

Gunga's Lamps

No harp or finial, no shade or socket, no light: the colonial figurines posed on the dresser in the front bedroom. Because Gunga kept old toys—Colonel Custard, the Six Million Dollar Man, and Rock-em Sock-em Robots—her granddaughter, Blair, liked to make the lamps dance—would press the well-dressed courting couples together—the foursome a frolic in her imagination. She was careful with the glazed porcelain, the hand painted gold gilt accents, their delicate boudoir faces—they had been table lamps, but good for girly play. Everything Gunga touched her family wanted to save—but *things* had to be divided up before the painful yard sale. On a cloudless weekend, Gunga's objects were sold: big ticket items, the good stuff, now free of sentiment. So, every Christmas, Blair's brother prepares Cherries-in-the-Snow, an exclusive Gunga recipe—pound cake, cherries, cherry goo, and cool whip.

