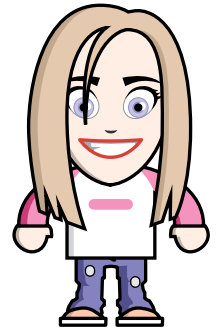


Student Example: Amy's 1.3 Diary Entry

Read Amy's 1.3 Diary Entry below.



Dear Diary,

I remember growing up with someone who loved me unconditionally.

My grandma was so important to me not only because of the regular "grandmotherly" things she did (baking cookies, knitting comfy sweaters, and buying flannel pj's for birthdays) but because she really believed in me. Whenever I saw her, her eyes would light up, she would embrace me completely (sometimes crushing my ribs and knocking the air out of me), and she would genuinely be interested in my life. Perhaps her life was boring and any tidbit of news about mine gave her reason to exist. She watched every dance recital I ever gave, clapping and cheering louder than anyone around her did.

Now that she is gone, I feel that no one in my life fully cares for me as much as she did. Parents are busy raising teenagers, friends are busy being their gossipy selves, and siblings can be meaner than sworn enemies can, and I really miss my grandmother's embrace. She loved me for who I am no matter what. Loving someone for love's sake is diminishing considerably in our society. A grandmother fills that void.

I wish I would have appreciated her love more when she was alive. I took it for granted that she would always be a part of my life and it crushed me when she died. Over time though I realize that my Gram is always with me. She is in my conscience, in my thoughtfulness to others, and in my ability to be real and sincere in my treatment of others. That is her legacy that is placed in my memory. Timothy Findley highlighted an important factor about childhood memory, "Remembering is more than honouring the dead... Remembrance is being one with them in memory."

~Amy