

# Fall In The Beach Then And Now

Forty three years ago I was finally old enough to travel on my own from my parents home in the Scarborough Bluffs, to visit my Grandparents on Pine Crescent. I remember everything about that fledgling trip - the sense of independence and the beginnings of my love of travel and exploration through communities. I had taken the number twelve (still called that) Kingston Road bus from McCowan and Kingston Road, after walking up from the lake location of my parents' home. My stop and destination was the Bingham Loop.

Walking away from the bus and following a carefree meandering route, I found more things than just the familiar facade of my Grandparents Home. I walked from Bingham and Kingston Road, crossed south at Scarborough Road, and travelled east along Pine Avenue a road that would eventually become Pine Crescent. Armed with the advise not to "talk to strangers" and floating in the power of new found autonomy, I watched, looked, listened, inhaling the core essence of a full crisp fall day. I noticed the detailing and varying architectural styles of the homes, lingering as I sauntered past favorites.

The smell of newly raked leaves burning in backyard bins will never leave my senses, for there is no better smell than that of natural elements being eliminated in the most natural way. Fire regulations prohibited that household practice years ago , how I wish our children could experience the crisp clean air of a sunny day, mixed with the sweet smokey smell of nature. I had been looking forward to my weekend stay, as my Grandmother did things in her own particular ways. To enjoy her cooking was to be pampered in the delicious tastes of simple succulence.

Tucked carefully into bed that night I would elate in the smell of my crisp, clean sheets. Grandma Banks had a clothes line that she put to good use, an early advocate of the environment, Grandma was teased about her washed out, then clipped clothes-lined dried , plastic bags. Everything she could think of dried on her pulley line, my sweet dreams were a result of wonderfully natural scented bed sheets. I do have to admit , the thick bath towels never held the same allure for me, their crispness felt hard and harsh with a faint smell of moldiness. Everything about fall in the Beach for me relates back to the loving and accepting relationship I had with both my Grandparents.

Bounce dryer sheets have replaced the natural drying power of clothes lines, leaves are bagged and picked up, most fireplaces are now gas and perhaps a "natural, pine scented incense", replaces good old fashioned logs burning in the hearth. Time passes, experiences change through "progression," yet there is something that will never change, the welcoming Hug of a Grandparent on a cool, crisp fall day , in the Beach.

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