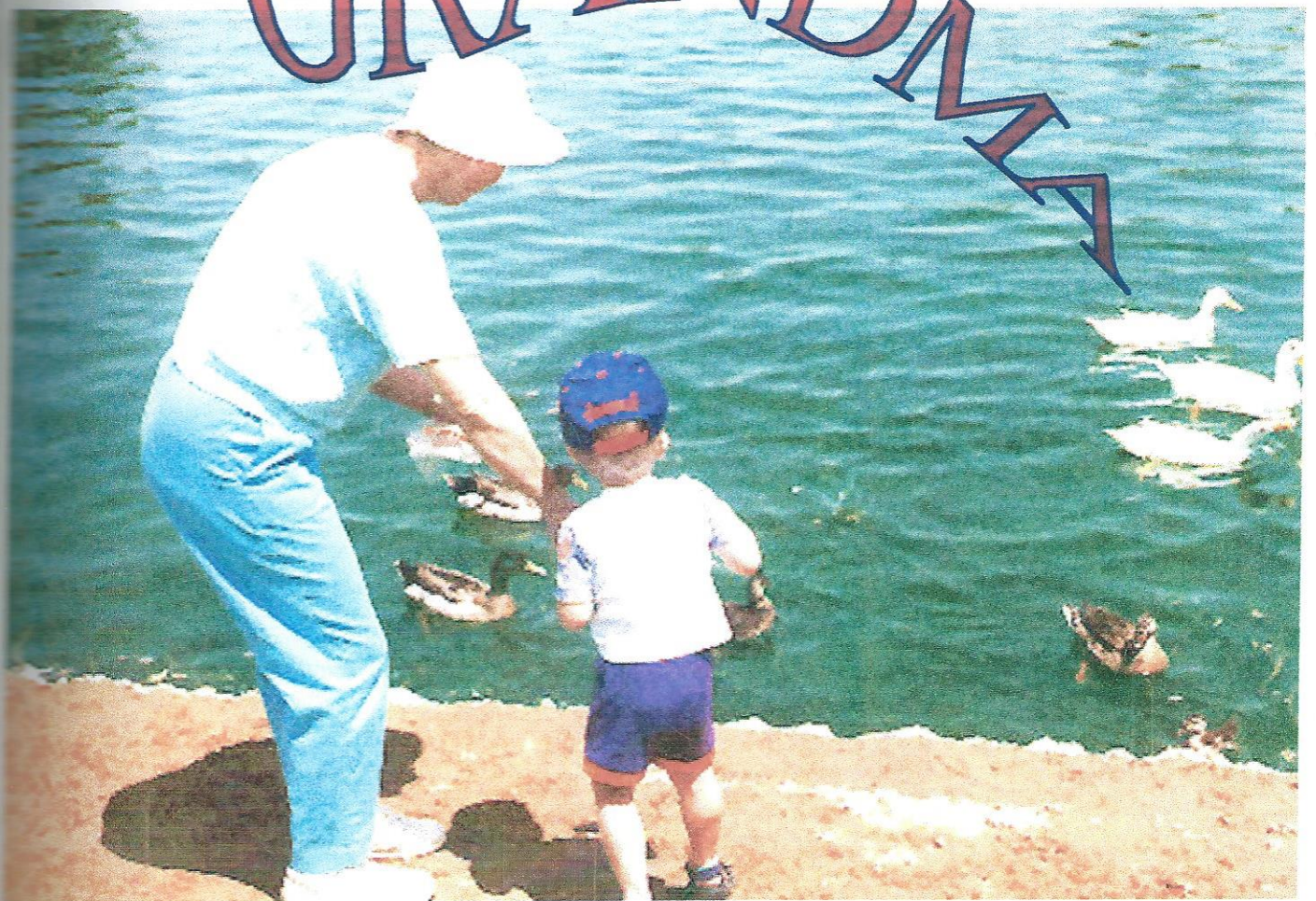


A DAY IN THE PARK

with GRANDMA



By
Elaine J. Roark
Photographs by Dallas M. Roark

A desk top Publishing
Dal-Mor Publishers
Emporia, KS.
1996

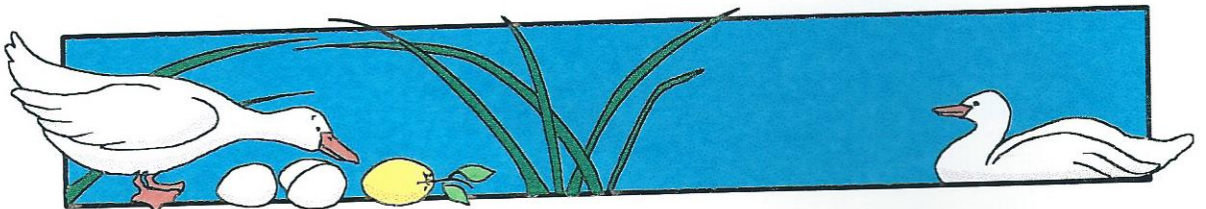


Grandma and I like to go to the park. We walk hand in hand



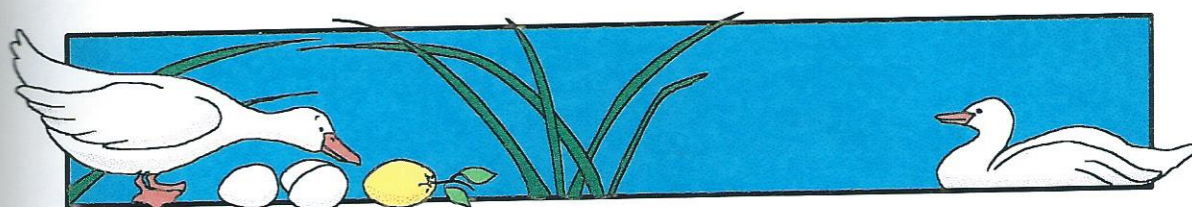


