

Nostalgia Memory and Attachment in a Personal Narrative

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Introduction

Nostalgia is a mixed emotion in which affection for a remembered past is joined with awareness that the past cannot be recovered exactly. It can idealize experience, but it can also connect identity across time and restore a sense of meaning during loneliness or change. My memory of a transparent bubble umbrella illustrates this emotional contradiction. The umbrella was inexpensive and briefly owned, yet losing it felt like betraying a companion. Its importance came from the rainy day, the place where I found it, and the version of myself who carried it through Providence. This narrative preserves the original episode while examining how an ordinary object can become an emotional archive through attention, imagination, loss, and self-criticism. (Sedikides et al., 2008; Wildschut et al., 2006)

September at Providence Place

It was September, and I was trapped between a rock and a hard place. The rock was my mother, comparing two varieties of air freshener with the seriousness of a scientific review. The hard place was the point-of-sale line at Bed Bath & Beyond in Providence Place Mall. Between them stood the possibility of relief: a twenty-five-dollar bubble umbrella I had wanted for some time. It was not rare, handmade, or objectively valuable. Its appeal came from the clear plastic dome, the curved structure, and the promise that rain could surround me without touching me. I had not planned to find it there, which made the encounter feel less like shopping than recognition.

An Object Already Imagined

The purchase was spontaneous only in the narrow sense that the umbrella was not on my list. In imagination, I had already owned it. I had pictured the clear canopy, the rain visible overhead, and the small private room created when the dome lowered around my shoulders. Finding the umbrella seemed to confirm that the mental image had been waiting for a physical form. This is one way objects acquire emotional power: desire begins before possession, so the purchase appears to complete a story already underway. I dignified the umbrella in my mind before I paid for it. The receipt recorded a transaction, but my expectation had transformed the object into evidence that ordinary life could still deliver something unexpectedly right.

The First Rainy Day

We shared a brief rainy day together, following cobbled paths while the air carried the smell of wet soil, leaves, and pavement. The transparent surface allowed me to watch drops collect and travel above my head. Instead of blocking the weather, the umbrella framed it. I went to a coffee shop, and the object stood beside me as though it belonged to the day's arrangement of rain, warmth, and movement. Memory often preserves sensory fragments more strongly than chronology. I cannot reconstruct every conversation, but I remember the green dampness, the enclosed sound of rain on plastic, and the pleasure of carrying something that made a familiar walk feel newly designed.

The Ordinary Conditions of Loss

The umbrella disappeared not during a dramatic emergency but at the end of a tiring day filled with cough drops, a two-and-a-half-hour class, and the social isolation of moving through crowded institutional spaces. I placed it in a corner behind a desk and left without it. Forgetting was an ordinary failure of attention, yet I interpreted it as moral disloyalty. The intensity of that reaction shows how attachment can turn carelessness toward an object into judgment of the self. I did not merely say, "I lost an umbrella." I imagined that I had failed to honor something that had already brought me happiness. The mind converted a lapse in working memory into a story about gratitude, responsibility, and worthiness.

The Return Walk

I realized the loss hours later. Wearing nightclothes under an oversized denim jacket, I walked through a light shower toward the building where I had left it. The rain itself seemed mocking: the object designed to protect me from this weather was absent because I had failed to protect it. For part of the walk, I imagined a triumphant return, reunited with the bubble umbrella and sheltered on the way home. That imagined ending made the actual discovery of its absence more painful. Hope temporarily organized the landscape. Each step toward the desk felt like movement toward repair, and the empty corner transformed the walk into a small ritual of confirmation that some losses cannot be reversed by simply returning.

Grieving an Inexpensive Thing

On the monotonous walk back to Wriston, I both grieved and celebrated the umbrella's brief life with me. Calling this grief may sound excessive because the object could be replaced. Yet price does not measure emotional significance. The umbrella had become associated with independence, weather, beauty, and a moment of choosing something for myself. Its loss also represented the disappearance of the exact object I had carried; buying an identical model would create continuity of function but not

of history. People often apologize for mourning possessions because objects are assumed to be interchangeable. Material culture research suggests otherwise. Objects accumulate traces of use and become anchors for relationships, places, and versions of the self. (Miller, 2008; Turkle, 2007)

Nostalgia as Sweetness and Pain

Nostalgia joins pleasure with absence. Remembering the umbrella brings back the sensory richness of the first rainy day, but the same memory confirms that the experience is over. This emotional structure explains why nostalgia cannot be reduced to sadness or happiness. It is a longing shaped by temporal distance. Earlier medical writers treated nostalgia as illness associated with homesickness, while contemporary psychology often studies it as a common emotion that can support continuity, belonging, and meaning. Neither view should be simplified. Nostalgia can comfort a person by reconnecting the present with valued experience, but it can also encourage idealization when the remembered past is stripped of inconvenience, ambiguity, and ordinary boredom. (Sedikides et al., 2008; Wildschut et al., 2006)

