

My Mother's Apron
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I close my eyes and paint a scene in my mind, my mother humming as she kneads
bread dough in the stoneware mixing bowl.

Her apron is covered in flour.

With nostalgic longing, I see her wearing a homemade apron she created on her
Singer Treadle Sewing Machine.

The apron is bib style and covers her whole dress.

It loops over her head and ties around the waist.

The fabric, from a flour sack, has tiny blue flowers.

Bias tape trims the edges of her apron.

But my mother's apron was more than protection from grease spatters and flour.

*Her apron toted
eggs from the hen house,
vegetables from the garden,
and feed for the baby chicks.*

It was an oven mitt to retrieve an apple pie from the oven.

Her apron dusted tables and shooed away flies.

She wiped her brow with a flap of her apron as she cooked at the old kitchen stove.

*More significantly,
crying children sat on her apron-covered lap
she calmed them,
and wiped away their tears with a corner of her apron.*

The memorable image of my mother's apron is still vivid, a bridge across the years
since her death.

The image speaks of her life—compassionate, generous, and loving.

"A kitchen without an apron is like a painter without a canvas." Anonymous

