

CHAPTER 2: MY CHILDHOOD

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Smashed Finger

When I was about five years old I was playing outdoors and daydreaming, using my imagination, as I was often prone to do. It was a windy fall day and I was holding on to the door jam pretending I was on a ship sailing a windy sea. About that time my sister ran out the door. I remember hearing my mom yell, “Norma, close that door!” She did. What she didn’t know was that my right pinky finger was in the doorjamb. What a horror flashed over me to find my finger smashed and stuck in the door jamb. I’m sure the whole neighborhood heard me scream. I still remember it as if it were yesterday. When they opened the door my pinky was smashed flat and dangling half off. They rushed me to the hospital with the blood from my finger soaking towels. The doctor took me in and did surgery on my little finger. I remember they kept me a day or two. What helps me remember was as a middle child even at that age I got very little special attention. In the hospital they brought me presents. I felt special. My finger recovered just fine, except that it still looks deformed and doesn’t grow the nail properly. I share that story, not for pity, but to show how much my mother had to endure with her six children and how she always prayed us through.

