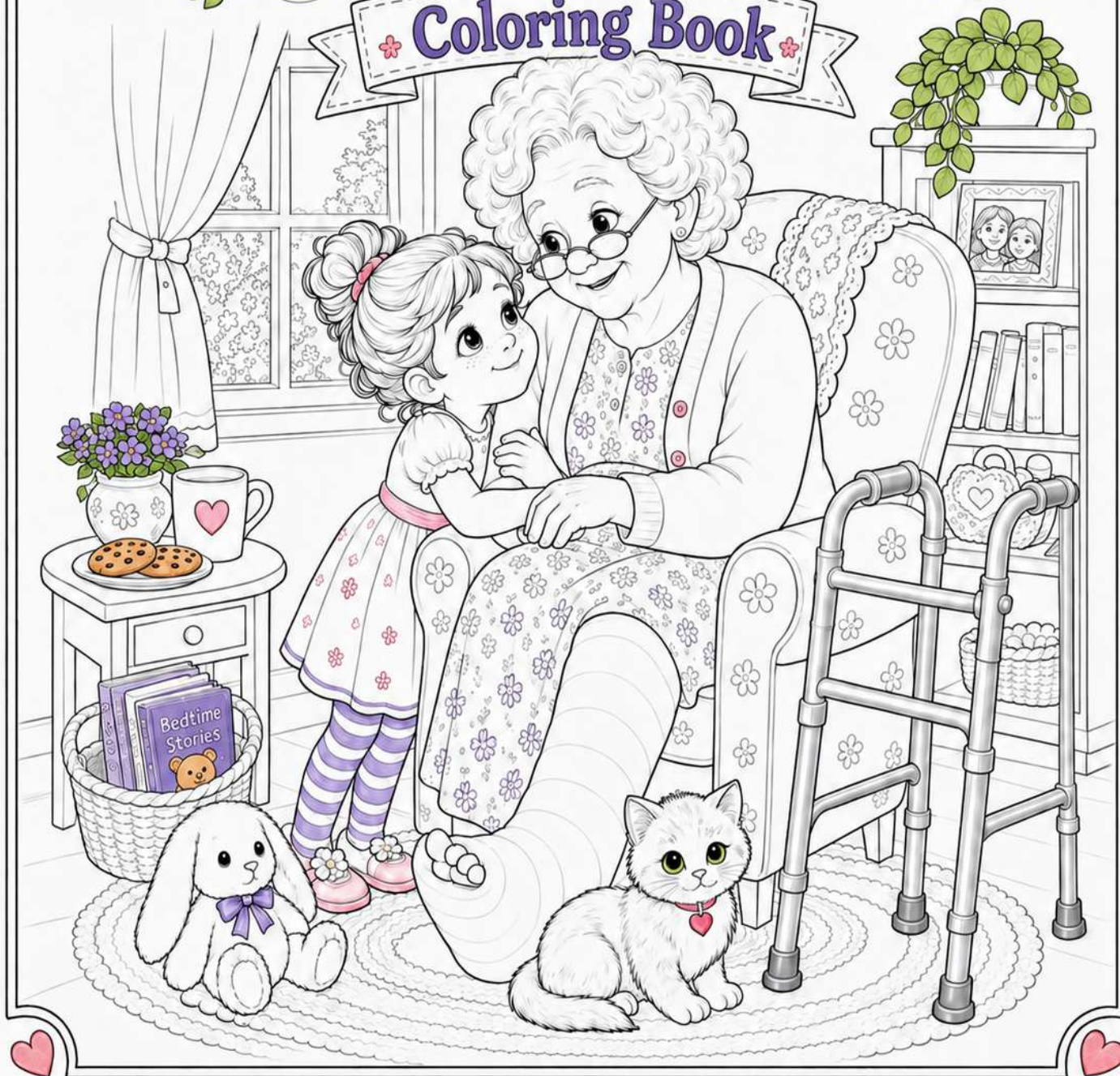


Grandma Rosie and the Silver Walker

Coloring Book



Grandma Rosie and the Silver Walker

About the Authors

Esther C. Kane - Before she wrote books, Esther Kane was an occupational therapist, which meant she spent twelve years helping grandmas and grandpas figure out canes, walkers, and all the tricky things that come with getting older. Now she writes stories that help parents answer the big questions little kids ask: *Why does Grandma walk like that? Why doesn't Grandpa remember my name?* - and all the other questions parents don't quite know how to answer. Esther lives in Georgia and writes for seniors and families at SeniorSafetyAdvice.com and AgingInPlaceDirectory.com.

Carmela Smith - Carmela Smith has spent her life around children, raising two of her own, and never losing her knack for talking to little ones like they deserve a real answer. She has spent years volunteering in school libraries, reading aloud to children, and in classrooms, helping students one-on-one. She has also cared for her aging parents, so she knows firsthand how hard it is to explain those changes to a child who just wants to know why. Carmela lives in Florida, and has been Esther's friend for more than forty years.

