Grandpa and Grandma

Their Life Story

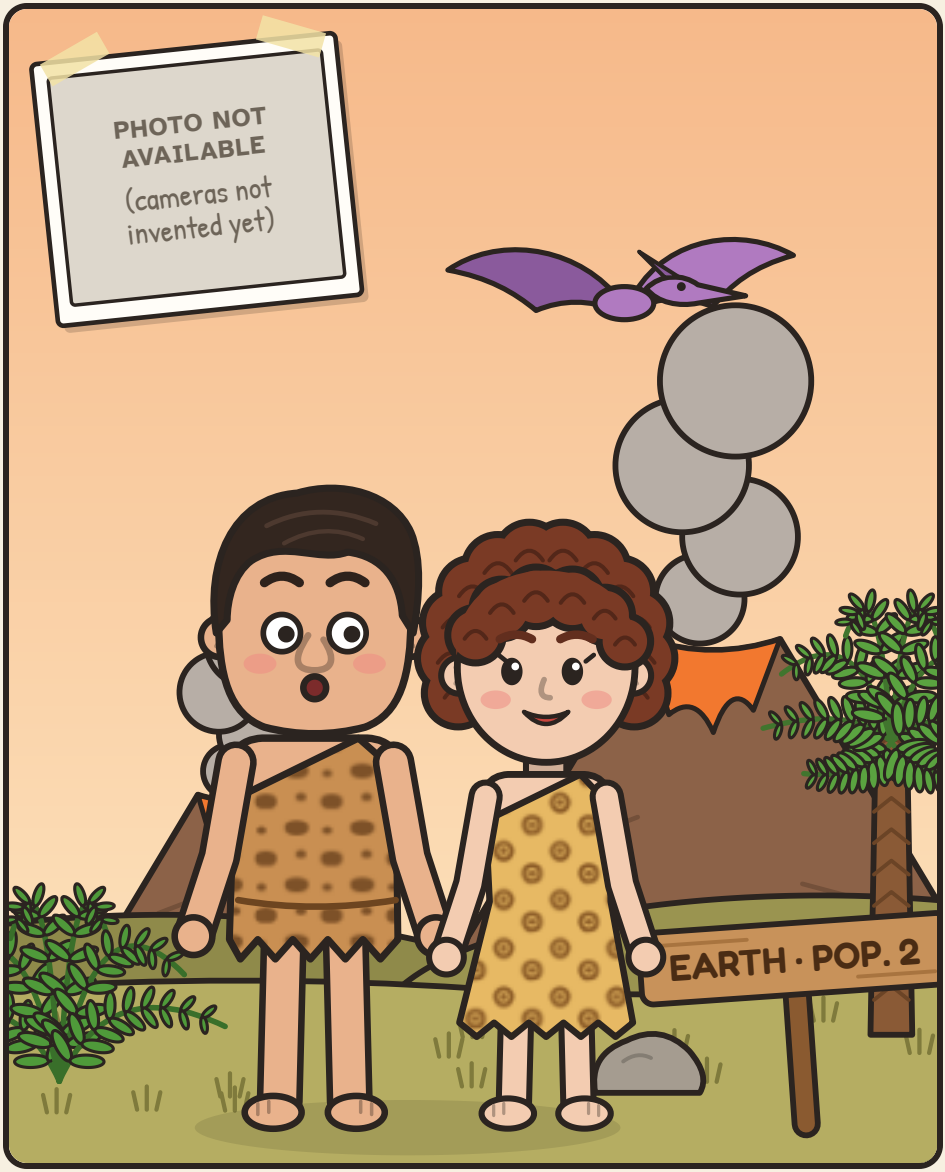


As told by Travis and Morgan Crumb (accuracy not guaranteed)

