As Fall Calls:
Autumn Nostalgia

SIGHTS • as kids, we made scarecrows to put in the garden • the red, orange, and yellow maple trees by Northern Ontario's Mississagi River are what Grandmother called *"the most beautiful drive I've ever seen in my life"*; standing on the hill at our cottage, the view was a patchwork quilt • scenic drives • I sat in my chair last night, window open, to watch the harvest moon

photos by S. Ross • Woodland Cemetery, 2016

SOUNDS • the rustling of running in leaves, burying ourselves in them • harvest hymns at church • honking geese flying overhead

SMELLS • turkey cooking, potato scones • Grandmother would cook goose and save the fat to rub on our necks if we had the croup; don't know if it worked, but we stank like mad

TASTES • last-of-the-year ice cream cone • yesterday, I cooked and mushed a pumpkin to make a fresh pie

TOUCH • warmer clothes; Mother would knit Fair Isle sweaters, five colours each, no pattern to guide her • flour bags made into underwear • lyle stockings were so picky, scratchy • handmade woolen stockings; we kids took turns, each had to knit a few rows before play • emigrating from Holland, we heard Canada's cold even in summer, so arrived that (hot) July in wool underwear we'd knitted.

And in thanksgiving, we're grateful for what health we do have • memories created by dear friends/family, even those who've left us • times we've heard, said, or felt *I Love You*.

Trick-or-Treater Repeater   by Sandy Ross

One Halloween years ago, I answered a knock and recognized the costumed pirate as the boy next door. I greeted him with my amused smile and his name, *"you look terrific, Armand"*, as I put more than a few extra candies into his empty pillowcase.

A while later he knocked again – a pirate back for a second pillage – hoping to mislead me with a wardrobe malfunction. He'd altered his outfit slightly (a different shirt?) and added a cardboard sign around his neck: *'Not Armand'*.