I suppose it must be so; with everybody, but the minute I open my eyes in the morning I know it's going to be a wonderful day or just an ordinary day. Sometimes I hurry out of bed fairly rubbing my hands together and saying "Yipee! What a glorious day!! What'll I do with it? Then I can think of a dozen things that would be fun to do; and all day long I find myself bouncing over with something—a something that makes me want to laugh and sing and do big things; but then on somedays I wake up and I am just plain awake and the glorious feeling of being able to catch the day by its shiny tail and swing myself and everything in sight isn't there. Though I don't know why this is, I suppose it is best to have both kinds of days, so that I may have something very special in store for me.

I suppose you'd have to ask your grandmother whether they would tell their children that their grandmother would do anything she could to make them laugh and remember and be grateful.