

Bunny

It was the heart of spring, our garden flourished with beautiful colors and magnolia tree I loved to climb started blooming buds. I would toss off my jacket as the afternoon temperature finally rose above 70 degrees. The kitchen smelled faintly of hard-boiled eggs which always made my friends giggle because it kind of smelled like their brothers' stinky farts. The room felt brand new with freshly cut blue and white hydrangeas my grandmother placed in her crystal vase she used only on special occasions. Winter was melting away, and Easter was here.

The kitchen was crowded with baking dishes, dye for eggs, and old written paper recipes from many decades ago. Her cursive was almost perfect like it came from a Jane Austen novel you couldn't set down. She would invite me to learn how to make deviled eggs and our families favorite baked macaroni and cheese. Her fingers crinkled by arthritis but still looked pretty with her colorful nail polish and gold rings. She never stayed in her pajamas throughout the day just in case someone decided to stop by for a coffee and to chat about the church gossip. Her favorite colors were blue and white, and she always had a new jewelry set to go with every outfit. I thought to myself I wanted to be just like her when I grow up.

We would spend all day cooling and peeling egg by egg. Mixing and tasting each recipe to make sure it was just right. At the time I was probably only 7 years old, and I already knew how to cook more than most adults. She would pull up an old vintage wooden stool so I could

see over the counter and be her Su Chef for the day. I'll never forget how important it made me feel to be involved with the big Easter dinner.

Then after the cooking was finally finished, "Brigitte come help me decorate" she would ask kindly. I never liked going into our creepy attic above my bedroom door. For years it remained a mystery what was up there. She pulled down boxes and more boxes filled with decorative eggs, bunnies, and wreaths. I'd never met anyone who enjoyed Easter as much as she did. Some of the bunnies would even stay out yearlong on her nightstand and in the living room because they were her favorite. Her three sisters lived in Virginia and many years ago when they were young, they nicknamed her "bunny" after her love for the cute fuzzy animal.

That's kind of the way she made you feel on these kind of occasions, warm and fuzzy, just like a little bunny.

A little over two decades later, my son and I packed our bags and headed to Shirley, Arkansas. Such a huge scary move to make from the suburbs of Atlanta, Georgia where I grew up, but we were ready for a change. Things in Atlanta were not the same as they were when I grew up there. Families were split up; the holidays didn't always bring that fuzzy feeling I wanted to provide for my son like my grandmother did for me back then. I craved that sense of "home" she gave us.

After many years of pondering the idea, I finally decided to make the big move. As we sat in my mother's driveway, holding the tears back as she would stay in Atlanta, and we would miss her so much. She handed me a little stone bunny. She wrote on the bottom of the bunny

the date, a heart and a little note for my son and me. She said, “this is from your grandmother and great grandmother for safe travels”. My son absolutely adored it and put it in his bookbag for safe keeping. I know he was more nervous than I was, and this made his feel so safe knowing her presence was with us for the journey.



Our little bunny still sits in my room watching over us daily and it always makes me feel warm and fuzzy every time I remember her. Her traditions have engraved in me as a mother. I now have finally made the “home” I always wanted to provide just like she did for us back then. Every Easter we collect little bunny’s and give to my mom for special occasions to remember her and keep her traditions alive.

