

Meditation for Adalyne Robertson
Saturday, October 21, 2006

"Y Instead of I"

Adalyne was given the spelling of her name that later she would change.

Adalyne was born

Adaline--A-D-A-L-I-N-E,

Marye--M-A-R-Y-E.

There is some speculation among the family

that she liked the "Y" in Marye so much

that she changed the spelling in her first name--

An "I" to a "Y."

A-D-A-L-Y-N-E.

I only knew Adalyne as the Adalyne with a "y"

and so was somewhat perplexed when I saw her name spelled with
the "I."

I asked her granddaughter Suzette about it.

"She thought the "y" was prettier," she said.

Genealogy wise: Her name is spelled with an "i"

Preference wise: She spelled her name with a "y"

This now discovered fact, about my friend Adalyne,
captures her spirit for me.

Adalyne thought the "y" was prettier

and so she changed the spelling of her name.

That's what she decided to do.

That's the way she decided it would be.

My experience with Adalyne was that she decided how life was to be lived,
how life was to be

and for her,

that is how it was.

And the way Adalyne decided how life was to be lived

was by ensuring that every person she came into contact with

knew in that moment
that they were the most special person in the whole world.

When you were in Adalyne's company,
she treated you with respect.
She was interested in what you had to say.
She listened to your stories.
She welcomed you into her space.

She thought the "y" was prettier.
I can also imagine
that she thought life lived with an attitude of compassion and
kindness
was prettier too.

The way Adalyne decided how life was to be lived
was by showering her family with praise and encouragement.

No matter what they did,
her grandchildren conveyed to me,
she was full of praise for them,
she was full of love for them.

She thought the "y" was prettier.
I can also imagine
that she thought life lived with a genuine love expressed for her
family
was prettier too.

The way Adalyne decided how life was to be lived
was with a sense of humor.

Her grandson Scott tells of her living room and the big gray down couch.

"It was one of my favorite places," he says.
"The cushions were big and puffy as though some one had filled them
with air.

Whenever I passed the couch,
I would get on the the cushions and squash them flat
because I knew that in a little while the cushions would fluff
back up
and I could do it again.

When I visited Grandmommie a few short years ago,
I told her of the fun I had with that couch
and how it would always fluff back up.

She informed me that that couch needed some help to regain its shape.”

I saw Adalyne just about every month when we would take her communion.
Quite frankly, I and the elders who went with me,
tried to save our visit with Adalyne for the last,
because being with her was such a joy.

Earlier this year,
about three months before her 103rd birthday
we arrived at her room,
and she informed us that
“My hearing isn’t what it used to be and I can’t see
well anymore.

I’m slowing down, I guess.”

And she said it with that twinkle in her eye.

And then there was the Halloween when she came to visit Suzette, Yvonne and
Curtis,
and much to her pleasure,
scared them with her homemade costume.

Adalyne thought the “y” was prettier.
I can also image
that she thought life lived with a sense of humor
was prettier too.

The way Adalyne decided life was to be lived
was to pay attention to the people around her.

She cared for her mother;
she sent letters to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren from a fairy;
When her family would come for visits:
she taught them to make biscuits;
she would take them on bus rides into DC;
she would take them on picnics;

she led adventures in the backyard to look for thistles and sassafras root to make tea.

And on a personal note,
she remembered my wedding anniversary
and every November she would wish me a happy
anniversary and would ask about my husband.

Adalyne thought the “y” was prettier.
I can also imagine
that she thought life lived paying attention to the people around
her
was prettier too.

Compassion and kindness,
praise and encouragement,
a sense of humor,
paying attention to the people around her.

She did, in fact, I believe,
exhibit the love Paul writes about--
patient,
kind,
self-giving,
serving others,
rejoicing.

Compassion and kindness,
praise and encouragement,
a sense of humor,
paying attention to the people around her--
All the ways life could be lived
and love could be exhibited
that made the parts of the world Adalyne touched
prettier.

I imagine each of us has stories about the ways Adalyne touched our lives,
and made them prettier.

Perhaps the finest way we can give thanks to God for the blessing of having
known her
is by touching the lives of others,
and making them prettier too.

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