A Life Grown From Good Soil

— The Story of Margaret —

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There's a farmhouse in the West Riding of Yorkshire that I still see when I close my eyes.



My father was not a man of words; he never told us he loved us, but every single morning, he was already out in that field.



I was five years old when
I first stood at the
kitchen window in the
early dark, watching him
cross the frost-covered
field.



I left for Leeds at nineteen,
seeking freedom, but
found the particular
loneliness of someone
who has chosen to leave
somewhere they loved.



I married at twenty-four,
taught primary school
for thirty-one years, and
had three children, each
a small miracle.











My mother read to me,
my father taught me love
is a verb, and my
husband showed me a
good life is built in small,
ordinary moments.



Belonging somewhere matters, quiet love is the truest kind, and the view from a farmhouse window in winter is worth more than words.



This is my parents on their wedding day in 1952; they built everything from that day, and they built me.

