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# In My Grandmother's Garden

A MUSICTALE by Kit Eakle

Illustrations by Jean Eakle with Aubyn Eakle



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# In My Grandmother's Garden

A **MUSICTALE** *with music and lyrics*  
by **Kit Eakle**

*Illustrations*  
by **Jean Eakle**  
with **Aubyn Eakle**



A **MUSICTALE**  
by **MUSICKIT**

778 Western Dr., Point Richmond, CA, 94801

[www.musickit.com](http://www.musickit.com)

2001





**Hi! My name is Aubyn.**

This book is a true story about me and my grandmother. When I was younger, my grandparents would take care of me at their house when my parents couldn't be home with me. Some of my happiest moments were spent in my grandma's garden planting or picking flowers.

When my father came to get me I was often asleep. Driving home, I'd dream half-waking dreams of the day. My head and heart are still full of memories of those times.

I remember picking flowers to make little bouquets in tiny doll vases. We would set up a stand in the garden and pretend to sell them to imaginary customers. As there were no real customers, we gave all the bouquets to Grandpa. Sometimes Grandma and I painted our bouquets. We gave the paintings to Grandpa too.

Grandpa passed away several years ago. Yet it seems like only yesterday he smiled tenderly as I handed him the bouquets. The flowers have long since faded, but our paintings still remind us of those sunny days. I hope you enjoy them — and this song my uncle Kit says our pictures inspired him to write. Perhaps they will inspire you to make memories of your own.

♥ Aubyn



In my grandmother's garden, at her home by the Bay,



The morning sunshine promised an almost perfect day.

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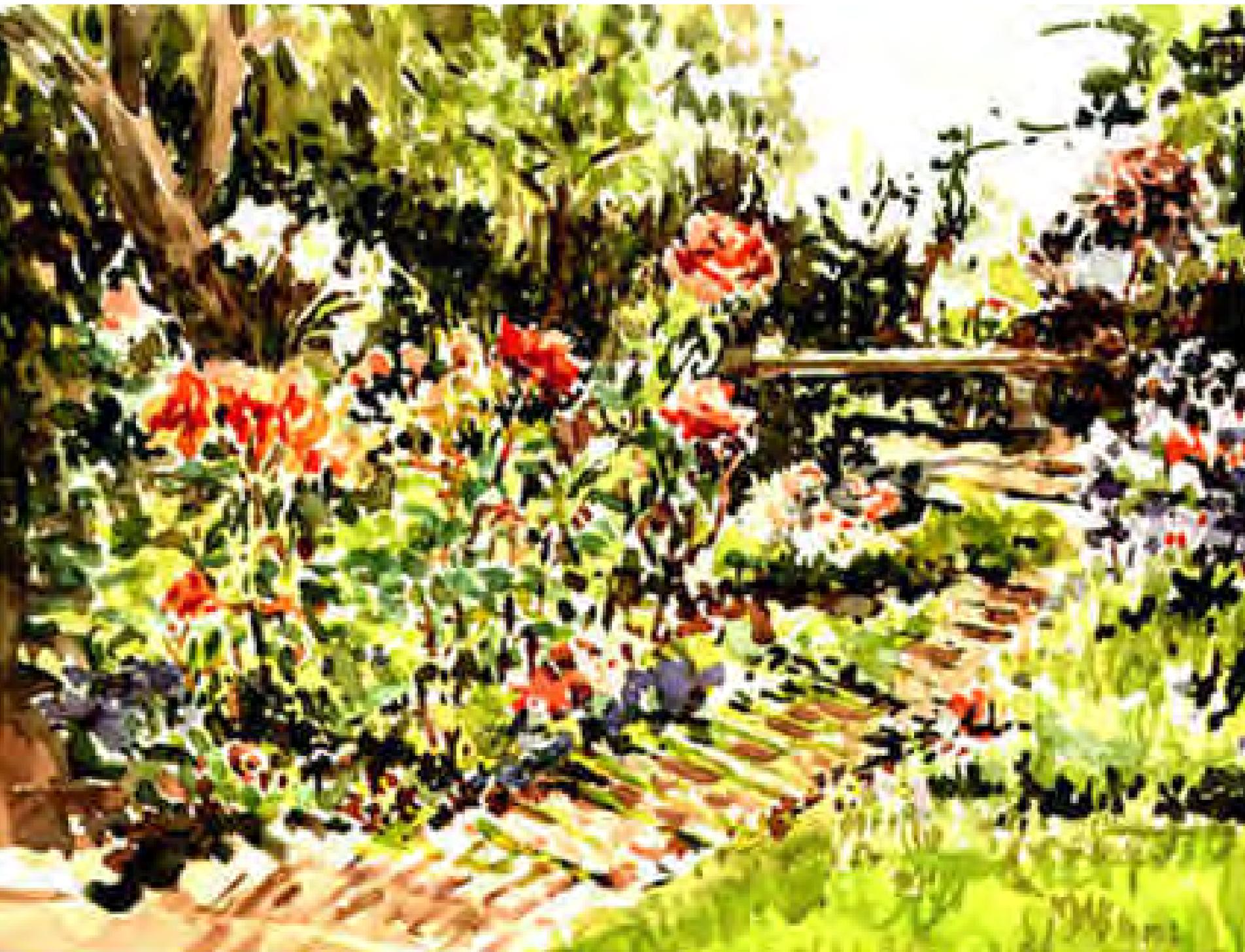


