

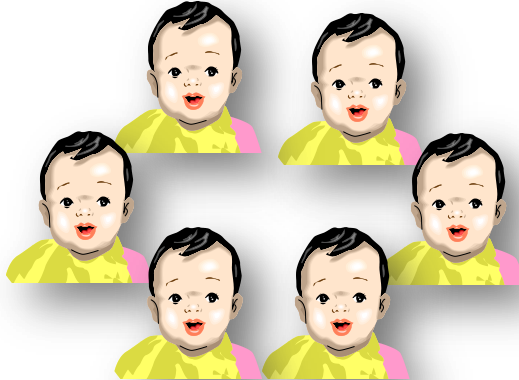
# Grandma's House



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*Written by C Cleobury September 2010*

**Inspired for the Grandchildren:-**



**KALEL, SOPHIE, BEN, PHOEBE -JOSHUA &  
ISOBEL**

With love and deepest wishes for your journey in  
life!

May it be rich in wisdom; filled with joy and  
inspiration and guided by light!

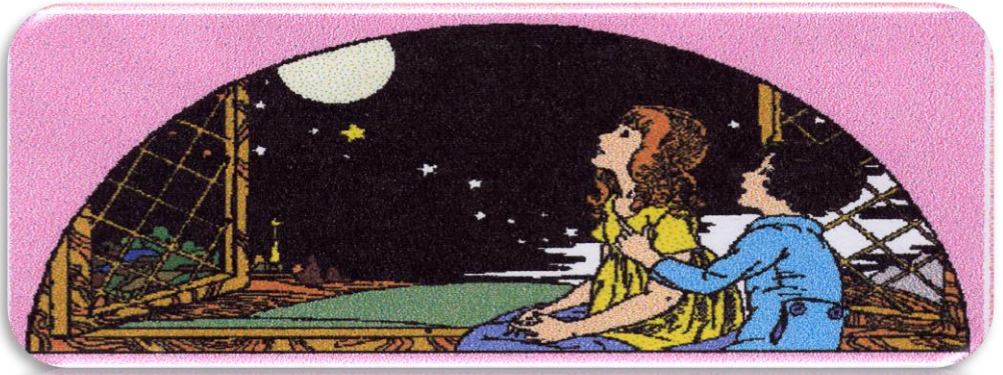
**May it also be the same for all the children in  
the world!**



## **GRANDMOTHER'S LULLABY**

Written by C Cleobury 1994

When I was a young child my gran would sing me  
to sleep.  
A lullaby about the Moon who had powers to keep  
– all us small children safe in our beds.  
She would peep through our windows let her rays  
touch our heads.  
We would sing to her "Goodnight", as a thank you  
for her care.  
Then snuggle sleepily under covers, knowing "Mrs.  
Moon" was there!



This story starts in the beginning like all good stories do!

The scene is set at Grandmother's house with little Elisha getting ready for bed. As she climbs under the covers she suddenly asks her Grandmother a question –

“Grandma, what is really important in life?”

Grandma smiled her most enlightened smile full of beaming love and looking at her granddaughter said -

“What do you think little Elisha?”

Elisha stopped for a moment to think and started to imagine all the things that made her happy. She loved her Grandma and enjoyed coming to stay with her sometimes but she loved too all the things she had in her life that she thought were really important. Slowly, in her mind's eye she saw

herself playing her brand new computer with the latest games and felt again the rush of excitement that this gave her. She saw herself with her friends on mobile phones as they laughed and bragged about the latest ring tone download that they now had and how it was super cool! She loved the fact that her mum and dad had a big house and a nice car; she felt really proud about that. She also loved her new fashionable clothes and up to date trainers; oh yes, those were so important!

On and on her imaginings went with all the shiny bright pictures that went with it and she knew deep in her heart that these were the things that were the most important. Looking up at her Grandma with shining eyes she told her all the things that 'she' thought were really important. Grandma, like all wise grandmothers listened to her little granddaughter with that same love shining in her eyes and waited patiently for her to finish her long list of life important things.

When Elisha had finished she looked at her Grandma with satisfaction at her knowing and waited for a reply. Grandma bent down and kissed her granddaughter lovingly on her forehead and said very gently –

“I see!”

She then tucked her in her bed clothes and snuggled her down to sleep; fondly she bade her goodnight and sweet dreams and quietly left the room.

Elisha, safe in her bed with her question answered snuggled down further into the bedcovers; slowly her eyes closed and she began to dream. In her dreams she was a superstar; she had everything that everyone thought was really important. She thought she was so cool and felt very happy. Unknowingly to Elisha, Grandma that night was spinning up dreams of her own and being a wise Grandma these were dreams of great beauty!

