

tales from

McCurdy's Woods

"The Family Tree"



"Sarah, go get your coat and come with me to find some mayflowers?" Gramma asked. "Sure Gramma, I'll be right there," answered Sarah, as she ran to the porch to get her coat. Staying at Gramma's is so cool, Sarah thought, especially when she visited by herself. It sure was quiet without her brother!

"Let's visit the family tree, there's usually some there" Gramma said as they walked along the lane. "You keep your family tree outside?" Sarah asked with a strange look at Gramma, "we keep ours in the house, I think it was under Mom and Dad's bed the last time I saw it." Gramma was puzzled for a moment, Hmm, she thought, strange place to keep a tree.

"Your great-grandfather started this tree" Gramma remarked, "The story is told of how he found it in an old boot that had been thrown away the year before and somehow a tiny seed had taken root in it. He brought it up here a year or so later and it's been growing well ever since." "Oh, that kinda tree." Sarah started to laugh. "I thought you meant the kind you write on, you know, with all the uncles and aunts and cousins and who is related to who and all that stuff." Gramma and Sarah laughed together as they thought of trying to grow a tree under a bed or trying to get papers to grow in an old boot.



As they arrived at the old tree, Sarah shouted with delight to see the ground covered in mayflowers. Look at them all! There are pink ones and whites ones and some are just little buds yet. How come Gramma, how come some have flowers and some don't and how come some are pink and some are white, how come they have flowers so soon, there's no other flowers yet.

The questions came fast and steady as Sarah began to pick the tiny blossoms. "Just a moment Sarah, please watch how you pick them, Gramma asked, do you see the tiny stems that connect the plants together? Watch that you don't destroy a lot of plants when you pull one up.

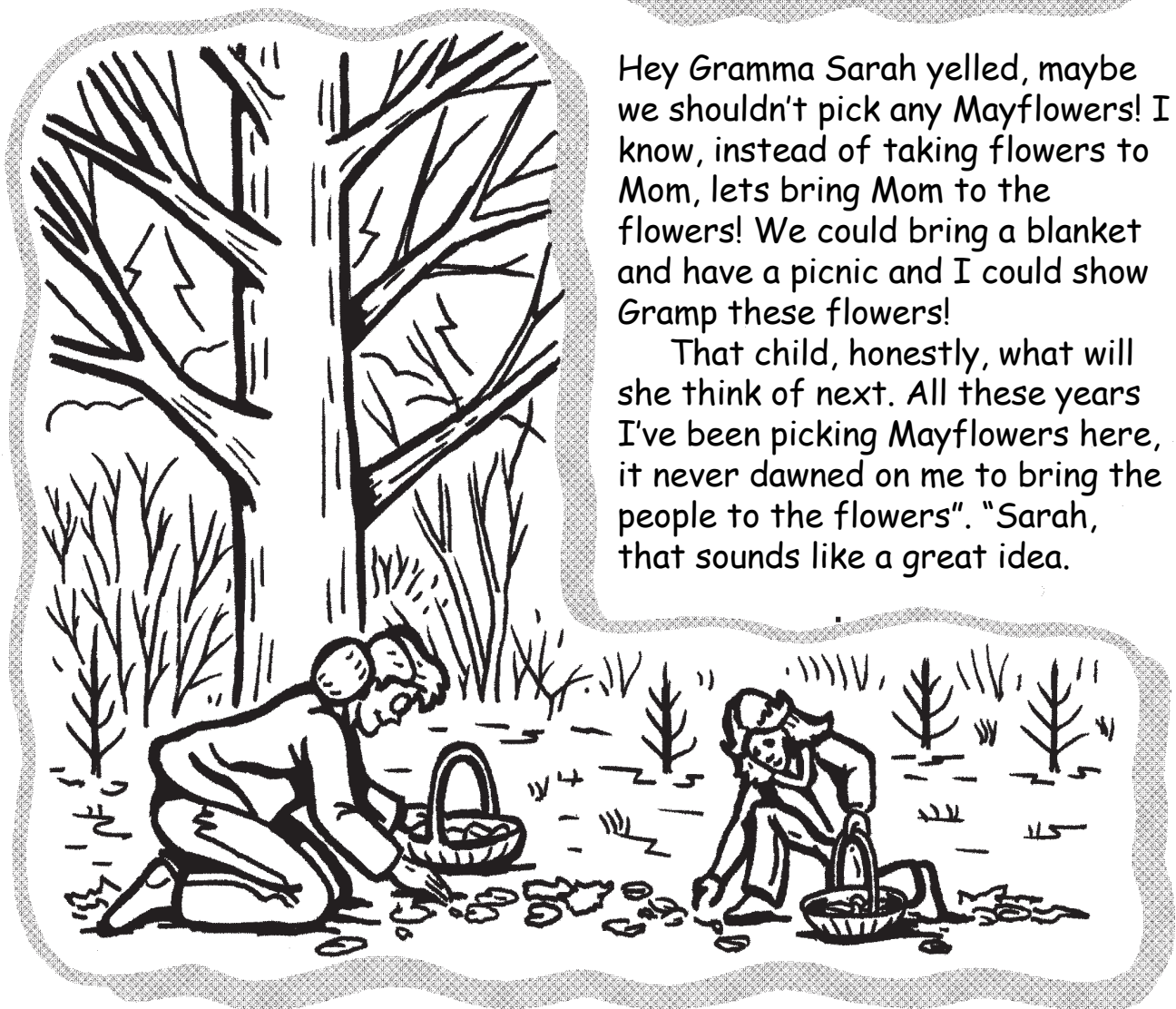


As Sarah looked thoughtfully at the mass of blossoms, she thought of her Grandpa and how he had told them the story of the acorn and how the oak tree was connected to so many other things in the forest and about her family tree and how she was connected to all her relatives, now she had something to tell Grandpa!. These Mayflowers were connected together to and if you pulled to hard on one another one would be yanked out of the ground and then another and another.



Hey Gramma Sarah yelled, maybe we shouldn't pick any Mayflowers! I know, instead of taking flowers to Mom, lets bring Mom to the flowers! We could bring a blanket and have a picnic and I could show Gramp these flowers!

That child, honestly, what will she think of next. All these years I've been picking Mayflowers here, it never dawned on me to bring the people to the flowers". "Sarah, that sounds like a great idea.



Can you find your way from Gramma's house,
to the Mayflower patch.

(Did you know that the Mayflower is Nova Scotia's provincial flower.)



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