

# Grandpa H. Memories

By: T. Dallin Larson

The only memory I have of Grandpa H. is when I was really young. We were down in Arizona for one Christmas I think. I'm not sure whose house we were at. It was a really big open house with tons of room for kids to run around. It almost reminded me of a cabin for some reason. I could be wrong. That year I think Grandma Ella or Jeanie made a bunch of sock balls for the little cousins to hit each other with. Holy cow, that was probably the best present we all received that year! We had sock ball wars ALL night long. We were probably told many times to not aim for the face, but that is the only part of the body I wanted to hit! There is a weird feeling of accomplishment when you hear that deep sounding thud after you plaster someone right in the side of the head. It was non-stop nailing younger cousins and siblings in the face while trying to make sure Matthew Dean stayed on my team so I could always win:) Well sometime throughout the night I saw Grandpa H. sitting there on the couch just watching us kids. He wasn't talking to anyone, just enjoying watching the commotion. I wasn't super familiar with Grandpa H. yet. I think just because we didn't live very close and so I hadn't been around him very much. I decided to sit by him and we maybe talked for a little bit. Then he told me to stick my hand out because he wanted to give me something. I was super excited! I mean it was Christmas time so I was more than happy to accept another present. As I stuck my hand out Grandpa H. put his hand to his mouth, pulled out his slobbery dentures and plopped them right into my little hand. My face was probably hilarious because all I remember is looking at his teeth in my hand with horror, looking back up at him and watching his whole body shake as he laughed at me! He laughed super hard! At that age I had no idea fake teeth even existed. So needless to say I was scarred for life!