



A Pair of Old Slippers

Recently I saw a Kiwi Shoe Polish ad in a magazine. It was very clever. The message was simple and amusing: “Polish your shoes ... and stop using your sleeve as a napkin.” I polished my shoes. Then I came to an old pair of leather slippers, once fuzzy-wuzzy on the inside, hardly worth polishing. But I polished them anyway. The slippers, even though I will never wear them again, are not something I could possibly throw away. They constitute the last Christmas present I will ever receive from my daughter. Keiko was sick in San Diego when a friend took her Christmas shopping in early December 1996. She insisted on going to several stores before she finally found the slippers she knew I would like. She died a few days later, and the friend delivered the nicely wrapped box to me after her funeral. I opened the present on Christmas morning a week later, and shed still another tear or two.

Jackson Sellers