



Little Birdy

My grandpa on my dad's side was moving into an apartment and we got anything that he did not want. My mom was going through her ornaments. This one was very pretty and my grandpa said it was special. She had made it when she was about my older brother, Hunter age. She had made it home made.

I hadn't got to see her very much. She was in a nursing home by the age 60. She had a disease and we saw her once to twice a year. She had only been seventy when she died when I was ten. I will continue to pass it down through the years. She will always feel close to me. they will know my grandma was very artistic. That she was a bold person who was a strong fighter. The bird is a christmas ornament. She hung it on the tree every year and she loved animals.

She made it at an art class one day. With tinfoil and sequins and gold paint and wire. She had made it. She was very proud of herself. The bird took her about a month. She hung it on her tree every year. She has her signature written smally on the bottom. In gold I hang it with a flower from my friend and a painted birdhouse from my great grandma. It is in my room so I can stay close to her. Around Christmas I hang it on the tree.

The bird had been around since 1946. She was very happy for what she did. The bird is very small, about the size of my palm. I feel like she is my guardian angel and always there for me. When it is not on the tree I hang it by a birdhouse in my room. She reminds me of myself.

Reagan