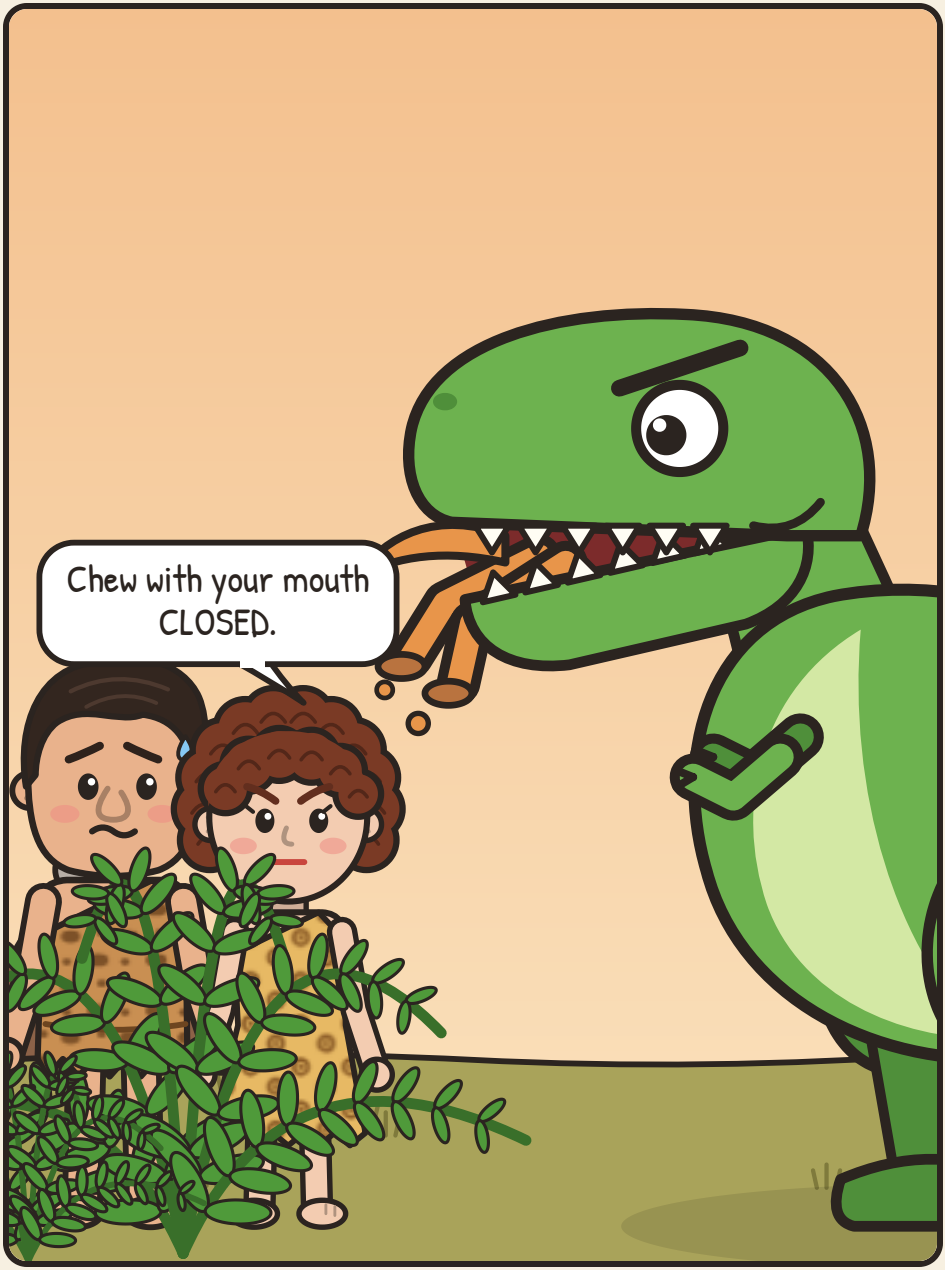
Hello there! This is a story about my grandpa and grandma. We're going to take you back in time to the very beginning. So sit down and get comfortable, because this may take a while.



