



Sense of Home

BY JOY ASHAM FEDORICK

Why should I write? Who am I to believe that what I say is useful?

But I saw, you know, my grandmother skin moose and remember her soft voice talking to that moose's spirit and giving her thanks. Her hands, once deft with movement, gnarled as time re-sculptured them. Moving, not so deftly anymore, but with surety of habit.

I heard the water coursing through our village before the dam went in. The water tinkled its way through my life and provided a constancy that whispered of security, dependable throughout warmer months. The voice of the water changed in winter, there for me, as my boots crackled its surface. Short-cut to school. Why ever did I hurry?

Woodsmoke tingled my nostrils — hides being tanned. Smoked fish. Warmth in winter. Cooking all year.

Bannock warm with lard. I taste home. The occasional deer-roast that now herds into my life serves the purpose of past-conjuring.

Calico and hide. Sweetgrass and sage. My fingers touch these things and compare (as my mind so often does) the feel of polyester, styrofoam and keyboard. Fingers then and now.

My feet turn home: toward the sights, sounds smells, tastes — and the hear-touch. Gone. Gone as my Grandmother.

But I remember her and she is with me.