The Umbrella as a Portable Home

The bubble shape created a temporary shelter that moved with me. Its clear walls separated my body from rain while preserving visual contact with the world. This combination made it feel like a portable room: protected but not closed, solitary but not disconnected. Perhaps that structure mattered during a period when crowded classes and social separation made belonging uncertain. Objects can support emotional regulation because they make abstract needs tangible. The umbrella did not solve loneliness, but it offered a controllable boundary. When it vanished, I lost not only a tool but a small architecture of safety. Nostalgia later enlarged that meaning because memory selects the object that best represents a diffuse emotional need.

Complaint, Care, and Taken-for-Granted Joy

Earlier that day, I had complained about the umbrella's inconvenience. Unlike a compact model, it could not fold into a bag and demanded to be carried openly. I wanted its beauty and enclosure without the responsibility of making room for it. After the loss, those complaints appeared ungrateful. This reversal is familiar in relationships with objects and people: maintenance is visible while benefit becomes background. Only absence reveals how much comfort had been incorporated into routine. My self-criticism was partly an attempt to create a lesson from accident. If I could explain the loss as failure to appreciate what I had, then the event became morally intelligible rather than random. The explanation hurt, but it offered order.

Romanticizing the Past

Memory has probably made the umbrella more perfect than it was. The plastic may have fogged, the handle may have been awkward, and carrying it through a dry building may have been irritating. Nostalgia edits. It highlights the rain-lit canopy and minimizes the inconvenience I noticed while the object was present. This does not make the memory false. Emotional truth can emerge through selection, but selection should be recognized. Svetlana Boym distinguishes reflective nostalgia, which explores longing and contradiction, from restorative nostalgia, which attempts to rebuild an imagined lost world as though it were complete. My account is reflective when I acknowledge that the umbrella was both delightful and inconvenient, meaningful and commercially replaceable, loved and briefly neglected. (Boym, 2001)

Attachment and the Extended Self

Consumer researcher Russell Belk describes possessions as possible extensions of the self. People use objects to express identity, preserve memory, and connect with relationships or achievements. The umbrella entered my extended self because it represented a chosen aesthetic and a particular way of moving through rain. Losing it felt like losing evidence of who I had been during that day. This framework does not mean that identity depends entirely on ownership or that consumer goods provide lasting fulfillment. It explains why possessions can become psychologically significant through use. The value is created in the relationship between person, object, and context. The same umbrella on a store rack would not carry the meaning of the one left behind the desk. (Belk, 1988)

Responsibility without Self-Punishment

I once described the loss as a massacre, betrayal, and unfaithful mistake. Those words dramatized grief but also made ordinary forgetfulness into a verdict about character. A more compassionate interpretation preserves responsibility without exaggeration. I should have remembered the umbrella, and future care can include pausing before leaving a room or choosing a consistent storage place. Yet losing an object does not prove that I was unworthy of its happiness. Nostalgia can teach attention, but it should not become a tool for punishing the present self. The umbrella's brief presence mattered even though I did not preserve it perfectly. Meaning does not require permanent possession, and gratitude can survive the admission that people are distractible and incomplete.

What the Story Preserves

The object is gone, but the narrative preserves a sequence of images: my mother evaluating air fresheners, the clear dome at the register, wet cobblestones, coffee, the hidden corner, nightclothes under denim, and the rain during the search. Writing gathers these fragments into a portable archive

more durable than the plastic umbrella itself. The story also changes the meaning of loss. Instead of ending with an empty corner, it creates a reflection on how value emerges. This does not restore the object, and language should not pretend to erase absence. It demonstrates another function of nostalgia: remembrance can transform a lost possession into a resource for understanding attention, attachment, and the emotional geography of a particular time.

Conclusion

The bubble umbrella became meaningful because it joined desire, weather, place, and a temporary sense of shelter. Losing it produced disproportionate grief only if value is measured by price; measured through memory, the reaction becomes understandable. Nostalgia preserved the first rainy day while idealizing parts of it, and self-blame attempted to turn accident into a moral lesson. Reflective remembrance allows a more balanced conclusion. I wanted the joy of the umbrella without always accepting the burden of carrying it, but that contradiction is part of attachment rather than proof that the affection was false. I cannot recover the exact object or moment. I can recognize that brief ownership was enough to leave a durable shape in memory.

References

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