

Enchantment of Music Box Touches Generations

By Lorraine S., Edgartown, Massachusetts

I WAS CLEANING OUT my bureau one day with my granddaughter Amanda, who was 5 at the time, when she opened the bottom drawer. It was there she found my old, blue, musical powder box.

Once it was bright, shiny and new and the jewel stone on the cover was brilliant. Now, being over 50 years old, it was dented and scratched, its luster long gone.

“Mémère,” Amanda cried out excitedly, “look at this pretty thing I found!”

It had been years since I had seen the box or heard its music, and the years melted away. I was a young girl again in Salem, Massachusetts.

The powder box was a gift from a handsome young man. The occasion was my 16th birthday, in 1951, and I was thrilled beyond words. I can remember winding it over and over again to hear it play I Love You Truly as I went into a world of my own.

A few years later, that fellow and I were married. I sat at my dressing table on our wedding day, and I lifted the cover on my music box. As the melody played, the sun came shining through my bedroom window, lighting up the box's red jewel like an omen of good fortune.

The years passed and children arrived. The powder box still had its place, but now it held buttons and elastics.

Kids Were Mesmerized

The children loved the box and would ask to play the music. I Love You Truly had added meaning now, for the song encompassed a hubby and five little ones.

Sometimes the powder box got dropped or forgotten in the yard, and the cover was lost for a while. Through the years, it developed dents, scratches and a dullness, but it soothed us with its familiar tune.

The children would borrow it when they didn't feel well, and the song could be heard playing over and over.

All too soon, the children were grown. The powder box landed in the bottom drawer of my bureau along with old love letters and other remnants of years gone by—maybe not forgotten but certainly not thought of often.

Now, as a little girl of 5 turned it over carefully, the powder box had come full circle. Amanda wound it up cautiously, and I Love You Truly began to play. It sounded just as magical that day as it did for a 16-year-old young woman so many years ago.

“Oh, Mémère,” Amanda said, her eyes twinkling and her face beaming, “it's so beautiful.”

Given with love by a young fellow to his girl in the 1950s, the powder box had been enjoyed by a devoted couple and their children through the years. Decades later, the love and magic remained, felt by the young grandchild who uncovered it.