So many fragrant flowers, with colors shining bright



All washed clean by the golden sheen of the San Francisco light...

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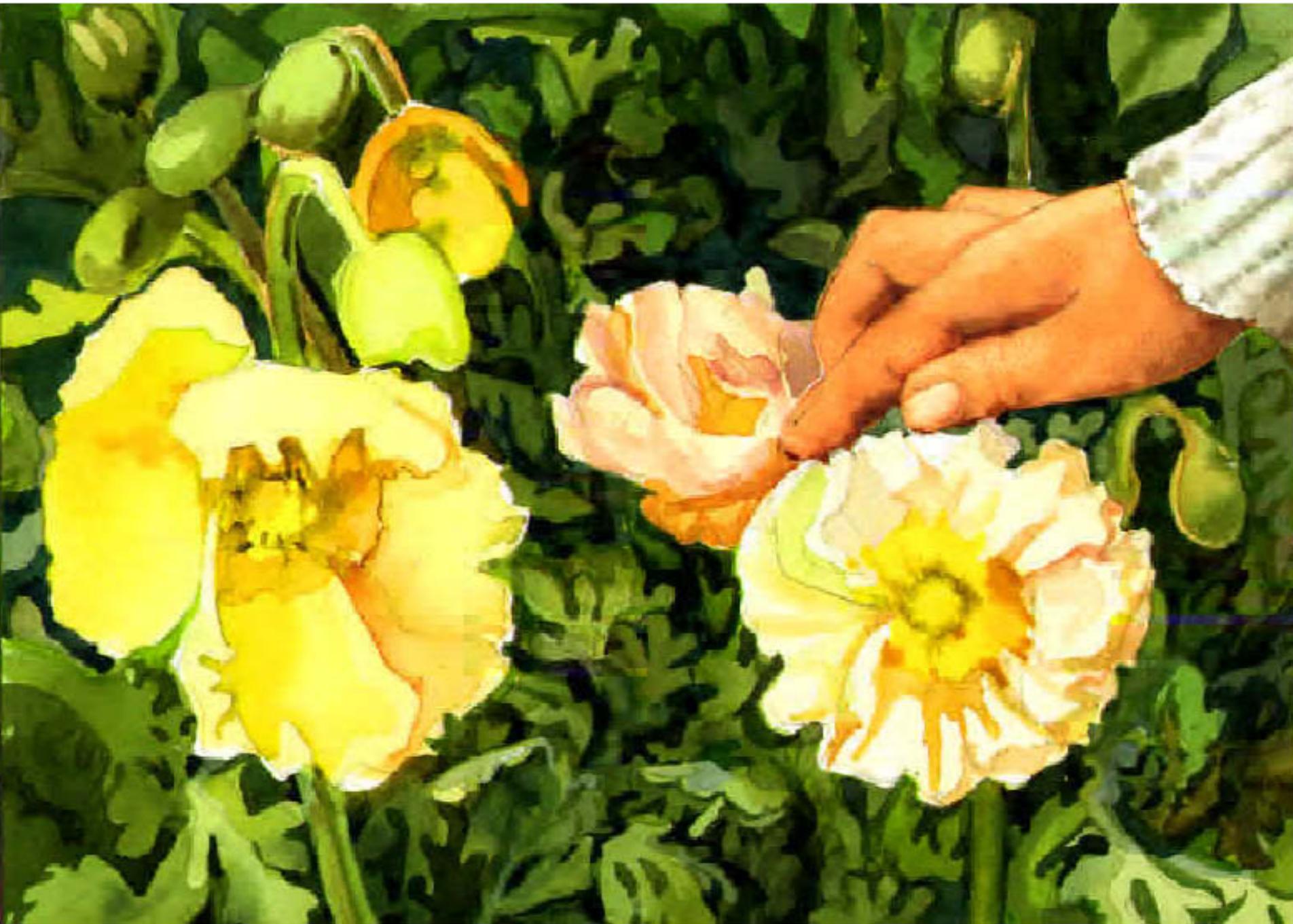


