Twitter Thread by ProBotWasher



ProBotWasher
@RevivedProBot



My grandparents were very poor. My dad was ashamed & created dumb tension about it. My grandma though always took me aside to give me a chocolate orange after Xmas gifts were unwrapped; she'd make me crack it and eat a slice before going back to Xmas fun.

Did their poverty matter? No! Everything was out of love. My grandpa made us things from his workshop. One year he said, "We try" and 14 yo me said laughing "I know". Gramps gave me a 1 arm hug & slapped my back with a grin. That did not go over well with dad.

He chewed me out for making them know I knew or something gay like that. My grandparents didn't have hot water. They knew I knew. They were why I tried hard at college. My grandma came to my campus only once and gave me the "ya done gud, anon" line when she left.

Once I graduated & had a job, I got a case of Sam Adams for Xmas day with my grandpa because I wanted to drink with him when he went out for his Xmas cigar. My treat. I felt like an adult not just his grandson. We talked for an hour in his workshop with the space heater on.

Close my eyes: I can see the Adrienne Barbeau poster, the 10 hand planes on the wall & cigar boxes holding screws, nuts & nails. We started real talks then; he told me his war stories & life before grandma. We had more in common than I thought. I later named a son after him

Dad once again asked why I didn't ask him to get the beer so my grandparents could have it in advance so people wouldn't know. Wouldn't know what? That they're dirt poor and their grandson did a nice thing to share beers with his grandfather.

This plays into the Boomer desire to create situations to express sentiments and Kodak approved tableaus rather than let the organic moment happen.

This continued for the rest of my grandparents' lives as I spent time with them on random drop ins rather than Scheduled Sanitized Moments. Not visiting on a birthday was bad. Stopping by the weekend before & after for chats, a beer or to watch a game did not make up for it.

My cousins went thru the same thing. We figured it out that the Boomer Gen wanted us there when they could clean up the old, cluttered house beforehand to pretend our grandparents weren't poor. Xmas Eve morning was a rotation of the Boomer Gen doing this. Same on July 3rd.

When I knew my GF would be my wife I took her to see my grandparents unannounced. I warned her in the car "My grandparents are dirt poor but it's a friendly home, the house is in better shape than when I was a kid, just brace yourself."

The house's condition floored her. 'How could it be better now?!?!' Never mattered because they loved me. Boomers didn't get it, which is why they thought divorces & broken homes would be ok if the kids had enough material comfort. Divorced Boomers turned Xmas into a competition

All my cousins have a special Xmas thing from our grandparents. Cookie recipe, silly gift, unique tradition. My wife gets me chocolate oranges as an homage to my grandma. The video game stand I drew up, and my grandpa built for me holds many of my son's Legos.

Christmas isn't about $ or the staged photo. That's why we're a rich society but Christmas is a stressful, unnecessarily tense time. Our poorest citizens can afford tech, toys and everything or take 1,000 group selfies. What we've lost is understanding the intangible, the candid