

Loose Threads

“Remember to blink”, she says while moving her right arm toward the eye drops. “Most people forget to blink when they read or watch TV,” she adds. Her arm is bedecked with a bracelet of jewels which sparkle like sunshine dancing off a summer lake. Gleaming gems play catch with my eyes as I am told to “Look Up”. The technician attempts to drop liquid gold into my eye. I am not good at approaching drops of anything. “I’ll have to redo that first eye,” she states. “I like your bracelet,” I tell her hoping to delay the drops. She holds the bottle of drops up higher. She has the power. More drops are applied. “It’s my grandmother’s bracelet,” she says. “I like it, too. She gave it to me.”

“Besides watching TV and reading I also quilt,” I confess as my right arm moves to wipe away the flash flood seeping from my right peeper.

“Well, that means that you should blink more often,” she says while sitting up straighter. I slouch even more as the drops do their duty. “You can read for awhile,” she tells me as she positions me in the Ophthalmologist Chair. “At least until your vision allows.”

Getting the annual eye exam diminishes the eye level clout we have as an adult. Going through the pre-exam trying to hold still while someone squirts cold fluid into your eyes can be messy. “Here take this tissue,” she orders. Her smile softens the powerful words. Her white teeth sparkle. Perhaps, she got those from grandma, too.

“If we would always remember to blink more often,” she reiterates, “our eyes may not become so dry.” I explained that I didn’t think that I have ‘dry eye syndrome’ because when I wake up in the morning following a good night sleep my eyes are watery.

“That is what is so surprising about ‘dry eye’. Having watery eyes in the morning is a symptom of ‘dry eye’, “she says. “Just use your eye drops a few times a day and put the ointment into the eyes at bedtime,” she instructs. I nod signaling my understanding and casting another look-see at her bangle before she leaves me to read (if I can) while waiting for the next step in the exam.

Each night I read in bed (without blinking I am sure). I conveniently forget to insert the salve into my eyes before turning out my bedside lamp. Blurred vision even in my dreams is eye boggling.

I do, however, concede to blink more often. Just think what quilt tops would look like if we blinked our way through a quilt show. What a psychedelic show that would become with strobe-like vision.

To increase our blinking we could create a code among all quilters. Blink three times during Show “n Tell if you remembered to blink while piecing together your top. Showing your masterpiece complete with label, hanging sleeve and the right amount of blinks would be the making of a wonderful light show. And no more ‘dry eye syndrome’.

Lana Russ

