

Hand in Hand

Small Joseph looked up at Grandpa as they held hands. They strolled down the lane passing trees as they went. The blossoms floated in the air casting a scent of spring and warmth. Grandpa looked down at him and smiled. His graying, silver head shimmered in the sunlight, along with his mustache.

They strolled hand and hand every day that spring.

As the days rolled by, Joseph grew taller. The blossoms began to change, the trees grew green leaves in place, and the days grew hot. But they continued their stroll, hand in hand.

Joseph and Grandpa walked every day that summer.

Through time, Joseph grew taller than before. The green leaves changed, and in place hues of yellow, orange and red. The hot faded, replaced with a slight chill. But Joseph and Grandpa walked on, hand in hand. Just the two of them.

They walked every day that autumn.

Weeks passed, and not-small Joseph and Grandpa continued their stroll. But as the leaves turned crisper and fell, and the slight breeze was a bitter bite instead of a chill, Joseph was not a little boy. Grandpa also grew older, and began to fade and crumble like the autumn leaves.

Only Joseph walked every day that winter.

Grief was exactly like the snow that covered every inch of Joseph. The bitter wind of change blew widely in his face.

But that winter did not stay. Joseph continued his walk. He watched the winters come and go, the blossoms grow then die.

Through time, Joseph's hair began to gray, and he soon walked hand in hand with *his* grandson. Every day, every season, he watched his grandson grow.