

Danielle Hills

## Ceremonial Speech

Today I am here to tell you about a woman with a heart of rainbows and kindness,  
a woman who has conquered struggle since the day she was born,  
a woman who has not stopped being a supportive mother and grandmother,  
a woman with a quiet and kind spirit yet mysteriously intriguing calmness. **(Parallel structure)**

This woman I speak of is Hester Dorothy Gallagher,  
my beloved grandmother.

I think many of us can agree that the love of our grandmothers is irreplaceable  
and as an Italian proverb says “If nothing is going well, call your grandmother.”

Hester is known to me as not MeeMaw,  
not MawMaw or Nana. But Ganny.

Which is quite ironic now that I reflect on it seeing as how it sounds similar to Gandhi and  
Ganny is full fledge Indian flesh and bone. **(Alliteration)**

And I must clarify for those of you who don’t know my Ganny.

This is India Indian, not the fluffy duffy Native American that every American seems to have  
some small relation to,

but my Ganny was born and raised in the country of India with skin as brown as they come.

From the moment I was born

me and Ganny have had a special bond

for I was born on the same exact day as her 57 years later.

My Ganny is the albatross of my family

with wings of love and protection covering all of us. **(Metaphor)**

She is an excellent cook, //seamstress, //and cleaner.

I salivate at the thought of her visiting because I know that means a week of immaculate cooking  
with potato and lamb curries and beef vindaloo.

One of the funniest memories I have with Ganny and my family is the day that Ganny decided to  
make her famous stew.

I took a bite and pulled out what I thought was a bone but soon discovered that it was Ganny’s  
lovely fingernail.

Ganny quickly snatched the fingernail out of my disgusted hand and said

“I was looking for that.”

We now call it fingernail stew

and surprisingly I will not turn down a bowl of it to this day.

My Ganny /// is the grandmother that takes hours of care  
to pick out that perfect cheesy catalogue pillow that says “to my granddaughter with love.”  
One of my fondest memories of Ganny is when I received a Barbie card  
and a cassette player for my birthday.  
I think she may have forgotten that I was turning 13 and that it was 2003.  
Among the Winnie the Pooh cards and personalized Danielle and Santa books  
those are the gifts that I cherish the most from my Ganny.

Ganny is a not a woman of many words  
for those that don’t often to speak to her  
and some may blame that on her lack of hearing,  
but for me she is so much more than that. (**Antithesis**)

She is a woman with a background of struggle and strength through change.  
She moved from India to Scotland at the age of 20 when she married my hearty chain smoking  
grandfather “Gang Gang Tommy,” forced to leave all of her family and past behind her and  
begin a new life in a new world.

She was culture shocked, //// placed in a world of white people with funny accents that talked  
down to her calling her “darkie.”

She raised five beautiful and respectful children, ///// one of them my mother, handwashing  
their dirty “nappies” and hanging them on a line to dry and then having to scrape the ice off of  
them later.

She worked hard to support her husband and above all /// to give her children a good life so that  
they could do the same for their children.

Ganny is that rock that remains when everything else in life is crumbling away.

She is a woman that teaches me everyday to be thankful for who I am,

where I am,

and above all my family.

**Closing:** I love Ganny with all my heart

and would do anything to honor her as she has honored me;

caring for me since the day I was born perhaps even more than my own mother.

I think all of us can agree that

“although grandmothers hold our tiny hands for a little while, they hold our hearts forever.”

## **Two Emotions:**

My first emotion I am aiming for in this speech is a sense of sarcasm and humor that pokes fun at my grandmother while sharing fond memories of her.

Another emotion I am aiming for is respect and appreciation. I wanted the audience to see how hard my grandmother has worked despite struggles to provide for her family and how well she takes care of us all. I wanted them all to be able to relate to that with their own grandmothers.

## **Colorful Language**

### **Parallel Structure**

Today I am here to tell you about **a woman** with a heart of rainbows and kindness, **a woman** who has conquered struggle since the day she was born, **a woman** who has not stopped being a supportive mother and grandmother, **a woman** with a quiet and kind spirit yet mysteriously intriguing calmness.

