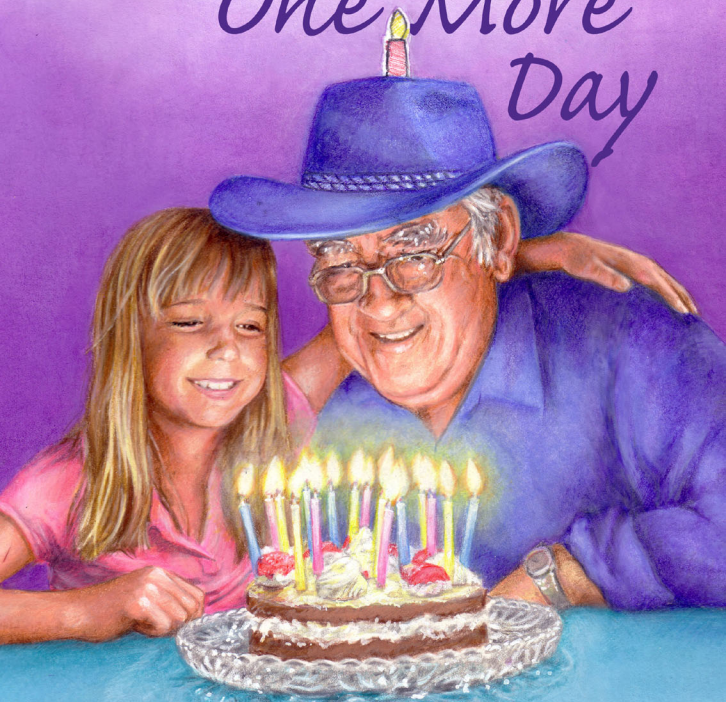


Wishes for One More Day



Written by
Melanie Joy Pastor

Illustrated by
Jacqui Grantford

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**Flash
Light**
PRESS

New York

To my late Granddaddy Is Pastor and to Grandma Anne Rosenberg for sharing a lifetime of love and wishes that I will forever treasure. And to my hero, Damon Ribakoff, for showing me how precious every moment of life is... – MJP

To Jake, Danni, and Bear who are my constant inspiration, and to Grandma who holds a special place in my heart. – JG



A special thank you to Cameron, Fiona, and John Avent, Trevor Dusting, and Nicki and Ros Lee, who posed for this book.

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On Sunday morning I woke up to the yummy smell of pancakes. Dad always made pancakes on special days. I wondered why he was making them today.

My little brother, Joseph, ran into my room yelling, "Pancakes! Pancakes!" Then he ran right out again. I jumped out of bed and chased him into the kitchen.

Dad was at the stove, but he didn't look like it was a happy day. He asked us to sit quietly until Mom got off the phone. I noticed Mom's eyes were red. She looked like she'd been crying.

"What's wrong Mom?" I asked.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Joey repeated.

Mom tried to smile. "I have some bad news to tell you two and there is no easy way to say it."

Then she took a deep breath and continued, "Poppy passed away last night."

"Poppy died?" I asked.

Mom nodded. "Grandma called this morning. She said Poppy died peacefully in his sleep.

His heart just got too old and tired.

It stopped working in the middle of the night."



I looked back at Joey and my eyes filled with tears. I pushed away my pancakes. I wasn't hungry anymore. "How could Poppy die? I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye."

Mom looked at me sadly and said, "I know Anna. No one had a chance to say goodbye. We didn't know we had to."





I looked at Mom. “Why couldn’t I have had one more day with Poppy? That’s all I’d need, just one more day.”

“Me too,” added Joey.

