

WordCraft Posting

Memoir Workshop

Inspiration: The Glass Kiss

Assignment: Describe your first kiss or be inspired by the glass kiss

First Kiss

I had a crush on Bob Smith; all six foot three of him drop dead gorgeous. He lived next door, and lucky me, Miss Franchi elected me to tutor him in French. I got to know him well conjugating irregular verbs across my kitchen table.

I was seventeen, quiet and naïve. Bob was outgoing and popular, especially with the girls. Surprisingly, the attention didn't go to his head. He was my buddy, respectful and polite.

One evening, a group of us, including Bob's two younger brothers, my brother, Babe, and my identical twin sister, Mary, were playing Ring-a Levio in the vacant lot next to our home. Bob and I must have been the first to reach "home base," for we found ourselves sitting side by side on the running board of an abandoned 1940s Ford near the goal. We chatted awhile in the dark. Suddenly, Bob turned and took my hand. He began to sing, "I Love You For Sentimental Reasons," He had a lovely voice, much like Frank Sinatra's. Miss Cattadoris, our chorus teacher, was so impressed that she recorded him.

I still remember that Nat King Cole song. I'll always associate it with Bob and I'll never forget that, after he sang, Bob leaned over and gave me a "chaste" kiss. It was exquisite, my very first kiss.

By Cali Capkanis

A Blue Glass Kiss

A blue glass kiss holds my wedding ring, my favorite earrings, and who I am. It twinkles beside my sink as I wash my hands and get ready for the day. Dillon told his mom he chose it for me because his Nana loves chocolate and the beach. Simplicity names more than an old sewing

pattern company. It describes my favorite days—a morning of reflection by the bay, an afternoon of play with my grandsons, and a quiet evening with my husband.

I ask for nothing more and yet I have more than I could ask for. We had lived in St. Petersburg for ten years when my daughter and her family moved here. Later my favorite aunt told me, “God has given you the desires of your heart, even if you never knew what to ask.” A blue glass kiss holds my wedding ring, my favorite earrings, and who I am.

By Linda Andrews

The First Kiss

Mary Sanford, the cutest girl in the eighth grade, whispered party invitations to a select few boys and girls from her class. I was one of the lucky ones to be invited. It was rumored that we would play “spin the bottle.” My heart stopped. Kissing? Wow, I’d never. Jack Murphy? I’d melt on the spot. Leo Drake? Ugh, he always had a runny nose. Oh God, what will Sister Mary Martha say if she finds out on Monday morning? We’ll all be doomed to hell.

On the party night we scarfed down our food as fast as possible so we could get to the fun right away. We all gathered in a circle on the red linoleum floor, and Mary’s older sister, with a sinister look of glee, brought out an old glass milk bottle and put it in the middle of the circle and said, “Go, kids.”

Bobby Jackson was the first to kiss me. He was okay, maybe kind of sloppy, but Jerry Lane was next, and hubba hubba, I was in paradise. Sister will pass out from shock if she finds out—she wants me to be a nun. No chance.

By Joan Petitti