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THERE'S A NEW TREE PLANTED

Wow – what a change in weather patterns. From this coastal city where we're still waiting for more than two days of summer, I can't help but think of my prairie friends. To those struggling with unprecedented rainfall and to the residents of Kawacatoose First Nation reserve, I offer my best wishes and prayers. Out of these tragedies, I hope you find some kind of a memorial to remind you and others of your perseverance and determination to rebuild.

I've also been the grateful recipient of a number of best wishes and prayers this past several weeks and I'm most appreciative of your support. As we said goodbye to Mom, my deep grief was eased by the love and care of many friends and business colleagues. Probably one of the most touching memorials, at least to me, was delivered on behalf of the San Francisco based company for which I work.

"OTR Global has requested that we have a young tree planted in memory of Dorothy Smith," the letter read and I marvelled that someone had gone to the trouble of finding out her name. "We hope that the planting of this tree will bring the peace and comfort to you that the tree is intended to bring to the many who pass its way in years to come." Mom would have loved that; after all, nothing living was considered inconsequential in her eyes. I knew of few things that prompted a killing spree from her – one was mosquitoes; the other, slugs that threatened to eat her flowers.

Thanks to my editors for your work in providing us with updated news of community life; thanks to my readers for your weekly perusal of my ruminations; and, thanks to my colleagues who cared enough to commission the planting of this special tree. You all deserve a medal!