

First Light- two

Breakfast done, they made ready to go for the long walk of the week. Margaret and her Mom walked every day. They had a routine you see. On school days the walks were short, with rapid steps around the block where they lived. They would chatter about the important items to follow on the day and those things that Moms and daughters talk about within the confidence of females. Little things like a boy that Elizabeth liked and Mom's thoughts of life, raising a daughter like Margaret and teaching the little girl some of the fun things that she could look forward to as she grew to womanhood. On weekends, Saturday especially, the walks were long and uphill to a bench in the local state park. There was a bench there which overlooked a pond 200 feet below the brow of the hill formed where the bottoms of all the hills sloped gently together. At the bottom they met to form a little bowl of sweet, clear water. From their house on Olive street the walk was almost a mile and a half. The uphill section was reasonably steep and it required a brief rest, and a lot more talk, when they got to the bench to sit, enthralled by the beautiful view they knew they would have. The day was, to put it mildly, the most gorgeous day of the year thus far. The sun's touch was warm but not yet hot. The breeze that blew was gentle, cool and refreshing. As David, Margaret's Father said, it was a 'great day to be a flower'. A truth that was never easier to believe than on a morning such as this.

As they walked they greeted neighbors and folks riding bicycles who passed with a special wave to Grandma Dolores who was, by nature, the neighborhood Grandma. Dolores was the chicken soup and fresh biscuits Mom that everyone loved. Loved for her demeanor, grace and rock-hard common sense. If anyone deserved a special wave it was Dolores.