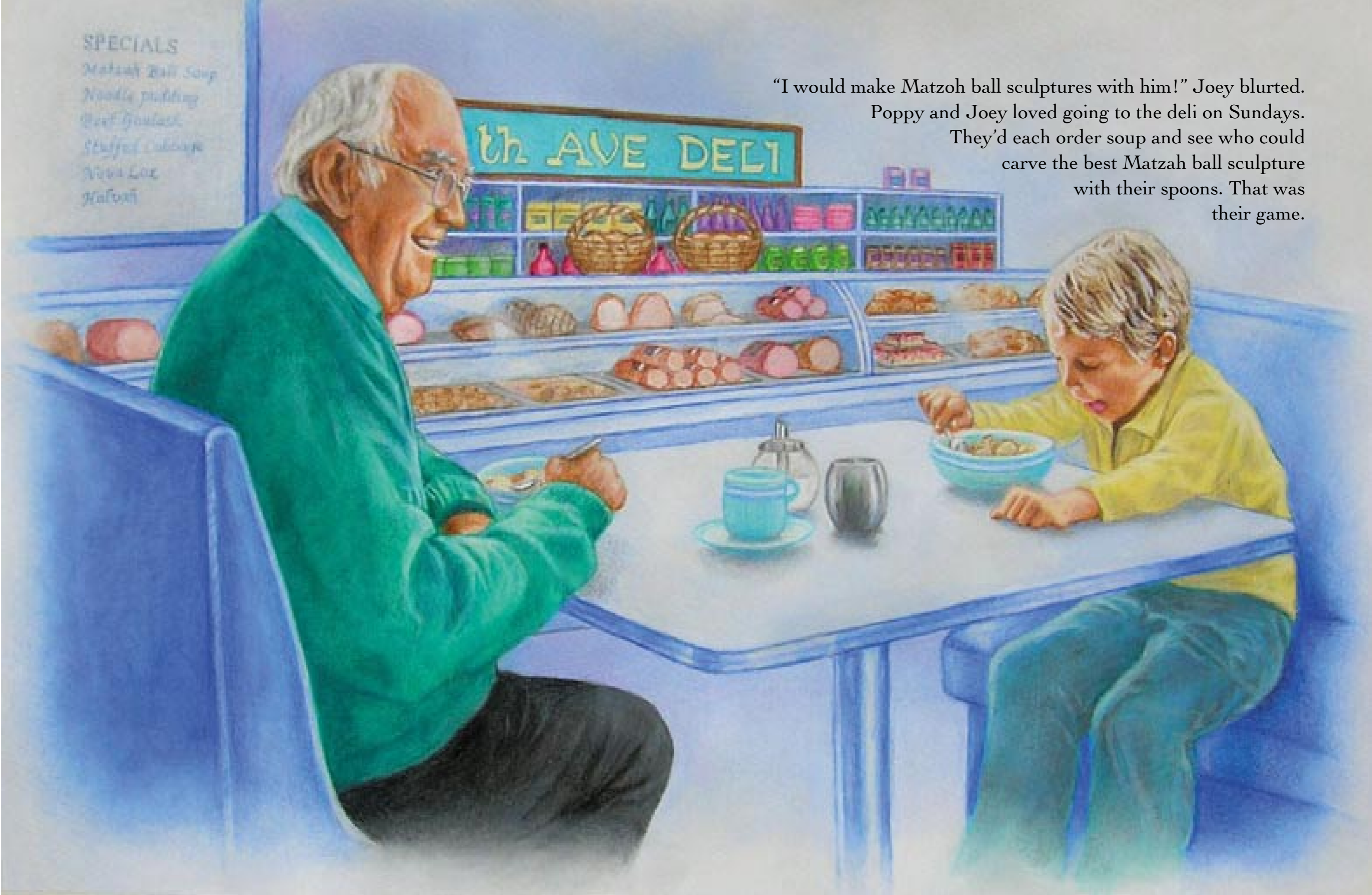
Mom leaned over and hugged us. “What would you do in that one day?” she asked.

