

It's Only A TABLE

by Kathy, a Feng Shui Joan's Way client

I have replaced THE TABLE in my dining room with a smaller one. The old TABLE was Mom and Dad's table. I put it in the back room and the chairs in the garage and yes. One chair stayed behind in the dining room.

A Brief History of THE TABLE

I opted not to move in with Mom after Dad died in 1995. We had clashed throughout life as two opposite personalities do... but was I really opposite, or just looking for my own identity?

Employment was something I needed for survival. But Mom needed someone who was retired and could be a companion to stay with her, like my Dad when he was alive.

My parents, the owners of THE TABLE, did a lot for their church and with their friends. Many discussions and friends sat around THE TABLE. Those times were golden. People of different cultures clung together then just as they do now. Many new immigrants stay together within their communities today. Things were discussed and sometimes, many times, verbally fought out around the TABLE.

The support system and the population of the church with passing time continued to get smaller and smaller. Death took over. Mom was a casualty of age and times herself. Men drove the wives around in those days. Mom had her driver's license but was afraid to drive. Now, without Dad, she did not get to the church for services and to volunteer unless she was picked up.

As time went by, Mom became afraid of being alone. For two years, she had companions that stayed with her. THE TABLE waited in her kitchen waiting for guests, family, dinners holidays and events. Mom's core of friends called and kept in touch by phone. The church group was a Godsend! She volunteered cooking and baking to raise money to keep the church from closing.

The following year after Dad died, Mom turned 80. I planned a surprise birthday party so she could enjoy her birthday and her friends and family while alive rather than the party after the death! Afterwards, how could you enjoy the "Afterwards Party" if you were dead?

Events, holidays, birthday parties... are mostly at home around the kitchen TABLE. This event was held in her church with her friends and Community gathering around many TABLES for the celebration of a great lady.

It's Worth Something!

The tag sale at the church is coming in less than 30 days and I asked about possibly donating it because it was time, although I was reluctant to let it go because it was a retro TABLE from 1957, this is 2017 sixty years later. It might be worth something. It's different, it's got leather chairs! No one in the family wants the TABLE, it doesn't fit into my current small home either.

It's a table... everyone needs a table!

A table is something that is needed in every household! Why buy a new one when I could use it and take it with me wherever and whenever I move. Its legs come off and I could roll THE TABLE to its next location! Now, it's time to let it go! I have replaced it with a smaller and different TABLE, but still a TABLE that is for Community! But THE TABLE was Mom's table.

After expressing interest in possibly donating THE TABLE, I was told there was a collector that came every year to the tag sale and purchased items like the 1957 kitchen table and chairs from my Mom's house. This put me at ease. THE TABLE could move on to a good home.

I was sent names to contact for pickup and lo and behold, it was decided that the pickup would be the next evening. A second pickup response came which was then thanked and notified that the process of pickup was in motion and was taken care of.

A Surprise Response

After the confirmation of the table pickup, I noticed I had an upset stomach. It kept me up past midnight. Why didn't the knot disappear? As I lay in bed trying to relax the stomach muscles, I realized it was not my stomach giving me problems, nor what I had eaten, but it was my head!

Emotions and realizations started to trickle out. Why did THE TABLE mean so much? Getting "rid" of an extra few pieces of furniture should not cause such upheaval to my physical being?

My thoughts drifted. I started to think what THE TABLE had been in my life- a place where we had parties with Mom and Dad, future members of the family, fiancées, cousins, my husband and our children.

THE TABLE symbolized events in my life I had lived and let slip into my memory bank. Important times with family, both happy and sad. I was reminded that all were not good times around THE TABLE... some I guess I wanted to forget. I felt how so much had changed, how Mom and Dad were gone. How their family was going their separate ways and how my time, too is slipping away.

I have not gone to the cemetery too often, and realized that I needed to go and honor my Mom and know that she gave me a lot of great qualities that she possessed.

It felt good to let the tears flow. In times of crisis and death I hold it together and realized that I never really cried for the loss either of my parents. So, the floodgates have been released.

Letting go of the tangible – of THE TABLE – open the floodgates to more “letting go’s” happening to me all at once. My housemate had left recently. My cat been sick for a month and now is ill to the point of possible needing to be put to sleep.

For me, letting go of the table is letting go of a tangible item that has brought back many emotional memories. The feelings became lost in time, things I supposedly thought were so important. I needed to realize that being together, COMMUNITY around the TABLE is the most important point of all.

Without the togetherness, the house, THE TABLE, the yard, the stuff were just items. Take the pictures, let go of the tangibles. Time moves on, some memories fade, but the important ones stay in our hearts forever.

So, the stomachache subsided, the unshed tears becoming a flood that does not want to stop, thoughts of Mom and Dad passing on. The memories and thoughts had become jumbled and piled up becoming a painful knot in my belly, needing to be sorted through and acknowledged.

Sleep came at much later when the thoughts were allowed to come and be sorted.

In the painting, “The Lord’s Supper” the table isn’t what is remembered, but what happened and who was there. As the memories around THE TABLE surfaced, I felt permission to let go of the TABLE.

The pickup of the TABLE has had to be delayed for a day. Why? Because the cat went to the Vet. After a third opinion she was diagnosed and sent home ... with a prescription for IBS and anxiety!