

Today I walk down memory lane, to remember someone who believed in me when I didn't even know who I was!

Her name was Mrs. Sisk, my grade three teacher. I had been accused of writing terrible things on library cards about the Librarian. Mrs. Sisk actually asked me if I had done it. When I told her I hadn't, she said some of the wisest words I've heard yet. "Well, then, *you* know you didn't do it and *God* knows you didn't do it and that is all that matters." I was eight years old and I have never forgotten these words.

Fast forward thirteen years. I was walking down the isle in our family Catholic parish to marry my childhood sweetheart. Not everyone knew that I was four months pregnant with our first child. She was all hidden under a hooped laced wedding dress. I carried babies' breath mixed in with corn flowers to include her in my heart that day. I don't know if Mrs. Sisk knew my secret - I hadn't seen her since I moved into a junior high school. She must have read the announcement my mother placed in the newspaper.

It was after our vows had been spoken and we were heading back down the isle out into our lives that I saw her. It almost took my breath away. She gave me a slight nod and smiled. It felt like she had "followed" me, that she wanted to see how I did in life. She gave time to come to a wedding ceremony of a pupil she taught thirteen years ago. Without words she brought me strength. I thought about how God knew, knew everything and it would be okay. More than okay.

Mrs. Sisk believed in me when I was such an odd, deep feeling little girl, eccentric in my own way. She believed in me as a young woman, starting out on a rough path. I never got to thank her, never got to ask her all the things I think of now. My husband and I settled in Kitchener, far from Ottawa. The years became busy with more children and well, life.

I hope this very simple story and expression of believing in someone inspires you to believe in someone - maybe when that person doesn't look like they are going to do very well - maybe when they have stumbled and wonder how to get back up - maybe when they don't even realize they need someone to believe in them until many years later.

Believing in another helps them to blossom.