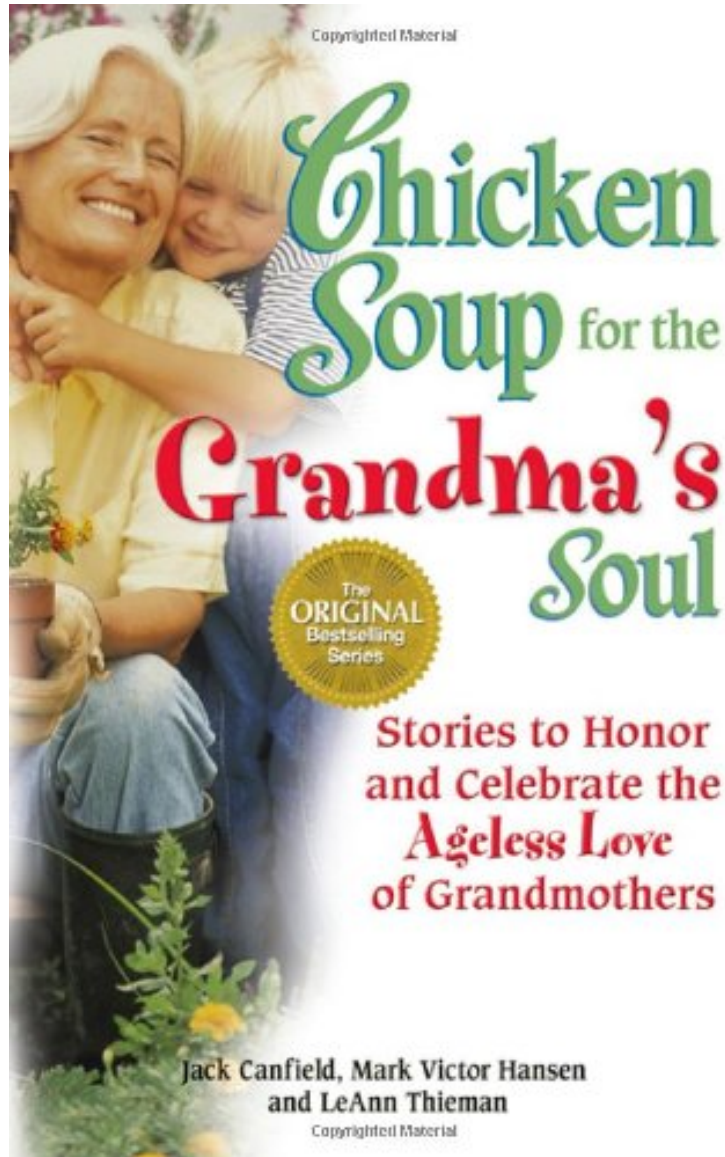


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Chicken Soup for the Grandma's Soul: Stories to Honor and Celebrate the Ageless Love of Grandmothers (Chicken Soup for the Soul)

Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Leann Thieman L.P.N.

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order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised *Chicken Soup for the Grandma's Soul: Stories to Honor and Celebrate the Ageless Love of Grandmothers* (*Chicken Soup for the Soul*):

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. When a child is born, so is a grandmother. - Judith Levy
By Cheryl Stout I like the *Chicken Soup* books. You can pick them up and read the short stories any time/any place. The stories are inspirational and let you realize that you BELONG to some bigger group than yourself, with common happenings and misadventures in your lives. "*Chicken Soup for the Grandma's Soul*" was especially appropriate for me to be reading since I have two new twin grandbabies. And this book let me laugh, cry and rejoice along with other grandmothers.
0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. This is her favorite series to read and this book has brought her ...
By lorilea gross I bought this for my grandmother and she has not put it down. This is her favorite series to read and this book has brought her much joy.
1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. NATURALLY THIS BOOK WOULD BE ONE OF MY FAVORITES!!
By lohmalinda I have a story in it! I couldn't wait to get my copy! Did you know that you get books early when you are an author in them? I had to send my Mother a copy of the book right away. After all, she was the featured Grandmother I wrote about. She did not think our story was anything worthy of comment. My son, also received a copy of the book. What FUN to write about two of my most favorite people!
What was the story about? Well, just buy the book and read the stories. When you find mine, you will KNOW!
lol The rest of the stories were good too. Like ALL *Chicken Soup Books*, the stories are uplifting and sometimes make your eyes leak. Can I say that I love them?? I do. I have over 100!!!

Whether you're a veteran grandma or a Nana-to-be, this collection of stories will warm your heart and make you laugh about the universal experiences of being a grandmother: the phone call that announces your baby will become a mom herself; the first time you hold the most beautiful grandson or granddaughter in the world; and the day you're on baby-sitting duty and realize that major issues are minor infractions best solved with love instead of lectures. This book celebrates the memories we make and the times we cherish with grandmothers: the women who can both spoil and be stern; who provide unconditional love and invaluable wisdom; who can share sage advice while sharing an ice cream. *Chicken Soup for the Grandma's Soul* is the perfect thank-you to grandmothers everywhere- those special women who enrich our lives with joy and love.

