

BLUE SKYS

By Lynette Wesley

Finally, the bell rings! A few hundred excited children burst through the classroom doors all throughout Mayfair Public school. Three floors of children practically tripping over each other, shuffling down the hallways. Racing down the flight of stairs, some chancing it, by sliding down the banister. All heading for the doors that lead to freedom for the summer. Each student carrying plastic bags weighed down with notebooks, half chewed pencils, rulers, and their art that had hung on school walls. Of course, the most important item in each bag was the long-awaited brown envelope containing the report card.

I turn to my best friend Lynn and hug her goodbye, and head toward the bikes locked against the school yard fence. I feel so jubilant riding my new bike with a sparkled blue seat down 3 blocks, a long park and then, 2 more blocks home, for the last time this school year! I lean my bike against our white picket fence and dash through the door into the kitchen, shouting "I'm home!" Mom turns from the sink to greet me with a big hug and watches me dumping out the contents of the bag. She reaches for the brown envelope and opens it. "Looks like you'll be going into grade 5!" "Yahoo mountain dew, I Passed!" I squeal, jumping up and down.

I ran out the door, hopped on my bike and peddled to a friend's place and joined in the fun of running through the sprinkler!

Usually, Saturdays were full of fun adventure. My mom, brother, sister, and I went rummage sale shopping with our favorite cousins, 3 girls, and their mom. Church to church basements we would go, hunting for toys, and trainer bras! Fifty cents went a long way. I can still recall the stale smell in those church basements. When poking our moms to ask for more money, the answer was usually no, in which case we would just go on playing around, crawling

under tables, putting wigs on our heads and laughing up a storm, until it was time to leave and find the next church.

However, one Saturday in July, 1973 turned out to be a very different kind of adventure! Dad announced that we were going house shopping. We needed a house large enough for a growing family of five. We looked at many homes but were disappointed with the dirt basements most of them had. Finally, we hit the jackpot! This house had 6 bedrooms, two bathrooms and a developed basement. It was a story and a half. When I walked into the house, I was stunned.

I had never seen a kitchen as roomy as this one was. The dark cupboards reached the ceiling. In the dining room, there was a landing that led up a flight of stairs. I was the first one to dash up and discover two small bedrooms and one larger one. The biggest room had 3 large windows across the south wall. I stood looking through the windows down onto the street and immediately claimed it as my own. Marcia, my younger sister fell in love with one of the small rooms. Lucky for us, my annoying brother Ronald wanted the basement bedroom. (Good he's out of our hair!)

Mom spent most of July Painting and preparing the house for our August move in. When the big day arrived and I stepped into my new bedroom, it was a sight to behold. Purple walls and bright orange curtains, and matching shiny paisley bed skirt, bedspread, and pillow sham. Later I learned that mom had spent a massive number of late-night hours sewing this for me. What a wonderful mom!

My sister Marcia and I would only have to walk one block to our new school, Wilson Elementary. My brother Ronald would be enrolled in the 9th grade, just kitty corner from our house, at City Park Collegiate. I could hardly wait to begin grade 5 at my new school.

After we had just nicely finished moving into our new home, mom packed our suitcases, and we were off to Lake Diefenbaker for a family reunion.

There wasn't a cloud in the sky. I was bathed in clear blue skies!

Lynette W. April 2021