

Gammy's Bread





Life's full measure with Gammy
Poured in teaspoons, cups, and hugs
Proper portions and needed Kneading
Guiding little ones' pulls and tugs

Pull...push...pull kneading
dough
Mixed with giggles and care

Rise...knead...let it rise
again
Wait for the yeast to
bear...



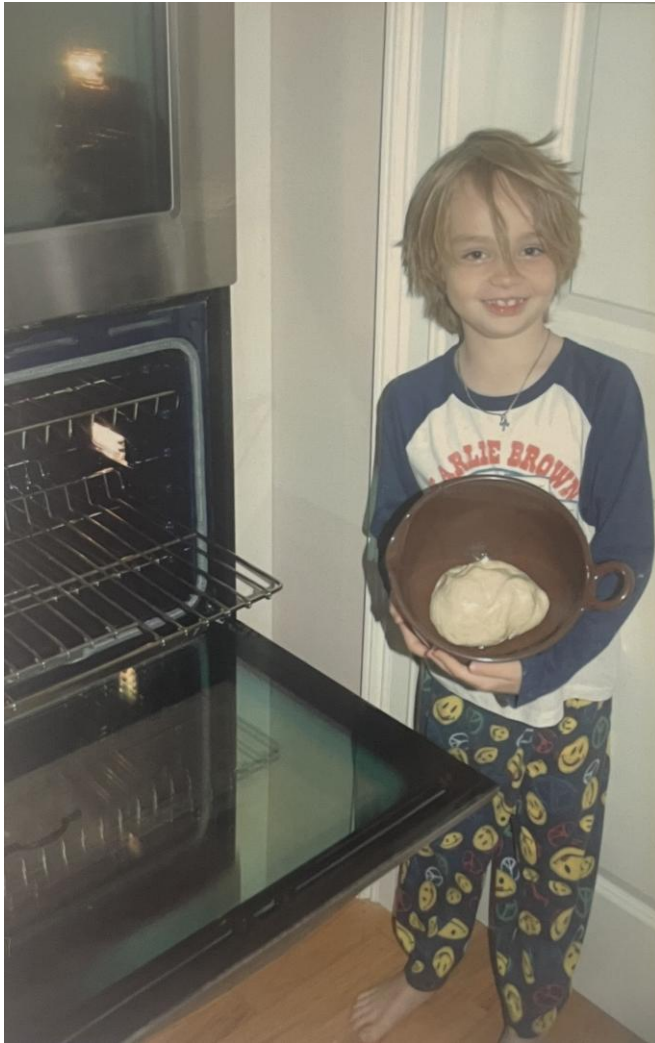


Pulled from the oven, to hot to hold
Sit out to cool and steady
Wait, wait, wait impatiently
Wait 'til the treasure is ready



With bread buttered, sit smell smile
Tell the best of our day gone by

Take joy in this bread, our own reward
But joy more for those by our side



With God's ingredients , imagined
and felt

We learn of the love of making
Making family is like making bread
It takes time spent loving and
baking

Her kitchen wasn't just for
cooking after all
It held more than we knew

A warm place where big and
little hands worked
A place where a special time
flew



Life's full measure was
measured up
It came with each
thought that was said
We learned to love each
other
With each loaf of
Gammy's bread.



"Gammy's Bread"
Poem inspired by Gammy and written by Dennis Frazier
2009

Gammy, Mary McClain Frazier, was born and raised in Huntington, WV. Married 55 years, living on Isle of Palms, SC, Mary and Dennis have enjoyed helping their children and grandchildren make and eat "Gammy Bread"... made from Mary's own recipe, calling on memories of bread baked by both her's and Dennis' mothers and grandmothers. Gammy is also a nurse and a teacher, both wonderfully used in the raising of her family.

Gammy's husband, also known as GranDad. When not near Gammy's kitchen, he may be found with their 7 grandchildren on the nearby beaches.



Then



Mac

Ruby Willow Will

and now

