

# WINNIE THE POOH      Kiki Eglinton 3/24/19

My mother enjoyed reading aloud to us when we were children. I loved hearing the stories, and especially hearing her voice. Having grown up in Georgia she had a distinct southern accent, a flavor I only knew as my mother's voice. My favorite books were about Winnie the Pooh. There was a book of stories, and another with poems which, having read them so often, she had practically memorized.

In my early years I would listen as she read Pooh to my brother Ted who was almost four years older than me, so I was immersed in the world of Pooh Corner from the start. As I became older I understood the stories and poems better, and became familiar with Christopher Robin and his many friends. I got to know each character and how their personalities shaped each story. In our house my brother was called "Eeyore." Enough said!

My favorite story was about the time Pooh got stuck in the hole leaving Rabbit's home after eating a bit too much of his beloved honey. He had to stay there for a week to reduce his waistline with all Rabbit's relations finally pulling and pushing him free.

When I became a mother, I was eager to share the joys of Pooh with my kids. Several of the poems ended up being particularly appropriate for our family. The story of Mary Jane fussing over her rice pudding mirrored my trials getting my daughter Anne to eat. My son Jamie was James, James, Morrison, Morrison... and Tim was Timothy Tim with ten pink toes.

Lately the tables have turned. When Jamie and his wife Barbara visit me on Saturdays we break out those very same books and as Jamie reads to me, we relive those adventures and take delight in each familiar poem and story. Pooh has turned out to be a very dependable and beloved lifelong companion.

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