

Nice girls do not spit, I was informed. No problem. I could never perfect the Art of Spitting, anyway.

So why when I was little and sitting in the Dentist Chair in the mid-1950's did the dentist tell me to SPIT? Of course, the spitting was done following a tooth procedure and the sink that I had to spit into was there for that reason. However, I tried my hardest to spit and make it into the tiny white sink. My skills at spitting were nil since I had little practice.

Spitting from the Dentist Chair now is not allowed, even if I feel like I need to do the deed.

"Let me know when you need to spit," says the technician. I will use the suction tube. "Uh-huh," I utter. "So, what are your plans when you leave here?" she dares to enquire.

"Uh, ung ang,ung,ahg,ah." I utter as well as I can.

"Oh, she answers. "I thought quilting was a dying art. So, you are a quilter," she adds.

"Up." I answer for Yup then add, "Ungg, angg, ellll, ayyyy. Annnnng ichhhann quuukg is allll ang ell."

"Great, you have been quilting for 25 years. And quilting is alive and well. Good to know. You can relax, now. I am going to polish your teeth. They are looking good," she adds.

The dentist comes in to check my teeth as well as the technician's her work, I guess.

"Hey how are you? Your teeth X-rays look great. What are you going to do today?" I guess the staff lives vicariously through the patients (clients).

"Well, I am planning to clean house and to do some quilting today," comes my response. (I can now form words. Fingers no longer interfere.

"Oh," says the dentist who is now looking into my mouth with a tiny round mirror. "I thought quilting was a dying art."

"Not in my circle of friends," says I while the mirror leaves the mouth.

“My grandma made all of us eight grandkids each a knitted quilt. I still have mine, “the Dentist puts in as his eyes wonder toward the window in the room. “Is it an Afghan?” I ask.

“Yes, that’s it,” he says. I still have it. She also knitted cute slippers. I still have them, too.” His eyes focus again and he says, “See you in six months.” The Dentist leaves the room, if not the building. The Technician finishes her work. We both think about the Afghan and wonder what the colors are and if the slippers still fit the feet of the dentist.

(This story has a few embellishments. Dentists and Technicians work wonders for me, even the not spitting. I have perfected the Art of Dripping on my own time, however.)

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