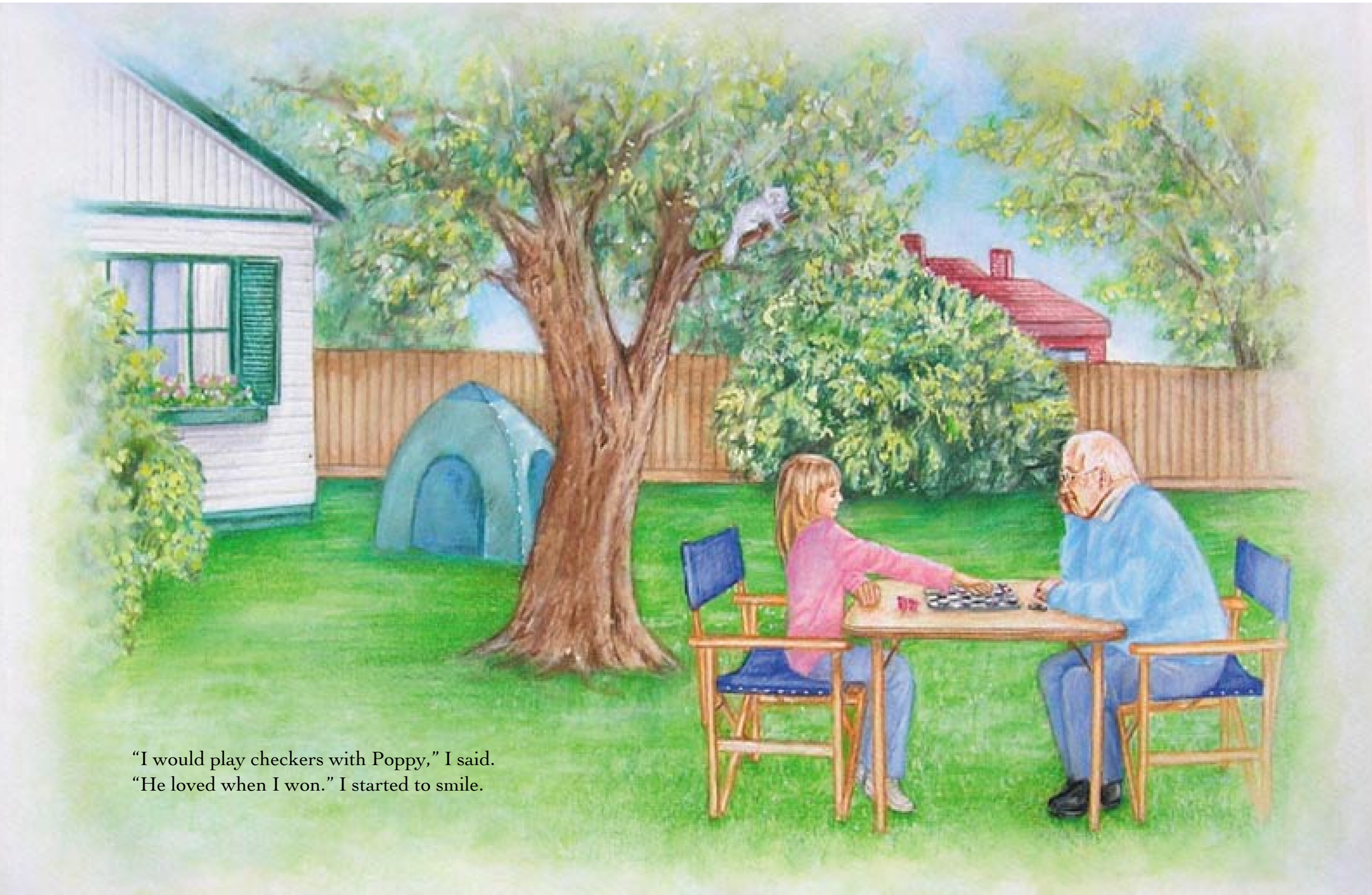
SPECIALS

Matzah Ball Soup
Noodle pudding
Beef Goulash
Stuffed Cabbage
Noya Lat
Halvoh

12th AVE DELI

“I would make Matzoh ball sculptures with him!” Joey blurted. Poppy and Joey loved going to the deli on Sundays. They’d each order soup and see who could carve the best Matzoh ball sculpture with their spoons. That was their game.





“I would play checkers with Poppy,” I said.
“He loved when I won.” I started to smile.

I liked thinking about the things I would do with Poppy and decided to make a list. I tapped Joey on the shoulder and told him to come with me. I knew he would want to make a list too.

I'm not sure why I got so excited about this list. All I knew was how good it felt to think about Poppy and to write down as many wishes as I could.





“I wish Poppy was playing his silly songs on the piano so we could dance around the family room singing really loud,” I wrote and read to Joey.

