

# *"Marilyn's Musings"*

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## **THE SEWING BOX**

As I was dusting the bedroom the other day, I opened the deep drawer of the night table next to my bed, and there, in the same place it had rested for years, was my mother's old sewing box. I recalled times when she used its contents to make or mend something for the family. She was an excellent seamstress, and during the Depression, made a living with her talent. But this time for me, it was different -- I had promised myself many times that one day I would take the box out and sort through it, putting things in order: spools of thread, packets of needles and pins, gobs of buttons of every size and color: "Now" seemed to be the time.

Actually, I was in for some surprises, for instance, what I figured would take only thirty minutes or so lapsed into a couple of hours. I was surprised, too, when I settled into my favorite chair with the box in my lap, that it was more of a jumbled tangle than I had remembered. Over the years, bits of loose thread had somehow managed to form into a gaily colored ball; several of the spools were so old, I knew they had to be purchased by her in younger days when sewing was a part of her regular routine. So many buttons, there was no way they could be matched today to a suitable garment.

Besides the thread-ball, spools, needles, and pins, there was an assortment of other things, such as supporters for garter belts (remember those, ladies?); silver thimbles; a small wooden emery stick bearing a faded Burma Shave jingle; a couple of Phillips screws; some small nails; a

wooden matchstick; staves; old coins; an empty match cover offering a recipe book; TV stamps; hat pins; an old hair pin that must have dated back to the Twenties'; a broken necklace chain, and a single cuff link.

The greatest surprise of all, to my mind, however, was that during the time I was occupied with the sewing box, I recalled several scenes from my childhood: pleasant memories of my precious mother and how young and beautiful she was. My dad was so handsome and sported a cute little mustache. As a musician, he had the greatest love for music, as did his father, who taught music and created an ensemble from his own family to play in church on Sunday mornings. It's no wonder that music plays such an important role in my life. The memories, together, brought to mind how it felt to be a child, once more. My, how the world has changed since those innocent days of youth! Everyone's too busy and time goes so fast.

May I suggest, whenever you feel the world is crowding in on you, that you just "let go" for a spell; search for something that can steal you away. (Photo albums work just fine.)

I treasure my mama's old sewing box, and must tell you, that day, all by myself, I had the time of my life!

*"Precious mem'ries, how they linger. How they ever flood my soul; In the stillness of the midnight, Precious, sacred scenes unfold."\**

*\*(J.B.F. Wright)*