APPLE BLOSSOMS REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER

Florence M. Zielinski
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol39/iss2/29

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.
APPLE BLOSSOMS REMIND ME OF MY MOTHER

Her wistful eyes transported her to a distant, foreign shore.
Spring followed spring, dreams followed dreams, and she yearned to see her father's orchard, "If only, just once more."

It is Spring again.
My neighbor's tree is heavy with apple-blossom bloom. It reminds me of my Mother, as I see it from my room. Those white blossoms...like she saw them, way back when.... It was May and Mother's Day, the month she passed away. A month most difficult for me to visit where she lay in her final resting place. I said, "I will go and visit soon...I will go the very next day."

What I saw arriving there just took my breath away! Never before had I this beauty shared. Soft petals falling all around, kissing the tombstones and the ground!
The trees were always green in the summer, and in the winter the trees were bare. But like her father's yearned-for orchard of long ago Here was a feast for the eyes, a lift for the soul. My God, I thought, Amidst these blossoms she cannot be alone! Her wish had come true. My Mother had gone home.

Florence M. Zielinski