

Memories

Written by

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My parents were both born in England, Dad from the north and Mom from the south. They met and married during WWII and immigrated to Canada when the war ended. Because Dad had been sent here during the war to train as a pilot, he had decided he wanted to come back here to live one day, hence he did. He joined the Canadian Air Force in 1951 and because he was a pilot and an officer we were able to spend a lot of time in Europe. Some of my fondest memories are of the places we lived and the times we spent at my "Granny's" house in Gateshead-Upon-Tyne in northern England. My Granny and Grandpa were avid gardeners and their "backyard" had a lawn like a putting green surrounded by beautiful flowers, a compost heap in the back corner and a small greenhouse. My sister and I would spend hours dressing up in old clothes and playing all sorts of games there. While Grandpa was alive, his pride and joy was his perfect lawn and Granny's was her flowers. Granny's flowers consisted of hundreds of beautiful roses of every colour, rhododendrons, geraniums, carnations and others I can't remember. What I do remember was how she outlived my grandfather by years and how she tended her garden faithfully until she was 89 years old. I also remember how proud she was of it and how much she loved it. Just writing these words takes me back there and to her and how much I loved her. She was a precious woman and I miss her very much. .

When I see the gardens here, I am often reminded of my childhood and I realize just how special it was and how fortunate I am to have my memories. The climate here is very similar to what I experienced in England and consequently, I understand why the gardens flourish so well here.

BC sure is a beautiful province!