



## Mothers Day Gift

**Y**ears ago back on the dairy farm we didn't do to much for special occasions like Birthdays, Mothers Day and so on. But once in awhile folks would get to making things for others that would be of some use, so on with the story.

Mothers Day was coming up and for some reason I had in my mind that I should get Laura the lady of the house, something special. She wasn't my birth mother but she raised me and to me in every way, she was my mother.

I didn't have any money and for the life of me I couldn't figure out what to get her. That afternoon I decided to head on back to visit my friend Grey Wolf, thinking maybe he could come up with an idea. It was a warm day, so on this trip I decided to walk and leave Jennie my horse out under the shade tree where it was cool. Didn't take long and a bit later I was at Grey Wolf's cottage. I couldn't see him anywhere but I knew he wasn't far, as the main door to his cottage was open but then again he never kept it closed as his animal friends had the run of the house one might say.

I went inside and there on the kitchen table was Joey, a big old Raccoon. Grey Wolf had made friends with him years ago and once and awhile he

came by for a visit and of course a treat or two. I walked over and pet him and in a few minutes I heard some one behind me.

“Hey there young one, what brings you out here on this warm spring day?”

“Well I said, I would like to get something for Laura for Mothers Day but I am not sure what to get, as I don't have any money.”

Grey Wolf walked over to me and said, “Sit down here on the porch and lets think about this for a bit. What do you really think she would like or maybe what could she use that she doesn't have?”

Grey Wolf had always taught me to say nothing when thinking a situation over, just sit quietly and usually a message would come, he would say and I have found it to be so true over the years. Well I got to thinking and I remembered Laura had always said she would sure love to have a nice wooden bucket to bring in drinking water from the pump.

I told Grey Wolf and he said, “Well young one, you don't need money for that, all that is needed is a bit of work and some of my knowledge. Come with me, we are going to go for a walk in the bush. First we will need to find a nice dead but dry tree, as the wood will be ready to use,” which we did just a short time later. “Now he said, take this here small axe and hold it where I tell you, then hit the back of it with this other hammer here.”

I did what he said and it split right down the middle, just as straight as could be. After an hour or so of work, we had a pail that anyone would love to have.

“One more thing Grey Wolf said, we need to put a handle on it.” This time we went down to the swamp where the willow trees grew. He asked the tree if he could take a branch and then cut off a nice piece. He did that quite often when taking things from the forest. We brought it back to the cottage and he took out his knife which hung on his belt and giving it to me he proceeded to showed me how to scrape the bark off it and fit it onto the newly made pail. It sure looked great I thought.

The time came to leave, I thanked him and headed on home carrying my gift for Laura. I hid it in the barn and the next morning I was up before the birds, so I would have it for her when she woke up. Walking in with the pail a good feeling came over me, just knowing I made this with the help of Grey Wolf, the feeling was hard to explain.

I brought it in the house and sat it by the sink where her old pail used to sit and went, sat down and waited. A few minutes later in she came and walked over as she has done many times before to get her pail, so she could go and get fresh water for the morning coffee. I will always remember how she looked. She just stopped and put her hands up to her mouth, turned and looked straight at me.

“You did this?” she asked, and before I could answer she said. “Of course you did.” She then walked over and gave me the biggest hug a

boy could ever want. I got to say when she gave you a hug, she gave you a hug.

You just kind of sank right into her, her being so soft and all. I looked up at her and I could see the tears in her eyes.

“Well she said, I guess I am going to have to make a special boy a special breakfast, but not before we go and try out this new pail.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said and out we went. For years she used that pail and just thinking about it now, I can still visualize it sitting on the old wood counter. I know it might not mean too much to folks in todays world but for me back then on that special day, I knew I made a special lady real happy.