### **Metaphor**

My Ganny is the albatross of my family with wings of love and protection covering all of us.

(Comparing her to an albatross)

### **Alliteration**

Which is quite ironic now that I reflect on it seeing as how it sounds similar to Gandhi and Ganny is **full fledge** Indian **flesh** and bone.

### **Antithesis**

Ganny is a not a woman of many words for those that don't often to speak to her and some may blame that on her lack of hearing, but for me she is so much more than that.

**Today**// I am here to tell you about a woman with a heart of rainbows and kindness,

a woman who has conquered struggle since the day she was born,

a woman who has not stopped being a supportive mother and grandmother,

a woman with a quiet and kind spirit yet mysteriously intriguing calmness.

**This** woman I speak of is **Hester** Dorothy Gallagher // my beloved grandmother.

I think many of us can agree that the love of our grandmothers is irreplaceable // and as an Italian proverb says//

“If nothing is going well, call your grandmother.”

Hester is known to me as not MeeMaw//

not MawMaw//

or Nana. //

But Ganny. //

Which is quite ironic now that I reflect on it // seeing as how it sounds similar to Gandhi and **Ganny** is **full fledge** Indian **flesh and bone**.

And I must clarify // for those of you who don't know my Ganny.

This is India Indian / not the “fluffy duffy” Native American that every American seems to have some small relation to//

but **my** Ganny was born and raised in the country of India// with skin as brown as they come.

From the moment I was born me and Ganny have had a special bond/// for I was born on the same exact day as her/// 57 years later.

My Ganny is the albatross of my family//

with wings of love and protection //

covering all of us.

She is an excellent cook/ seamstress/ **and** cleaner.

I think all of us can agree that a grandmother's kitchen is always the best place to be when you have an empty tummy.

I salivate at the thought of Ganny visiting because I know that means a week of immaculate cooking// with potato and lamb curries// beef vindaloo, and **stew**.

One of the funniest memories I have with Ganny and my family is the day that Ganny decided to make her famous stew.//

I took a bite and pulled out what I **thought** was a bone// but soon discovered that it was Ganny's lovely fingernail. / Ganny quickly snatched the fingernail out of my disgusted hand and said //"I was looking for that." ////

We now call it fingernail stew/ and surprisingly// I will not turn down a bowl of it to this day.

A grandmother always has the best gifts to give whether it be way more money than they should be giving or a plate full of warm cookies to take back to your dorm.

My Ganny is the grandmother that takes hours of care to pick out that perfect cheesy /catalogue/ pillow that says// "to my granddaughter with love."

One of my fondest memories of Ganny is when I received a Barbie card and a matching portable Barbie cassette player for my birthday./// I think she **may** have forgotten that I was turning 13 and that it was **2003**.

Among the Winnie the Pooh cards/ and personalized "Danielle and Santa" books // those are the gifts that I cherish the most / from my Ganny.

Some grandmother's are loud and fun and others are quiet souls.

Ganny is a not a woman of many words// for those that don't often speak to her/// and some may blame that on her lack of hearing,// but for **me** she is so much more than that.

She is a woman with a background of struggle //  
and strength //

through change.

**She** moved from India to Scotland at the age of 20 // where she married my hearty grandfather “Gang Gang Tommy,” **forced** to leave all of her family and past // behind her // and begin a new life //in a new world.

**She** was culture shocked// placed in a world of white people with funny accents //that talked down to her //calling her “darkie.”

**She** raised five beautiful / and respectful children// one of them my mother// hand-washing their dirty “nappies” // and hanging them on a line to dry// **and then** having to scrape the ice off of them later. // She worked hard to support her husband and above all to give her children a good life so that they could do the same for their children.

**Ganny** is that **rock** that remains// when **everything** else in life is crumbling away. // She is a woman that teaches me **everyday** / to be thankful for who I am//

where I am //

and above all /// my family.

## **Closing**

I **love** Ganny with **all** my heart // and would do anything to honor her /// as she has honored me

// caring for me since the day I was born // perhaps even more than my own mother///

I think **all** of us can agree//

that /

“**although** grandmothers hold our tiny hands for a **little** while///  
they hold our hearts// **forever.**”