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In my grandmother's garden.

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As an artist, grandma told me, her flowers taught her to see.



So we picked bouquets of blossoms observing carefully.

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As daylight changed their colors, we played with colors too.



While Grandma sat painting me in my hat, I painted every hue...





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In my grandmother's garden.

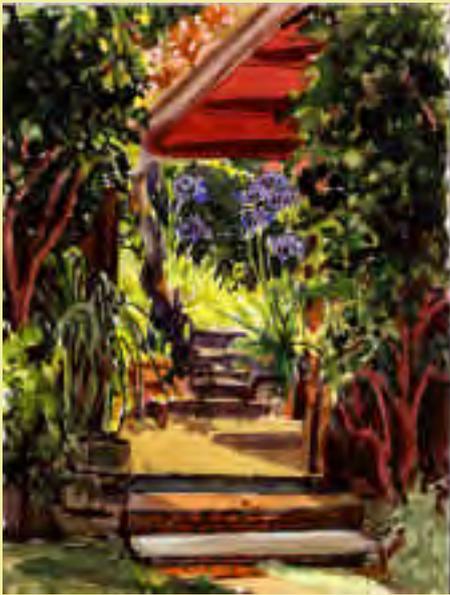




**Buy Me Now!**



In my grandmother's garden we painted all afternoon.



Enchanted by flowery visions, our light began to fade too soon.

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We brushed the last strokes carefully and as the wet paint dried,



I looked with awe at all she saw with new eyes opened wide...





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In my grandmother's garden.





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As the day turned towards evening just before the sun had set



We showed grandpa our flowers though the petals were still wet.





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Grandpa smiled so tenderly, I climbed into his lap...



Now, Grandpa's gone, but I still dream on in my memories of that nap...

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In my grandmother's garden.

