

Letters

[Donna Hughes](#)

When I was young, my grandma lived two hours away
When I first learned to write, I had a lot to say
I wrote her a letter every week
She couldnt wait to get them, she couldnt wait to see
What I was doing and all about my friends
What I was dreaming, places I had been
What I was hoping that I could be some day
I wrote it in my letters and I mailed them all away
She always wrote me back, every single week
And how I loved to get her letters from the time I could read
Years later I was going through her things
And I found all the letters, she had saved for me
When she went to Heaven, I cried so many tears
But shes here in these letters, after all these years

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