

Buttons are fascinating. When they work they hold together the front of blouses, the back of dresses and the waist bands of pants. Those four-eyed white plastic discs keep their cool until threads loosen or break with over use.

Loose threads unravel. Buttons disappear. Pop goes the black button with the rhinestone center. It squirts off a skirt and tap dances across the fourth grade classroom. Silence is broken. During a spelling test when brain matter is working out phonetics and not expecting the tap-tap-taping of a bouncing button concentration is lost along with the fancy fastener. A fourth grade class giggles at the clasp escape. Control unravels.

I learned at an early age to thread a needle and sew on the button. It was not my favorite task. Pushing the needing into the first button eye was easy enough, however finding a way into another button hole from behind was a different kind of test. Stabbing a needle into fabric soon will create another button episode side show. There is an art to attaching buttons securely. I am still in the kindergarten level of expertise. I am good only at playing the game of "Button, Button, Who's got the Button?" My thumbs get in the way when it comes to the task of sewing buttons on garments.

"Honey, would you please move this button on my shirt?" asks my husband. "I could do it but I think that you will be faster. I can't button my shirt." We were almost headed out the door to drive 45 minutes to a wedding. "Really?" I patiently reply. "You couldn't try on that shirt earlier, like yesterday?"

So, (like I mentioned) I patiently took the shirt, cut the threads (ouch, they cried), and removed the button and patiently sewed it (ouch, I cried) on the shirt a quarter inch past the marked pin pricks. All Right!

Wrong! I had removed the wrong button. It was not the collar button but the first button down from it that I detached. So, again I patiently took up a pair of scissors and clipped threads what would have stayed in place until the next millennium. The shirt finally regained its composure. Blood was not involved, this time. Patience was not involved, either. I was not born to sew on buttons.

Perhaps, I should have a glue stick handy or a fray check tube at the ready. I could be on a taskforce for fallen buttons. Perhaps receive a paycheck for reattaching buttons. I may turn fascination into a fastening future. Like an Olympic athlete ready to make a splash, turn a cartwheel or cause a skip in a heartbeat by hanging by a thread I could make button bolstering a national pastime. Then, again, maybe not.

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