We feed the ducks.



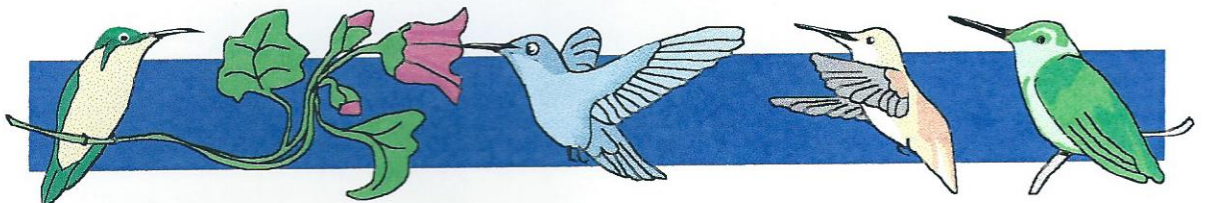


Or sit by the waterfall and watch the ducks swim by.



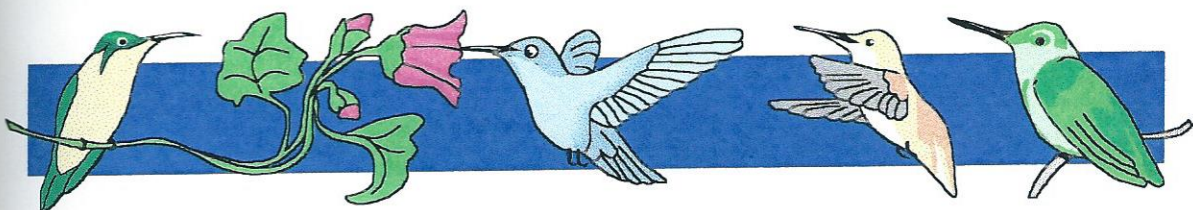


I swing on the swings. Grandma pushes me high in the air.



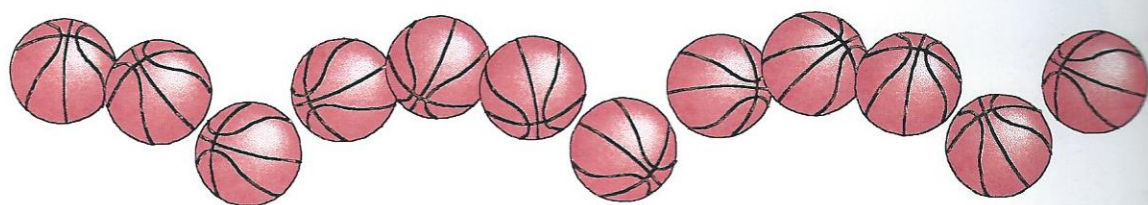


Sometimes Grandma swings too. I laugh. Sometimes I push Grandma.