From the Author
My story, *Deposition Stew*, tells of a little girl who meets her future Grandmother in a most unusual place after her father leaves to find work, never to return, and her mother suddenly dies. It's a story of love, loss, hope, and the importance of families no matter how they come about.
About the Author
Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen are the #1 New York Times and USA Today bestselling authors of the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* series.
LeAnn Thieman, L.P.N., has been a nurse for thirty-two years. She lives in Colorado.
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Babies, Boredom and Bliss
When a child is born, so are grandmothers. -Judith Levy
Were not going in there are we? I asked, appalled, looking inside the baby store my friend was determined to enter. Id come a long way to visit . . . hundreds of miles, and she wanted to shop in a baby store? Quite frankly, I found those kind of stores boring, like I found most babies boring. Id never been accused of waxing enthusiastically over little creatures who couldnt walk, talk or do anything except scream, make a mess and demand all of ones attention. Turning on the well-worn heel of her running shoe, my friend shot me a steely look. We wont be long, she promised, striding into the store. Unhappily I trailed after her. Shes changed, I thought grumpily as I stifled a yawn and tottered through the crammed aisles on my high heels. Definitely changed, I thought sourly as she spent the next two hours oohing and aahing over everything to do with infants until I thought Id go insane. What can I say in defense of my once-glamorous friend who smelled of spit-up and who stumbled tiredly through the store misty eyed with joy? Shed become a grandmother. That fact was responsible for her gleeful preoccupation in the world of little things, the reason she didnt have time to dye the gray in her hair, the reason shed traded in her classical clothing for jogging gear, the reason she couldnt seem able to talk of anything. Except babies. And most particularly, one little grand baby. After helping cram purchases into every nook and cranny of her car, I reminded my friend of a lunch date with our high school girlfriends at a hot new restaurant that featured elegant dining in an atmosphere that catered to people like metourists with hard-earned time and money to spend, who wanted to be pampered in a childfree environment. I squeezed into the passenger side of the car holding a huge teddy bear on my lap, thankful that soon Id be in a world of my peers where conversation would veer toward spas, salons and shopping. But I was sadly, pathetically mistaken. No sooner did we get to the restaurant than my friend took out her wallet and proceeded to spread pictures of her grandson over the gleaming table, expecting us to ooh and aah over the bald-headed tyke with the toothless smile. Every woman did. Including the waitress. But not me. Whats the matter? I thought, depressed. Am I the only woman on the planet that dislikes baby talk? It wasnt that I didnt like babies. I did. Id borne and raised one myself. Lisa had turned into a lovely young woman. Intelligent, kind, ambitious. We had a good relationship based on respect, love and mutual interests. But I had never been what one could call maternal. And whats more, my friend never had been either, I thought, glaring at her over a glass of wine. I couldnt understand what had happened to her. Wed been teenage

mothers together. We'd married and grown up with our daughters together. Together as single mothers we'd struggled in a world where we tried to fit work and relationships and parenting all in one. We'd been the best of friends. What had happened to bring us apart? I could only think of one thing. One word. Actually, two words. Grand. Mother. What was so grand about that? I thought irately. Months later, my daughter called. Mom, guess what? I was filing my nails with one hand and juggling the phone with the other, trying not to smear my facial pack. I'm going to have a baby! The phone slid down my face as visions of gray hair and sweatpants filled my mind, and the sounds of squawking at all hours of the day and night filled my ears. I tasted weariness as I imagined trundling after an infant who needed smelly diapers changed while testing formula to feed a hungry, wailing new soul. New soul. I burst into tears. Are you glad? Or are you mad? Lisa shouted into the phone. With trembling fingers I juggled the receiver and said through a throat suddenly gone dry, I'm not sure. Silently I tried out the unfamiliar label. Grandma. When's the due date? I whispered hoarsely. Christmas day! Christmas in Seattle. My husband and I flew over on the twenty-third. Lisa met us at the airport. Beaming. Huge. I remembered how that felt. Remembered how . . . how wonderful it was! How joyful! How expectant! For the second time since I heard the news I burst into tears. On December twenty-sixth Bronwyn entered the world and stole my breath, my heart, my soul. My entire identity. Let Grandma hold her! I shouted almost knocking my poor son-in-law off his feet as I snatched my granddaughter out of his arms. I looked down into her precious angelic face and . . . burst into tears. Over the next few days I fought like a dragon to hold her, feed her, change her. I shopped in the local supermarket with my hair pulled into an untidy ponytail, dark smudges under my eyes from day-old mascara, sleepless nights and sentimental weeping. As I sat in the market's deli, rocking Bronwyn in my arms and trying not to get spit-up on my jogging suit, I reflected on my new heart, new eyes, new senses. And I knew that up until the day she'd come into the world, I had been blind. The miracle of her birth had wrought a miracle in me, one I could not get enough of. Babies. I planned to call my friend to see if she'd be available to go shopping next time I was in town. There were some baby stores I was eager to visit. I hoped she'd bring photos. I couldn't wait to show her mine. -Janet Hall Wigler 2005. All rights reserved. Reprinted from *Chicken Soup for the Grandma's Soul*, by Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen and LeAnn Thieman. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the written permission of the publisher. Publisher: Health Communications, Inc., 3201 SW 15th Street, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442.