

Third Place (\$200) was awarded as a five-way tie to the following five students at Joan MacQueen Middle School, Alpine, California (alphabetically):

Aylsa Kermath, 6th Grade – “She rode through the forest in the crisp winter wind...”

Molly Kermath, 6th Grade – “Grandma’s Girl”

MacKenzie Mullick, 8th Grade – “Intergenerational Story”

Ma’Shaya Pryor, 6th Grade – “My Grandma’s Story”

Dylan Rose, 8th Grade – “The Forgotten”

Their intergenerational tales grew from a school assignment into Prize Winning entries in the 2016 “Your Story Contest” sponsored by Intergeneration Month. We thank their teachers and counselors and parents for their encouragement and we thank the students for their courage, for their amazing stories, and for making a real difference. Here are their stories...

Aylsa Kermath, 6th Grade

Joan MacQueen Middle School, Alpine, CA

“She rode through the forest in the crisp winter wind....”

She rode through the forest in the crisp winter wind,
Through the vast woods until the beginning of the end.

Towards her Grandmother’s house she went looking,
To pay a grand visit and bake cookies for sharing.

When she arrived she was greeted with hugs and with kisses,
Loving her grandmother and all that she misses.

They talk and they laugh until it’s time to go.
As she swings the door closed she will always know
the good times they shared looking out at the snow.

She sheds a tear with the thought this visit is the last,
she cherishes the laughs and good times from the past,
as she rides towards home the memories start to flow fast.

—

Molly Kermath, 6th Grade

Joan MacQueen Middle School, Alpine, CA

Grandma’s Girl

She was riding a white horse through the forest to see her Grandma. A flash of white caught her eye. It was Grandma’s jacket, who was in the forest picking berries for dinner

“Hi Grandma!” said Lily.

Grandma turned around as Lily was running towards her.

“I brought you bread for dinner tonight”, said Lily, “I hope you like it. I made it myself.”

“Thank you dear, this will be good with our meal” said Grandma.

Together we rode back to Grandma’s house.

“With this bread and my berries we will have a three-course meal”, said Grandma.

“You’re the best Grandma in the world!”, said Lily “After dinner can we make my favorite cookies, chocolate chip?”

“Sure”, said Grandma. “I just need a few more things; it won’t take long. The only thing I’m missing is chocolate chips”.

After dinner, Grandma searched the pantry. She found chocolate chips stuck up on the top shelf. “I forgot I had these”, she said.

After we made the cookies we each had one. “It’s been a long day”, Lily said.

“Let’s go to sleep, so the fun can start all over tomorrow”, Grandma said.

THE END

—

MacKenzie Mullick, 8th Grade
Joan MacQueen Middle School, Alpine, CA

Intergenerational Story

One icy day, Linda was dancing through the snow. She wore an iridescent wool coat her grandmother made for her that covered her whole body from head to toe. As she strolled through the streets of London it was almost as if she was blind from being giddy, she loved the snow, and Christmas, and everything in the winter. While she wasn’t paying attention to the rest of the world, as she was often in one of her own, she ran into a small, elderly lady who couldn’t have looked more cold, and not in the temperature kind of way. She had dropped what looked like groceries, and was now scrambling on the frigid ground to pick them up, Linda immediately apologized and got to her knees and started picking them up. The old lady gave her a strident stare. “I’ll help you take them home.” offered Linda humbly. The old woman gave a short sigh and beckoned her to follow. On the way to the old lady’s house Linda asked “ What’s your name?”

“Caroline Coggins.” Linda gasped as she walked faster to keep up with the old ladies shockingly swift pace.

“You mean the author of the cookbooks, Caroline Coggins!?”

“You know them?” She asked in curious yet boastful way.

“Of course they’re my absolute favorite!” The rest of the way to the house they babbled about the cookbooks as Linda was in awe, and Caroline was glad to have someone be as astonished about her cookbooks as she was. They eventually reached the house and Caroline invited her in for tea. They put the groceries away and prattled on some more. About more than cookbooks though, Linda started introducing more conversation about her life and her new boyfriend, Ronald and how she always cooks with her grandma. Carolines cold expression slowly faded away as she listened to Linda proceed to talk about her life with a kind of vehemence that was difficult to find so early on.

After a while it got dark out and Linda had waved goodbye, she grabbed her coat and placed her hand on the knob to leave when Caroline realised she wasn’t ready to end the conversations they had shared “Wait, Linda!” she turned around.

“Yes?” she said.

“Would you like to come back tomorrow, I was wondering if you’d type up some of my monograms.”
Linda gave a soft smile, “ I’d love to.”

—

Ma’Shaya Pryor, 6th Grade

Joan MacQueen Middle School, Alpine, CA

My Grandma’s Story

My grandmother has a lot of talents but the one thing that she enjoyed was cooking. The first thing she learned to make was tacos. She saw the sizzling meat make a nice smoky smell, the tortillas get nice and crunchy just calling her name. Her favorite music to listen to is church music because it makes her feel like God is sending her a message. When she looks over the ocean she imagines herself in the water with her husband so she can know or remember their times together. Three ways to control your health according to Grandma is heating healthfully, exercising, and eating less or so she says! Her favorite holiday is Thanksgiving because she gets to see her whole family together again all grown up and lovely. My Grandma will always be in my heart.

—

Dylan Rose, 8th Grade

Joan MacQueen Middle School, Alpine, CA

The Forgotten

When you look at your grandparents all you see is your grandparents, you don’t see 67-year-old couple with whole life full of experiences and adventure. While I sat down with my grandparents, listened to some of their stories, I opened up my eyes, I realized that there is much more to life than just some cell phone or video game. People “... back in the day” actually went out and explored the world, they weren’t just at home, on their phones playing Pokémon. I feel as if society today doesn’t listen enough to the elders’ stories, I had no idea that my grandparents went to Europe, or won the lottery, and all I had to do was ask. People nowadays don’t realize that they wouldn’t be here today if it weren’t for their elders, we all should have a lot more respect for them and sit down and actually listen to their stories, because some day they will not be here and we would have missed out on a fantastic story, and maybe you can learn something.