

## Vermontville Cemetery

A mile and a half from the quiet little farming community of Vermontville lies the cemetery. It is a pleasant place, the land slightly rolling, shaded by ancient trees, whose leaves in the fall make a glittering carpet over the last resting place of its inhabitants. There is no formal caretaker, so the cemetery lacks the painful neatness and stylized contours so evident in many modern burial grounds. It is not neglected, however; families and friends see that grass is cut and flowers kept watered.

On a late sunny afternoon long after I had been living in the Upper Peninsula, I wandered along the graveled paths and saw on neighboring headstones the names of my grandparents--the Reverend and Mrs. W. U. Benedict. I knew my grandmother only a short time. She died soon after my mother and I had arrived from abroad to live with her. I remember her as a small person with an immense dignity. Her manner was kind but firm, and I never questioned her commands. If she said I could have two cookies from the "butry" cooky-jar--two it was, and never three. She had a sense of humor and was highly amused over my disgust with milk taken from a COW! Having lived in a city, milk to me meant something which came out of a bottle or tin can. Also, her eyes twinkled merrily when she told me that I could have the large juicy yellow sweet bough apples which fell off the orchard tree during the night, if I could get there before the chickens found them in the morning. I rarely did--the chickens had made the first few pecks. I wondered afterwards if that was a device for getting me up early. If so, it worked!