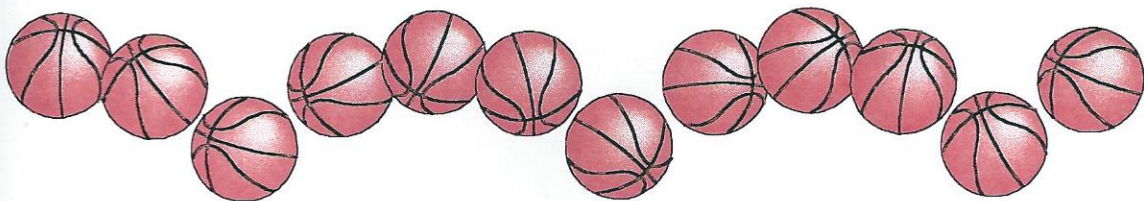


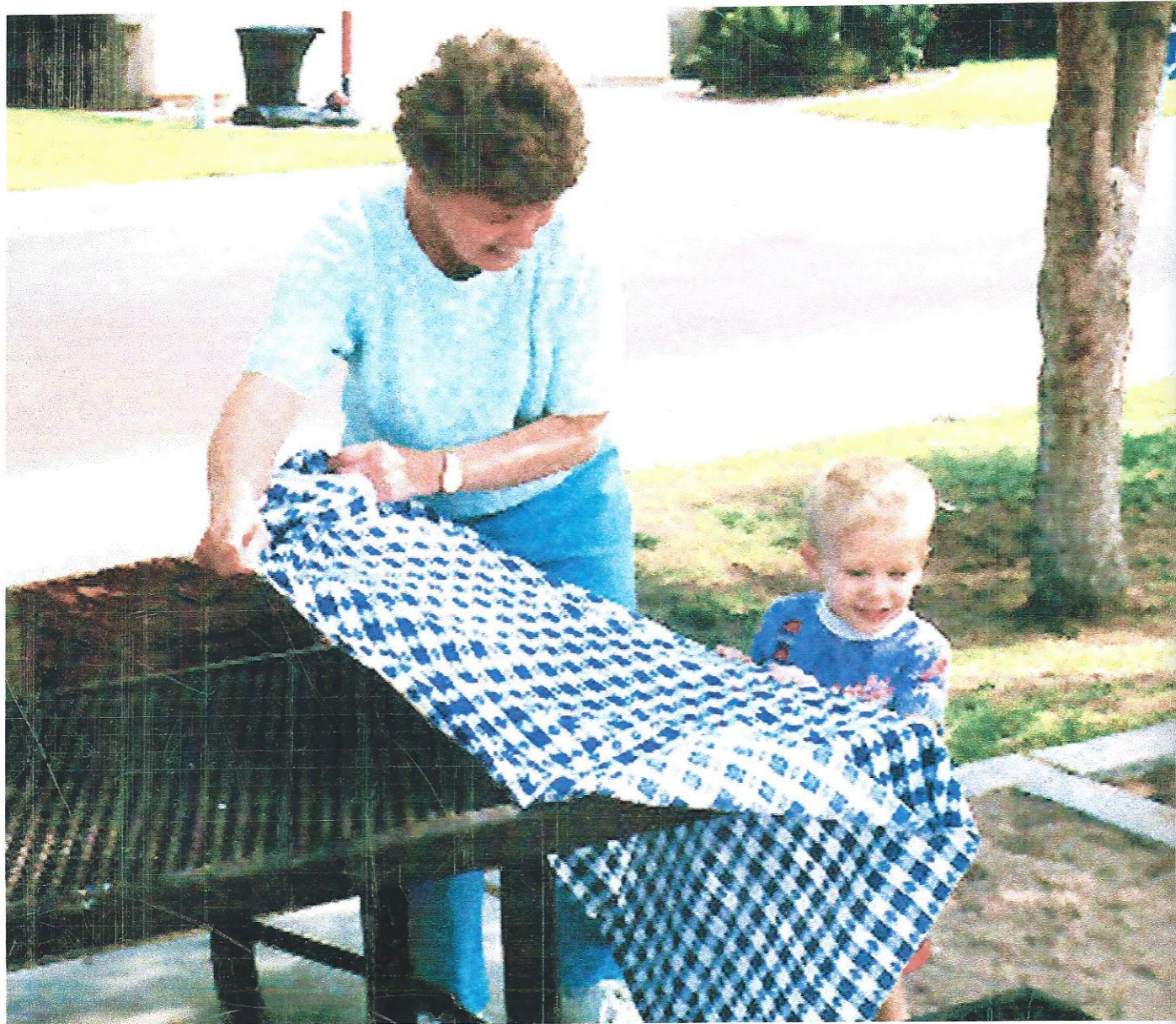
I slide down the slide.



