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The Comfort of a Comforter

Tuesday, January 03, 2017

During this holiday we had a full house one night which required getting out some extra blankets from the plastic storage bags in the closet.

After everyone left I was preparing to pack things away when suddenly this triggered some memories.



Yeah, I must be very nostalgic to reminisce over a blanket. It's a 60 year old quilt on a 60 year old bed.

Neither are heirlooms.

The comforter/quilt/coverlet/blank

et was "store bought" with the stitching all done by machine. The bed was originally "blond" wood. The "bookcase" headboard was popular in the 1950s.

My Dad bought both for me on my 10th birthday. He had finally saved enough money from working multiple jobs to buy a 2 family house in Brooklyn. I would have my own room.

Until then I slept on a "studio couch" behind the washing machine in the alcove off the kitchen of our 3 room apartment.

I was better off than most since I was an only child which was an oddity itself in the baby boom era. Our downstairs neighbors had 4 girls sleeping on dual bunk beds in the same space.

Dad worked as a welder during the week 8-4. At night he was a typist for a mail order firm and was a temp worker at the Post Office during the holidays.

He also had a "Peddler's License" which allowed him to buy dry goods wholesale. He never had a sidewalk stand or cart, but sold to co-workers and neighbors at a modest markup and he let them buy on credit. That made him very popular.

My quilt was bought "wholesale."

When DH & I married ten years later, a few weeks before my 20th birthday, we furnished our apartment in



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"Early Marriage" taking hand-me-downs from anybody who offered. Dad suggested we take the bed. I used an "antiquing kit" on the blond wood.

For 25 years Joe and I slept on that "DOUBLE" bed. It wasn't even Queen size. Finally, we didn't fit on it very well anymore. My old bed was moved to a guest room. The children had all left home by then and we opted for something KING size.

Note, it didn't occur to either of us that maybe we should lose some weight. No, we just bought a much bigger bed.

I think about Dad a lot this time of year. He died on Dec 20, 1997. The memories and the comforter are

One more thing:

Our oldest grandson was looking through some albums. Here he was 7 months old visiting us in 1995.



Look at that! There's Dad's wholesale quilt.

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PROVERBS31JULIA



Awww!! Sniff sniff!

My mom has that same blonde wood "full size" or "double size" headboard down in her basement. I think we got it as a handmedown from somewhere - as I don't remember having the headboard when we were kids. My sister and I started out on bunk beds and later my brother and sister shared one bunk while I had the other top (they were "Irish Twins" only 12 months 2 days apart, and sister was always small for her size even for being the largest baby). It's possible it came from my step-dad's side of the family so I don't know who "gets to keep it" after my mom passes on.

1606 days ago



Lovely memories... you stirred some for me too. My Dad passed away on Dec. 20, 2001, so I can relate to your reflecting on pleasant childhood memories at this time. Sometimes it's hard to shake the blues at this time of year but you have reminded me to fondly remember the good times to chase the blues away.



1609 days ago



WATERMELLEN

Sweet memories: comforting indeed! You were loved.

1611 days ago



DIANNEMT

What a nice set of memories. 1611 days ago





PRNCSCUP1-2FULL

Nice! I had to let go of much of the furniture and linens that followed me thru life. You are amazing to me how you have things, like your Christmas tree, from so many years ago and everything is like brand new! good for you! WATERMELLEN and you have a lot in common besides maintenance!

1612 days ago



CARBMONSTERII

My folks had a very similar blond shelf/headboard for their double sized bed, they would have gotten that in the mid '50s. It was in use in our home for many decades. Rather than quilted, we had the chenille bedspreads that were sold by the side of the road in the south from the mid 40's to the late 50's. I still remember my childhood one, yellow, orange & white with daffodils and rabbits. Such sweet memories. See, this is why I think we need to be very careful when "decluttering" our homes and possessions. You might not need all those extra blankets & quilts very often, but when you do, you do, and they are doubly precious because they carry such special, poignant family memories, which by their use are connected to the newer generations of the family. I love the continuity seen in the photo of your grandson on your heirloom (yes, it most assuredly is!) quilt. Thank you so much for posting and reminding me again how precious family memories can be!



