

# Grande Finale

by Angie

Elizabeth was very old now. She could no longer stand long, but she had wanted to paint this last picture.

She pulled the cord to let down the awning, then put away her brushes and paints. She tapped a pipe message then sat in her wheelchair to wait. She was now content.

Not many days later, a sombre line filed past a painting of everyone in the community, hands joined and raised in celebration. At one end, a tiny woman in a smock was painting herself.

Beneath the family portrait she had written, "I remembered so you will not forget."