

# GRANDPA'S HANDS

A Dramatic Reading

by  
R. D. Fahey



**Wetmore Declamation Bureau**

**Box 2695  
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**[www.wetmoredeclamation.com](http://www.wetmoredeclamation.com)  
Email: [speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com](mailto:speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com)**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

GRANDPA'S HANDS  
A Dramatic Reading

R. D. Fahey

Copyright by the author, R. D. Fahey. Exclusive permission granted by the author to the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: At the wake the evening before her grandfather's funeral, a teenage girl is asked to say a few words of remembrance. She rises and hesitatingly begins to speak. As she progresses, the words come more fluently and with sincere conviction.

Last night, for the first time in my life, I saw Grandpa. That sounds funny, doesn't it? After all, I've known him all my life.

When I was just a little girl it was great fun to go to his house. The stories he would tell. The places those stories would take me. I loved him very much.

Then, quite frankly, I became tired of the repeated stories of his younger days. I guess when you are a teenager you become too busy with your own life to pay a grandparent much attention. And I know I must have hurt him in my own rush to go on with my existence. Still, he never lost interest in me and seemed to know how it was with me.

But now he's left us. As I stood there last night, my eyes seemed to focus on his hands. I stood alone wondering. Then things began to flood back. Remember the stories? Remember him telling me of events that became vivid and real as I studied history in school? I realized how much of a link in our lives a grandpa can be. I began to see him, really, for the first time. I didn't feel shame or great sorrow. I felt pride, and I feel pride tonight.

But let me explain about the hands. It struck me that here were the hands that plowed the field, that did odd jobs to feed his family during the Depression. Without boasting or complaining, he told of twelve hour days in the fields driving mules across the baked land. Land that would only reap twenty-five cent a bushel corn. He did without so his children could have a high school education.--Something he was never able to attain. He told of the embarrassment of standing in line for a free bag of potatoes and a sack of flour.

These were the hands that left his farm and children to answer his country's call--although Grandma told me he could have had a deferment. They, even now, are the courageous hands that scooped a hole in the sand of Omaha Beach, they felt the sting of cold in the Battle of the Bulge, that dragged a wounded friend to safety--even as he bled from his wounds.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---