HOLLYM48

oh, what a beautiful story! I am so glad you have such precious memories to look back on! The struggles that we endured as kids coming from backgrounds that did not afford us a lot of luxuries made us into the people we are today. I am thankful for having the childhood that I did because it really taught me the value of money and hard work! Thanks for sharing your story. Your dad is smiling down upon you!

1614 days ago



SWEDE SL

i had one of those bookshelf headboards from the 50s too! nice blog, sweet memories... 1616 days ago





ADRIENALINE

Great memories! Thanks for sharing them with us, 1616 days ago



LADYLUK

Lovely memories for you to share! Thank you :)
God bless you and keep you on your journey! Have a fabulous day!
1617 days ago





DOVESEYES

Love this nostalgic blog:)

Tough times make us appreciate what we have and think of others a lot more :)

The bed could be around for another 60 years :) 1617 days ago



ONEKIDSMOM

Yep, memories, wrapped up in things that might otherwise be "mundane". I have a hand towel that was the last Christmas gift my grandmother ever gave me, the year before she passed. I still have it, even though it matches NOTHING else in my home. And I still think fondly of Grandma every time I use it.

1617 days ago



SUNNYCALIGIRL

Nostalgia for home items is nice. I have items in my kitchen, some from the 70s, that I took with me when I moved out from my parents' home. They weren't missed but boy, I still need them. And I remember things like, Gee, my mom use to drain our spaghetti in that plastic colander. Or, how much newer and fresher that wooden cutting board looked when it was brand new! I believe it may be oak or ebony.



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Lovely memories for you...

1618 days ago



MORTICIAADDAMS

My dad has a bed like that that he made for me and later my half brother used it. I inherited quilts from my great aunt, grandma, mom and I love them. I was an only child too by most of my friends did not come from big families either. Every generation of our family seemed to have less children.

1618 days ago



DR1939

Lovely memories. I had a similar bed.

1618 days ago



SUBMOM2

What a beautiful story. Your dad sounds like a wonderful man.

My husband and I had that almost identical bed! Our first place was a mishmash of hand-medowns, but it was ours. We kept the clock radio in the spot where you have the tissue box. Great memories!

1618 days ago



KRISZTA11
Beautiful memories!



1618 days ago



GARDENCHRIS

sweet memories 1618 days ago



PHEBESS

What sweet memories!!! And what a wonderful dad you had, making your tenth birthday so special for you! It's like getting your first "big girl bed" isn't it??

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Beautiful blog. Touching. Got a laugh out of the bigger bed instead of diet change although I



2BDYNAMIC

Absolutely beautiful and I love your picture on the quilt is lovely.



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v

What sweet memories 1618 days ago



SMILINGEYES2

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What lovely memories--no wonder you waxed nostalgic. 1618 days ago



SUNNYBEACHGIRL

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Great memories 1618 days ago



NUMD97

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It IS an heirloom, B_B. I totally get this. Even though store bought, and machine stitched. My mother, too, had bought a new comforter, still not used, and still in the original store-bought plastic zippered bag. Nothing special about it, in and of itself, except that she bought it, meaning it for guests. I cannot bring myself to take it out of the bag. My sister tells me that I am wrong. Probably. But I still cannot do it.

Funny, how memory (and its links), does quirky things to our actions (or inactions). 1618 days ago



TERI-RIFIC

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Awwwww. And love the pic!

1618 days ago



What a lovely way to reminisce about your dad's hard work to provide for his family. Obviously, loving you was not just lip service for him! Enjoy your memories! 1618 days ago



POINDEXTRA

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What great memories - we used to have a "studio couch" too. 1618 days ago



JIACOLO Lovely





