

Childhood Memories

Some of my earliest recollections are traveling to Buckroe Beach, and staying at my grandparents' house.

Getting ready for the trip was no mean task, because my mother worked, and she did not have a lot of time to plan ahead. One morning I remember in particular we were getting our bathing suits on when my mother noticed my 3-year-old sister's suit had a tear in it. So off it came, and as my mother turned to get her sewing kit my sister climbed off the chair, ran down the hall, out the front door, and was halfway down the block before neighbors caught up with her. Just her and her little saddle oxfords.

At my grandparents' home I learned the value of talking long walks with someone who loved nature and gardening, I learned to shell butterbeans on the porch glider, and to turn off the TV during a thunderstorm.

I learned from important stories like the Little Red Hen. My grandmother (like my father) was a great storyteller, and this was the Most Requested Bedtime Story. The moral of the story is: Never leave your door unlocked, because the old fox is just waiting to sneaking into your house. To this day I cannot leave my house or my car unlocked, even for a few minutes.

Really, it is never let that little voice that says, "just this once", get the upper hand. The Little Red Hen did, and she was almost dinner for the fox.