

**Sojourn in Montreal**  
**by Sheila Koop**

Crowds of three-storey apartments with staircases that spiral through the cold, ice and snow cascade like children on toboggans close to Mile End's no end of shopping and eating. Black-cloaked Hasidic men with brilliant white stockings and oversized hats that protect their space on the narrow sidewalks beside the hipsters in their overpriced second hand sweaters and new Blundstone boots. The fish mongers at Falerno's feign boredom then proudly check each oyster for freshness and I dream of fish and seafood chowder until I happen upon the perfect recipe, the one I always use. How it will taste with fresh baguette from Premiere Mession where our daughter spent a year behind the counters loaded with buttery confections. Now she is the mother who beckons me to dote upon the princely Quinn. I acquiesce – remember love passed on, as delicate and lovely as snowflakes on an eyelash.