

My Nani by Mira Laroyia

Nani= maternal grandmother in Hindi

Needle in hand, the thread ready to pierce the fabric: I try, I try again. My stitches are crossed and knotted. Nani's needle moves like a dolphin rippling in and out through waves of cotton. Neat and perfect stitches, pulling the fabric together. When I am with her, it's like she has sewn together our connection, making us as strong as ever.

She's so far away, halfway across the world. During every visit in the summer, she teaches me how to sew. Sometimes we tackle complicated stitches, other times she helps me master the easy ones. Lazy-daisy, bumble bee, pull around- to name a few of the stitches I have mastered, makes Nani just as happy as me. I cherish these moments, when I triumph over my uncoordinated handywork, and Nani makes them happen.

Modern technology has made it so I could talk to her whenever, but it is never the same as when she is actually with me. Being able to hug her, sit on her lap and kiss her goodnight are all things technology can't make happen. When she's here, she gives me all of her time and patience, something I can't always get from my working parents. She gives me all the love I need, and then a little bit more. When she leaves, she says something to carry me until her next visit; *"Even if you might think that the world is against you, remember, I will always love you."*

Sewing a doll last month, I wanted to embellish the dress. A little light switch flicked on and I remembered my favorite stitch that Nani taught me. I added colorful lazy-daisies to the doll's dress. I also taught my friends, and now my Nani is a part of their lives too.

Teacher/s: Miller/Pandya, Lake Bluff School