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Apple Pie and It Came With My Mother

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Apple Pie and It Came With My Mother

Author Bio

Casey is an English and Theater Arts major attending Gettysburg College. She holds her writing close to her and is honored to let others in to read her personal work.

Apple Pie AND It Came With My Mother

CASEY CREAGH

I. Apple Pie

“It’s Grammy’s recipe but I made it better,” you would subtly boast at our beat-up wooden kitchen table. It was the same table you and dad bought together when you first got married. It was the same table my sister and I stained with markers and paint when we were younger: “Gives it character,” you would say. Once again, it was going to be the starting point for your famous apple pie. Apparently, what made yours the best was the sugar-cookie crust.

You were never a very organized cook. I remember the counters strewn with ingredients and supplies. The mixing bowl waited, dusted off in the crowded corner next to the fridge; you always said how much you hated baking-- ironic, right? The kitchen table was buried in flour, like snow plowed to the sides of the streets in winter. Eggshells filled the sink drain, and you looked like you had enough ingredients caked on your hands and face to start a whole new pie. Anna and I weren’t much help with the cleanliness. Even though our official job was to assist in rolling out that magnificent crust, we took the opportunity to wage in a flour war with dad. You never seemed to mind our mess.

After you realized your assistants were far too occupied winning battles on Pillsbury hill, you’d roll the dough out into four misshapen circles-- one pie was never enough for our eager family around the holidays. Then, you’d move on to the apples. Coated in butter and cinnamon-sugar they were irresistible. Dad would always tip-toe in and steal some straight from the bowl. You’d scold him and he’d just giggle like a little kid and give you a kiss on your flour-spotted forehead. After a few years of his antics you started making extra filling just for him; you let him think he was still sneaking around.

My favorite part was when the pies finally made it to the oven. We’d clean up our battlefield and return the scarcely used mixing bowl

back to its rightful corner. You'd sit down to rest and we would join you; all four of us cuddled onto the couch to watch our then favorite show. After a few minutes, the scent would swarm the house. The sweet smell of the cinnamon-apple filling covered in your famous crust...

I miss that sugar-cookie crust.

I miss that apple pie.

II. It Came With My Mother

My mother's hair, she would say, was dark brown, although I would argue it was black. Her curly locks sprung out in different directions, but somehow appeared perfectly set in place everyday. My mother's hair was what I used in sizeable crowds to find her over everyone else. My mother's hair was what I thought made us look alike, and I was contented to find out even without it, I still resembled her daughter. After beginning chemotherapy, my mother's hair caused her physical pain. What was once such a distinguishing factor in her appearance became a constant, aching reminder of the tattooed map on her chest, of the needles in her arm, of the tumor on her lung... and the irony of that stabbed me. It was time to say goodbye to the bundle of beautiful springs my mother carried with her all of her life, and I was the one to end its era.

My mother, tearful yet confident she was ready to move on, decided it was time to shave her head. My support was infinite, as I sprinted up the steps, the same steps my mother struggled with everyday...and the irony of that spurred me. I grabbed a razor, shaving cream, and a towel. These tools gave me the sense of control I yearned for and brought with them an acceptance of my mother's disease. So, I wielded that razor like I was holding the cure for cancer in my hands.

My acceptance came when the razor I held raked away the hair I was raised with, the hair I grew so attached to. It came when I looked at the smooth, pale surface of my mother's bald head and knew, no matter what the outcome, we were going to persevere. It came when my mother looked in the mirror and I was able to reassure her, when before she was the one consoling me... and the irony of that saved me.