

## Grandparents Speech

Their unique, special and BOY do they spoil me. Honorable judges, teachers and fellow classmates.

Yep, that's right, I'm talking about my very cool grandparents or as my family would call them "Nanny and Papa." We call our grandparents Nanny and Papa because it's just easier to say for the little ones and they think it makes them sound younger!

Let me tell you a little about my Nanny and Papa. My papa used to be a math teacher at Grey Highlands Secondary School, and my Nanny used to own the sewing store in Markdale.

After they both retired they sold everything, bought a trailer and hit the road. My mom calls them turtles (not because they're slow) because now they carry their home with them everywhere they go and they even bring their laundry too. They took their trailer and moved to Waterloo into a nice trailer park called "Green Acre Park."

Every year, during the summer Andy and I go to Waterloo and stay with Nanny and Papa for an entire week. Nanny and I do our girly things like shopping for 14 hours, we go see a chick flick, and we pretend to celebrate my birthday at a restaurant (six months early) just so I can get the fancy dessert!

Papa and Andy do their guy things like test driving convertible cars for the day, go flying in a three-seater airplane, and build something with lots of "man" tools!

We always end off the week by going out for dinner to my favourite restaurant called "Crossroads." Crossroads is an ALL DAY buffet, and you even get to eat dessert first (when you're with Nanny and Papa.)

Believe it or not my Nanny and Papa do not like the winter, now I know what you're thinking "**who doesn't like winter?**" So every time the snow comes, they drive to Florida and stay there for six long months.

Since they are away for the entire winter, then they miss Christmas, Easter and most

importantly MY birthday. So, on Thanksgiving we celebrate Christmas, every one's birthday, Easter, and of course Thanksgiving.

I'm tellin' ya this is one of busiest days of my life. We never stop eating and we get oodles of presents. Hey... I think I'm going to rename this holiday to "spoil your grandbabies day."

Then it's time to go... my Nanny cries rivers when she has to say goodbye and Papa, well... he says he'll write. Papa loves to write e-mails when he's in Florida, about his and nanny's CRAZY adventures. Like the one when Nanny asked a hairdresser for a hair cut, and the lady shaved off **ALL** her hair, or the time when Nanny sat on the fire extinguisher and coated the **ENTIRE** trailer with **FOAM**, or even, when Nanny went to bingo and took off her... well... let's just say she's not invited back there.

On a more serious note, I feel blessed, that God gave me the opportunity to know my Nanny and Papa. They're healthy, and happy, and fun to be with. I am the luckiest

kid on earth to have such awesome grandparents, and I love them.

Some day, when I'm a grandparent, I hope I'm just as cool and unique as my Nanny and Papa!

*By Jordan Fawcett  
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