



Grandma's Restaurant

M.W. Story 8

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*Wife and mother of
four grown daughters
and grandma of seven
darlings.*

One of my granddaughters, Isla, recently made me feel like I had a Grandma win. She had been over playing with her siblings and asked her mother if she could stay at my house for dinner. My first thought was she just wanted to play longer. I doubted it was what we were having for dinner as I hadn't started dinner yet and her mother is a better cook than I am. "Why do you want to stay for dinner?" her mother asked. I smiled when she answered, "I want to be the waitress and wear my apron."

Our waitress fun started a few months ago when my husband and I were babysitting for the weekend. Usually, I think the hardest part of making dinner is thinking of something to prepare with the ingredients on hand and getting the food done at the same time and on the table before it gets cold. My normal daily dinner challenges seem easy compared to making dinner with young children around. This weekend I was thankful I wasn't babysitting the baby, too, as I was already wishing I had more arms with just the five- and three-year-olds.



Then an idea popped into my head. I asked Isla, "Do you want to be my waitress?" She got excited and said, "Sure!" She put on a small red apron and we found a note pad for taking the orders. I told her what was on the menu, i.e. what I was making for dinner and helped her spell the words until she decided it was faster to draw pictures. She asked my husband and her brother what they wanted to eat from the menu. Then, she set the table and served all of us. During the remainder of the weekend visit, she was the most helpful waitress. Her brother wanted to join in, too, so we found another apron and he helped with clearing the table when we finished eating. I was thrilled to have such eager helpers and I loved watching them have fun helping. Helping seemed to fill them with pride. It was a win/win!