This is the first book we've made together, and it won't be the last. There are so many more questions little ones ask, and we look forward to writing, creating, and publishing the answers, one story at a time.

— *Esther & Carmela*

Grandma Rosie and the Silver Walker

Written by

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AI tools and arranged by the authors.

For every grandchild who worried, and every grandma who smiled anyway.

Grandma Rosie always smelled like lavender and warm cinnamon toast.

She had soft hands, a loud laugh, and she always let me stir the cookie batter.

She knew all my favorite books.

And she always gave the very best hugs.



But one day, something was different.

Mama sat beside me on the couch.

“Grandma Rosie had a fall,” she said.

I didn’t know exactly what that meant.

“Did she fall like I fell off my bike?”

I asked.

Mama nodded.

“Something like that.”



On the drive to Grandma's house, I looked out the window.

I felt a little worried.

Would Grandma be okay?

Would she still laugh?

Would we still make cookies together?



When we got there, Grandma was sitting in her big chair by the window.

Her leg had a big white bandage on it.

And beside her chair was something I had never seen before.

A silver walker.



“Why does Grandma need that?” I whispered.

“Her leg needs a little help while it heals,” Mama said.

I looked at the walker again.

It wasn’t scary.

It was just new.



I stopped in the doorway.

My tummy felt funny.

Like butterflies.

But not the happy kind.

Grandma Rosie looked different.

Was she okay?

Was she still Grandma?



I remembered Grandma chasing butterflies with me in the yard.

And dancing to silly songs while we baked cookies.

And letting me wear her funny gardening hat.

I hoped all those things were still the same.



Then Grandma Rosie looked up.

And she smiled her same big smile.

“There’s my favorite person!” she said.

Her voice was the same.

Her eyes were the same.

It was still Grandma.



I walked over slowly and gave her a very, very gentle hug.

“Does it hurt?” I whispered.

“A little,” she said.

“But hugs help a lot.”

That made me smile.

Whenever I scraped my knee, hugs helped me too.

Maybe hugs were a kind of medicine.



I looked at the silver walker.

“What’s that for?” I asked.

Grandma tapped it gently.

“That’s my helper,” she said.

“It helps me walk while my leg gets stronger.”



“Like training wheels on my bike?” I asked.

Grandma laughed.

“Exactly like training wheels.”

I thought about that.

That made sense.



“Grandma, why did you fall down?” I asked.

She squeezed my hand.

“Sometimes when people get older, their bodies don’t work quite the same way they used to.”

She smiled.

“And sometimes accidents just happen.”



“Even to you?” I asked.

She smiled. “Even to me.”

Then she laughed her same loud laugh.

That surprised me.

I thought grown-ups knew how to do everything.

Grandma shook her head.

“Everyone needs help sometimes,” she said.

“Even grandmas.”



“Will your leg get better?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said.

“The doctor is helping me.”

“And I do exercises every day to get stronger.”



“Exercises?” I asked.

“What kind of exercises?”

“Little movements that help make my leg stronger,”
Grandma said.

“Want to see?”

She lifted her foot up and down very slowly.

Then she showed me another exercise.

And another.



I sat beside her and copied every one.

We counted together.

“One... two... three...”

Grandma counted loudly.

I counted louder.

By the time we got to ten, we were both giggling.

“Now you’re exercising too,” Grandma laughed.

“I think you’re also getting stronger.”

That made me laugh too.



“Will you always need the walker?” I asked.

Grandma thought for a moment.

“Maybe not forever.”

“We’ll see what the doctor says.”

“But even if I do, I can still do lots of things.”

“Like make cookies?” I asked hopefully.

“Especially cookies,” she said.

“You can stir and I’ll help.”



That day was a little different from usual.

We didn't dance in the kitchen.

We didn't work in the garden.

We didn't chase butterflies outside.

But we made cookies.

We read stories.

We talked about my loose tooth.



And Grandma listened the same way she always did.

When I talked, she looked right at me.

She didn't rush.

She didn't interrupt.

She made me feel important.

Just like always.



Soon it was time to go home.

I gave Grandma another gentle hug.

Very gentle.

Like hugging Grandma's kitten.

"Will you be okay?" I asked.

"I will," she said.

"Especially now that I know you'll visit me soon."



In the car, Mama asked how I felt.

“I was scared at first,” I said.

“But then I wasn’t.”

“What changed?” Mama asked.

I thought for a moment.

Then I smiled.



“Some things changed,” I said.

“Grandma has a bandage.”

“And a silver walker.”

“And exercises to do.”

“But she still laughs.”

“She still tells stories.”

“She still listens.”

“She still loves cookies.”

“And she still loves me.”



Sometimes people we love get hurt.

Sometimes they need helpers.

Like walkers.

Or bandages.

Or doctors.

But the part of them that loves you?

That part doesn't change.

That part stays exactly the same.



Thank you for downloading

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