In the morning Elisha came downstairs to find Grandma cooking breakfast for the both of them. The smell of scrambled eggs and bacon had wafted up the stairs hurrying her footsteps down to greet her, her stomach rumbling its familiar empty morning sound. Sitting at the table with her Grandma she felt at peace and quickly tucked into her plate of eggs and bacon which was followed by a big glass of milk.. After clearing the table Grandma looked at Elisha and said –

“Would you like to go on an adventure today?”

Elisha looked at her Grandma wondering what the adventure could be. She loved her Grandma dearly but she lived out far into the country and she didn't have all the things that Elisha thought were important. As much as she really did love her she only came to stay for short periods of time as she got bored all too quickly and missed her own home; but she nodded a yes to her question and her Grandma proceeded to pull out 2 tickets from her long apron pocket. Elisha's eyes went wide!

“Would you like to fly?” said Grandma.

Not only was Elisha staring now but her jaw had dropped wide in shock. As long as she had known her, her Grandmother had never left her home. Her Grandma waited for her reply, a radiant smile on her face, until slowly Elisha's head started to nod which meant she was ready to go. Telling Elisha to go upstairs and pack Grandma busied herself in her kitchen.

Elisha ran to her room as fast as her legs could take her. The sense of amazement still surrounded her but was now also being replaced by an excitement at flying; she'd never flown before.

Thoughts began to race through her head – what would the plane be like? Where were they going? What would they do when they got there? Her mind was full. Grabbing her new trainers and her really good clothes she packed her bag quickly and rushed downstairs to meet her Grandma.

Grandma stood smiling in her kitchen, holding in her hand the golden loaf of bread baked that morning and done in the familiar twists that Elisha was used to seeing. Her shining face looked lovingly at her little granddaughter as she asked in her familiar ringing tones –

“Are you ready, Elisha?”

Elisha beamed back and nodded, but wondered as to the strange package her Grandma was carrying and why she didn't have a suitcase; wasn't she taking anything? Before she could ask any questions, Grandma took her hand and they walked out of the kitchen door and into the garden.

Grandma had a beautiful garden; it always had wonderful colours and perfumes in it all year long and was surrounded by the largest trees in the woods where she lived. It was also very quiet, except of course for the birds and wildlife that lived



there. Standing out in the garden with little Elisha, her case in one hand Grandma asked once again if she was ready for an adventure. This time with her excitement now at an all-time high she nodded without hesitation. Out of her pocket Grandma once again took the two tickets that Elisha had seen earlier at breakfast and handed one of them to her. Elisha looked at her ticket and then back at her Grandmother in puzzlement. The ticket that she now held which this morning had been white and blue was now 'golden green', shining and shimmering like the Sun. It also felt hot in her hand, sending warmth throughout the whole of her body.

"Oh" said Elisha, "what's happening Grandma?"

Grandma, still smiling said –

"Get ready for our adventure Elisha, it's time to fly!"



With her granddaughter's hand in hers, she stepped forward taking little Elisha with her and as she did so a doorway appeared big and bright right in front of them; Grandma, still moving forward with little Elisha stepped through it. Elisha was shocked; her eyes were big and round, her lips parted in a hissing sound of disbelief. Suddenly they were being catapulted through a blinding light, twisting and whirling, spinning round and round very fast. Elisha would by now have been very afraid at what was happening at this point if her Grandma had not still been with her, softly holding her hand, love shining from her eyes and with that same gentle smile on her face – it was somehow helping her to feel very calm.

On and on they flew, spinning and twisting ever faster in the blinding warm light to their destination. Suddenly they stopped. There in front of them was an open doorway made from wood which Grandma and Elisha walked through. Slightly

disoriented from all the spinning Elisha took a few moments to get her bearings. When she did she realized she was standing in a room which was very dark. Grandma, reaching out opened something and lit a candle and Elisha could now see she was in a small house which consisted of just this room. All it seemed to have were two small beds, a table and chairs and a small cupboard which Grandma must have known about as the candle had come from there. The only other thing about the room was its one small window which didn't seem to be letting in any light as it was quite dark. Elisha's head was full. She had so many questions to ask her Grandmother that she was lost for words. Her Grandma, still holding her hand and smiling just took Elisha's case from her and gently took her over to one of the beds, lifted back the covers, sat Elisha down, took off her shoes and told her to lie down and get some sleep. Elisha did as her Grandmother asked and within a few seconds was fast asleep.

