

Letter to My Boys Now Age Forty and Forty-nine by Nancy Archibald

Dear Aaron and Matt,

It brought me joy to have lunch with you at the Glen Eagles Golf Course in Cochrane yesterday. After I left you at the golf course and drove down the hill toward Cochrane, it started to rain, so I hope you had a good game despite the weather.

Yesterday, on my way home, I visited the Cochrane Arena where you, Matt, played hockey when you were with the Westwood Warriors Hockey League in Calgary in 1989. Aaron, you also played in this league, but I don't remember you playing at Cochrane. If you remember, let me know.

I didn't expect anyone to be there in August, but there were several cars in the parking lot. After taking a picture of the arena, curiosity made me open the doors to a place that took me back in time. The rink looked familiar with the same wooden bleachers and heaters.

Tiny boys and girls skated out onto the ice with sticks, helmets, hockey pads and sweaters of various colours. Much the same size as you were Matt. This was not a game, but a practice of some sort.

When both of you were playing, this level was called Mini Mites. Now it is called U6, for kids under six years old. Memories of your games and practices in Clive, Gananoque, Kingston and Calgary came flooding back.

Now I am seventy, I look back at putting on your skates, cheering you on, driving you to your games and socializing with other hockey parents. I am writing a memoir of small stories of what I can recall from the twenty years you boys played hockey.

Let me know if you have a story you recall so I can add it.

Love, Mom