

## The Egg Lady

*By Cindy Peters*

One Summer day my mother announced with pride that she found a lady who sold fresh country eggs outside of town. Her name was Mrs. Froseth. She was a sweet older lady who lived with her husband on several acres of rich farmland. Mrs. Froseth was robust, jolly, and she looked exactly like the pictures of Mrs. Santa Klaus. They also had a beautiful collie named Lady. Their acreage was surround by large trees. They lived in a small white Cape Code Home with a detached garage. The front of their home had a green yard with lilac bushes and a flower garden. The back of their home had a large vegetable garden and a chicken coop. Mr. Froseth was usually out on his tractor plowing the fields. Mrs. Froseth named her rooster and each one of her chickens. She exclaimed with pride that her chickens laid the largest eggs in town and they tasted much better than store-bought eggs.

After my first visit to the Froseth farm I was elected at age nine to ride my bike to their farm to collect the fresh eggs for my family. Every Saturday morning my mom would give me money for the eggs. I would ride my bike two miles one way on dusty, bumpy gravel roads to the Froseth farm. I would put a box of a dozen eggs in my bike basket. I would be so happy and relieved to arrive at home without breaking a single egg.

Mrs. Froseth's house was a house of wonder. Every corner of her home was covered with homemade crafts. I was amazed. Mrs. Froseth did not have small children or grandchild living nearby, so she seemed to enjoy my visits. I lived far away from my grandparents, so she became like another grandmother to me. I looked forward to my Saturday morning visits with Mrs. Froseth. She would invite me to sit and rest after my long journey and always had a cold glass of freshly squeezed lemonade and something hot out of the oven when I arrived. She made the best chocolate chip cookies I had ever eaten.

One day she offered to teach me how to crochet. I never liked working with the one needle and I could not catch on to it. Then she gave me two needles with a ball of yarn and taught me how to knit. I loved knitting. I knitted caps, mittens and scarfs to use as Christmas presents for my mom, dad and brother.

One Saturday morning I arose early and I was excited to ride over to see Mrs. Froseth. As I gathered my bike, my mother announced that I could never go see Mrs. Froseth again. Mr. Froseth had a terrible accident when his tractor tipped over, killing him and their dog Lady. This news was very upsetting, and my eyes filled with tears. I pleaded to go see Mrs. Froseth but it was too late. She had already put the farm up for sale and moved far away to live with her daughter and family. I felt very sad for Mrs. Froseth and very sad that I never had a chance to say goodbye and tell her how much she meant to me. A few weeks later a letter arrived for me from Mrs. Froseth. Enclosed in the letter was a crocheted cross and a note telling me how much she enjoyed our time together. A funny thing is that after all these years I never knitted another item.