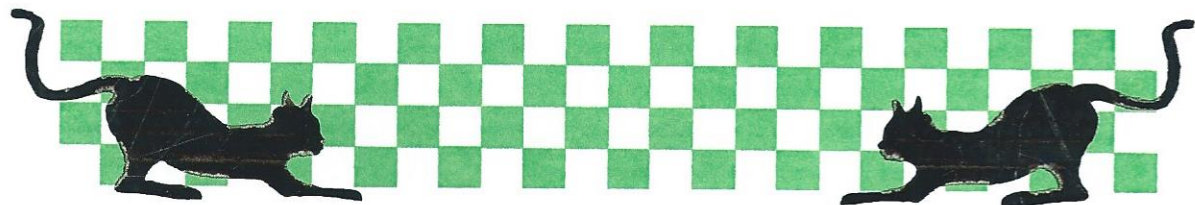


Grandma is proud of me. She says, "Whee!"





**Grandma spreads the checkered table-cloth on a picnic table,
I help her.**



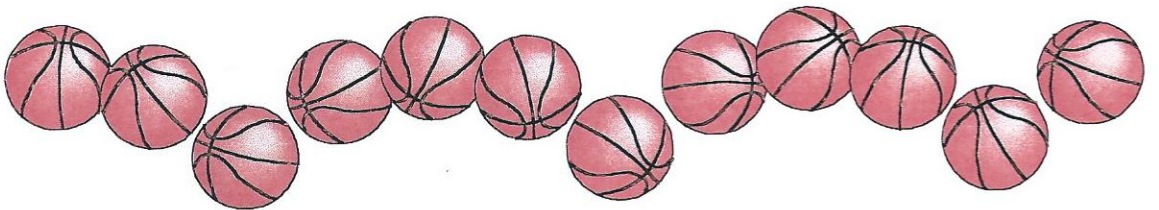


We eat lunch. Picnics are fun!



