

George lives three miles out in the country, and we had a family reunion there too before we separated. We had a feeling that we might not all be together again and we were anxious to see our nieces and nephews. I was glad to know that there were still Mooney children attending Northfield School.

In the first volume of this autobiography, "Clearing In the West," I mentioned the name of Fred Vigfuson, who worked for our family for many years, working in the summer and travelling in the winter, believing that money was made for spending, not saving. Fred travelled with us to Brandon and to Wawanesa, and he was one of the pallbearers with Will, George and Jack. Fred had been on one of his trips when he heard of my mother's death, but managed to arrive in Winnipeg in time for the funeral. He brought with him a huge wreath of flowers made of glass, much like those I saw afterwards in Normandy.

The real flowers were frozen, of course, before they reached the grave, but Fred's offering gleamed bright and indestructible, defying the elements. I agreed to write to all the people who had sent flowers, but we all thanked Fred for his. I remember saying to him that his wreath was a symbol of something enduring and everlasting, the very thing she carried in her own heart.

"If she were here," I said to Fred, "—and maybe she is—she would tell you she liked it."

We were sitting around the table at my brother George's and suddenly, to all our surprise, Fred covered his face with his hands.

"She was the only mother I ever knew," he said when he could speak. "She was the only person who ever thought enough of me to scold me like a mother . . . One day at the table in the kitchen in the old house, I was mad about something. I guess you all remember