When Elisha woke it was morning. She could tell because of the strong light coming through the little window. At first she was unsure as to where she was, but slowly as her gaze moved around the room she saw the familiar face of her Grandma

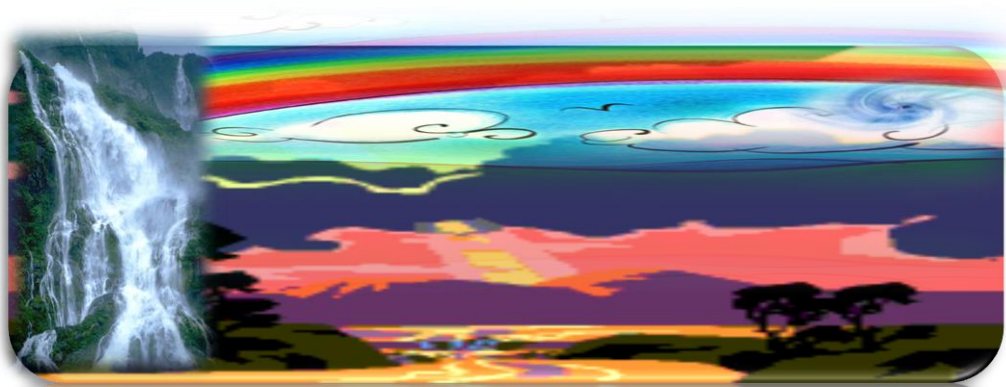
sitting at the table cutting the loaf of bread she had brought with her into slices. Rubbing her eyes she called to her. Grandma turned smiling and beckoned her granddaughter to her. Elisha got up out of her bed and went to sit by the table.

“Morning Elisha.” Grandma said as she gave her a piece of her golden bread.

She smiled and ate hungrily, still looking around the room, her eyes big and wide, her mind full of more questions than answers. Grandma waited for Elisha to finish eating then spoke and asked if she now wanted to see what was outside the door and continue their adventure. Elisha, after what she had just experienced was now unsure. She loved her Grandma and trusted her but her mind was struggling to make sense of what had happened to her and she really didn't know what was behind that door – last night had been too dark to really see anything. The light that was now coming in through the window was also strange as it seemed to be everywhere, so much so that she could now see in detail the walls of the house she was in (which was really only just a room). The walls were made of stone and were covered in carvings of animals, stars and weird symbols of some kind which somehow she knew but at the same time

didn't understand. Time also didn't seem to be right here as it felt like she'd been here much longer than a night: it was the strangest feeling.

Grandma saw Elisha's struggle and smiled a warm smile and gently took her hand. Elisha looked up at her with her big round eyes and felt warm and less afraid. She realized that her Grandmother was only ever kind to her and nothing had ever happened to her while she was with her, so with this new resolve she took her courage into her heart and nodded a reply to her question. Grandma then took Elisha towards the door and instructed her to open it. Elisha slowly moved her hand towards the round doorknob and with the same courage she had mustered earlier turned it. Slowly she pulled the door inward towards her and the little room they were in began to fill with even more light. At first the light was so blinding she was unable to see and had to close her eyes tightly as a way to protect them, but as more of the light streamed in as she continued to open the door wider she somehow was able to open one eye a little and take a peek at what was on the outside of the doorway.



Through the small slit in her opening eyelid Elisha saw such wonder that she opened her eyes wide in disbelief and uttered a sound of shock. There outside the doorway were the most amazing colours. Rainbows of all shapes and sizes were swirling in the sky; some of the lights were sparkling off to touch the ground creating even more lights and patterns. In and amongst all the colours were the trees, oceans, animals and stars. As she breathed the air that hit her lungs was like no other; it felt as crystal clear as the colours she was seeing. Off in the distance was a tall mountain rising majestically out of the land. It was the tallest mountain Elisha had ever seen. Down the face of this mountain cascading and shimmering in the light was a beautiful waterfall with the light creating rainbows on the surface. The sound of the water splashing was a mixture of crashing cymbals, whale song and tinkling bells; each one seeming to

ring with a pure sound of sheer delight. Elisha could barely contain herself; she wanted to run, jump, play and experience everything! There was so much joy in this place. Her grandmother could feel her surge of energy and let go of Elisha's hand so that she could be free.

Elisha took a deep breath and jumped high into the air; she felt exhilarated! Her jump took her up into the sky and far out across the land towards the mountain she had seen off into the distance.