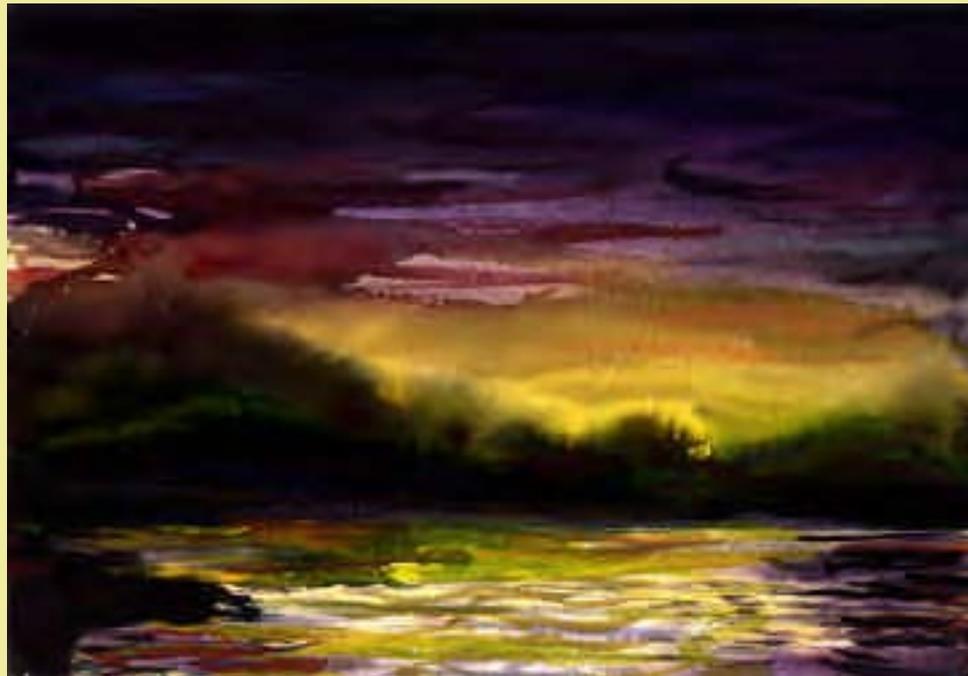




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In my grandmother's garden shadows stole the light.



The evening sunlight faded turning daylight into night.



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My Papa woke me saying, "My love it's time to go."



That day has gone but tomorrow the sun will shine again I know...





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And my heart still burns with all I learned from her wise eyes long ago...



In my grandmother's garden.



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The publisher/author wishes to acknowledge all those who have given their help and support creating this book including: Peggy Geary; Lucia Eakle, Juanita Newland-Ulloa and her daughter, Cristina; Ellen Troyer and family; all the kids at Reed Elementary School; Eduardo at Craft Press; Laurie Lewis, Matt Eakle, John Burr, Alex Baum for their music; all the music educators and teachers I have worked with over the years, my friends at OAKE and KSC; but most of all to my mother, Jean, and niece, Aubyn Rose, who let me tell their story.

“I love you Grandma” - “I love you Aubyn.”



*In My Grandmother's Garden*  
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Illustrations 2001 by Jean Eakle  
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Summary A young girl learns the joys of art and painting with her grandmother in her garden

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1 Music 2 Art — painting — watercolor

I Title

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For more information see  
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# In My Grandmother's Garden

by Kit Eakle

G Eminor G Eminor D7

In my grandmother's garden, at her home by the lake, the morning sunbeams painted an almost perfect day. In

G Am7 Eminor D7 G Eminor Am7 Eminor D7 G

many fragrant blossoms, with colors changing hourly. All washed clean by the golden stream of the first Hawaiian light. In my grandmother's garden.

## Verse 2:

As an artist grandma told me her flowers taught her to see  
 So we picked bouquets of blossoms observing carefully.  
 As daylight changed their colors we played with colors too.  
 While grandma sat painting me in my hat,  
 I painted every hue in my grandmother's garden.

## Verse 4:

As the day turned towards evening, just before the sun had set,  
 We showed grandpa our flowers though the petals were still wet.  
 Grandpa smiled so tenderly, I climbed into his lap.  
 Now grandpa's gone, but I still dream on  
 In my memories of that nap in my grandmother's garden.

## Verse 3:

In my grandmother's garden we painted all afternoon  
 Enchanted by flowery visions our light faded all to soon.  
 We brushed the last strokes carefully and as the wet paint dried,  
 I looked with awe at all she saw  
 with new eyes opened wide in my grandmothers garden.

## Verse 5:

In my grandmother's garden shadows stole the light.  
 The evening sunlight faded turning daylight into night.  
 My papa woke me saying, "My love it's time to go."  
 That day has gone but tomrrow the sun will shine again I know.  
 And my heart still burnes from all I learned from those wise eyes long ago...  
 In my grandmother's garden.



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