

Reading many of the short stories on-line brings back so many of my memories, the blackberry wine from an area parishioner when we went to serve Mass (I think with Fr. Robert), the bus trips back to Pittsburgh breaking down outside of Warren PA but one of my memories about the sugaring operations was the year I bought a quart (for \$8.00 a small fortune then) to take home to my brothers. I remember the excitement of taking them something special. I remember Mom making pancakes. I remember the great disappointment when my brothers tasted it and said they liked corn syrup better! I am not sure I ever forgave them.

- Guillaume