

## My Old Nana



The smell of banana cake brings a rollercoaster of memories.

I think back to my old nana who always made me my favourite cake, a banana cake.

The warm baked smell was like nothing to compare.

My old nana was truly old and with her age came wisdom and patience.

Her face was weathered by the sun because she loved to garden. The creases deep in her skin crinkled when she smiled or laughed. I found this especially noticeable around her eyes. Her eyesight faded in the later years and a cataracts operations slowed the deterioration of her sight.

In the later years she had short, grey hair that slowly turned as white as snow.

My nana has the most amazing hugs and when she wrapped her arms around me I felt as safe as a caterpillar in a cocoon. Her voice was always music to my ears because she never raised her voice with me.

My old nana was a special member of my life and would share the most amazing family stories about my mother when she was growing up. She told me plenty of old Samoan stories that always had a meaning such as the one about the octopus and the rat. She often would correct my Samoan language and taught me advanced Samoan vocabulary.

When I was with her I always felt safe and protected. I miss my old nana and often think of her when I am gardening or eating fish head.