

The Story of the Scissors

Written by Lola

My scissors have a long history. They remember a lot about the life my family lived.

They are medium sized, have a metallic sheen. It's with rounded ends. These scissors trim nails and hair, cut fabric, shear sheep, and other small things.

They remember my mother's hands. Our family was very poor. There were four children in the family. Mom took care of us, even sewed clothes for us. We never went to the hairdresser. Mom did it herself.

The scissors remember how tired my mom's hands were. When there was nothing to feed the family, she took a sack of corn and carried it to the mill 6 km away. From there she brought flour and baked bread for us.

We lived in western Ukraine in the mountains. There were only two families in the area. We had no electricity because the electric poles didn't reach us.

The scissors didn't know that my older brother and middle sister went to school 3 km away. In winter they met wolves on the road, which were very scary.

My school years were better. I studied at a boarding school from the first grade. It was a model school.

When I finished sixth grade, we moved to another place. Before that, my younger sister Natasha was born. I was 10 at the time.

We settled in the Kherson region in southeast Ukraine.

From that time, I remember the scissors very well. I used them often. I loved making paper cutouts.

When Natasha turned one, my mom sent her to kindergarten. Mom started working on the state farm. We began to live a little better, but the new school wasn't better for me. The village was small, and there were always problems with teachers.

But the scissors could tell a lot about my mom's hands during this period of her life. My mom worked even harder. She got up very early and cooked food before work. After work, she always dug the garden. Her hands mowed the grass, prepared hay for the winter for the cow, butchered a sheep or goose for dinner, and washed the laundry. And when mom picked up the scissors with her tired hands, it was like the activity of sewing clothes for us was her way of resting.

My mom died when she was 65. It was a very difficult loss for me. I was 43 but--even at that age--it was very hard to lose my mom.

She always took responsibility for her family. We could always rely on her, especially on difficult days.

I also lost my beloved sister Natasha when she was 60. She died of covid. I am very connected to her spiritually.

But the life of the scissors changed. They stayed with me, but I never sewed clothes. I only used them when necessary.

I studied a lot. I graduated from the shipbuilding institute. I worked as an engineer for just a year. I divorced my first husband and moved to the village with my small son Peter.

After that, I studied at a pedagogical university and worked at a school. I also had to work hard at home.

I got married for the second time and had two children. My daughter Oksana really loved picking up scissors and cutting out clothes for dolls. Most of all, she loved to draw and make patterns.

My daughter knows these are her grandmother's scissors. She knows a lot about my mom. They were very close.

I think it was the scissors that tied us together so tightly. But that's just life.

I am 73 now. We escaped from the war in Ukraine four years ago. We took very few things with us. The scissors ended up getting left behind.

I'm curious how long scissors can last. They must be magic scissors because I remember them when I was about 10. And I bet they still work perfectly today.

For some reason, this simple thing is very dear to me because the scissors connect me with my mom Anna, daughter Oksana, my sister Natasha, and all my family.