

A Grandmother's Gift

By: Natasha Davis-Skjoth



When I was a little girl, I lived a distance from my grandmother, and every New Year we traveled back to visit her and spend about a week there, celebrating and catching up.

We were always welcomed, and she had prepared her home for our visits. Often I slept in a bedroom on the first floor that had belonged to one of my uncles.

In particular, I remember lying in the bed last thing before I went to sleep, and first thing when I woke up, and looking up at the wall above the double doors that led onto a narrow balcony. On that wall, fixed by a modest nail, was a simple wooden cross with a man with outstretched arms pinned to it. That cross was small, but it filled the room. I stared at it, wondering who he was, and why was he up there pinned to that cross?

When I was back home the image faded from my conscious mind. Or so I thought. As I progressed into my teenage years and early twenties I seemed to be called to learn on a deeper level who God was. This journey led me to Jesus. I have never owned my own cross, until my grandmother died a few years ago.

After her passing I was asked if there was anything she had owned that I would like to be given as a memory of her. I asked for and received: an unwashed silk scarf so I could remember her scent; the brown, dented tin box of crayons that I used as a girl on many occasions to fill countless hours drawing; a set of colored glasses that had always been a staple for milk and orange juice, and the wooden cross that had sat faithfully, year after year, on the bedroom wall.

On receiving the cross I held it for the first time. I looked at the man with his outstretched arms pinned to it and now knew, as a grown woman married with my own children, who He was and why He was there. Jesus. Our Savior. The bringer of forgiveness, grace, love and compassion. Teacher. He lay there enduring the pain of suffering on our behalf, because He loves us.

That message has transformed my life. I own a few other crosses now, of different shapes and sizes. My young children even own their own cross. When I step out, I am surrounded by them. At church they can be seen, and are a source

of worship and praise. At any other time the cross is with me. This one is invisible. It fills my heart, soul and mind and is a constant source of reassurance, peace and safety. It is a magnification of that first cross that sat mysteriously witnessing to me as a child in my grandmother's small room, on the first floor of a house which I visited once a year to celebrate and catch up. My once living, and now deceased, grandmother's gift of eternal life. God bless her.