9 Σεπτεμβρίου 2010

Tapestry

Ξένες γλώσσες / In English



When I was a little girl, my mother used to embroider a great deal. I would sit at her feet and look up from the floor and ask what she was doing. She informed me that she was embroidering.

As from the underside I watched her work within the boundaries of the little round hoop that she held in her hand, I complained to her that it sure looked messy from where I sat. She would smile at me, look down and gently say, “My daughter, you go about your playing for a while, and when I am finished with my embroidering, I will put you on my knee and let you see it from my side.”

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