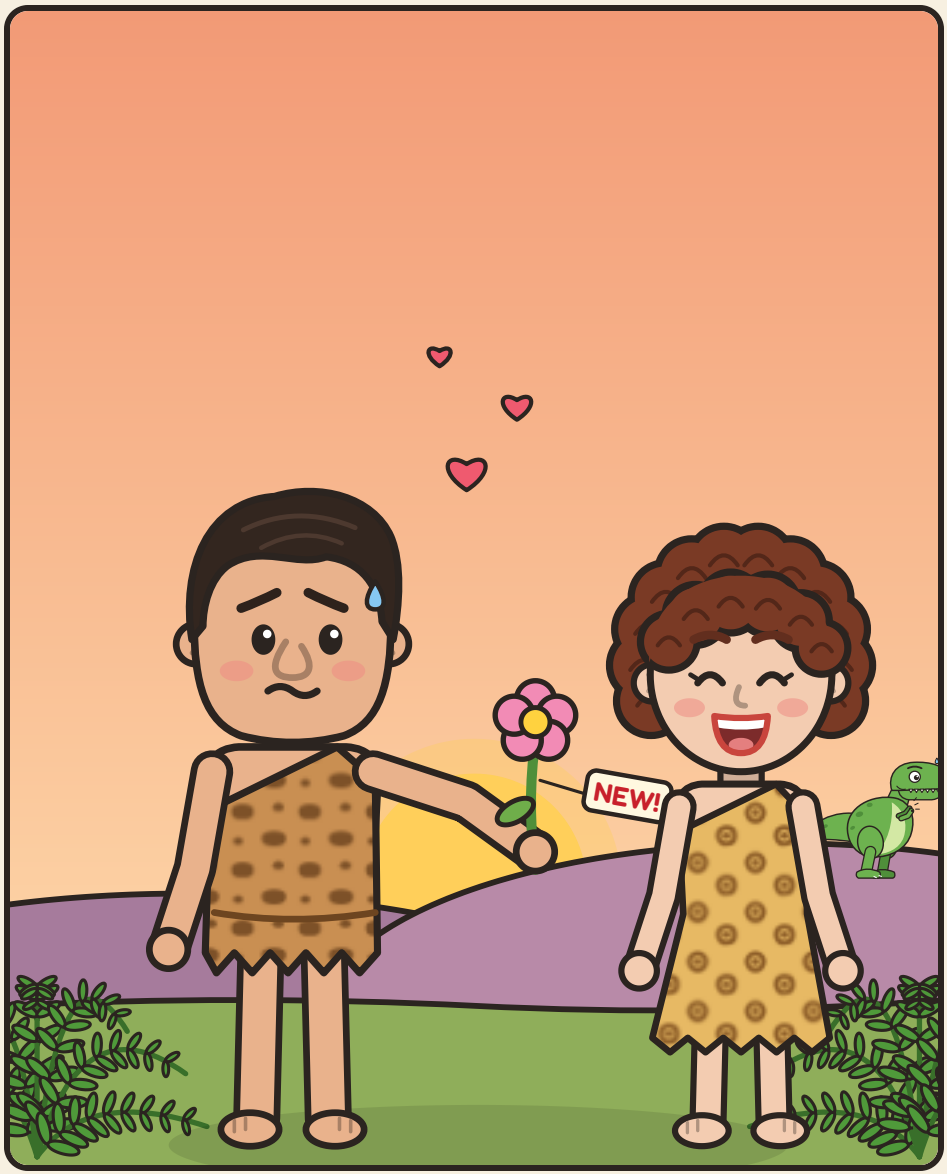
A long time ago, Larry and Esther Crumb manifested themselves onto this earth. Back then, the earth was a desolate and brutal place. How long ago? Before TV. Before sliced bread. Before Grandpa's first tractor. About 66 million years ago, give or take.



Back then, dinosaurs roamed freely and mercilessly devoured their prey. There were no fences, no rules, and absolutely no table manners.



Larry and Esther were the only two people around, so you could say they were made for each other. Larry asked Esther out on the first date in history. He brought her a flower. Flowers had only just been invented, so it was a very big deal.



