Tick Tock

She half-dozes as she proudly watches daughters, sons' wives and granddaughters prepare the Christmas dinner. Is she asleep? She is softly remembering rushing home and making dinner for hungry sons, a husband, a daughter. Remembering her first cook book the biscuits with too much salt. She is a young girl, skipping breakfast, toasting marshmallows on a stick. She is a small, shy child passing cookies to her mother's friends. How did it happen? Now she is the old grandmother, rocking, rocking.

Naomi Wingfield