

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

The rose sat in the bud vase on the kitchen table, its red petals glistening. The dew on the leaves still visible after spending time in the cool night air. The bright red flower of the rose opened, sharing its beauty with the one who grew and nurtured the beautiful plant.

Mother had just returned from her garden. With a smile on her face, she proudly clutched the special rose in her hand. The red flower, her favorite color, was the first bloom from the rose bush this season. She admired it proudly, put it in water, and set it on the table.

The return of the warm weather had sent Mom into her usual flurry of gardening. Cleaning the flower beds of their winter debris and getting ready for the return of her flowers had been her top priority. The spring bulbs came up first; the flower beds full of colorful tulips, yellow daffodils, and multi-colored hyacinths filled her country yard. The smell of lilac blooms filled the air with a fragrant odour which was heaven to the senses.

A large vegetable garden was also planted, and the rewards reaped from it were many; a season of fresh vegetables for the dinner table and preserves made and stored in the basement to eat during the cold winter months. These were the results of months of Mom's physical labor. She felt this was her contribution to helping feed a large hungry family. Never one to frown or complain, she undertook her work willingly. Her devotion and care for the family was a relentless endeavor she tackled with love and respect.

The stability and kindness shown by Mother can not be duplicated in the world we live in today. It is a lost art from a generation ago, when life was kinder, and love was plenty. Something that is sorely missed today.

WILLIAM STANLEY