

## Consideration Tarts

I imagine my Grandmother Tola,  
a young woman in Michigan  
teaching her daughters, Bessie, Hattie and Lucille,  
to make the Christmas tarts.  
Not only at Christmas,  
but always at Christmas,  
syrupy, runny, no raisins or nuts.  
The girls, now women  
bake the same tarts in their kitchens  
teaching their children  
girls and boys.  
Where did they get their funny name?  
One rotund friend when offered another  
said, "Well, I've had three  
but I will consider one more."  
So then they were consideration tarts.  
I remember one hectic Christmas eve,  
still baking the tarts,  
as I listened to midnight mass  
broadcast from the Cathedral.  
My daughter bakes the tarts  
in an old Ontario farmhouse  
while beef cattle and horses  
remind her of the first Christmas.  
A great grandson starts a new tradition.  
He bakes dozens every year  
for a big party at the Vancouver Planetarium.  
From Michigan to Ontario,  
to Vancouver and Halifax,  
wherever you visit  
aunts, cousins and grandchildren,  
always at Christmas,  
Consideration tarts.

*Naomi Wingfield*