

Hi Grandpa, I thought that you might like to read this story I wrote about Grandma. I hope everything is fine down your way. Sometime soon I will come and pay a visit. Happy belated Valentines Day. I love you lots

Love: take
 care!

Karen:



Grandma Ruth

On August 23 1990 someone very dear to me passed away, Grandma Ruth, that's how we referred to this wonderful grandma, wife and mother. My grandma was a wonderful example of what God wants us all to be like. Ruth Valbourg was born on April 26 1913 and was married to Peder Tastad on March 1 1940 and together had three wonderful children, one of whom is my father, Garth Peter Tastad.

Grandma Ruth was a remarkable lady who was always there for me when I needed her. If I were to describe my grandmother I would say that she was a caring, loving person, and one of God's great servants. Even in her troubled times Grandma always put others before herself and never wanted to be a burden to anyone.

As long as I can remember grandma had always had medical problems. There were many times that I can remember visiting grandma in the hospital. My grandma and I had many things in common. Little did my grandmother know that I looked up to her in many ways. Our love for music was the same. Grandma and grandpa would always try to attend any or all of our Christmas concerts or piano recitals. Even the ones that we thought were not important meant the world to them. Grandma's love for her Lord and Savior was amazing. Grandma always knew that through the good and bad times that God was always there and his will would be done.

One particular visit when I was younger that I remember is when grandma told me that we were going to make angel food cakes. Angel food cakes with ice cream and strawberries were grandma's specialty. The baking of cakes and cookies, and the late night talks, and stories when I missed my mom and dad meant so much to me.

Near the end of grandma's time with us I was very privileged to be able to spend a great amount of time with her. Over the last three weeks of her life we watched her health deteriorate at a rapid pace. My family was all there and we each took turns keeping her company and reading the Bible to her. When I was born my

grandma made me a baby blanket which I laied on her lap during the time which she spent in the hospital.

The last memory of grandma that I have is the night that she passed away. That night my dad and I had finished reading the bible and singing to grandma and were getting ready to leave. Grandma was very confused as to why we were leaving. We called the nurses to come and calm her down. When the nurse came we then told grandma that we loved her and we would see her tomorrow. As we were driving home I felt very guilty for leaving. It felt like the last time that I would get to see her. The next morning we recieved a phone call that grandma had died peacefully in her sleep. At first I blamed myself by saying, "We shouldn't have left her last night." That guilt had soon passed when remembering the pain and suffering that grandma had gone through. I then knew that she was in a better place. Grandma had gone to be with her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.