



“Oh! You’ve laid your reading glasses between the dolls, Grandpa!” Cathy laughs.  
“Have I really?” Grandpa asks.  
“Boy, I’m pretty absent-minded these days.”

*That’s true, Cathy thinks.  
Grandpa loses things all the time.  
And he forgets a lot—even things that just happened.*

But Grandpa does remember things that happened when he was a child, very well.

Like that time he snuck into the priest's garden to go cherry picking,  
and the maid chased him away. "Her cheeks were as red as . . . cherries!"

Grandpa always adds as his eyes twinkle with fun.

