

The Imperativeness of Useless Things

by Tanya E. E. E. Schmid

I reach into my kitchen's utensil drawer for a wooden spatula and come up with a strange-looking metal contraption. What on earth? Oh, it's one of those egg-grabbers. You know, tongs to pull hard-boiled eggs out of hot water. Squeeze it and the oval-shaped mouth opens, release and it holds your egg for you. What useless nonsense! I just use a spoon.

It's familiar now, however, this silver, asymmetrical gadget. Although I can't recall ever having used it, it has managed to tag along through several moves, serving as filler among the kitchen supplies. I guess every time I packed, I thought to myself, *Perfect for the next time I color Easter eggs*. I have NEVER colored Easter eggs. But it sounds fun! And then I will be prepared. Then I will have this very handy thing to help me. Me, the Easter-egg-colorer, the artist supreme. Bring on those eggs! I am ready!

There's something hopeful about Easter: the joy of spring, a time of rebirth and children dreaming of bunnies. Eggs hold all that potential. Chocolate Easter eggs with caramelly or creamy centers make me feel like I'm on holiday.

On holiday with my husband, in the early morning, in a hotel with a long table laden with an amazing breakfast buffet: cereals, breads, cold-cuts and cheese. At the end, a hot-pot with an open box of eggs and a timer standing next to it. You could just plop an egg in the hot water and there were these tongs, these very tongs, to lift the egg right out the moment it was ready. The perfect egg, made just for you, embraced in silver arms.

Wouldn't it be fun if my husband and I had stolen this utensil from one of those hotels we had visited in our sunnier years? Wouldn't it be great if we had used it one year to make Easter eggs? But we haven't. Not yet.

I place the egg-grabber back in the drawer and take out the well-used wooden spatula. As I close the drawer the egg-grabber smiles at me with promise. After all, Easter comes every year.