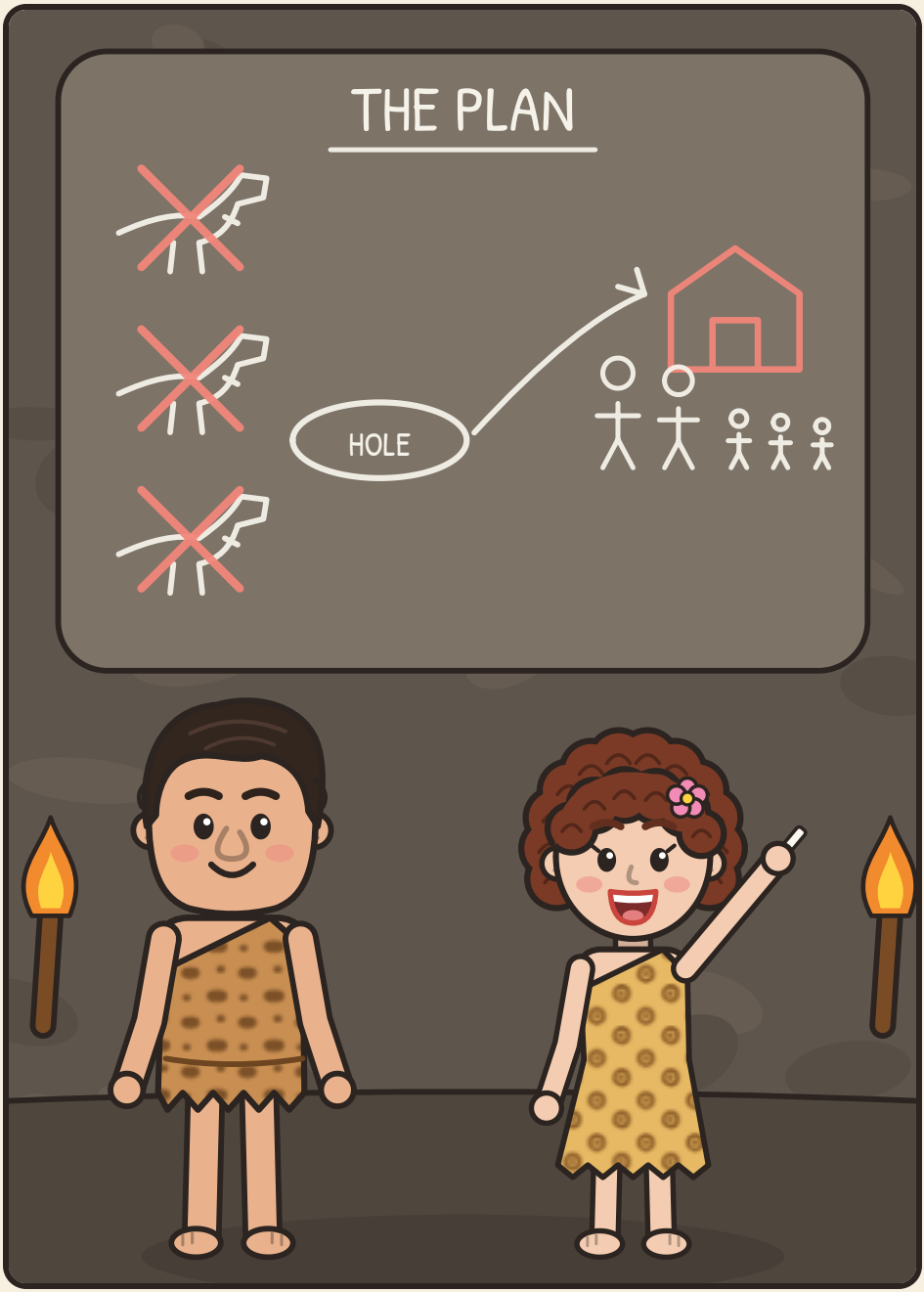
As time passed, Larry and Esther fell in love and realized they wanted a family. They would often think about what their family would look like, how many children they would have, and how they would raise them.



They also wanted a dairy farm. Unfortunately, cows hadn't been invented yet, so Larry tried milking a Triceratops. It did not go well. The milk bucket is still in orbit. Probably didn't help that Larry mistakenly chose a male Triceratops.



Realizing that this was no place for children (or cows), Larry and Esther came up with a plan.



Larry and Esther knew what they had to do, so they both picked up the biggest sticks they could find.



Larry and Esther started whacking the dinosaurs over their heads with their ridiculously large sticks. Larry took the big ones. Esther took the ones who wouldn't wipe their feet.



