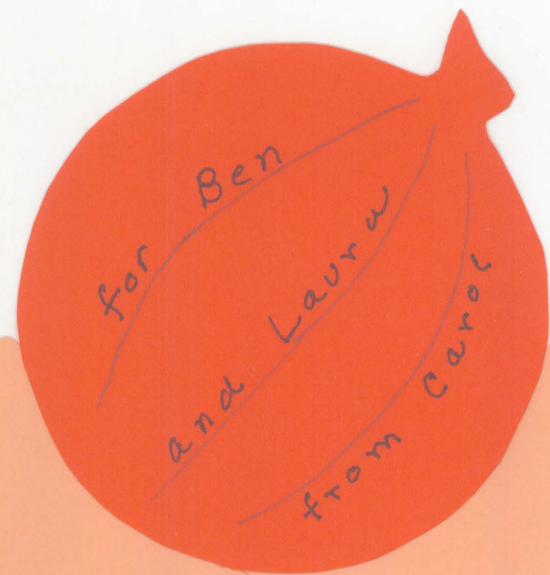




1948. Carol on back porch. Grape vines and yellow-purple iris. Wood wagon. planter box made by Dave as boy. Clothesline. Adirondack chair. Should be some yellow fly paper hanging. We usually had a few pigs behind the barn and there were always flies. Great grandpap liked to sit in that chair, in that spot, with a fly swatter in hand.



1948. Danny in door of old chicken coop



September 13, 1995

PUMPKIN PIE

Last night your Dad phoned and mentioned that your Uncle Mark wanted to come for Thanksgiving. During the night I dreamed about organizing the food preparation. We have so many traditional foods that Thanksgiving prompts many recollections of our elders and ancestors. Since it is my turn to cook the turkey, it will fall to your Dad to make the pumpkin pie.

Pumpkin pie is a story about your great-grandparents, Dorothy and Earle and how they fought and forgave. While they were living at the farm, Dorothy baked a pumpkin pie from scratch. (There were plenty of pumpkins in the fall and your grandmother Helen longed to name the farm Pumpkin Hollow.) Earle began eating the pie with apparent relish...but kept talking about how no one could make a pumpkin pie like his mother. Dorothy picked up his plate and the pie, walked out the door, went behind the horsebarn, and threw the pie into the pig trough. Not a word was spoken about it.

In fact, nothing was ever said about it. But twenty years later, when they lived in the apartment in Mt. Lebanon, Earle, in his quiet, slow manner said, "Ah hem, I wish you'd make me a pumpkin pie." Dorothy replied, "Sure, I'll make you one." And so she did, that very day.

Carol