Onward she flew, closer and closer to her destination. She felt so joyous, so free. Slowly she started to descend and was now standing right by the bottom of the waterfall which recently had been so far away. All of her earlier fear was now gone and forgotten as she immersed herself in her senses and wonder of the experience. Tentatively she cupped her hand and reached out to the droplets that were falling from the waterfall and took a sip of the glistening water. Elisha felt like she was exploding as all the tiny droplets rang inside her like pure sounding bells, each one playing a note telling her the stories she'd forgotten of a bygone age of magic and wonder.

Elisha took a look again at this world she was now in and started to remember. She saw how the

trees, tall, majestic, blowing in the breeze from the movement of the swirling colours had taken on a great task. In their journey it was their job to breathe life into all things and they did this with a humble joy. She saw too how the oceans, plants, animals and all things worked in harmony with each other, intermingling with the amazing sparkling lights. The stars also played a part as they emitted beams of light which were being transmitted to all that was living, encouraging whatever they landed on to create a harmonious journey. In this place even the mountains created sound; the deepest rumbles that Elisha had ever heard. The sound seemed to travel deep into the earth underneath Elisha's feet, flowing straight back up into her bones. This vibration created a movement that shook little Elisha until she could feel her body starting to flow and become less solid. Bit by bit Elisha listened and felt and experienced and saw; her senses knowing no end until she was enveloped in a deep peace. Feeling her body float softly to the ground, she lay in the spot she had landed for a very long time. In fact there was no time really, nothing was important except for the sense of wonder and flow and harmony.



All too soon it seemed Grandma was calling her home. She could hear her beautiful voice softly in the distance nudging her awake. Ever so slowly, Elisha rose herself up from the ground where she'd been lying and moved sinuously, stretching like a cat, feeling her body freer than it had ever been. She could see the small house where her Grandma was waiting off into the distance and once again she took a deep breath of the crystal clean air and jumped. This time however her jump felt like a glide and she floated her way towards her Grandmother.

Grandma stood waiting patiently for Elisha and greeted her with that same sweet smile and shining eyes; the only difference now was that Elisha knew - all that light in Grandma came from this place and she understood with reverence her deep wisdom and beauty. She also knew that for today her journey was over and Grandma was ready to leave. She once again took Elisha's hand and led her back into the house (or room as Elisha now liked to call it). She took her back to the table, pulled out a chair, bade her sit and gave her another slice of her golden bread; Elisha ate it hungrily thankful of her Grandma's presence. When she had finished Grandma once again took her hand and led her

back to the door of the room. It was she who this time opened the door and they once again entered the spiraling light that twisted and turned ever faster.

The journey back this time was easy and had really felt more like flying. It didn't take them long before they were back standing in Grandma's beautiful garden and Elisha could feel the solid ground beneath her feet. It was only then that she realized she had left her suitcase full of her important stuff back where they had just come from. Quietly she pondered this, then shrugged letting go of the thought as she knew now it was unimportant. Grandma looked lovingly at Elisha and smiled. As they entered the house they were silent companions both knowing and happy, filled with love deep in their hearts. Elisha now looked at this familiar place that she had visited many times with new eyes and knew for certain now what was really, really important.

Grandmother and granddaughter stayed in this silent wonder for a long time until as the sun went down and the moon shone it became time for bed. As Grandma tucked Elisha under the covers as she had done many times Elisha felt glad to be alive. Then Grandma said something to Elisha she had

never said before and something awoke deep inside her. She then gave Elisha a little red pouch with symbols and green writing on it. Inside it she placed a golden crystal which shone blue in places when held up to the light, a small crumb of her golden bread, a white feather and a lock of her hair. She said that these would reveal secrets to her when the time was right and help her to overcome any obstacles on her path as she helped the world. The word on the outside of the bag was – REMEMBER.

Once again she kissed Elisha on the forehead as she had done many times before, switched off the light and left the room. Elisha fell into a deep sleep. A sleep deeper than she'd ever experienced before and dreamed dreams of singing water, swirling lights and whispering trees!



The sound of traffic noise woke Elisha from her slumber. It was startling after the beauty she had just experienced and she awoke breathing hard, unsure of her surroundings. As her senses grew more clear she could hear other sounds - the clock at her bedside table ticking loudly, the noisy sounds of life from outside her bedroom window from the street below and from somewhere in the distance loud music was playing and car horns were beeping angrily at one another; it was quite a shock to her system and she rubbed her eyes to clear away the residual slumber. Suddenly there came a knock at her bedroom door and the dulcet tones of her mother shouting her awake took her attention -

“Elisha, it’s time for school Elisha! Elisha, are you awake?”

Throwing herself out of her bed she shouted her answer –

“Yes mum, I’m up”.

