

My earliest childhood memory...

When I was around 5 years old, we lived in Toledo, Ohio next door to the hospital where my father worked, 'We' consisted of my parents, my younger brother, John, and me. And when I say we lived next door to the hospital, I mean right next door. There wasn't much to do in that kind of neighborhood, and, apparently, my mother gave me free reign to do whatever I pleased within reason. So, naturally, I used whatever I could find to keep myself entertained.

My 'toys' consisted of my red wagon, the buckeyes lying on the ground by the hospital and my little brother. I loved collecting buckeyes and loading them into my wagon. Buckeyes are shiny nuts that feel good in your hand and they're very easy to throw. In addition to filling my wagon with them, I liked to toss them at nearby targets, like the first floor windows of the hospital. That was fun until the day I happened to hit the window of my father's office....no more buckeye throwing for me.

So my attention turned to my other 'toy' - my 3-year-old brother. I liked to dress him up in outlandish outfits and he didn't seem to mind. One day, I decided to use all the underwear in his drawer as the costume for the day. I put underwear on his head like a hat and completed the outfit with underpants, a tee shirt and a dish towel for a cape. Then I thought it would be fun to parade down the sidewalk in front of the hospital, pulling the wagon behind us filled with stuffed animals. The timing was perfect because my dad was in his office and he got to enjoy watching his two children parading by dressed only in underwear. Luckily he had a good sense of humor, but my mother was mortified.



I think school started soon after that and I found more constructive ways to fill my days in Toledo.