

HALO STATUE

My father told the story of the guy who visited a friend and declared, "OH! You've got a Halo Statue." When his friend looked at him quizzically he went on to explain. "When you pick it up you say 'Halo, Statue?'" His friend laughed, "NO!" He says 'Hello. Zat you?' It's a telephone."

As I chuckle, I reflect on all the Halo Statues (telephones) I have encountered over the years. The crank phone on the wall in my aunt and uncles farm house where you picked up the receiver, whirled the crank and waited for the operator to answer and connect you to the desired number. Hopefully, you also heard the click that meant she had disconnected and wasn't privy to your conversation.

Then came the big heavy black dial phone that I got in trouble using. I thought it would be fun to dial zero to see who I could talk to. My father walked in on my "conversation"; and rest assured I never tried that again. It was also a party line and you had to make sure you only answered the two-longs-and-a short and not someone else's ring. Santa even called me one Christmas Eve on that big ole phone. Years later I learned it was our neighbor Bill.

As a teenager, we had one single wall phone with a very short cord in the kitchen. It made talking to my boyfriend very difficult since my father was almost always right around the corner. Then there was the time a boy struck up a conversation with my mother –we sounded very much alike on the phone – when she laughed and said, "Maybe I should get Jeannie for this conversation."

The phone call on my birthday changed my son's life. He simply said, "Hello, Mom." I had one of the "mother's gut feelings" and replied, "What hospital are you in?" Not only was he in the ER at Swedish, he'd had a swimming accident and was 99/100ths of a millimeter from being a quadriplegic! He was on a camping trip, had walked around for two days taking Tylenol for a "stiff neck" and driven himself from Ft. Lupton to Littleton. Three summer months in a halo, two major surgeries by the head of Craig Hospital as his surgeon and the grace of God, he is a junior high teacher in New York and has participated in Iron Man completions and several marathons.

Then along came the cell phone. My first was in my car and as big as a building brick! The cell-phone has definitely evolved quickly and expensively over the years. We text, take pictures, and periodically even talk to someone.

As I reflect back to my father's joke and watch people sit at the same table with their phones in front of them instead of talking to those around them, I wonder if the phone hasn't again become a "Halo Statue!" that we worship instead of enjoying the scenery and carrying the picture in our minds and talking to people and making memories.

Submitted by, Jeanne Lee

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