

Dearest Abuela,

I wish you could know how much I have thought about you since I was given your bag. I'm full of questions for you about how you managed to run your house so beautifully, with so much method. Now that I run a house I appreciate this.



I turned out to be quite scatterbrained. I expect you're not surprised. I seem to lurch from chaos to order and back at random, yet you were constant and ran your ship tightly always.

I wonder so much about when Daddy had to leave Spain and you and Abuelo also fled the fascists. You never spoke about this. I guess you wanted to forget.

I had an idea that I could write to you and ask you lots of questions. Not really about then, but more about now. The then questions you couldn't answer, I mean, how could you? It's not reasonable to expect this, we both know that you are dead (excuse me for mentioning it by the way). The now questions are a better proposition as I can imagine your answers. You will be speaking to me as I remember you and as I imagine you would now respond. It's as though you've been speaking to me through your bag anyway, so it isn't a stretch is it?

If I had known how your bag would knock me backwards into yesterday I would have asked for it sooner. The delight I suppose is being back with you as I am now, not as a child who simply receives without question. I can't help but marvel at what you did for us and constantly question whether I could ever do the same.

If that's alright then dear Abuela, I will write to you often, particularly when I'm stuck. I have come to think, everyone needs a grandma.

Love,

Sonia.