

# **GRANDMA THE REBEL!**

Rooooooooooooooooooooaaaaaaaar! The dome was absolutely rockin! The enemy was close and thousands were making themselves known. Rooooooooooooooooooooaaaaaaar!

I don't know how to describe the sound of her bellow with English letters perhaps a long forceful OOOHHHHH! Perhaps a similar AAAAHHHH! Or maybe a combination of the two but there I was bellowing beside her remembering how she had described her family's classic roar "You've got that Packard bellow!"

We were both there together intent on stopping the enemy with "the bellow."  
OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! Some how in some way through our sound we would stop them, we would cause a fumble, an incomplete pass, somehow they'd loose it. All the while hoping that if we helped, if we stopped them that some how the home team would help us by following through. OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH!  
OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH!

They stopped the play, I don't know why, they stopped the play, I paused in order to figure out what was happening.

OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! Grandma continued on.

They tried to start again, and again they play was stopped.  
OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! Grandma continued on.

What was happening, why was she still...oh wait they're signalling to us?...the officials are signaling to us?...the officials are signaling to the crowd? Since when do the officials signal to the crowd...they look like they're trying to quiet us?... quiet...US? But is our job to be loud to hell with them! OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! Right on grandma, I joined her again.

OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! They stop yet another play as the whole dome continues to rumble, the entire audience, no not audience, "the in the stands participants" were rolling the place (it's no wonder the ceiling tiles fell). Wait now the players are trying to quiet us! Now I'm really confused..."Grandma! I yell into her ear with my arm on her shoulder...Grandma! But grandma continues on. Doesn't she know, doesn't she see it, doesn't anyone else, we need to stop now, our guys want us to stop. I pull her ear closer patting her back to get her attention. GRANDMA I THINK THEY WANT US TO STOP ("THEY" as in our guys). Grandma continues on, but, somehow she manages to lean over and while still bellowing helps me to understand! THEY'RE TRYING TO SHUT US UP FOR GOOD!

.....Woah! Oh they're all trying to stop us. The institution is against us now! They don't want us to do our job. I look back to grandma, her lungs heaving out an enormous sound, a sound fighting the enemy, only this was a new enemy, this was the institution that she was fighting, not just the other team. OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH!  
OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH!, here was grandma fighting for HER right to make all the noise she wants, for her right to participate. For her right to be on the team. OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! As she continues on she looks over to me motioning me to join her again. We both continue on... OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH!  
OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! All the while I'm thinking about Grandma, My grandma who is leading me into battle. My grandma The REBEL.  
OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH! OAOAOAOAOAOHHHHHH!

*Call for Help*  
*3/31/2001*