

# Hovering Grannies

by Jenna Griffiths

## On reclaiming unconditional love

Did you have the privilege of 'owning' at least one granny while you were growing up? A real time hovering (or is that hoovering!) guardian angel? That one person who was 100% there for you no matter what; a safety net between castles in the sky and the fast approaching, hard hitting ground.

If you didn't, let me tell you the good news first. It's never too late to have a hovering granny! I'll tell you how you can get one of your own later but first let's explore why.

My granny had a blue rinse. Her face folded and creased, eyes all knowing; hair stacked like soft cumulus clouds, she was my soft landing between a rock and a hard place.

## What makes a granny so special?

Grannies always have time to listen. They see what other adults are too busy to see. Grannies are there with a tissue when no-one else even knew you needed one. When you fall, Grannies pick you up, soak the grit out of your knees and brush away the tears. And say meaningless things that express infinite meaning, like 'there there dear!'

Grannies tell you long beautiful stories and listen to yours with all ears and heart and never complain even though their shoes pinch and their ankles throb and their lives probably have deeper shadows than those you imagine scratching on your window at night.

Grannies let you lick the bowl when they are baking. Mine made delicious scones and Cornish pasties and rich homemade ice-cream. They never expect anything in return except to know you are happy.

Granny's knit socks untiringly. In a thousands different shades of blue or grey that never quite match if you mix them up or lose one. This is their way of teaching you about life's little irritations.

Grannies are both angels and dragons at the same time.

When I had nightmares and was too frozen with fear to dash the distance to my parents' room, my granny would come and fetch me. She'd hold me tight and tuck me under the blankets of her narrow bed where I could lie between the cold hard wall and her soft warm body. Her thin papery skin was an invincible shield. It needed to be that thin to wake the sleeping dragon inside her so no shadows could pass.

A granny is someone you can easily take for granted because she is always there. Sometimes she seems to be part of the furniture. Maybe, like me, you criticized her because she didn't seem to have a life of her own. Maybe it'll take half a lifetime to realize the gift she gave you. The gift of being present, the real present in our lives.

## Discovering your inner Granny

I think I'm going to steal and reinvent the word 'G-spot'  
That sweet spot. Deep in your heart where your inner granny resides. Place of deep self care.

This is a secret. Can you keep it? How I silenced the inner critic; that sadist who has had me by the throat much of my life. I set my granny on him! Do you remember the rabbit in Monty Python who protected the cave full of treasure instead of a dragon?

Grannies look harmless but they can be real dragons when they need to be. Just throw a crooked look at one of their grandchildren to see what I mean. Suddenly you'll see flames coming out of their nostrils that can melt steel.

So, how do grannies neutralize the inner critic, that Mr Not Enough who keeps telling you everything you do is crap?

Their technique is 'the pin popping the balloon'.

They say, 'just ignore him dear. He's only a silly old fart. Do you know, he's actually trying to help you. It's the only way he knows how!'

And, do you know what? ...it works like a charm!

So each time your inner critic lifts his head and you spot him, pat yourself on the back for seeing him dart behind the curtain.

He'll say what do you know anyway? You'll never get it right!

And your inner G will say, "Watch out dear, he's up to his tricks again...must have his tampon in crooked."

What do you mean men don't wear tampons?  
No wonder the world is such a mess.

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