



Dad's Boy Scout Shirt

Good Turns: He painted over wallpaper, built a stair railing without the proper angle, promised to help others, cheerfully, like some kind of MacGyver. *Be Prepared:* He'd wake hours before work to check his stocks, make his basketball picks for the week, and wait for his daughter to come home. *A Scout is Loyal:* She wears his shirt because she can't let go of his smell. *A Scout is Clean:* When last washed, it lost a patch, began to fray. The more she wears and washes it, the more it falls apart. *A Scout is Thrifty:* His daughter saves the uniform, his scent, like his fingerprints on the silver-metal buttons, an original.



Alan's Hairbrush

It was genetics—Alan had good hair. He never left the house without his hair brushed into place and sprayed. His wife, Grace, claims that Alan had this Avon hairbrush longer than her—more than twenty-five years. Though Grace loved his salt-and-pepper hair, Alan applied Grecian Formula 16 when his hair grayed more than he liked. The Grecian liquid left a gunky coating on the prongs. He'd pull his hair out of the brush, but never washed it. That job was Grace's—she'd dig the caked formula off the plastic tines with her fingernails. She tried to replace Alan's brush with a new one. But he never used it. Grace uses Alan's hairbrush everyday—she thinks his and her strands of hair co-mingle between the bent prongs. She's selling the rest of his stuff on eBay.

Matt's Kangaroo

Usually, female kangaroos give birth to one joey at a time. For Christmas, five-year-old Matt bought the kangaroo for his mother with money she'd given him. Lisa thought he'd chosen the rubber kangaroo with the small, removable baby because he wanted them for himself. After birth, the joey crawls into its mother's pouch, where it will nurse and continue to grow and develop. Matt was Lisa's only son, the only child she gave birth to, so the young mother and child grew up together until the boy turned into a man when his own son was born. Kangaroos are always moving forward, never backwards. They use their long tails for balancing. At the age of twenty-four, Matt would still take his mother's hand as they walked through the mall. For his son, Little Matt, he'd spend his entire paycheck at the toy store.





Mammie's Teacup

(The only teacup left of the set.) Raised on an Indiana farm, Mammie moved to Washington D.C. during the First World War and married. A wedding gift—this English tea service, fine bone china teapot, sugar bowl, creamer—she'd share a spot with her husband, until he died. A "proper" woman, she hosted high tea summer afternoons on the porch. She'd catch you with her laugh because she loved to laugh, her dark wavy hair, styled "properly" too, every week. Her granddaughter recalls lace doilies, linen napkins, eating the most divine coconut macaroons. At Mammie's, there were always good things to eat for a young tomboy from the mountains of North Carolina. A girl could be a British Queen.



Vati's Imprisonment Forks

Vati was a father, too. Maybe odd for an SS officer, he called the men in Berlin—*Schweine*—pigs. His wife called him Peter. His eleven-year-old son hardly remembered him as a First Lieutenant in the Diplomatic Corps. The last four weeks of the war, *Vati* was regular SS. No one wanted to be shot outright. Captured by American Forces, he was disarmed, given forks, and moved from camp to camp. At Nuremberg, he was found to be a *Mitläufer*, a fellow traveler; one who followed along. They were different men, when father and son met again. *Vati*, sometimes *Vatern*, are *rosewort*, endearments. He never spoke of the forks his son found in the Bavarian apartment though he loved to talk. They're not nearly as shiny.