

# The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 29  
Number 9 *In Medias Res*

Article 9

---

10-1-2008

## The Ring

Christine Aument  
*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Aument, Christine (2009) "The Ring," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 9, Article 9.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss9/9>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact [koteles@cod.edu](mailto:koteles@cod.edu).

# The Ring

Christine Aument

Four and a half years. A strange anniversary. A half-year, but not a stand-alone half year. The anniversary of your death. I am certainly not celebrating your death. I am honoring and celebrating your life.

Your wedding ring is almost smooth now, the “brushings” of the brushed gold almost worn away. It has a much harder life on my right thumb than it did on the third finger of your left hand. It gets banged against the tools of yard work—the lawnmower, the rake, the hoe, the snow shovel. It gets rubbed against the trappings of housework—the clothes dryer, the vacuum, the countertops, the pots and pans. It confronts the instruments of home maintenance—a screwdriver to hang a drapery rod, a hammer to hang the pictures, a ladder to clean the gutters.

My memories of our marriage have smoothed over also. The bumps and glitches seem less important now. I remember the good times—the coffee dates, dinner and a play, a walk on the beach, an outing to the zoo. The disagreements were not fights; they were working toward compromise. The times when money was tight were times when life’s joys could not be counted in dollars. The tensions of dealing with a screaming baby after a long day of work were giving our children a loving foundation.

I, too, have a harder life since your wedding band moved to my right thumb. I juggle raising our two sons, keeping up a house, cooking, visiting a sick mother, all while working full time now. I am the one to fight with the contractors, arrange for the plumber, plan the vacation. Guiding two teenage sons on the road to adulthood has been challenging, frustrating, invigorating, and fun. I wish you were here to share the ride.

So, has your death smoothed me over also? Yes and no. I think I am more sensitive, more compassionate, more empathetic. But, I also know you softened my rough edges. You were my outlet, my sounding board, my mentor, my friend. When I had a hard time when my sister stayed with us for a few days, you calmly listened to my ranting and raving, then reminded me that it was only a few days and I did not get to see her very often. When I got frustrated over things beyond my control, you pointed out that I was wasting my energy. My worrying would not change a thing. They were just that—beyond my control. I think that’s a lesson I finally learned...most of the time, anyway. Your gentleness, patience, compassion and attentive ear molded me. Without your example to reinforce those lessons, I need to find my own reminders.

~

I looked at your smooth ring today and thought about wearing my wedding band again. It was an odd thought, one that has not occurred to me since I took it off a year and a half ago. So, why today? And why just the wedding band, not the wedding band, engagement ring combination I always wore? Will wearing both our bands link me back to those “smoother” times that live in my memories? Will placing that ring on the third finger of my left hand make me feel closer to you than your band on my right thumb can? Do the two rings together promise a stronger bond? No, probably not, but, maybe the two rings together will grant me a slight reprieve from some of the pressures of life. Maybe the return of my wedding band will convince my male friends that I really am serious when I say I only want friendship. Maybe wearing my wedding band will bring you to the forefront amid the hustle and bustle of my life. A pause. That is all I really want. A pause to catch my breath, to remember who we were, to gather strength from you. This ring on my right thumb means you will always be a part of me, but...I think I hear life calling.