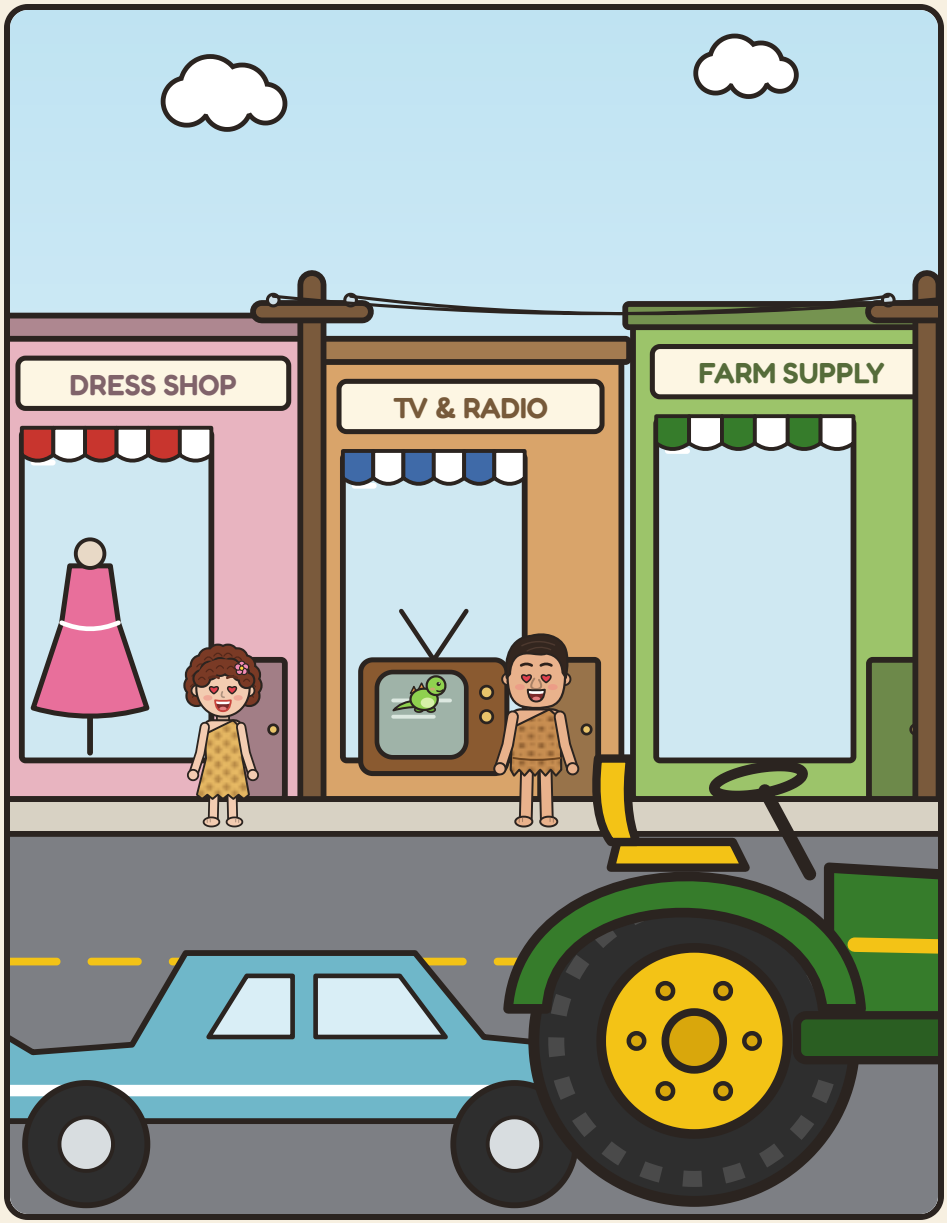
The dynamic dinosaur-beating duo beat the creatures all the way to the Yucatán Peninsula. They beat them so hard that they left a massive crater, which some would have you believe was caused by a meteorite. (It wasn't.)



