

CHAPTER 2: MY CHILDHOOD

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Jumping Cowboys

Mom certainly had her share of troubles and trials with her children. When David and I were very young we were playing cowboys and indians using our tricycle as a horse. We had seen a cowboy on TV jump onto his horse from behind and we thought that was quite clever. We climbed onto the shed with a sloping roof, known then as a coal bin, and launched ourselves tentatively onto our tricycle, which was our horse. Mom was at the window doing dishes and shouted for us to stop because we could get seriously hurt. Well, one last jump to get down couldn't do much harm. Dave jumped one last time, evidently with his tongue sticking out. When he landed he bit his tongue three quarters of the way off. It must have been a neighbor who rushed him to the hospital. The doctor sewed his tongue back on. Mom prayed. After a period of recovery Dave was able to talk again and has never stopped since.

