

THE VISIT  
By: Anita Kubit  
January, 2008

~ ~ ~

Each time I visit North Andover  
My granddaughter plans a special day

For us to share an afternoon walking  
at the Stevens-Coolidge Place  
...down Andover way.

Her childish hand in mine, we stroll the crooked path  
that leads us to the wavering wall.

And there we are greeted by a scent of sweet air,  
A fragrant gift from the treasured Rose Garden.

Our spirits lift as we peer  
beyond the bordering shrubs  
to discover a brilliant rainbow  
of flowering buds.

Joyfully, my granddaughter and I, watch a butterfly  
in a fluttering run,  
to find a quilled coneflower  
as gold as the sun.

Nature's palette lends a helping hand,  
By painting neighboring hayfields  
a mischievous tan.

The Spring day is warm, and the sky is clear  
Just as it might have been a hundred years  
Ago when the stately Ashdale farm stood here.

My granddaughter looks up at me. She smiles.  
I know what she is thinking.  
Without a word, she is asking,

"How many more years will we be visiting?"