

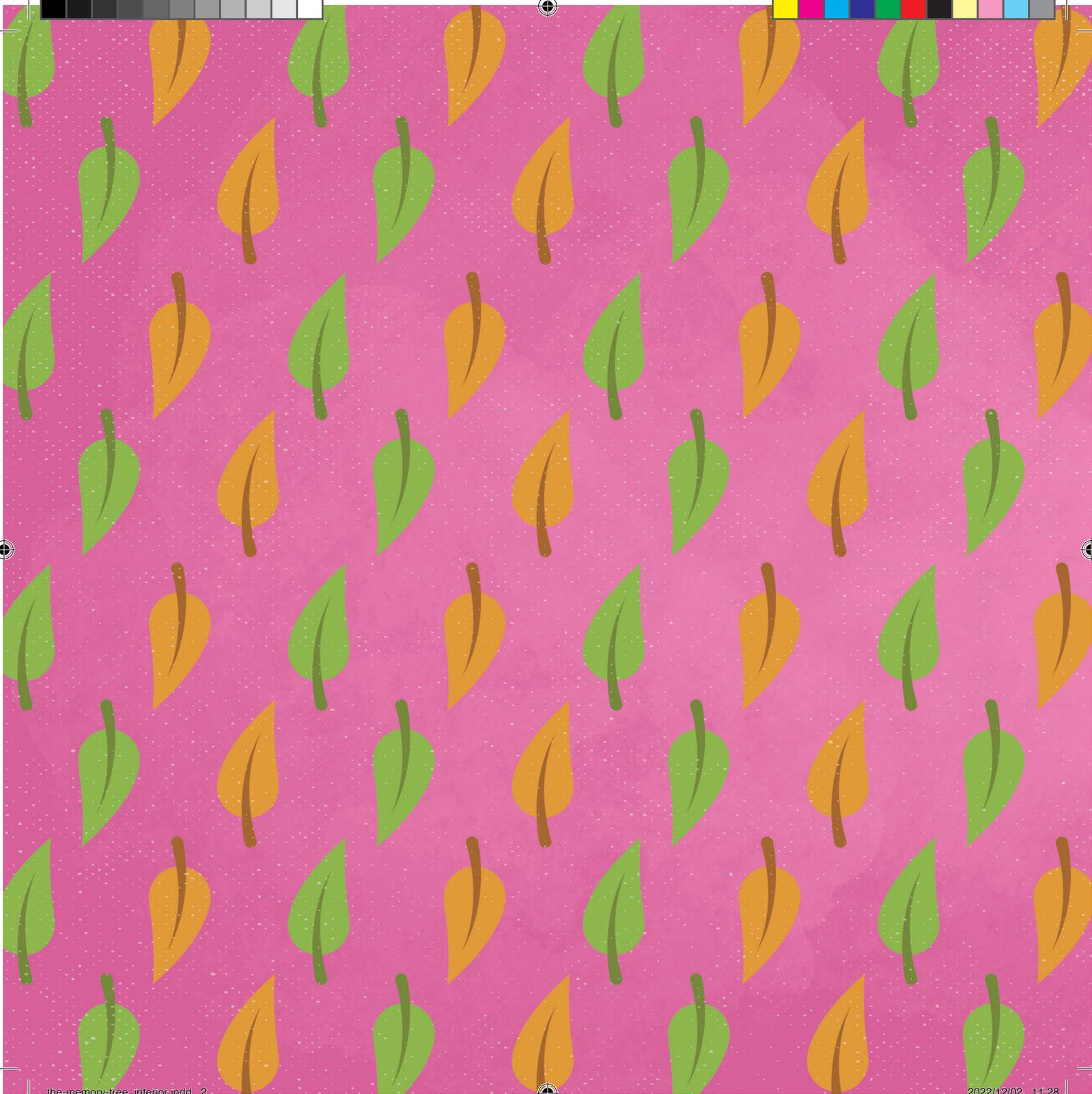


# The Memory Tree

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The Memory Tree

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with the help of the Book Dash participants in Durban on 29 October 2022

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# The Memory Tree



Savnola Goldridge • Agrippa Mncedisi Hlophe • Jason Gien



Thembi and Thulani like to visit the  
park with Grandpa Nathi.

They love their Grandpa Nathi.







Beep  
Beep  
Beep





But Grandpa Nathi is very sick in the hospital. His eyes are closed.

The machine next to Grandpa Nathi goes beep, beep, beep.

“Mommy, why won’t Grandpa Nathi sing with me?” asks Thembi.

Mommy says, “Grandpa Nathi can still hear you. His heart is singing with you.”





At home, Thembi and Thulani  
are waiting at the window.

Mommy and Daddy are taking  
so long at the hospital.

Then Thembi sees Mommy and  
Daddy walk up the driveway.

“They are back!”









Mommy and Daddy are very sad.

“What’s wrong?” asks Thembi.

Her tummy feels sore.

Mommy’s voice is very quiet.

“Grandpa Nathi was old and sick.  
The doctors couldn’t make him better.”

Her eyes fill with tears, “we won’t be  
seeing Grandpa Nathi again.”





Thulani is sitting outside under  
Grandpa Nathi's favourite tree.

