

**Laural Norry's story of  
Margart Jane Laird Dymment**



My mother was born August 5, 1897 near Princeton, Ontario. She was the youngest child of Margaret Ann MacLean who was born in Scotland and William Hurvey Laird who was born in Mt. Pleasant, Ontario. Margaret Ann had come to Canada when she was two years old.

When mother was seven her family moved to the Oak Hill area near Brantford, Ontario. The family went to Mount Vernon Church where Mother later became a Sunday School teacher and organist. Grandpa Laird died when Mother was 15.

My father, Kenneth Dymont, moved to a farm on Hwy. 53 when he was 15. He met my mother at church.

Mother and Dad were married on August 2, 1922. They bought 11 acres and built a red brick house and garage. There was an orchard between their home and that of Grandpa and Grandma Dymont.

As my father delivered milk in West Brant and worked on the roads, my mother helped Grandpa Dymont with the milking. They became great friends and shared the love of animals.

On September 20, 1924, my mother and father had a son, Merlyn Kenneth. On June 16, 1928, their daughter Doreen Margaret was born.

When my sister Doreen was nine months old, the barn burnt down. The cattle and horses were kept at an empty barn down the road until Mother and Dad were able to build a new steel barn and shed.

When I was born on March 8, 1930, my brother Merlyn asked Mother if he could name the new baby. Mother read out all the names she could and he picked "Laurel Adele".

Mother helped the school teachers who lived in the "Big House", a three storey home owned by my grandparents with the school concerts. She and Dad also helped with the Sunday School.

Grandpa Dymont died on October 27, 1935, so Grandmother stayed with us and rented her house to two families.

When I was ten years old, the British Commonwealth bought our farm for an airport. The workers took over our home. We had to find another home and farm by August 1, 1940.

For years, Mother helped at the Mt. Vernon Church. When we moved to the Cathcart and Muir area, she helped at both churches there. She also helped with events, like concerts, at the Cathcart school that we attended.

Mother had asthma and hay fever all her life. Her health became increasingly worse after my birth. She never complained no matter how poorly she was feeling. She was always positive. She was perfect.

Mother was very sick and spent a lot of time in 1960 in the hospital. When my son Alex was born (March 8, 1960), she had been in a coma for many weeks. When he was a few days old, we took him in to see her. Alex started to fret and mother miraculously came out of her coma. Looking at Alex, she said "give me my baby".

In 1962, Mother and Dad moved to Princeton. While they were building their home on property adjoining our farm, they lived with Bob, me and our six children as well as Grandpa Norry.

Mother died on September 15, 1967, fifteen days before my second youngest son Donald was born. Before she died, she told Bob and me that the baby's name would be Donald. She also told us that we

would have another son and his name would be Ronald. Our youngest son, Ronald, was born on February 10, 1969.

I loved my Mother dearly. She was a perfect Mother. My husband, Bob, loved her dearly as well and Mother loved him like a son. Bob had lost his mother when he was four, so Mother was his Mother too.