**Where I’m From**

**M Ainslie**

**June 2020**

**I am from freshly-picked strawberries, and cream courtesy of our cow, from Palmolive Soap and Saturday morning vacuuming.**

**I am from a farmhouse built in the 1800’s and purchased by my grandfather in 1901, from a room with a steeply-slanted wall and cracking plaster, and a view of sunset over the bay; from sandy beaches and lapping waves, sea glass and dulse, bonfires and picnics.**

**I am from purple Dahlias, and lilac bushes, from birch trees and dandelion chains and rows of tomato plants in the garden.**

**I am from Christmas dinner - turkey and gravy and stuffing, cranberry sauce and plum pudding, from laughter and singing, from Irwin and Margaret, generations of Good’s and Sargent’s and Daley’s and Payne’s.**

**I am from stalwart, early-rising, hard-working heritage, and frugality and make-it-yourself stock.**

**From “tell no tales from here” and “do unto others as you would have them do unto you.”**

**I am from Anglican Morning Prayer on Sunday with majestic hymns sung to organ accompaniment, from Sunday School Bible stories and memory verses.**

**I’m from Salmon Beach on the New Brunswick shores of Chaleur Bay, descendant of Irish settlers, homemade bread and home-churned butter.**

**From siblings ‘too good to be true’; a father who nearly lost an eye while chopping wood and a mother who temporarily forgot that she had a new baby in the house.**

**I am from an antique trunk that holds ancient photographs of people long gone, whose names we don’t know, baby clothes and a lock of golden hair, a love letter written in 1940, postcards from “overseas” during WW II, mysteries we may never unravel and questions that will never be answered.**