“Hurry up and get ready” said her mum.

“You’ll be late for school, we’ve overslept.”

Placing her feet on the wooden floorboards Elisha walked to her bathroom, washed her face, brushed her teeth and went back to her bedroom to get dressed. She was putting on her school tie as she came into the kitchen, just in time to see her father leave in a flurry of coat with a quick goodbye to her mother and her as he rushed out the door, holding a piece of toast and marmalade in one hand. Sitting at the table in front of her breakfast which her mum had already put on the table for her, she watched as her mum bustled round the kitchen getting the things ready that they would need for their day.

As she slowly ate her cereal Elisha thought about her dream and Grandma’s house. She had once tried to tell her mother and father about Grandma but they had not really been interested and just seemed to push the whole Grandma thing to one side as another part of their daughter’s wild imagination; she had not told them again! When she mentioned it to Grandma, she had just smiled

and said that sometimes when people get older they just get lost in their day to day life and forget that they had ever come to her house. She told her not to worry and that her job was as she grew to just remember. Elisha couldn't understand how growing up could do that especially after last night and the amazing journey Grandma had taken her on; it had been so different. Suddenly her mother's voice woke her out of her reverie telling her to stop stirring her food and to eat quickly or they would be even later than they were already.

Elisha stopped dreaming and ate her breakfast.

Out in the car she was once again back in her familiar place while her mum battled with the oncoming raging traffic. It was always like this on the way to school as Elisha lived in a big city, only this time on her school journey she noticed a lot more. After the amazing beauty she'd experienced last night the noise and sounds of the day exploded in her head. She could feel the air stale and her chest felt labored breathing in. Mum as usual noticed none of this as she kept her wits about her in her daily challenge to make sure she got to school on time and not be late. Screeching to a halt outside the building her mum kissed her

goodbye and watched her as she went into the entrance. Elisha went into the all too familiar building and wound her way along the corridors to her classroom her thoughts still on her visions of last night. Opening the door she was met by her teacher's stern face and words of –

“You're late! Better hurry up and join the class.”

Her friends watching her movements sniggered behind their hands at the trouble she was in. Elisha smiled back at them not in the least fazed by the whole situation; today was a different day and she could feel the change. Elisha took off her coat and hung it up on the coat pegs at the back of the room, took her seat and sat down.

Mr. Brindle (her teacher) was writing on the board the lesson for the day and explaining in detail exactly what he wanted them to achieve at the end of it. As Elisha listened to the monotone voice her mind went back to Grandma's place and her amazing journey. She dreamt about these things as she was asked to get her workbook out. She dreamt about these things as she scribbled the day's lessons into its pages. She dreamt about these things as she got the tools out of her bag that she would need for that day. She would have

kept dreaming about her amazing experience if she had not had a feeling that she was being watched; so she stopped, looked up and around the room working out where the feeling was coming from.

Suddenly at the very back right hand corner of the room a young red headed girl named Ella was looking at her. She looked at her with the same shining eyes that Grandma had and she knew. She also knew that although she had seen her in her class many times she had not really noticed her before. She was a small girl with red hair and freckles and more or less kept herself to herself, but she always seemed happy and now Elisha knew why. She watched her as she put her hand into her pocket and pulled out a small red pouch; Elisha smiled. Mr. Brindle was now in his stride and was chalking out on the board various strategies for dealing with the first part of the lesson for that day, completely oblivious as to what was happening right under his nose.

Elisha and young Ella continued to smile at each other, beaming brilliant light back and forth between them. As the light increased slowly in their minds' eye they started to see other children all around the world shining with Grandma's light: they too had red pouches that she had given them



with secret wonders inside. Elisha and Ella continued to look at all the children and they felt at peace. They now knew that the time was right and that the impact they would have in the world would be important as they had asked the question with their hearts and received the answer. Grandmother would be their guide and as they grew working with the knowledge and the tools they had been given from the Sacred, their pathway would become clear. This was the start of a new day and a new dawning unlike anything before and these children knew they would REMEMBER!

What the children become is up to you – the answers are there for each of us!

Why don't you before you go to sleep tonight, just imagine Grandma's house. She is there waiting for you smiling, baking her golden bread with that shining light in her eyes. She's also holding that red pouch for you with all your secret wonders inside to guide you on your path. Waiting for you to ask the question from your heart-

"Grandma, what is really important in life?"



# **Grandma's House**

*Written by C Cleobury September 2010*

**With thanks to my partner for his help and support in organizing the words that flow through me and onto the pages above into grammatical order!**