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The Silver Heart

I see it every day when I look down at my neck or when I look in the mirror; the small, shiny, silver heart and little, silver cancer ribbon that dangle from my ten dollar silver chain. I look at it every day when I take it off to shower. Before I place it down and walk to the shower, I give it a tight grasp and then look at it closely, and when I do this I can see all the tiny ridges that have been placed in it over the past two and a half years because of all the things it hits as it dangles from my neck. I see the faded words that the manufacturer engraved in it. I then finish examining it, kiss it, grasp it one last time, and then I gently place it on my desk as if it will shatter into a million pieces if I'm not careful enough. Every time I look at it, and every time I touch it, I can replay the memories.

When I look at my necklace, I see him cooking pasta in the kitchen. I see him walking in from the garage with his boxes of cookies from the bakery he was manager of, and I see him making sure he had peanut butter ones for me. I see him out in the yard on his lawnmower. I see him getting his hand stuck in the vase when he was trying to wash it. I see him putting a rubber chicken leg next to one of the sprinklers in the yard because he lost the flag for it. I see the eggs on Easter scattered all over the house and yard. I see him walking into the kitchen to grab his Little Debbie's and Twizzlers to eat while he watches food network. I see him walking around the house in his grey cotton shorts and white Hanes t-shirt. I see him outside my house to pick me up. I see his lazy eye when he eats. I see his smile on his face every time he enters a room. I

can see him in the kitchen eating a glazed donut with rubber gloves on because he didn't feel like getting sticky hands. I see him making his waffle ice cream sandwiches for breakfast. I see him making a fire for us in the wood room. I see him with the video recorder on holidays. I see him bringing the cookies to the fire and police department for no reason other than to thank them for their service in the community. I see him reading the newspaper on Sunday morning with his Dunkin Donut's coffee. I see him helping us with homework.

When I look at my necklace, I hear him laughing. I hear him asking us to set the table for him. I hear him singing karaoke in the living room. I hear him trying to sing to us in the car. I hear him telling me his stories. I hear him telling me I need to do well in school or else. I hear him telling me how much he loves me. I hear him telling me that that's enough whip cream; I don't need any more. I hear him mowing down food. I hear his voicemail I loved listening to. I hear his words of appreciation every time he would open a gift. I hear his comforting words when I was having a difficult time. I hear him cracking his stupid, corny jokes. I hear him making fun of the music I listened to. I hear the "chick chick" noises he used to make on Easter. I hear him telling me I better be staying away from boys. I hear him telling Sheila what a beautiful wife she is. I hear him talking about how desperately he needs a haircut even though he is bald.

When I look at my necklace, I feel the warmth of his hugs. I feel his heart beating and stomach growling as I lay on his chest when we watched movies. I feel his bald head. I feel his hand tickle my hips because no matter how much I hate that, he always did it.

When I look at my necklace, I taste his delicious cookies. I taste all his specialty dishes. I taste the first time he made me try his waffle ice cream sandwiches. I taste the homemade

pizza he taught us to make. I taste his famous pancakes. I taste Walker's Shortbread. I taste his milkshakes he used to make when I was little. I taste the ice cream sundaes.

When I look at my necklace, I can smell his Old Spice. I smell the fire in the wood room. I smell the fresh cut grass in the lawn. I smell the s'mores in the microwave on a rainy day. I smell his blueberry pancakes on the weekend. I smell his black coffee. I can smell his entrées.

When I look at my necklace, I can hear him tell me he has cancer. I can smell the smell of the hospital. I can taste the hospital food. I can see him lying in the hospital bed. I can feel him hug me one last time.

We arrive at the church. We enter the doors and begin to listen to everybody's condolences. After a little time passes and the service is about to begin, my aunt walks up to me, and she hands me a little, fuzzy, black box. When I open it I see a shiny silver heart. My face lights up because I know exactly what it is. Somebody mentioned it to me at one point, and I wanted one so bad. However, I asked her if she would get me one, and she told me probably not because they are too expensive. So when she handed me that box, I was so happy. It contains my uncle's ashes. It contains a piece of him. It contains a part of him I can carry around wherever I go. Even though he is longer with me, part of him will always be. My necklace has become a part of me. My necklace means absolutely everything to me.

Author's Note

I wrote about this because the first object that pops into my head when I think of an important artifact is my necklace. It is the most important thing I own. I would give up anything else I own just to keep my necklace.

Like always, I just want an honest response of how to make it better.