

## Memories

Georgina (Waddell) Mick – 1942  
as told to Ruth Wilson Taylor

As I sit by the fire with my mending,  
Or walk past the old pantry door,  
A view from my window is lending,  
Fresh life to my memories of you.  
Just over the rise is a treetop,  
And under that treetop a home –  
A home that forever we may cherish,  
Although far away we may roam.

A look down the road at the homestead,  
My eyes must be dim, for I see,  
Not the old house, but a vision,  
As clear as ever could be.  
‘Tis a warm day in May I remember –  
The flowers and leaves bloom so fair:  
The school doors are closed for the weekend,  
Locked upon trouble and care.

We’re led by the roar of the rapids,  
Well armed for attack upon trout,  
But fishing rod isn’t the weapon  
That catches all fish – have no doubt!  
By smiles and such feminine magic  
The fisherman is himself caught!  
The trout are ignored – not their future  
But ours is the uppermost thought.

From the rapids 'tis one whole years journey  
Until a bride I come here,  
So close to the old family homestead  
Which stands firmly year after year.  
The friendly old elm 'neath whose branches  
We sit by the old fishing hole –  
These little ones growing so quickly -  
All add to the peace of the soul.

What's burning? Oh yes, it's the carrots!  
Dear, dear, but that's always the way!  
No wonder – I'm weary and heartsick,  
With hardly a hair that is not grey.  
It's long since that hike to the rapids –  
The years have gone past on the wing.  
Four" toddlers" are now self-supporting –  
And a one year old grandson this spring!

The road to the rapids is travelled  
By other feet, strangers to me.  
The low-hanging branch from the elm tree  
Shade other young couples, I see.  
The years have not always been kindly –  
Their touch has left sadness and care.  
Some faces I miss from the fireside  
That once shared my happiness there.

Now loneliness haunts every footstep,  
There's no daddy to love and caress,  
But every dawn brings us even closer,  
To that haven of peace and rest.  
I'm living now for the love of the children,  
Who's love is returned a thousand fold.  
To the time when our family uniting  
In heaven. Oh! So wondrous to behold.