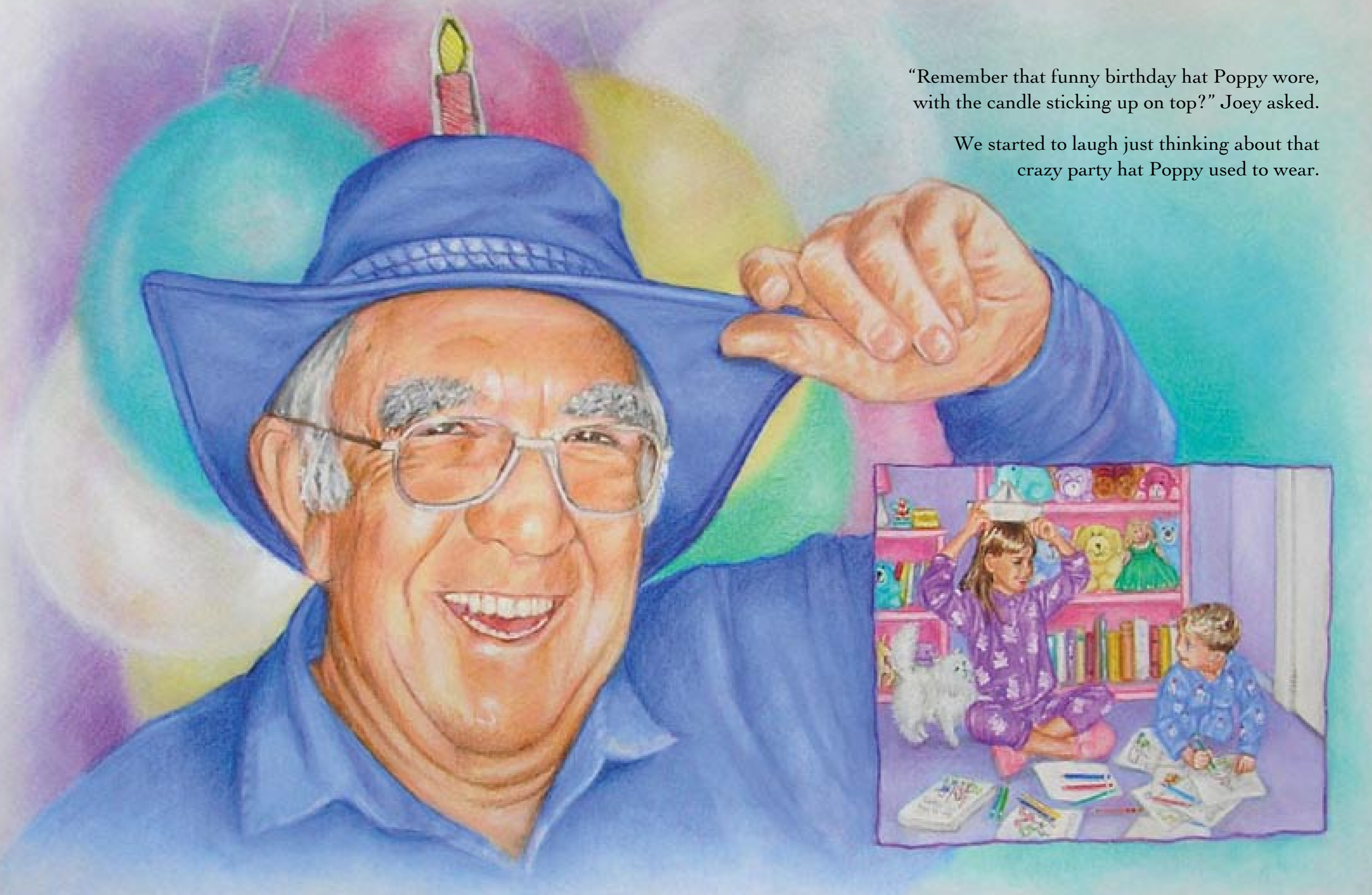
“And then we could make up our own songs and Poppy could play them,” Joey added.

