Dad’s Skates

By Johannah Parkins

Age 12

One day, Samantha was sorting through the memory boxes with her mom in their attic when she saw something brown peeking out from behind a blue hatbox. Samantha pushed the blue box away and saw something that made her eyes pop.

“Mom! Whose skates are these? They look kinda old.” Samantha asked while she held the brown, worn skates up.

“Your father wore those figure skates when he was younger, Samantha dear.” Samantha’s mom answered. “He was a wonderful skater… before he died.” A few tears trickled from Mom’s eyes onto a cardboard box and splattered. Samantha’s mom wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her shirt.

Samantha came over to her mom and sat beside her, “It’s okay, Mommy, I miss him too.” Samantha hugged her mom and spoke again, “Even though I miss Daddy, I have you here with me.”

“You're right, Samantha, I am blessed to have you with me. You’re the most wonderful daughter I could ever imagine having.” Samantha’s Mom kissed her on the cheek. “Now let’s get these boxes sorted!” Mom replied, gaining enthusiasm.

After a couple of boxes were sorted, Samantha asked, “Mom, may you please tell me more about those skates and Dad?”

“Sure, honey… well, your dad got those skates when he was 23 and wanted to learn how to skate after seeing me skate when I was 20.”

“You skated!? How come I never knew?” Samantha interrupted, and Mom gave her the *what-about-your-manners* look.

“Sorry, Mom.”

“I forgive you, and yes, I skated when I was younger.”

“Cool!” Samantha answered, “Is that why Dad started skating too? Because he loved you?”

“Yes.” Mom said with a twinkle in her eye, “Now where was I?”

“You were telling that Dad started skating after seeing you skate.”

“Oh yes. He saw me and decided that he was going to try to skate so that maybe we could pair skate together.” Samantha’s Mom told.

“Ohhh, that’s so sweet!” Samantha expressed.

“Yes, it was very sweet. For months, your dad practiced skating, mostly every day. And for those months, we fell in love with each other, and after 5 months, we got married. By then, your father was a wonderful skater, and we skated together a lot; we even skated in some competitions. And won some medals… Then I had a sweet little you, Samantha. And that was the end of your father and me skating together.

“That’s sad...do you think that if you got on the ice again, you could still skate?” Samantha wondered, “And do you think while we're sorting out these boxes, we could find the medals that you and Dad won?”

“Maybe in the boxes we could find my skates. I might also try to skate again.” Samantha’s mom supposed.

“Do you think that if we found your skates, we could maybe go skating together?” Samantha asked.

“I’d like that very much; we’ll skate for your Daddy.”

The End