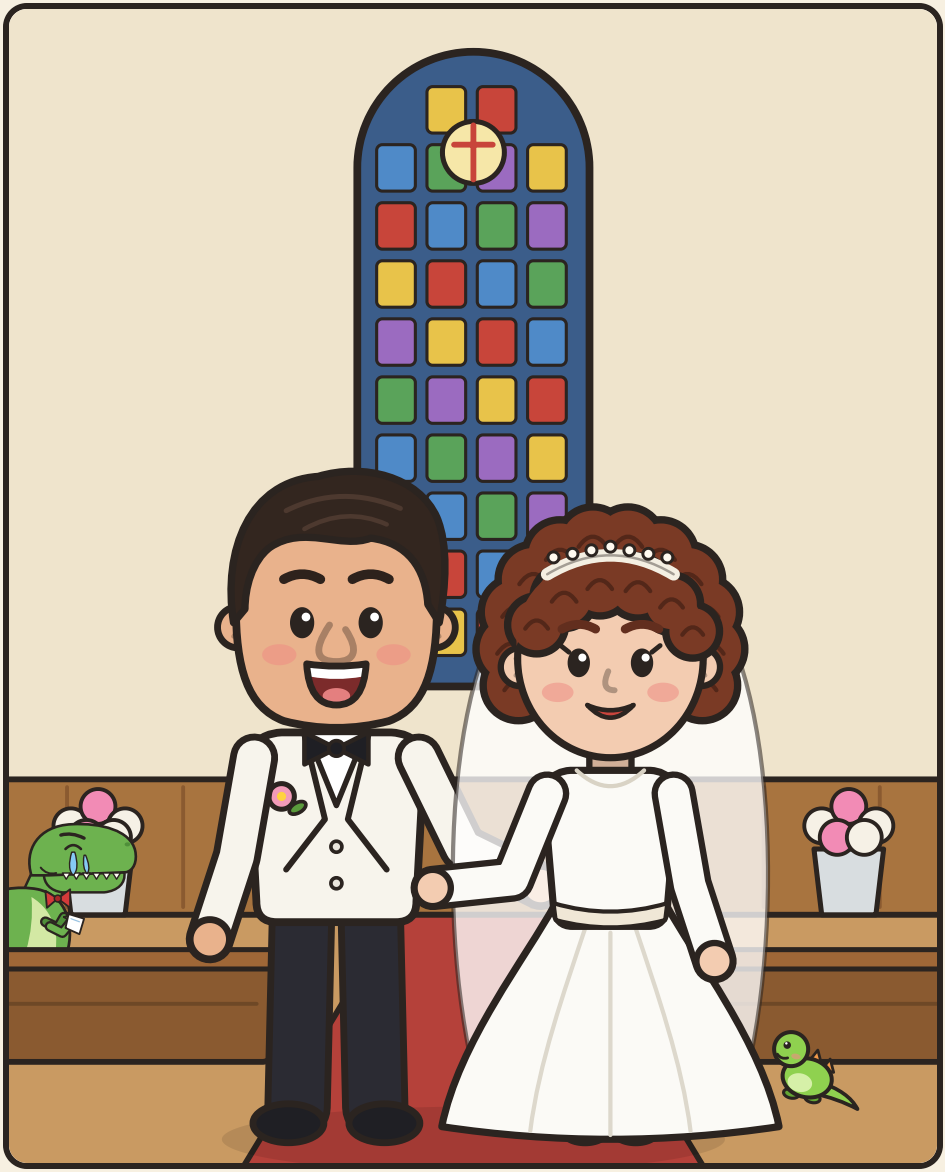
After the beatdown of the eon, Larry and Esther were very sleepy, so they slept for the next 66 million years or so.



When they woke up, it was 1960. Things had changed a lot in 66 million years. There were cars, telephones, and television. Esther was impressed by the dresses. Larry was impressed by the tractors.



First things first. After 66 million years of dating, Larry figured it was time to pop the question. They got married at St. Mary's in 1960. It was the longest engagement in history, and everyone agreed it was worth the wait.



With the dinosaurs gone, the world was finally safe enough. So they bought a dairy farm and started their family. Good news: cows are much easier to milk than a Triceratops.



Their first son, Dickey, came along not long after the wedding. He was the very first baby Larry and Esther had ever seen, and they agreed he was the best one ever made.



