Physicians in Canada. Sudbury: Centre for Rural and Northern Health Research, Laurentian University, 1999.

A Wreath of Memories

A basket of pine cones sat in my mother’s cellar.

After a few dusty years, I couldn’t help but ask her.

Why did you not leave these outside for the squirrels?
Why gather up pine cones?
Such seed dropping whirls!

She tipped out the basket, sorting the cones into piles. Then described each discovery right down to tree aisles.

"Jack Pine from your Nanny’s last home before she died.
Red Cedar buds from the place we lived on seventh line.

On the canoe portage of my sweet honeymoon.
Your father and I found these giant, wooden blooms.”

She held a Hemlock seed.
“‘Oh yes, and this one. I found in your forest, when your first son was born.”

My tears dripped down slowly, as she shared her memories. I had judged her kind heart over a few dusty seeds.

She glued all the pine cones into a beautiful wreath, and before she passed on, she passed the memories to me.

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