Snow Ice Cream
by Sybil Pittman Estess

Mother would make it for us in the South of Mississippi. We’d open our mouths
to frozen heaven. (So rarely.) But purely vanilla delight! My young sister surely
loved it too (and she was “finniky”). Did not like any other ice cream. Our dad
was so mad when he took us for a ride on Sunday afternoon for treats. She never cried
but instantly pitched her cone right out the car back window. Well, that made him shout,

“Why didn’t you tell me you didn’t want it?” She was four, cotton-haired, stoic. “Can’t
you hear? I did,” she said. He couldn’t do anything with her. But mother’s treat was true
flavoring, milk and sugar, mixed up with experiments of fun—for us. She waited. “If
it snows this winter we’ll make it again,” she’d wink. So we would watch the skies when
it turned fall, then winter, then really cold right there in southern Hattiesburg. So bold,

Mother would grab her coat, be out the door with a bowl at the first flake. We yelled, “More!”
each time we finished lapping up her treat. We thought Mother could do everything. Feats
like make the ground white in deep South just for us. Chance, she did with her art brush, her past love-fuss.