

When one thinks of a cemetery, most of us think about a place to honor our dead. Few consider that there is also something alive in that place.



The young, ambitious man seen here, sent a letter to the cemetery board asking permission to revisit a very old custom of tapping trees for sap to turn into the maple syrup that many of us love on our pancakes or other delicious food. He wrote that during his visits to that final resting place for residents and relatives, he discovered the venerable sugar maples that have lived there for over 150 years.

He had researched the craft of gathering sap so he knew it would not harm those giants and, in fact, might be life prolonging. He assured the members of the board that, if successful, he would make sure each of us would receive the fruits of this labor. He also assured us that there would not be tubes or hoses like those used by commercial syrup makers, but that he would use the same way discovered by Native Americans; that of a tap and a bucket.

This entrepreneur also agreed that the buckets should be unobtrusive unless folks were looking for a particular headstone near one. He carefully placed them away from the roadways, and only one person questioned what was going on and wondered if the cemetery trustees were aware of this activity. The board members assured that individual that we knew all about the tapping and had given our okay.

This innovative man was successful in his venture and has, true to his promise, distributed some of the results of his labors to each of the members of the Board of Trustees of the Pittsford Cemetery Association in the form of maple syrup.

Isn't it remarkable that something so ancient is **living** in a cemetery and can generate a product so desired by the people who are also alive and active? We wish to say "*Thank you*" to our timeless old goliaths and to an enlightened naturalist who recognized what a cemetery can give back to the living.