

## THE GIFT

It was a modest token  
hand-written note with a bill  
tucked inside a card  
I set on my front steps  
for our newspaper carrier.

A gift bag – five days later –  
appeared at my door  
with treasures inside.

A typed letter of gratitude:  
*We have two years in Canada.  
First time we have  
received such kindness.*

A pencilled drawing  
mom, dad, four children  
name printed above each:  
*Max, Muco, Nualla,  
Izzet, Maria, Aysegul.*

A gift nestled  
among wrapping paper  
that cradled an ornamental tree  
radiant stones blossoming  
from outstretched branches.

The tree rests on a shelf  
in my office to remind me  
of the importance of roots –  
those that dig deep  
those torn asunder –  
and the gift of the giver.

Kathy Robertson  
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