There are some memories that lay on your heart so lightly that you faint wonder if they truly occurred and then there are others that etch your soul in such a way that your heart is changed.

**Yesterday is one of those days.**

Having taken my mother for her annual heart check up and a quick visit with some friends, we were headed back to toward my parent’s home.

It’s funny how memories are triggered by things and in this case, Mama said there is a “big oak tree coming up on the road which reminds me of my Mama” and then she began quoting from memory.

“Under a spreading chestnut-tree

The village smith stands

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

He earns whate’er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

This much and more came tumbling from her memory of days when her mother, Lettie Allen Perry would say this to her and her siblings as they grew up. It was a sacred moment watching my Mama remember her Mama so tenderly, reminding me that every moment we spend with our Mamas and Daddy’s is a precious gift.

Mama thought we had passed the tree already and you could hear disappointment in her voice, but Daddy said, “no, I think it is up ahead” and so Ian slowed down the car and we all watched for the tree that evoked that special memory for Mama….and, there it was!

“Turn left, turn left” Mama said as we got to the corner where the tree lived and there it was! The largest tree I have personally seen in a long time came into view matching the largest smile on my mother’s face. Priceless. I could imagine my Granny Perry reciting the poem to a young Shirle Sue….

Ian and Daddy dropped me and Mama off so we could take a picture. This moment will forever be frozen in time for me for the contagious joy Mama shared as she walked down a short slope and then over the large tree…It was huge, enveloping my Mama into its presence. “I want the whole big tree” Mama said as I kept edging back and even further back to the road so that I could capture the perfect shot.

And, it was there I could see her….that little girl who loved mud pies and her horse named Dimples…the one who danced in the rain and who loved smelling the lavender around the corner of her home….

The joy of a child’s smile and laughter are priceless…seeing that same joy in the face of my mother who was sharing this childhood memory with me…is beyond priceless…

So, in her honor and in honor of her Mama, I share Granny Lettie’s poem….

Blessings,

Lesa