

Memories of Childhood -- Written and Read to My Parents in 1986

I could write about jet streams in the sky

Of waterfalls cascading, I could sing.

But I'm thinking of my Mother and my Daddy

With this poem my love to them I bring.

In my mind I picture treasured memories.

To share them all, many years would take.

But let me tell you a few favorites

While we sit together and eat the fruitcake.

Do you remember our old wringer washer

And the tubs full of water we would draw?

How we cultivated, planted and weeded

Our gardens from which I'd eat carrots raw?

How long ago Daddy dug a fruit cellar into a hill.

Our outhouse was always too far away.

Our water pump in the kitchen and the garden

Our icy slippery hill where we would play.

When it got close to supper time, Mother commanded,

"Girls, set the table and make sure you do it right."

We did the job then off we ran to the corner --

There comes Daddy, smiling hugely, dressed in all white.

A visit in later years -- memories of good times together

With Daddy and my daughter -- raspberries we pick.

With Mother we sorted them for jam or for breakfast.

Only sadness, our visit was over very quick

Forests, mountains, oceans, stars are things of beauty

But the love I feel, the memories I hold

Are even more beautiful to me

And more precious than silver and gold.