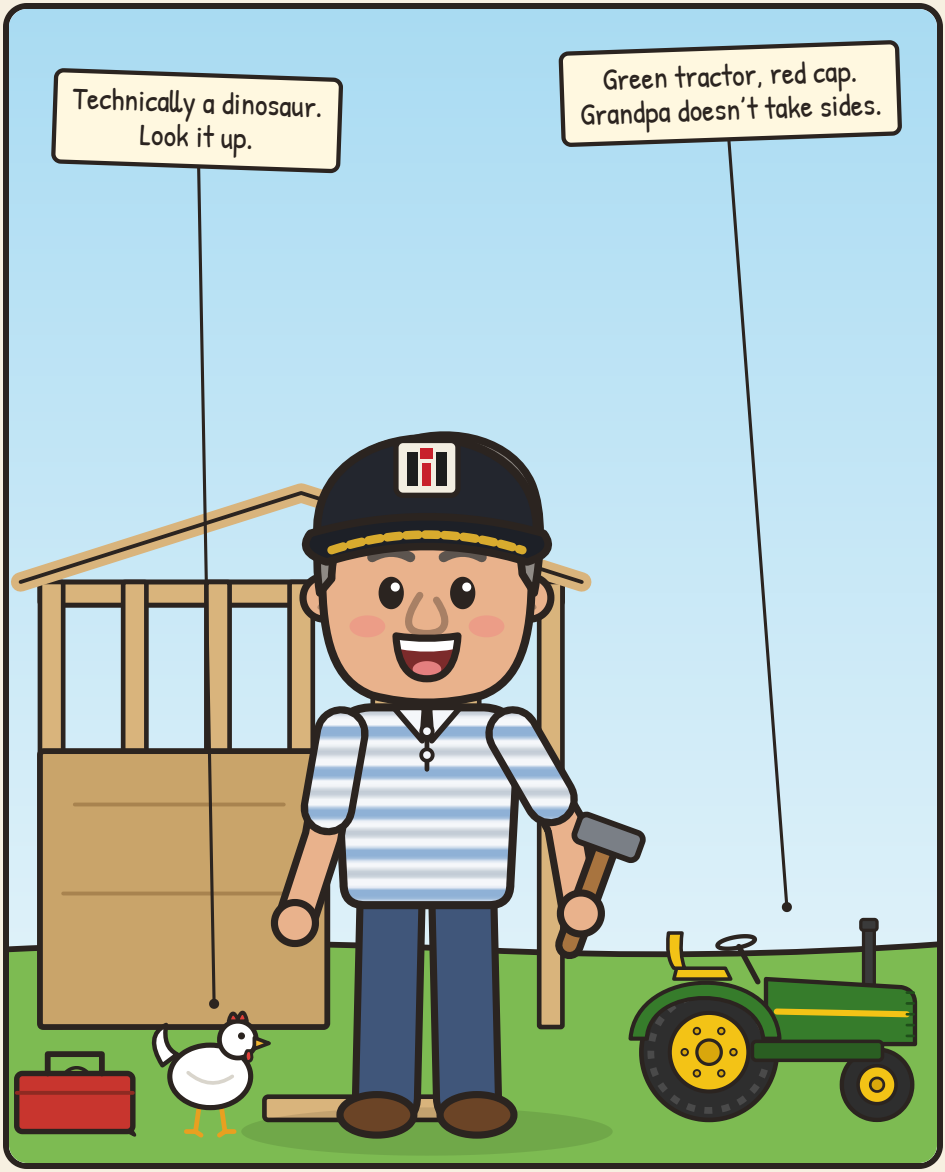
Then came four more: Mark (my dad), Cindy, David, and Sandy (not necessarily in that order). Five kids, one farm, zero dinosaurs. It was the loudest the earth had been since the Cretaceous.



Here's the thing about dairy cows: they need milking twice a day, every single day. Christmas? Milk the cows. Blizzard? Milk the cows. Birthday? Milk the cows. So Larry and Esther got up before the sun, year after year after year.