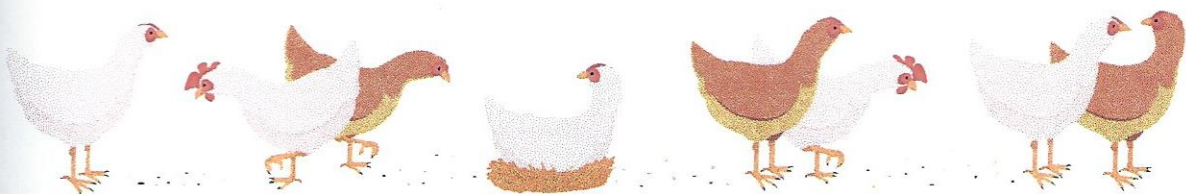


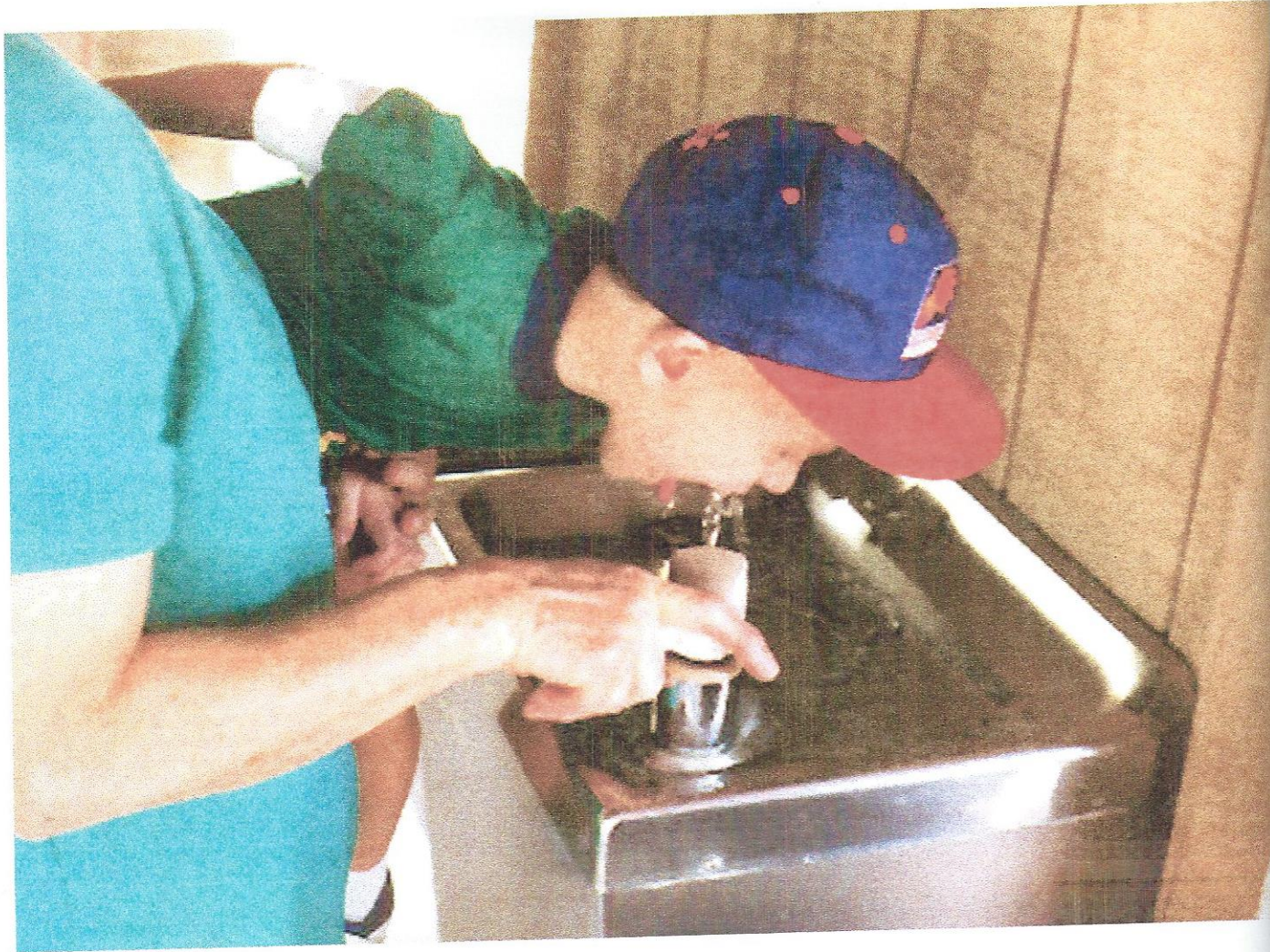
We play catch with my ball.





I play in the sand. I can see my shadow.





When I get thirsty Grandma gives me a drink of cold water
from the drinking fountain.



