

Hindsight

Donald Silverman

“The word hindsight refers to looking back or reflecting on things in the past, and 20/20 refers to perfect vision. So when we look back on situations in the past, we see things clearly that were not clear to us at the time.”

/Expressoenglish.net

A few things happened to me this past year that are worth mentioning:

I had a friend named Jeff. Just by chance we met on a beach in 1971. It was a hot day. There were a gillion people on the beach. He was walking by and turned to a friend and said, “where do you want to sit?” I looked up and said, “how ‘bout here?” That began a 50 year friendship. We lived near each other in Queens. We both liked to party. He loved to laugh ... and, so did I. We both loved to talk about nonsense. It was our form of mutual escapism. When I moved to Virginia, we lost touch for a while. But, once I moved back to New York the friendship picked up where it once left off. Except .. in the interim Jeff’s wife, Mindy got ALS. Suffice it to say, it was a sad time for them. And, then Jeff got sick. Lung cancer, this cancer, that cancer .. until .. it cost him his life, too.

On a positive note, I had an uncle Gabe. He was my father’s oldest brother. With two other brothers they owned and operated an apron manufacturing company in NYC ... for 32 years. And then, one day they decided it was time to throw in the towel. For the next few years the brothers went their own ways. Gabe was unique among the boys because he was an artist. So, he picked up a paint brush, grabbed a canvas and off he went. From the onset he found a style of painting that piqued his curiosity; Post Modern Geometric Art. One painting led to another and before you knew it he had painted hundreds of similar paintings using different colors and angles. But, like most artists, he was such a good self promoter. Yes, he did show his work from time to time and here and there. But, his talent and reputation never really took off. Gabe lived to be 100 years old. His son and daughter inherited his significant collection. They kept his paintings in a storage locker for 25 years. A few years ago I inquired about his work. One thing led to another and I was soon in charge of finding a home for his paintings. After banging my head against a wall for several years, I finally found a home for them at two Florida galleries. Gabe is now an artist you can find at several prominent national art shows and on the internet. I’m sure he would have been tickled to see this kind of exposure.

Let’s see .. what else happened this past year? Oh, yeah .. I changed my password and username about 2000 times and I forgot them at least 3000 times. I cursed at my computer and tried to change them again. But, once I typed in the new names I instantly forgot them. So, if I’m looking to read an article in the NY Times and they won’t let me in, I just go on Google and find the article on some obscure website and read it there. I really should pay to subscribe but, their password game really pisses me off. It’s news! And it should be free and easily accessible to the public.

My four Grandsons continue to amaze me. With COVID invading our world, I hadn't seen my Denver boys in almost a year. How long is a year? The 14 year old, Tobin, has a new voice. He sounds like the kid in Leave It to Beaver. It's almost a man's voice in a boy's body. And, his 9 year old brother, Milo got a drum set. Watch out, Ringo Star!

The young uns live in NYC. Arlo is 4 going on 40. He's best described as a sponge. You read him a book and he's got it memorized. He even knows the author's name. You sing him a song and he sings it back in perfect pitch. His brother, Remy is growing up at lightning speed. Words are spilling out of his mouth in a language only he invented. But, his enthusiasm and determination make it clear what he's saying. This kid is either going to be the President of Trucking Company or the Head of the Teamsters. He just loves trucks.

And, my dear wife, Mary Anne ... the center of my universe. She tolerates my stupid jokes, my lousy habits and my occasional complaints.

"Do I love him?

For forty-eight years I've lived with him
Fought with him, starved with him
Forty-eight years my bed is his
If that's not love, what is?
Then you love me?
I suppose I do
And I suppose I love you, too."
/Fiddler on the Roof