

A New Year's Colander

Here's a very funny story to show you how a hearing impairment can be so much fun sometimes.

I was hustling around the kitchen on New Year's morning, preparing the foodstuffs that I would take to New Years dinner. And I baked a cake for my new neighbors to welcome them to the neighborhood.

I was going to have dinner with the Safron's and the Trewitt's at Andrea's house. Just then the phone rang. It was Andrea. She asked if I would stop at the Dollar Store and pick up a colander. I was so proud of myself. I got it right the first time. She didn't even have to repeat. But I wondered what to heck she was going to do with a colander on New Year's Day. And let me tell you this: Before I met Andrea, I had never seen the inside of a Dollar Store. But over the years she taught me to be somewhat frugal.

She had told me to call her as soon as I got to the Dollar Store for further instructions. But I walked in and told the check out lady, "I'm supposed to get a colander, what's that?" I kinda knew what it was; but I wanted to make sure lest I should continue to think that we were having spaghetti for New Year's dinner.

So the kind lady showed me a colander. It was a bowl with a perforated bottom to strain spaghetti. I asked, "Is there anything else that is called a colander? Like my Mama used to use one to sift the flour."

She said, "No, that's a sifter."

"Oh, okay, that sounds logical. So is this the only choice? You don't have anything else that is called a colander?"

"No, that's it!"

Shucks, I guess we'll have to have spaghetti for New Year's dinner. So I purchased a colander and left the store. There was no need to call Andrea. This was the only choice. There were no other options. This had to be what she wanted. We had communicated wonderfully! Us men like to know that we can get it right without calling for instructions.

So I drove away. Then I decided to call Andrea. I told her I was on my way and that I was bringing her colander. She said, "Okay, describe it to me."

"Well, it's a white plastic bowl, about as big as a medium-sized mixing bowl, with perforations for draining the spaghetti or whatever you use it for on New Years Day."

Now, as it turned out, she wanted a calendar. She told me as much but I didn't get it the first time. I said, "Okay, you tell me what you're going to use it for and I'll tell you what it's called."

"It has dates on it, and you usually hang it on the wall. But we are going to set this on a nightstand and use it for recording our blessings all year long. And I want several so I can give one to each person."

"Oh, you mean calendar! Why didn't you say so? I can get that!" Can you imagine the big laugh we got out of that? Even after I hung up and was driving back to the Dollar Store I laughed all the way down the highway. People thought I was crazy, just driving along laughing uncontrollably with no one else in the car. Little do they know I am crazy. But that gives me more leeway for behavior.

Now, according to Andrea's instructions I let her speak to the checkout lady with whom I also had a great big laugh and with everyone else who was within earshot. Hearing impairments can be a lot of fun and people don't mind getting something to laugh at to start the New Year off right.

by Wes Allen
Jan.-3-2007