

4-12-2022

## Grandmama's Living Room: In the Huddle

Megan N. Kelley

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

---

### Recommended Citation

Kelley, Megan N. (2022) "Grandmama's Living Room: In the Huddle," *Forces*: Vol. 2022 , Article 26.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2022/iss1/26>

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).

Bounding into her Farmers Branch, Texas, living room, I melted into the smooth softness of her couch the color of cream and traced my 10-year-old fingers around the pink and aqua colored flowers sprawling all over the cushions.

**Grandmama's Living Room:  
In the Huddle**

Megan N. Kelley

**As a child walking up to my grandmama's door,** I was always greeted by three images: the warm embrace of my favorite person, a big whiff of her Hope perfume by Frances Denney, and her enormous Oklahoma Sooners wreath. The wreath was always hung, year-round, beautifully and perfectly, like stockings across the fireplace on Christmas morning. Bounding into her Farmers Branch, Texas, living room, I melted into the smooth softness of her couch the color of cream and traced my 10-year-old fingers around the pink and aqua colored flowers sprawling all over the cushions. The antique TV set, no bigger than 32 inches, glowed with the Oklahoma Sooners charging out of that emotion-filled tunnel ready for kickoff! In that living room on a scorching Saturday afternoon, my sweet, loving, soft-spoken grandmama-my heart – turned me into a die-hard OU football fan. Over the many years, she saw how much I came to love OU football, just as she always had as an OU alumna where she played women's half court basketball.

On those Saturday afternoons before any OU game started, I always admired every, and I mean EVERY OU t-shirt or object she owned that she'd set out like spectators at the Oklahoma Memorial Stadium. I was the luckiest grandkid because I got to wear her vintage, button up, crimson and cream nylon OU jacket. It had seen many football

games in that living room, and there were always red striped butter mints or Werther's caramels in the side pockets for a quick snack. She always had that nylon jacket ready for me to wear for good luck. One of my favorite OU items of hers that's now faded into a memory, was her bottle opener. After



**Lawler Hall  
Green Corner**  
Kimberly Costello

every touchdown or big play, she would mess with it so that it made the sound of our OU fight song. I can hear it in my head every time I think of Grandmama's living room. During the game, my uncle would come in from the back porch, always smelling strongly of cigarette smoke like he'd just walked out of an old Irish pub. Grandmama was always teaching me the rules of the game and about the exceptional young players and, of course, giving me an undeniable love for our head coach at the time, the distinguished Bob Stoops. I'd never met him a day in my life, but still I admired and looked up to that man like he was a close friend or relative. In that living room on those Saturday afternoons, Grandmama and I watched him coach those young guys, looking back and forth at each other in awe like he'd hung the moon. Halftime in Grandmama's living room was always my favorite. Slowly, she would stop watching TV, get out of her aqua recliner, and sink into the

couch next to me. She scratched my back with her always perfectly painted pink fingernails. Grandmama always got every inch of my back, top to bottom, side to side; I never even had to tell her where to scratch, she always knew. Once the third and especially fourth quarter started, I knew not to expect much of her attention. She analyzed those games as if

she worked for ESPN. Still, she knew I would want a snack towards the end of the game, so she always had my favorite snacks on her glass coffee table. You could see all the way down to her off white carpet through that table, and it was always wiped down so well that if there wasn't anything sitting on it, you probably wouldn't even notice the glass on that table was there. She always had different flavors of caramel, cheddar or her favorite, extra Land O Lake's buttered popcorn. Watching the game on her outdated Sony TV, with all her OU shirts and knick knacks around me with my Grandmama – who seemed like an OU cheerleader herself – almost made me feel like I was actually sitting in Oklahoma Memorial Stadium. When the team fell behind

## Grandmama's living room taught me the love of the game of football – not just football, but particularly Oklahoma Sooner football.

in score sometimes, Grandmama's living room made me feel as if I were in that huddle with Bob Stoops and the many other notable players, listening to my Grandmama's feedback on what needed to be done to ensure we got that next touchdown. She had only been watching them play all her life, so she almost always knew exactly what play was going to be called. Grandmama's living room taught me the love of the game of football – not just football, but particularly Oklahoma Sooner football. Grandmama's living room was not just a living room. There, I learned how to scream Boomer Sooner and since then I've never stopped – **Boomer Sooner!**



**A Thinking Man**

Gilbert Hu