

Granny

A Summer's day on Maybury Hill, with dew fresh on the grass,

The sunrise thinly warming up the misty greenhouse glass.

The moment still I capture. I can see the Lilac tree,

Its mauve and heavy scents now bring it back to me.

The Blackbird, on the wooden fence, beside the apple tree,

Where berries, black and tasty, were just too high for me.

I'd wake to Granny's 'cooing'. I'd know that something's up

And sure enough we'd go downstairs and know our luck was struck.

Thick toast slices, all prepared, with Granny's special jam,

(That only ever tasted right when Granny makes them, as she can.)

"Now, John And Nicky, today's a treat,

We're having breakfast on the swinging seat!"

Excited, Pyjama'd we went out to the lawn

And marvelled at the glory of the breaking Woking dawn.

And after eating Toast and Jam or 'Soldiers' dipped in eggs,

With dressing gowns wrapped tightly around our chilly legs.

It'd be "Start a Story Granny", the unison of two voices,

And sure enough you'd start with one of many choices.

"There was Johnny Poo and Nicky Poo who both lived in the wood..."

Then would come a story that would always end up good.

The days in Woking passed in harmony so fine,

*That were it not important one would lose all track of time.
From Freddy's musty tool shed to Roses that she named.
The 'Mount' was Granny's Kingdom. It's memories her domain.
If it's Blackberry Picking or Bonfire day,
Brewing some brew or a walk down the way.
Or a Trip to Woolworths to get some more sweets,
These were a few of my Granny's treats.
In fact it's hard now to think of those days what was best.
Even down to the smell of the wool of her vest.
Exceptional cooking is rare so it seems.
For nothing was ever like her 'Runner Beans'
People talk of their Granny's, in fact often they boast.
But I know that mine is nicer than most.
And I also know this. That wherever I'll be,
I have always known that she would love me.*

John Mappin Feb 1992

*In fondest Memory of Ida Lilian Cole (1903-1998) who told me
my first story and whose love of Children and Life embodies
Camelot Castle.*