

Our car pulling Nanny in the crate caused stares from bystanders as we drove through the city. We still laugh about the time we stopped at a corner and a man approached Dad, saying: "Now I've seen everything. Traveling with a goat! Why just last week a car went by with a washing machine fastened on the back!" Dad had a good laugh as he said, "I'll bet that was my brother Fred. He's a washing machine salesman." The man shook his head and walked on.

WORMS

Many years ago
As a child of three or four,
Favorite cousin Maury
Gifted me, with glee—
Slimy angleworms!

Screaming for my Mom,
Fearful for my life.
Dreadful, hateful things
Squirming down my back.

Then Maury offered 'treats'
Making peace, or so I thought.
Held my hand expectantly
For his pacifying gift—
ANGLE WORMS!

Panic stricken,
I grabbed my dolly,
Scooted deep
Into my closet,
Curled upon a shelf.

Sobbed intensely,
Hugging dolly tightly.
Was found much later—
Fast asleep
With Dolly in my arms.

Then years later
For college science course
I shunned Zoology—
Dissecting worms was
Not a choice.

More years later
In the garden
With our small boy,
I conquered fear—
I held a worm.

Such a soft and
Helpless creature;
No more panic
In the future.