

Finger Foods and Eye Glasses

By Marilyn Reeves

When it was Joan Mish's turn to suggest the weekly topic for the Writers, she handed out some luscious little pieces of Dove chocolates. And inside each foil wrapper was printed a different directive or proverb, which was to be our individual writing challenge for the week. Mine said: "Make ALL Food FINGER Food."

For some reason this brought to mind a story that my sister Rosie told me years ago about a friend of hers who deliberately chose not to wear her glasses in order to make a better impression on her date, and ended up paying the price.

Back in our young single days, a lot of us gals were hung up about wearing glasses to social events because we didn't want to appear "bookish," so we would sacrifice our vision in order to appear more glamorous. But that left us stumbling around somewhat blindly, trying to fake it.

One time I attended an outdoor luau, and had gone all out – donning a grass-skirt, bikini bra, sandals, and a pretty floral lei. I even purchased a long, flowing, cheap black wig and applied some instant artificial tanning solution all over my face and body. Then I scared myself half to death the next time I glanced in the mirror and saw a stranger looking back at me! Well, after all that, I certainly didn't want to spoil the effect by wearing my glasses. So as soon as I arrived at the party, I took them off and put them in my purse.

Later that evening I found myself sitting across the campfire from a rather attractive gentleman who directed a question to someone sitting over on my side of the fire. Since I couldn't see his eyes, I wasn't sure who he was speaking to, so I finally blurted out, "Are you talking to me?" He must have thought I was either daft or being sarcastic, but the truth was, I simply couldn't see.

Rosie had experienced an even more embarrassing incident. She'd gone on a blind date with some nice fellow who had taken her to a fancy restaurant, and all went well until she excused herself to go upstairs to the powder room. Then, as she was coming back down the stairs, she took the last two steps in a single bound! Somehow she managed to land on her feet, high heels and all (ta-da!), but her poor date was left wondering what kind of weird person he'd lavished that fine dinner on. If only she'd been wearing her glasses, she would have seen that there was still another step to go and wouldn't have taken them both in one giant leap!

But back to her friend, who had also eschewed her glasses in favor of glamour. The story goes that as she bellied up to the self-serve buffet, she reached out to grab what she thought was a dinner roll, but ended up with a handful of potato salad instead. Too bad the foods inside the buffet weren't all finger foods!