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WALKER HOUSE NEWS - Susan Vallom

..... Friday morning I was back in the kitchen with the very best volunteers a gal could ask for and we delivered lunch to a full house. There was lots of buzz and laughter as everyone ate and then the most wonderful thing happened. I introduced Edie Batstone and sat down with a cup of coffee to watch as she picked up her guitar and started to sing. She's set many of her poems to music and the first one brought tears to my eyes because it evoked such a response of happy memories of my father and how joyfully he sang along with the radio. Although he was rarely in tune, he sang with such abandon that it always lifted my spirits and is one of the memories that I carry close to my heart even now, 25 years after his death. I thought perhaps I was just exhausted and needed to shake it off, but when I glanced around, I noticed I was not alone. Edie shared her gift of music and sang her wonderful poetry about memories, and family and childhood, and life in Eastern Ontario. We sat and smiled. We laughed and tapped our toes, and we occasionally wiped our happy tears and had the very best time together. I wanted to say many of these things to her as she finished, but "Grandma's Hug" did me in and I could barely manage a quick thanks. Thank you again Edie, from all of us! In the craziness that sometimes takes over the holidays, you gave us a quiet moment of fellowship and touched our hearts.