

“I LOVE RAINBOWS. They are the colorful Band-Aids God stretches across the clouds to heal the sky,” my Grandma says, closing her umbrella and shaking off the excess water. The clouds are still hanging black and thick in the sky, but the sun peeks through to light up the drizzle with a Roy G. Biv color show.

Grandma always says random things like that. We walk along the muddy gravel path in silence, the light brown water splashing on the back of my calves with every step. We’d walked this path side by side for years – the path that lead to the cemetery where my parents and grandfather were buried. It was our tradition to walk from the cemetery in silence, with only Grandma’s odd words peppering me with light, one-sided conversation.

“Your grandfather liked rainbows too. He said they were the only frown that could make the world smile.” I look at her, a sad smile crossing her face as she remembers him. I take her hand, feeling her skin; soft silk that has been wrinkled by improper care. Her eyes turn watery, but she doesn’t cry. She just stops walking and looks up at the

rainbow, having a conversation that I’m not privy to.

I look at the ground, digging at the rocks with the toe of my shoe. I need to talk to her today; I need to be honest with her. She’s the only family I have, too and I don’t want to lose her. I want to say, “Grandma, I met someone. She is good to me and I’m really happy.” But, I can’t say that to her. Instead, when she asks about my boyfriend, I change the subject.

Grandma starts down the path again. I have to tell her now. We’ll be at the house soon, and the familiar routine will take over. I stop and turn to her. “Grandma, I need to tell you something. I’ve met someone, and I’m really happy.” *I’m gay* keeps ringing through my thoughts, but I just can’t say it.

My grandmother smiles and hugs me. “That’s wonderful, sweetie. I hope you can bring her by sometime.”

I stand on our path, the rain starting up again, my mouth hanging open. How could she have known? I search her face for a sign that she disapproves. There is nothing. Only

a silky, wrinkled smile and a loving pat on my shoulder. “Let’s get in out of the rain, sweetie,” she says.

“Grandma...?”

“Honey, didn’t you hear me earlier? I love rainbows.”