

## **FLORENCE RYAN BUSCH**

### **MEMORIES FROM GRADE SCHOOL**

Some of my fondest memories are of my grade school years at St. Patrick. In the early morning I set off to school with my brother, Vernon and sisters, Vi and Gen. Gen was my teacher. As we walked through Garry's pasture we hoped and prayed we wouldn't run into their mad bull!

When we arrived at school on the bitter cold winter mornings, Tom Hart always had a rip-roaring fire going in the huge stove in the corner of the schoolroom.

Lots of excitement was generated in getting ready for our Christmas program. We had hours of rehearsals with all the children having a small part. When the big day came we spent the morning putting sheets up for the stage curtain. The program always seemed to go well. When we sang the last carol, "Silent Night" we were all excited because we knew Santa would arrive soon with the candy.

When I see children sledding today, I think of the fun we had sleigh riding down the long, long hill next to the school. We never seemed to mind the long walk back up the hill.

Another special memory is of when all the school children were allowed to go to Hickey's Woods to pick wildflowers. Our last day of school was a day of games and prizes. Sometimes there was a special treat of a boat ride in Father Farrell's motorboat.