

The Objects of Our Lives

Installment 10

March 22, 2021

Jane Klein, Kevin Fidgeon,
Mary Ellen South, William J. Kennedy

We say “things” are not important, it is the people and experiences of our lives that make it rich. But is that always true? This is the question we put to Guild writers, asking them to craft a story—fiction or nonfiction, prose or poetry—about an everyday object that represents an



Photo by Jim Tegman

important part of their life. The project was inspired by a *Harvard Gazette* essay by Leslie Jamison (read it [here](#)).

We are overjoyed by the number of writers who participated. Rather than creating one large document, we are serializing these pieces. Several pieces will be posted each week for our readers to savor and contemplate.

“Our objects this week reveal something of who we are now—even if it takes nearly forty years, as in the case of Bill Kennedy’s object—to understand why the object really matters.”

Maribeth
RBWG Executive Director

Blue Eyeglasses. Circa 2017. Jane Klein.

As I've aged, my choice in eyeglasses has become increasingly important, not only to see near and far but also to be seen. I confirmed this theory with the purchase of funky, brilliant blue, double framed glasses, bought sometime in 2017, a year after my wife died.

Choosing them is etched in memory (as few things are these days,) due to the angst involved with the decision. Though I have little fear of color, these glasses, neon blue in the sun, screamed for attention. I purchased them with resolve and a smile of satisfaction.



Good decision. As the wrinkles have increased and the body has taken on a previously unknown shape, distractions are needed. Weird, bright glasses turned out to be the answer. No one mentions the few extra pounds or the wrinkles, as they are drawn to the shiny object. I've had a waitress come to the table (before COVID) and recognize me because of my crazy glasses, and I've met strangers in stores and on sidewalks who have come to me with questions about them.

Yes, the blue glasses have enhanced life in my seventies, and when wearing a mask, they are the only thing you see. I believe your glasses should reflect the inner light that burns, no matter your age.

Distract, reveal, share, invest. The eyes have it.

Medical Marijuana Card. 2020. Kevin Fidgeon.



An epic delay of pandemic proportions finally ended with the delivery of my MEDICAL MARIJUANA CARD! Years of hard living, loose women and cheap beer had taken a toll, resulting in age-related aches and pains.

A rescued man, my cheap beer had been turned into cheap wine, and the loose women in my life reduced to one who was anything but loose.

With card in hand, I marched off to the nearest Delaware medical marijuana dispensary. All its windows and glass doors had been boarded up due to the presidential election.

After getting through security and being admitted to the main room in the store, friendly smiling faces greeted me by my first name. All staff were outfitted in khaki pants and blue polo shirts. It was a “Best Buy” uniform and I was tempted to ask whether they had any sales on 55-inch TVs.

Escorted to a waiting room, I was surrounded by “drug users” who looked a lot like me. It was a Walmart crowd, and I felt right at home. Ten minutes later, I was on my way with a small black bag filled with medical marijuana and HIGH hopes for a wonderful holiday.

It was not to be.

A very dizzy head and a super-parched mouth ruined the festive season. Thank God, I still had cheap wine and a good, formerly loose woman, to fall back on.

Pearls, Holding Memories. 2020. Mary Ellen South.

I created it to wear as a symbol,
A circle of memories.
Each a treasured medallion.
A lei of happiness encircling me.
Children's birth dates
An anniversary, a trip, a Zodiac reminder,
College friendships and adventures.
Golden magic recalled instantly,
When worn it provokes enchantment
It carries a dateline of my life
A charmed fortune hung between pearls
Capturing a life well lived.



The Medicinal Mercedes. 1958. William J. Kennedy.



It was 1976. The ad read, “1958 Mercedes 190SL, \$750” followed by a local number, just twenty miles away. Three hours later I drove the car home and parked it in front of our condo.

The harsh New England winters had taken their toll. Rust had eaten through a number of places. A neighbor commented he didn't know the Swiss made cars.

First thing was to wash the windows. Why? I was overwhelmed, and it was the only thing I knew how to do.

Not much happened to the car until I had a garage. Then the magical properties of this old car emerged. On days when problems at work seemed unsolvable, after the family went to bed, I'd go into the garage and sand a six by six-inch section down to bare metal. An accomplishment! I repeated the process many nights, sometimes getting so lost in the process, my wife would come out and tell me it was time for work. But I always felt better. Tired, but better.

The Objects of Our Lives

The car is on the road now. The first ride was wonderful, twenty-five years in the making. Then the wonder of driving it faded. It was years before I realized, this wasn't a car for driving; this was a car for tinkering. It was the adult size version of the model cars I built as a kid. It was medicine, and I didn't need a prescription for it.