

WordCraft Posting

Memoir Workshop

Inspiration: Earrings

Assignment: The first time your mother dressed up to go out and left you home

Saturday night. The scent of Old Spice and Evening in Paris wafted from my parents' bedroom. Hair rollers removed and makeup applied, my mother appeared, a vision of loveliness, femininity and charm. The Coliseum beckoned for an evening of transformation. The music and dancing would transform her. No more cook and bottle washer. Tonight she was Ginger Rogers, and she looked like a movie star. Her earrings and necklace were shining facets of ruby red, the perfect compliment to her auburn hair. Her cocktail dress of organza and lace, showed just enough cleavage, but even more leg. Beautiful legs, that loved to dance, complete with a smile that could stop you in your tracks. My dad was beaming in anticipation. He was a handsome man, with the bluest eyes I've ever seen. He could dance like Fred Astaire but looked more like Bing Crosby. They were a handsome pair.

My brother and I looked at them both. We could hardly wait to make Jiffy Pop, watch the Twilight Zone and be home alone. There were kisses goodnight, and then they were gone, leaving us behind with the scent of Saturday night.

By Mavis Wallace

Small town Vermont during the '50s and '60s had few gathering places where one met up with friends. House parties were the norm and my parents hosted many parties for their social group.

These parties involved rolling back the carpet for dancing, playing games (such as identifying your spouse by feeling a row of knees while blindfolded), pot luck dinners at 11pm, and of course, martinis.

We children were often employed as servers and busboys, but more often we had our own party in the rec room downstairs with our own friends and the children of the upstairs party goers.

Mom always dressed up, wearing a cocktail dress (often homemade) and flashy jewelry. She was the Queen of costume jewelry. She and her sister Louise made sequin and crystal jewelry sets and gifted them to each other. When Mom died she left boxes full of these sets in addition to other elaborate costume earrings, bracelets and pins. She loved glitz and passed this love onto her daughter.

My parents were the center of their social circle with Mom being the organizer. Even after my father's early death, my mother continued to host parties and their friends always showed up. After all Mom threw the best parties!

Her only daughter (me) has adopted the same style of party giving---dressing up, raucous and with too many people. My friends love my parties and I love giving them---a nice legacy from my Mother.

By Elaine Cox

All Smiles and Dazzling Eyes

I want you to know how beautiful you are to me, mom, especially now as you are getting dressed up in new clothes. I am seven years old, and until this time I have never seen you in a really snazzy outfit.

The suit is smooth black wool, with big shoulder pads, and has a short skirt ala 1946 style. Large, shiny, black flower-shaped buttons encircle pewter filigreed centers. Hugging your head, a fuchsia felt hat, feathers curling onto your left cheek. Black suede open-toed platform sling-backs showcase shapely legs. The clutch is slender, sleek and black, divinely smelling of leather.

All smiles and dazzling eyes, fire engine red lacquered toes and fingers, you are happiness at twenty-nine. We share a moment and make a memory.

By Barbara Monks Wilson Vaccari

END

