Grammy was very impatient with illness when it was her turn. She hated being ill, as I recall her. She was lying in bed during an attack of gallstones (?) one time and her daughter, who was much more feminine and soft-spoken, gathered her around her. Grandma, she mustered them courageously, rather shocked them by saying, "Well if I'm going to croak, I wish I'd hurry up and croak." She loved shocking them or anyone else who'd make a remark designed to shock them out of their own comfort and make their stomachs begin to shake with silent mirth. When reproached for laster remarks or a too critical choice of words by her more conventional family, she used to say, "I'm old enough to say what I please. I'm an old lady." And laugh some more. And click her Livik, Livik, Livik, Livik, Livik, Livik, Livik... and the window was closed and the window when the snow was complete.

She would have insisted it very much if anyone else had called her an old lady. And soon began to dislike being called "gramma" when
She got to be over seventy-five. She used to say, "I'm not an old granny! An old granny is a woman with a black cap who knits and goes to sleep over her knitting. I'm not like that." She loved the little in her younger days when there was really no question of old age. She kept all her faculties right up to her last illness. So she was not so steady on her pins the last couple of years and gave up going out almost entirely. It didn't matter very much as people came to see her. She loved callers and loved showing them her work receiving their admiration. She always appreciated her own work as much as anyone. She was not easily satisfied with it but when she had worked hard and produced a good thing she was not hesitant about proclaiming it. She admired and extolled her own work just as if it had been done by a stranger — she wouldn't let it fault and mistrust with a cool critical eye.

She was sick in bed only one month before she died. Just before she went to bed she said one morning, "Don't read the paper from beginning to end." (She always read three papers a day) and I can't remember anything since.
read, I'm going coo-coo & guess" pointing to her head and making circles with her forefinger. I protested that we all, and that remains - "Well I don't" she answered "my brain don't work any more. I'm getting ready to die." I tried to assure her that she wasn't, but she only said - "Of course I am, why shouldn't I? I've lived a long time, I'll die, pretty soon." she seemed to make up her mind to die - feeling that she had lived a good, rich life and if she lived any longer she'd be outliving her usefulness. She used to tease Emrie Williams a sentimental friend - by saying "Will you miss me when I die?" This never failed to bring tears to Emrie's eyes. After Granny would shake with silent laughter -

She requested no funeral no flowers and to be cremated in a pine box - "it's fees and trouble. The elevator in the apt we lived in was small. She used to twist the elevator toy by looking at me or trips up and down and saying - "When I die they have to get me out of this building (13 floors) they will have to expand the coffin and I'll slumber right down to the bottom." She did die in that building and we had to confer to each
other later, that we had all remembered Granny's remark about the elevator as they carried her out—

Granny didn't die of anything specific. She just went to bed and grew weaker and weaker and one day went into a coma from which she never recovered. She didn't want to live any longer, she didn't want to be an old helpless creature—so she died.

The family had all gathered and the nurse called us in at the last—I didn't go—somehow I couldn't watch the death through of Granny—she was in a coma and didn't need anyone anyway—I did go a later and am glad I did—Granny looked serene and gentle but most of all she looked like the death mask of Melville, all her beautiful sony structure showed and the wrinkles had smoothed out of her skin. She was so handsome and strong and fine looking—I stayed a long time—Unfortunately the undertakers wouldn't leave it as that—they put some on her neck and fixed her hair quite unlikewise. I fixed it back and took off what rags I could, knowing Granny would have despised it.