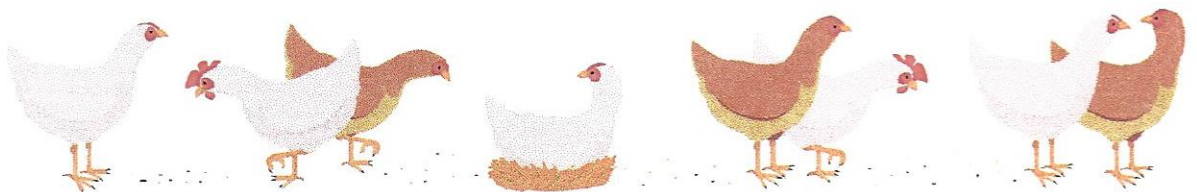


**We eat ice cream cones by the carousel.
We both like ice cream.**



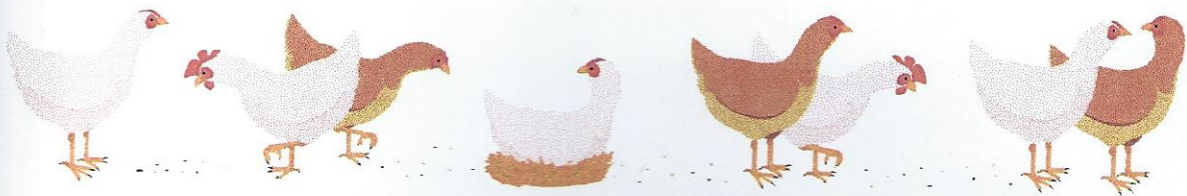


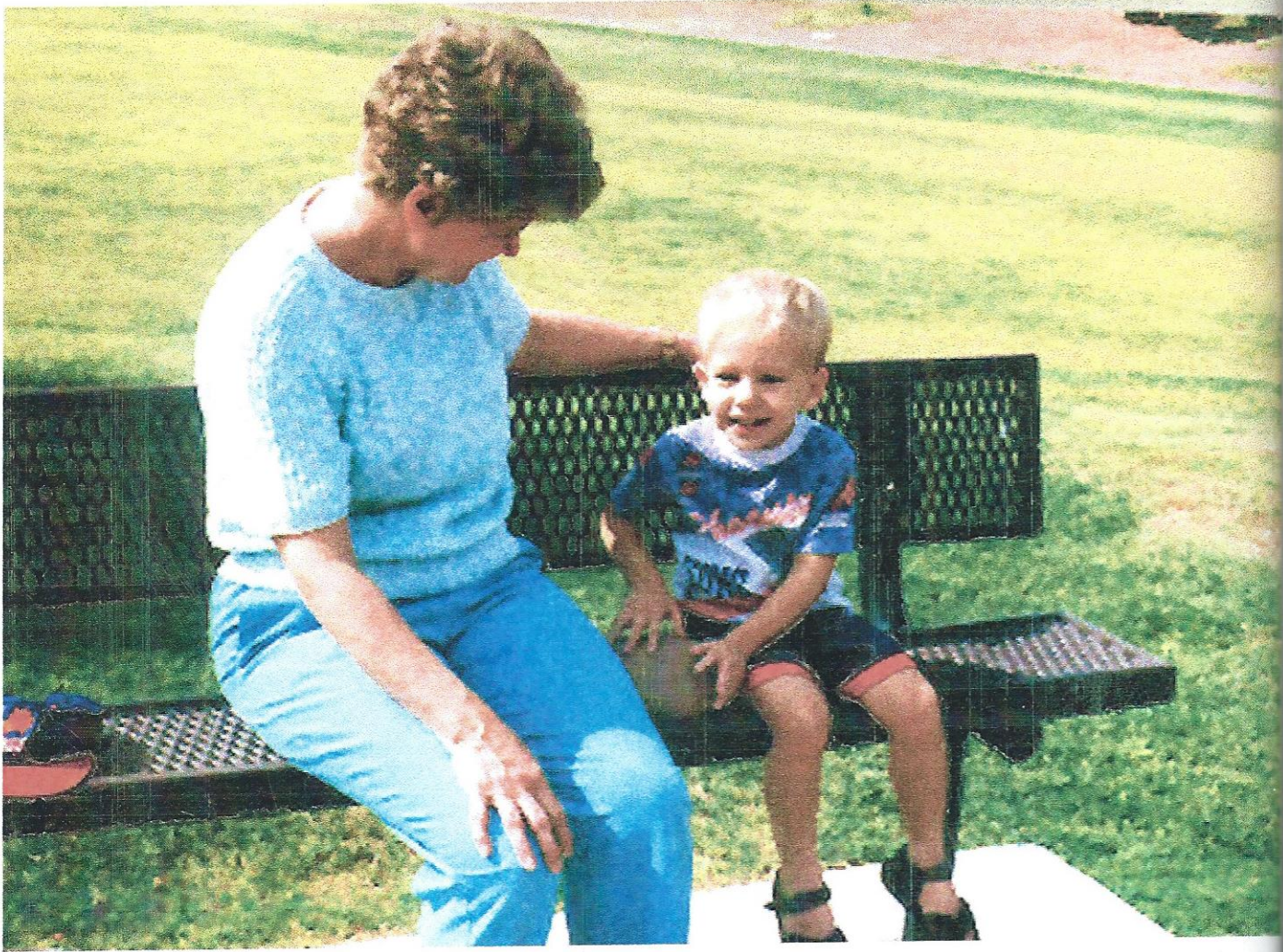
**Sometimes we fly a kite. Grandma's kite has many colors.
It has a long tail and red streamers.**



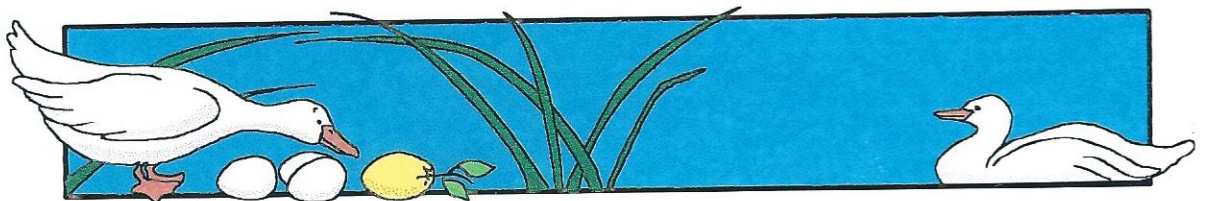


**I hold the string and fly the kite all by myself
while Grandma watches.**





Other times we just sit and talk.





Grandma says the best part is just being with me.