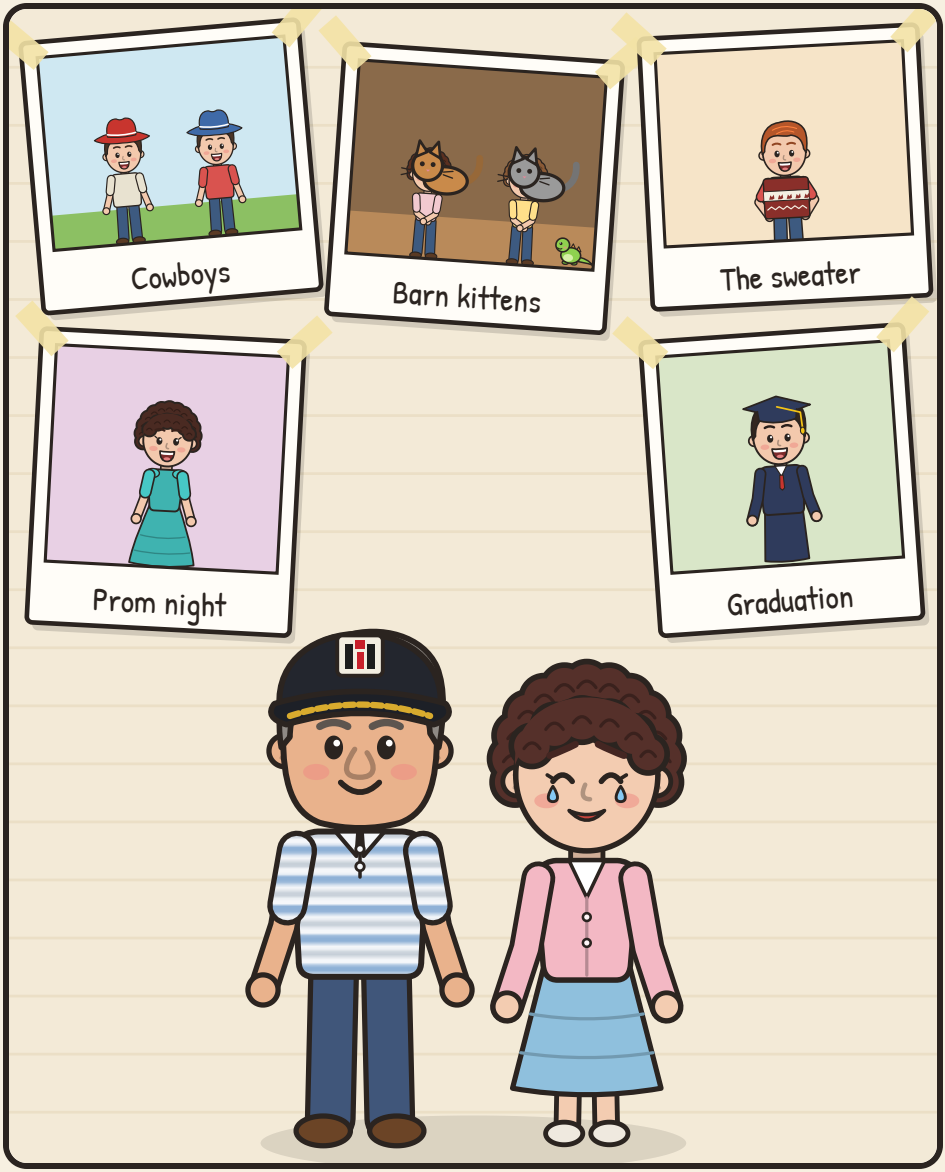
Grandpa could fix anything. John Deere broke? Fixed. Barn door fell off? Fixed. Needed a garage? He built one. Most problems on the farm could be solved with a hammer, some baling twine, and Grandpa's cap pulled down low.



Meanwhile, Grandma ran everything else. She kept seven people fed, five kids in clean clothes (mostly), and the house in order, and she still had time for every one of them. Nobody knows how she did it all. Our best guess is extra arms.



The kids grew up fast, way faster than 66 million years. There were bikes and cowboy hats, barn cats and birthday cakes, a prom dress and a graduation gown. Larry and Esther blinked, and the house got a little quieter.



In 1985, Larry and Esther celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. Counting the dating, it was more like their 66,000,025th. There was cake. Larry fed Esther the first bite and only got a little on her nose.



Then the kids had kids. Mark married Betty (my mom), and along came Eddie, me, Steven, Jacob, and Latasha. Add all the cousins, and suddenly there were grandkids everywhere. It was the Cretaceous all over again, only louder.



Christmas at Grandma and Grandpa's was the best. The house was packed and the food never ran out. Grandma was the best, most attentive grandma ever: in a house full of grandkids, she noticed every single one of us. And the rule was simple: What happens at Grandma's stays at Grandma's.



The grandkids grew up too, and we learned a lot from Grandpa and Grandma. Work hard. Show up. The cows eat before you do. Family comes first. Always carry a dinosaur-beating stick. And never, ever try to milk a Triceratops.



Today, Larry and Esther are in their upper 80s, which is pretty young if you're counting from the Cretaceous. They've been married 66 years. The dinosaurs never did come back. Grandpa says that's because of the stick.



Final count: 1 farm. 5 kids. At least 10 grandkids (Grandma knows the exact number. She always does). 66 years together. Dinosaurs defeated: all of them. Thank you, Grandpa and Grandma, for the hard work, the love, and for making the world safe for the rest of us.



MERRY CHRISTMAS, Grandpa and Grandma

Thanks for clearing out the dinosaurs. We'll take it from here.



No dinosaurs were harmed in the making of this book. (Plenty were harmed in the Cretaceous.)

From: _____