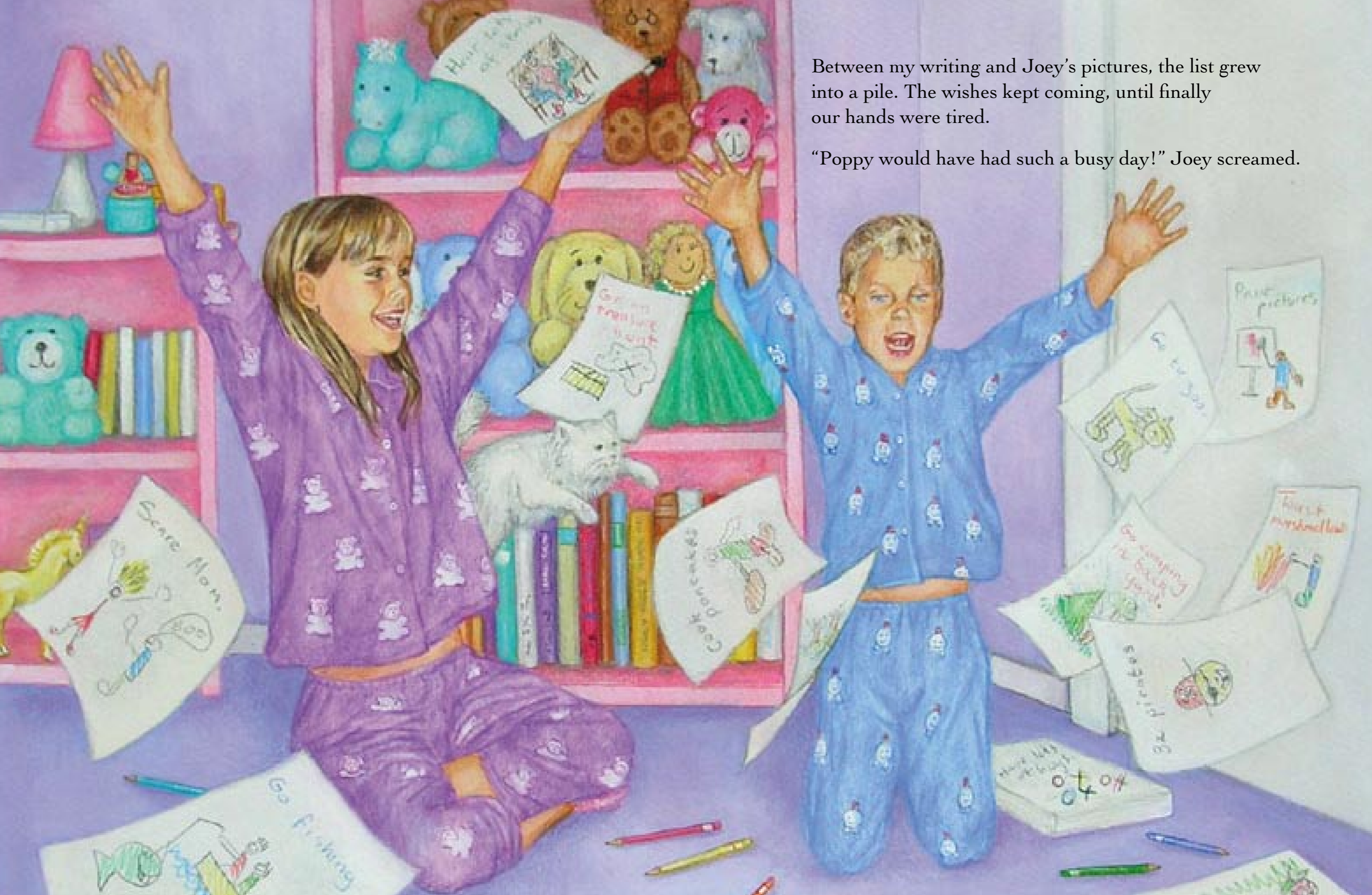
Joey couldn't really write yet so he drew pictures while I wrote down his wishes.



“Remember that funny birthday hat Poppy wore, with the candle sticking up on top?” Joey asked.

We started to laugh just thinking about that crazy party hat Poppy used to wear.