He doesn't feel like playing with  
Thembi. He wishes Grandpa Nathi  
could read him a story.









Thembi is angry and throws her doll.  
“Why did Grandpa Nathi have to die!”

Mommy pulls Thembi close on her lap.

“It’s okay to be angry,” says Mommy.  
“I miss Grandpa Nathi, too.”



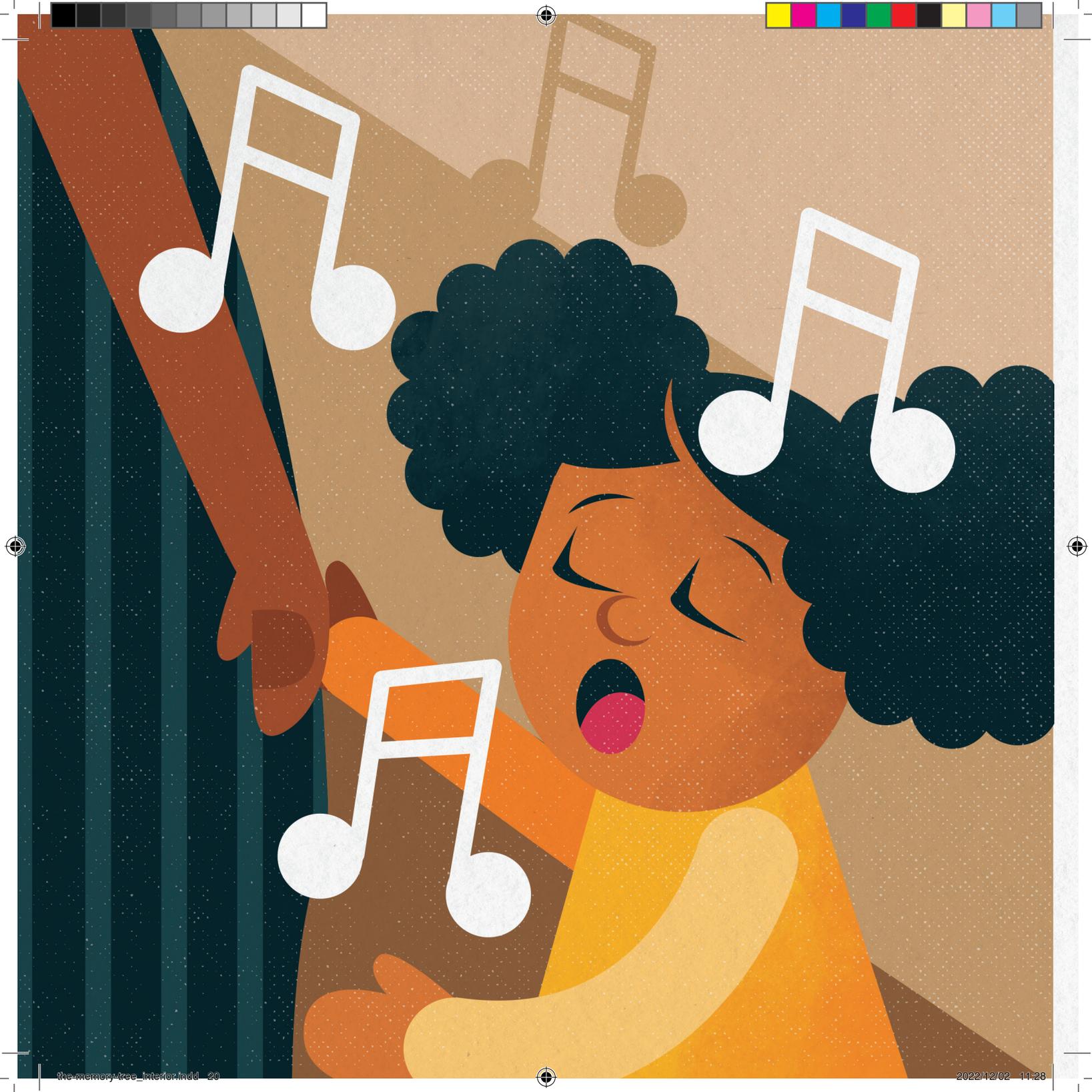


Today Mommy, Daddy, Thulani and Thembi  
are wearing their best clothes to go to  
church for Grandpa Nathi's funeral.

Everyone is coming to remember Grandpa.









Mommy holds Thembi's hand as they  
sing Grandpa Nathi's favourite songs.

Everybody sings and dances too.





Thembi can't sleep. She calls out to Mommy.

“Mommy, I miss Grandpa. My heart is so sore!”









Thembi and Thulani are eating breakfast when Daddy walks in with a big, big, big cardboard tree.

“This is a memory tree,” says Daddy. He sticks the cardboard tree on the wall.

Mommy has a box of photos. “Take your favourite pictures of Grandpa Nathi and stick them on the tree.”





Together they all stick pictures  
of Grandpa Nathi onto the tree. They  
remember the fun times they had.

Thembi claps excitedly.  
“This is my new favourite tree!”









Daddy smiles. “Now anytime we want to remember Grandpa Nathi, we can come to our memory tree.”

“We will never forget Grandpa Nathi. He will always be in our hearts.”



