

Something Small, But Sweet

✖ I miss bench seats in cars. To me, it is romantic when a couple can sit knee to knee next to each other while they drive. I suppose some trucks still have them, but I am talking about the old station wagons and sedans our parents drove.

I remember my mom and dad picking me up from the Holiday Roller Skating Rink, my mom in her bathrobe, cozied right up next to my dad. It made me feel happy and comforted that my mom wanted to be close to him.

Cars meant something different back then (excuse me for sounding like an old bitty.) My Dad was a Chevy man. Everyone over the age of 35 had a dad who was either a Chevy man or Ford man. Once, a boyfriend picked me up in his beautiful 1967 powder blue Ford Mustang. My Dad looked out the window at the Ford in the driveway and said to my brother, "I wonder if he pees sitting down?" (Apparently, this is a HUGE insult to a male.)

I think we all have an old picture of our dad and his car—crouched down in front next to the wheel, leaning on the hood or with one leg up on the running board—mugging for the camera. It wasn't just a status symbol to them; they were proud. Not in a look-how-much-money-I-have-so-I-can-drive-this-car kind of way, but proud to have been able to work hard enough to own their own car.

Anyways, I miss bench seats. Its just a little thing, something small, but sweet.

(My Dad took this picture of me with my beloved VW Bug in 1986. It didn't have bench seats, but I am striking the quintessential "Dad" pose.)