

MARGARET FORTNEY WESTMAN

MY GRANDPA, FRANK GARRY

My first memories of my maternal grandfather, Frank Garry, were his visits to our home on Pleasant Avenue, close to downtown St. Paul.

I was less than five years old, because we had moved the fall that I went to kindergarten. Grandpa must have been about seventy-one years old and was living with Aunt Mamie and Uncle John Quinn in the family home.

Grandpa would take the Selby-Lake streetcar down through the tunnel and get off at the bottom. Our home was just a block from the end of the tunnel. He always had a paper bag with peppermints (which I liked) or horehound drops (which I hated). I would take one so as not to hurt his feelings.

Later, when he was no longer able to make the trip, we would go to 610 Laurel to visit him. He was very deaf and getting quite feeble so he would spend most of the time in a rocker by the big front window. Sometimes in nice weather he would rock on the front porch.

Grandpa became confused and would go for a walk and wouldn't be able to find his way home, so Aunt Mamie or Uncle John would have to go after him. He still enjoyed his cup of "Ta" and Aunt Mamie's "Johnny-cake."

Grandpa died at home at the age of eighty-seven and was laid to rest next to his wife, Margaret O'Flynn Garry (who had died before I was born) in Calvary Cemetery. Whenever we visited their graves, I would picture Grandpa pulling his little paper bag out of his pocket and offering us children a piece of candy.