

An occasional article from.....**One of our members.**

A poem, and the poignant history behind it.

When I was a child, my father taught me to draw and my mum helped me to sew.

Sewing became my job. (*I used many buttons*) My mum always said, "We never throw the buttons away and the cloth can be used for dusters. You never know when you'll need them."

Later on, I started to remember what garments the colourful buttons were off.

Then, after my husband returned injured from the Falklands War, I wrote this poem and returned to the Art Circle after seventeen years.

Just a *Colourful* Button

It is time I had a throw out
This is something I've long delayed
I open a drawer of buttons and place them on a tray

There are lots of different sizes
And many odd shapes too
Red and pink and yellow
And some of them are blue

The majority are white ones
There are more than I can say
Probably off many clothes
That I have thrown away

When I was a child, Oh, so full of fun
Collecting the odd buttons, my mum did not sew on

Pink reminds me of my daughter
Who's all grown up and gone
Dresses, knitted cardigans
I sewed the buttons on

Green is for the boys
Yellow, blue and red
I remember all the times
They would not get out of bed

I start to dream of long ago
When for my grandchildren I would sit and sew
Dolls and teddies, fancy dress
Coats, nighties and the rest

It's just a tray of buttons
Here's one from long ago
It's off a soldier's uniform
A man I've come to know

Although he's in a wheelchair
And finds it hard to speak
We laugh and joke and fantasize
And he kisses me on my cheek

They are just a tray of buttons
That I should throw away
So I'll put them back in the drawer
And Try another day

Beryl Rushton

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