He couldn't comply with all her wishes about her funeral because pine
books are not available. However she
was cremated the day after she died in
a simple casket, and her ashes were
taken to cemetery and buried near
those of her husband. There were no flowers
except those of the family, and the simplest
gift ceremony at the cemetery—consisting
of music only.
Later Life and Death

Granny was very impatient with illness when it was her own; she hated being ill, it bored her. She was lying in bed during an attack of gallstones one time and her daughters were both there. Hermine lived with her then and Gertrude had come to see her. She startled them very much, or rather she shocked them by saying "Well if I'm going to croak, I wish I'd hurry up and croak". She loved shocking them or any one else. She'd make a remark designed to shock, then sit back and her ample stomach would begin to shake with silent mirth. When reprimanded for tactless remarks or a too blunt choice of words by her more conventional family she used to say - "I'm old enough to say what I please. I'm an old lady", and laugh some more, and click off her acoustican so no one could say anything more to her. She could always have the last word this way, and if she turned her head and looked out of the window her isolation was complete.

She would have resented it very much if anyone else had called her an old lady, and even began to dislike being called "Granny" when she got to be over seventy-five. She used to say "I'm not an old granny! An old granny is a woman with a lace cap who knits and goes to sleep over it. I'm not like that." She loved the title in her younger days when there was really no question of old age.

She kept all her faculties right up to her last illness, though she was not so steady on her pins the last couple of years and gave up going out almost entirely. It didn't matter very much as people came to see her. She loved callers and loved showing them her work and receiving their admiration. She always appreciated her own work as much as anyone. She was not easily satisfied with it but when she had worked hard and produced a good thing she was not hesitant about proclaiming its virtues. She admired and esteemed her own work just as if it had been done by a stranger - she could see its faults and merits with a cool critical eye.
she was sick in bed only one month before she died. Just before
she went to bed she said, one morning, "I've read the papers from be-
ginning to end (she read three papers daily) and I can't remember any-
thing I've read, I'M going coocoo I guess" pointing to her head and
making circles with her finger. I protested that we all did that
sometimes. "Well I don't" she answered, "My brain doesn't work any
more, I'm getting ready to die." I tried to assure her that she
wasn't but she said, "Of course I am. Why shouldn't I? I've
lived a long time I'll die pretty soon." She seemed to make up her
mind to die, feeling that she had lived a good rich life and to live
any longer would be out living her usefulness. She used to tease
Eunice Williams, a sentimental friend of my mother's, by saying "Will
you miss me when I'm gone?" This never failed to bring tears to
E.W.'s eyes and protestations. Then Granny would shake with silent laugh-
ter.

She requested no funeral, no fuss, no flowers, and to be cre-
mated in a pine box.
The elevator in the building we lived in was small (123 Waverly Pl, N.Y.C.)
She used to twit the elevator boy by looking it over on trips up and
down and saying "When I die, and you have to get me out of this
building, you will have to upend the coffin and I'll slump right
down to the bottom." She did die in that building and we, the family,
had to confess to each other later, that we had all remembered her
remark about the elevator as they carried her out.
Granny didn't die of anything specific. She just went to bed and
grew weaker and weaker, and one day went into a coma from which she
never wakened. She didn't want to live any longer. She didn't
want to be a helpless old lady, so she died.
The family had all gathered and the nurse called us in at the last.
I didn't go. I somehow couldn't watch her death, she was in a coma and
didn't need anyone. I did go in later and am glad I did. Granny
looked serene and younger, but most of all she looked like the death mask of Voltaire. All her beautiful bony structure showed and the wrinkles had seemed out of her skin. She was so handsome and fine and strong looking. I stayed a long time. Unfortunately the undertakers wouldn't leave it at that, they put rouge on her and fixed her hair quite unlike her. I fixed it back and took as much of the rouge off as I could, knowing that Granny would have despised it.

We couldn't comply with all her wishes about her burial because pine boxes were not available. However she was cremated the day after she died in a simple casket, and her ashes were taken to Oceanside and buried beside those of her husband. There were no flowers except those of the family, and those of Bob McKee, who must have seen the death notice in the paper and chose to ignore the "no flowers" part. He sent a large spray of yellow flowers, her favorite color, tho it must have been years since they had seen each other.

Just before she went into the coma my mother was standing in her door, and Granny lifted her hand and waved, "I'm going home," she said. My mothersaid, "You are home" Granny waved again, "You know what I mean," she said.