” she said as she greeted us “And welcome, Douglas and Maureen. My name is Marie, and I will be speaking with your Grandmother for a while, in my office, and so Agnes my assistant will make both of you a cup of hot chocolate. There are many toys for you to play with, until we are finished. Agnes took us to a small room as Grandma and Marie alluded to the office. The room had many toys and a table with two cups of hot chocolate. Agnes played with us and was so nice. But we missed Grandma and weren't in the playing mood.

After a while, Grandma returned with tears in her eyes. As she knelt down and held us tight, so tight, and said to us, “I love you so much, and will return soon. Listen to the ladies, and look out for each other.”

We both held Grandma so tight and cried and we both promised, “Don't go Grandma, we'll be good”.

She got to her feet and started to the door with us in pursuit, and grabbing her for the very last time, “Please Grandma!”

As she was about to put her hand on the door to open it, with us hanging on to her, she then dropped to her knees weeping. “It's not your fault”, she than gave us a last hug, and kisses, and stood up, opened the door, and was on her way.

Needless to say, Grandma tried to hold her head high as she briskly ran through those gates without us, to the waiting taxi. And we cried all night together and many, many, nights and days after.

Seems like Eternity