

Bookends

Grigsby: Bookends

by Allison Grigsby

He'd loved Linda Marie with all he had. When they had grandchildren he started calling her "Mamaw Precious" so they would know how adored she was.

"Bookends, that's what we are!" he'd said. "I'm on one end, you're on the other, and everything is held together. It's perfect."

They'd been married fifty years. The countless memories made quite a row of books containing stories of terrible suffering and immense joy. When one bookend fell down, the books hit the floor and the spines cracked, revealing the tales of their lives for the whole family to shelve again.