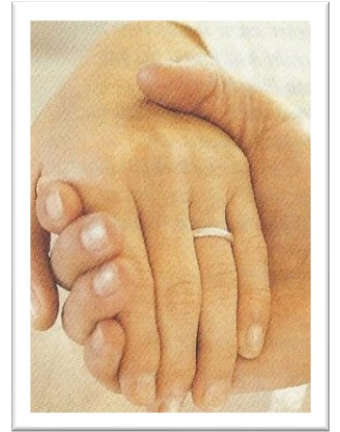


## Remembering

This month I'd like to tell you about Lydia and Ezra: not the Lydia Paul speaks of in Acts 16 verse 14 or the scribe Ezra of the Old Testament but Lydia and Ezra, my Mother and Father. They were married in the Chesley parsonage and travelled all the way to Toronto on their honeymoon.

They worked as a team and raised one son and two daughters.

As an example of their co-operation, my father dug the garden each spring, spadeful by spadeful, then raked it. My mother did all the planting of the vegetables. I learned the connection between earth and eating, a truth that wore its way into my soul. She canned chili sauce, corn relish, pickled cucumbers, beets, cauliflower, yellow beans, etc. and my daughter and I still use some of her recipes.



Alongside of the vegetables, she always planted a big bed of Cosmos. For years they grew taller than I was.

Now I have her bible and when I read Ephesians 6, "Bring your children up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord." I know what she was trying to accomplish. My first prayer was Aba Father, thank you. Each of us had our own prayer before meals.

After my father went off to work and my brother and sister off to school, we would sit in the reading chair and sing. I still remember Old MacDonald Had a Farm, and The Old Grey Mare. When Advent came, she taught me the Christmas Carols.

It is the extra time she spent with me that I'll not forget. Her woman's touch smooths my way.

Shirley Dimoff