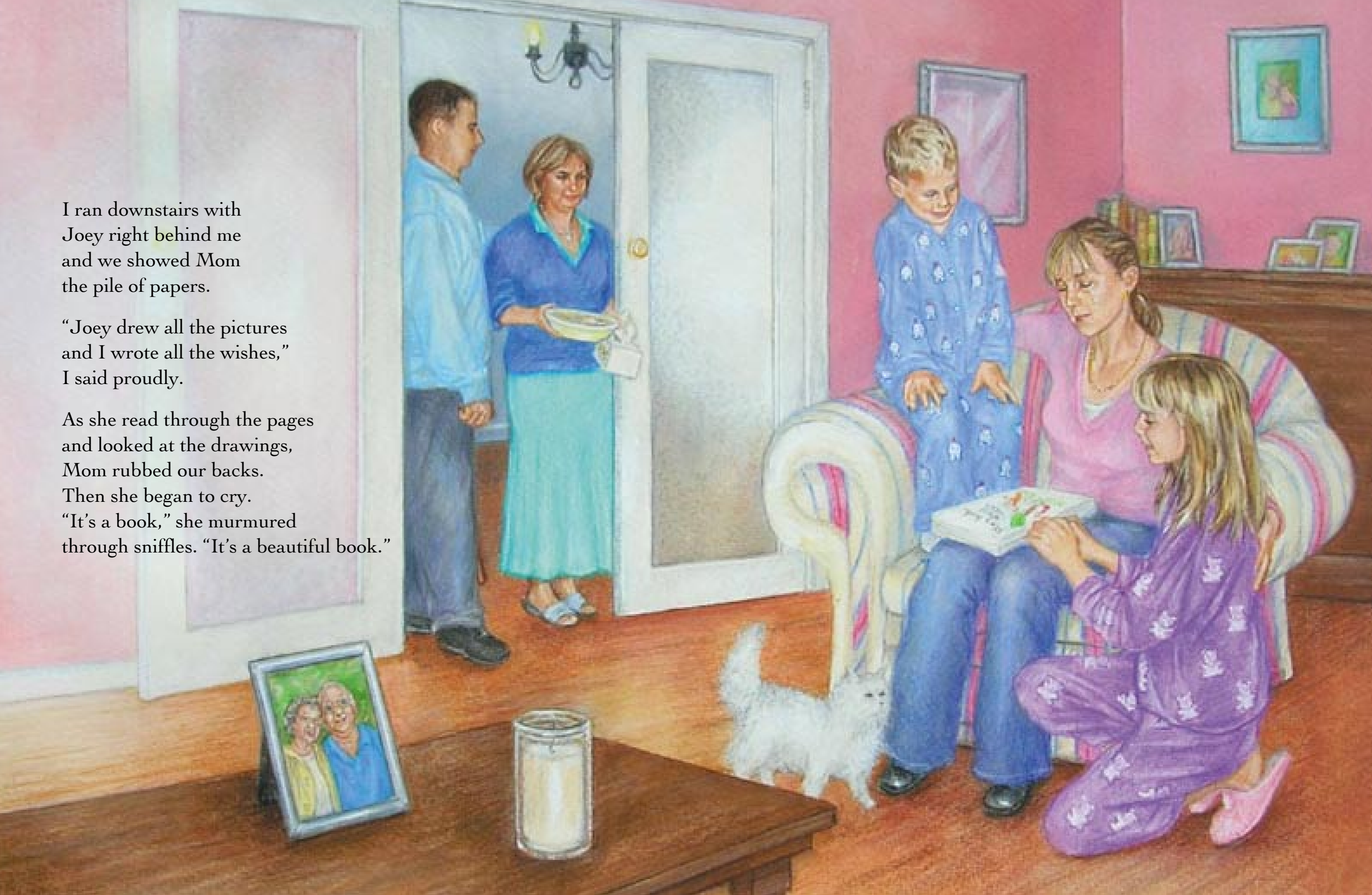
Between my writing and Joey's pictures, the list grew into a pile. The wishes kept coming, until finally our hands were tired.

"Poppy would have had such a busy day!" Joey screamed.

I ran downstairs with Joey right behind me and we showed Mom the pile of papers.

“Joey drew all the pictures and I wrote all the wishes,” I said proudly.

As she read through the pages and looked at the drawings, Mom rubbed our backs. Then she began to cry. “It’s a book,” she murmured through sniffles. “It’s a beautiful book.”



Then I noticed that my aunt had come over. She was helping Mom make funeral plans and set up the house.

“After the funeral I’ll stay home for a few days with Grandma and Aunt Susan,” Mom said. “That’s our Jewish custom. We light a memorial candle. Our friends and family will come over to comfort us with hugs and food, and we’ll all remember Poppy.”

Suddenly all my happiness from making the list disappeared and I began to cry.

“Why couldn’t we have just one more day with Poppy? Look at all these great things we could have done. Now these wishes will never come true.”





Mom lifted my chin so I could see her eyes.

“You have it all backwards, Anna. Did you ever swim in the pool with Poppy?” she asked, reading from our wishes.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Did you ever play golf with Poppy?”

“I did,” Joey said. “That was my wish.”

“Mom, I know all of our wishes came true before,” I said, frustrated.

“I just wanted one more day to do them all again, so Poppy could die remembering.”

“Oh, I see,” Mom said. “You wanted these wishes to come true again so they could be fresh in Poppy’s mind when he died.”

“Exactly!” I answered.



“But you remember these wishes like they happened yesterday, don’t you?” Mom asked. “When you were making these pictures and writing these words, you saw the wishes inside your head. You remembered them, so I’m sure Poppy remembered them too.”

