

GRAN and DAD: by Iona Anderson

My first remembrance of Mother and Dad was at Bingham. They came out to bid us goodby while they went out for the evening. I loved seeing them dressed up and going out. They always looked so nice and special--and then of course knowing that they would bring us home some Black Jack Gum.

They were two special people in one special union -- marriage! and in all sense what marriage really means: caring, sharing, loving and giving of oneself and commitment.

They were man and wife, friends, companions and of course father and mother, and apart from all that LOVERS. You could feel it and you could see it. Dad, leaving a little talcum powder on his face after shaving, knowing that Mother would brush it off for him when he kissed her. The ritual of bringing the pay check home and putting it in their private deposit box - down her neck-- knowing that she would spend it wisely. If he needed money he would ask for it. Mother, setting out in good weather watching for him and in bad, peering out the window, (The pride and respect they had for each other.)

Oh, they had their differences. They had their fights. Mother was a fiery one and showed her temper on many occasions -- often pounding the wood burning stove with the poker when it wouldn't burn and with a few phrases she never used for any other occasion, telling Dad off if she thought it necessary, and tightening the reins so to speak on his "strong feelings".

Dad was -- honest, dependable, opinionated, gallant, a disciplinarian, fair, and loving. He was always ready and his hat on, long before Mother, not that Mother was always late, just that he was always early. One of his favorite beliefs was, "if a man couldn't be five minutes early he wasn't worth hiring." He was handsome, a gentleman and attentive to everything and everyone that touched him.

Mother was first of all a lady, gracious, cute, sunny, a tease, friendly and loving. She never gossiped nor criticized. She accepted people as they were. She was loved by everyone and made home a gathering place for much visiting and parties. It is still a sore spot with Marilyn, Charlet and Beth that she and Aunt Lottie wouldn't tell them any gossip that Mother and Aunt Lottie used to laugh at so often.

They were considerate of each other, Dad bustling mother into the front room right after dinner and leaving us poor girls to do the dishes. Mother making us go out to do the chores on extra cold nights because Dad would be tired and cold. Dad always went to bed first to warm mother's side and then move over for her to get in the warm side. Dad claiming he couldn't eat strawberries so Mother could have the first of the crop.

This marriage was a love story. They were childhood friends and teenage sweethearts. They spent their honeymoon in what was later our washhouse, where Beth's lives now, and with Dad ill with the small pox. We have often heard mother say how much she loved that little house and how cute it was. They were seldom apart throughout their lives. They never quit loving each other, it was only strengthened. They had their secret shared moments and shared a sign language. When Dad died a part of mother died with her, but she still carried on and even enjoyed many trips on the greyhound bus. She kept her friends and her love for his daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren. Yes above all, they were lovers. In mother's own words after Dad's death she wrote,

"Thank-you Owen for holding my hand tight the day we were
married.

For seldom remarking, 'That's what we had for lunch.'

For treating all my friends as though he liked them.

The way your eyes lit up when our glances happened to meet
at a party.

For being so eternally there for me to lean on.

For the things you didn't say the day I wrecked our car up
at Whitings.

For balancing my check book without grumbling or pitying.

Thanks for making it possible for the life I have had since
you left.

Thank-you Owen for just being you."

And I say for all of us girls, Thank-you Mother and Dad
for the HERITAGE you left us and for the memories of the
happiest of childhood and for the love you always gave us and
the support regardless of any sorrows or disappointments we
may have given you.

Thank you for the sacrifices you both made for us. And
thank the powers that be that gave you us for parents.