

## Collectibles

*by Harry Zirkelbach 06-21-2010*

In the years since marriage, my wife and I have owned four homes.  
In leaving the two preceding Windsor Garden,  
we gave special possessions to the married children,  
so there when visiting them we are reminded of those earlier 45 years.  
And that is a plus, to them and us.

None of the men in my family or friendships, were collectors of much of anything.  
Nothing to cart from here to there,  
as life changed, and years passed.

We are what was taught by example, in childhood.

So, the example from my father, love of the tools of his trade.  
They were tended and stored with care, all his life.

And mother had a few flawed yet exquisite Frye cut leaded glass pieces,  
given to her while employed there at the depth of the depression.  
Because they were not perfect, in the Frye tradition,  
a flaw invisible to the novice, took them off the market,  
each such piece then became gifts to selected employees.  
Through all difficult days  
these items were taken to each new house,  
cared for all her remaining years.  
And unlike many cherished possessions,  
those of my mom and dad were in daily use when needed.  
They were used with care, returned to storage for further use.

Through High School the collectibles garnered by my sister and I were photographs of  
our events thought to be of interest to mom and dad.

Leaving home for College in Detroit provided me with a single suitcase and several  
hundred dollars in cash. On being graduated, I left Detroit, permanently, carrying one  
suitcase and several hundred dollars.

Navy military years followed. Collection of things flowed.

The Navy required summer and winter uniforms, both for dress and work,  
ship and shore based, with shoes to match.  
And, the first time in life, I owned, had to wear, a hat. Then add one large suitcase.

The three initial duty stations, New York City (Bronx),  
Yorktown Va, Washington D.C.

To record this excitement, gathering began, all sent to my parents home for storage.

Overseas, the Navy generously provided free packing and transport for everything.

Why not save everything? Well, it did help that for our group,  
each became an Official Navy Photographer,  
so objects could be compacted as photos, no longer carried about.

But again, all collectibles went to my parents home.

In the years that followed, none came to Denver.

After Navy service I came to Denver with one suitcase,  
money from three years of military service.

Bringing this up to date, those dollars bought things.

Today I need a small suitcase for the weekly Writers gathering.

Physical thing abound in daily activity.

Yet I am attached to little more than photos of these past 80 years.

Love to review them, as screen savers.

This summary. I find Antique Road Show an oddity.

Can you believe it, every piece shown has hidden value? That challenges my belief.  
I see most memorabilia more properly as a piece of some great Trash Heap in the Sky,  
left for others to dispose.

As I have written,, I do have a sentimental streak,  
but it resides in the photos.