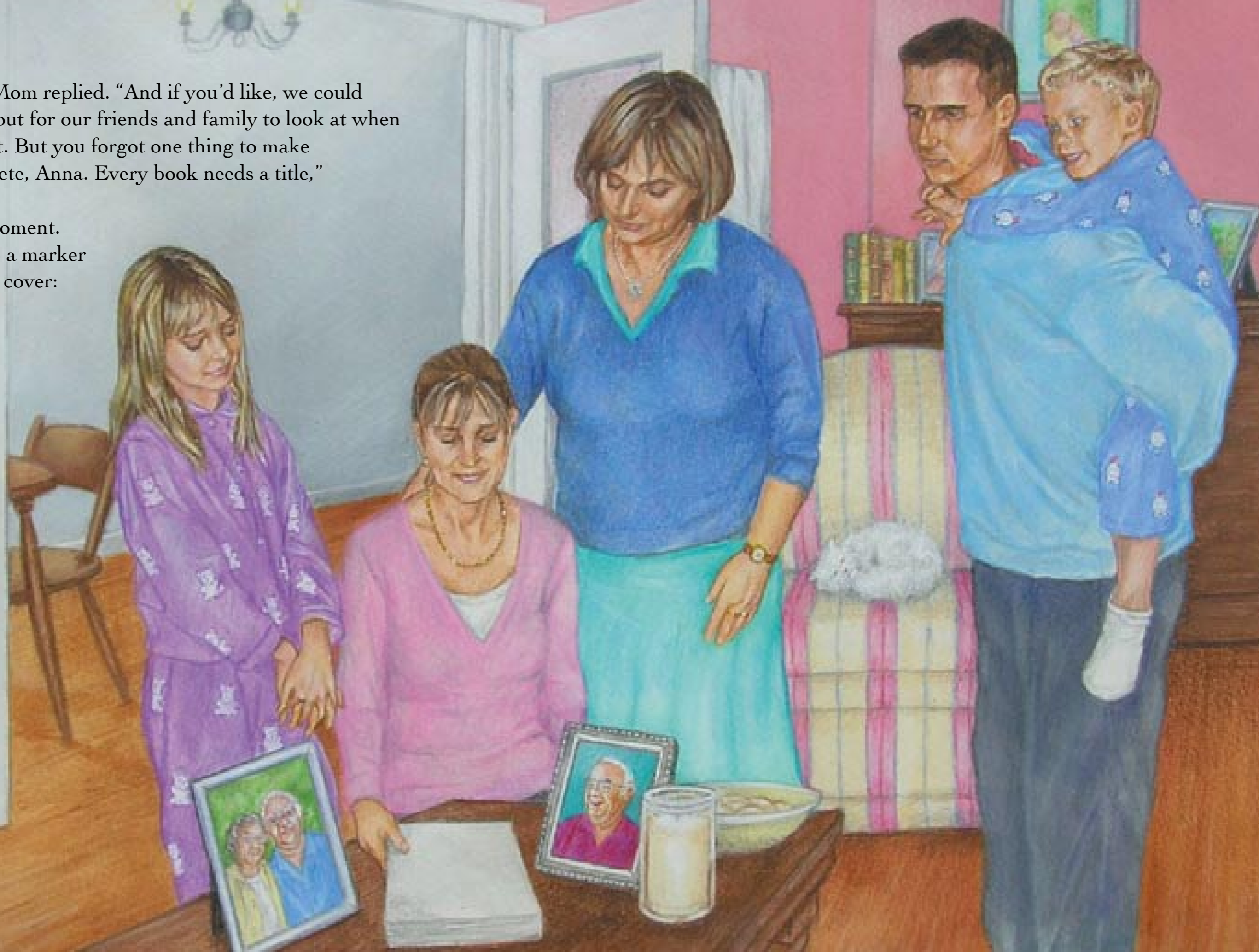
Then Mom continued. “You know, I have many wishes like these in my head. I call them memories.”

I shook my head. “Not me,” I said. “I’m still going to call them wishes. Wishes feel closer. Memories feel too far away, and I don’t want them far away.”



“I understand,” Mom replied. “And if you’d like, we could leave your book out for our friends and family to look at when they come to visit. But you forgot one thing to make your book complete, Anna. Every book needs a title,”

I thought for a moment.
Then I picked up a marker
and wrote on the cover:



Wishes for One More Day With Poppy.



