

After His Wife's Death

After he lost his wife to breast cancer, and his kids their mother, Uncle Al went downhill.

First he remarried wrong, bleach blonde named Loretta. The kids said she was “just mush”, but they did have a baby, soon before she walked out on them.

Then, but this was years later, he spent a year in jail for embezzlement (his shoe store). I guessed his teenager Elaine took care of the twins, Susan and Lois, eight years younger.

This is one of my many childhood memories. Mostly I remember the day she died. The twins came over, joined us at the playground in back of our house. The twins said, matter-of-factly, no crying (they'd already cried, I'm sure, more than once), they told us, “Our mother died today”, as we swung on the swings. I was ten, the twins were five. And so we swung for a while, as long a while as children stay on swings.

Yes, and so we all swung and swung, I think my 6-year-old sister was there too. The four of us swinging, swinging, swinging, and then probably on the slide or into the sandbox.

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