

Some Things I Have

18 March, 2020

Sitting at my writing desk and turning my head to the right I see the corkboard with my 'stuff' all over, stuck up with push pins. This is what my daughter would call a Whimsy Corner. It's the stuff that I choose to have always available for the odd glance.

Next to the pic of our young daughters dressed up for a preschool event is a ticket stub from one of Angela's college shows. The girl who told us in second grade that she would grow up to work as a Disney performer did just that and continues to perform in the little theatre in her town.

The wood shaving (full length and width) serves as evidence of my skill in sharpening and tuning hand planes. No one else would care and why should they, but for me it's a lovely little memento of a skill well developed. (My wall, my whimsy.) Three feet below it sits the wood magazine rack my Dad made in manual arts class. There's a connection there. My bosun's pipe, a voting stub, the little Styrofoam glider Rachel gave me as a joke gift. And speaking of Rachel, the painting she did that she wanted to throw away but I love.

My high school graduation button with the headshot of a scowling teenage me (at least once in my life I was that self-serious) sits above my "It's a Girl!" button from St. Agnes Medical Center (at least twice in my life I was that happy). If teenage me had known how those moments of joy in the delivery rooms would infuse my life, perhaps I'd have been more hopeful, earlier. Aw, well...

The 'I Heart Bubba' pillow from Angela, Bubba meaning yours truly. And the picture of my Aunt Suzy, AKA Sr. Marie Doule that I love so much. She died young but to this day remains a very real presence to those of us who knew her as our goofy aunt. (Knowing nuns could be people made my eight years of Catholic school so much more palatable.) My Manwich plaque is a running joke between my brother and me that our wives wish we would forget. And the pair of Joe's fun socks that Elaine sent me after he passed always reminds me of a really sweet guy I hope never to forget.

And, and, and...

Whichever way I turn in this room where I spend much of my time I see reminders of my life so far.

I hope this finds you well and happy. I am.