

Dancing and Twirling Through the Years

By Molly Hegman

While visiting my daughter in Ohio I was asked to retrieve something from one of her closets. When I opened the closet I stopped, stunned by what I saw. There was the black dress.

As one of the younger girls in a family with seven girls I was used to hand-me-down clothes. None of them was particularly memorable except the black dress. The original owner was my beautiful sister, Sabra. In my mind when I saw the dress I once again saw her twirling around her room, then sitting down on the floor, the skirt spreading into a circle around her. Somewhere there is a picture taken of her at that moment when I fell in love with that dress. As a ten year old I dreamed about dancing in that dress.

As the years passed I only fleetingly thought about the dress until one day I was looking for something to wear to a dance. My mom overheard me mumbling about not having anything to wear. This prompted her to mention that I might find something in the storage closet. This idea did not excite me but I followed along so that I could prove that I needed a new dress. I walked to the closet knowing that I was going to prove my point. I opened the door and began to sort through the left-behind clothing. Suddenly my hand felt something familiar. Could it be? As I pulled out the black taffeta that my hand had found I knew that it was my dress! I knew that my sister, Pinky, had worn it a few times but I had not seen or heard of it since. I quickly took it out of the closet. By this time the dress was about ten years old. It looked like new. It fit almost perfectly. The only problem was that she was the taller one. I hemmed the dress and had it cleaned. I danced in the dress of my dreams!

When my oldest daughter, Adrienne, was in high school she was invited to a fifties dance. Of course she went to my store of outdated clothes to see what she could find. She found my dress. Although it was actually a dress from the forties she twirled the evening away in Sabra's dress. When she was in college she called and asked to borrow "my dress" to wear to a Halloween party.

A few years later Kate, my second daughter, called her sister to request a turn to dance in mine and Sabra's dress. After that dance it was lost in one of Kate's storage bins for a while. When she moved she found it and sent it to Ohio so that Adrienne's girls could wear it. Now I am waiting for the day when they will send the dress to my third daughter who named her daughter after my sister, Sabra. I would love to see my granddaughter, Sabra, dance and twirl in my sister Sabra's black dress!