

Entrée

She sighed and wistfully looked out the window.
Nights were drawing in, snow soon I shouldn't wonder, she thought
as that kind wee nurse brought a cup of tea.

All those Christmases of so long ago – sometimes she wondered
if her life had really happened.
What had she achieved?

She stirred her tea thoughtfully and
watched the leaves out the window
scurrying in circles as the wind picked up speed.

Those distant memories of school...
remember in those days how
the boys were taught technical drawing and maths
while the girls got to do typing and home economics?!
After all, what else was there to do but prepare for a
life in a dreary office, until someone swept you off your feet...
and a romantic wedding day turned into more cooking and cleaning
that was the hallmark of any Proper Marriage?!

Younger ones have it quite differently... although
wasn't it funny that most of the staff in the home were women – not men!
So much for the advance of feminism.

Still, she wouldn't have it any other way.
The husband and children she loved so fiercely and prepared for the big, wide world.
Endless hot meals and messages, tending scraped knees,
ironing – how she hated that!
A shoulder to cry on, the source of cash for all sorts of adventures.
Hard work, this getting others ready for life.

Come to think of it, that's what she had really done – prepared for others.
Getting them ready for the big finale, but never going onto the stage herself.

Some may say that she never really reached her full potential...
That Mavis, she never did do anything extraordinary, did she?

But, as the welcome tea seeped into her and warmed her bones
She smiled.
All the people that she had loved and nurtured over the years,
Look at what they had gone onto achieve.
After all, a good meal is often ruined by a poor entrée.
And where would any of us be without those
Who have prepared the way for us.....