

# *how a bug changed our world*

11-12-2012 by Harry Zirkelbach

*The music that can deepest reach,  
And cure all ill,  
is cordial speech. Emerson*

On a Spring day the family rose early, completed the packing of belongings needed for the past nights sleep, had a hot cereal breakfast, cleared the kitchen as a final act inside the cozy house that had been their home for an adventurous eight months. They were moving half dozen blocks away, would remain in the same Catholic parish and school.

For the relocation, the father had arranged to have the day off, the children excused from school. All four would spend the day together as the mover made two trips to relocate their modest possessions. The children, age 11 and 9, and mother had moved twice the past summer, so this too was orderly. Personal items were stored in the same moving box used those earlier voyages. Still, excitement existed. Another new home. A family day together. Say good-bye one world, hello to the next.

The children had not been told why they would be moving, were young enough not to care why. Moving had been broached as a family decision a few nights earlier. Neither youngster questioned the decision this time either. They had liked this small home, east side of town, five blocks from Lake Erie. New friends already made, would remain so, as the family stayed within the same orbit.

Early morning, the small moving van arrived, the driver professionally loaded half of the family possessions. Within the hour the Van, possessions, and Mom and Dad drove the half block to East Avenue, then south out of sight, headed to East 11th Avenue and the house the children had never seen.

The children made games of time while awaiting return for the remaining worldly goods. They looked forward to setting foot in what should be a permanent home.

The van returned and both ran out to meet their parents.

Something was wrong. Mom's face was red with tears. Dad's disclosed nothing. He consoled Mom, hiding his raging sea of shared emotion.

Finally, the children understood. They were not moving. The paradise sought, signed for, proved completely unacceptable to Mom.

It was ridden with bed bugs, enough to finally convince Dad, Mom was not just obstinate. That house was not fit for their family.

The children were allowed to listen, remain silent. Dad had a newspaper list of Rental properties, would take Mom in search of an acceptable affordable house. The children remain home. They await a new home, chosen that day.

The first rental on that list was 20 blocks south, three blocks west. It was suitable.

The children moved with with the second load, helped unpack, late in the day, set up beds in three rooms, parents and both children sleeping in separate rooms again.

In the morn, Dad returns to work, the trials, his decisions of yesterday forgotten in continuous contact with the public at work.

Mom delayed house work, took the children to a new school. They continue in the 6th and 4th grades respectively, their acceptance aided by the news to these nuns, that the children's Aunt, a nun of their St Josephs order, is School Principal in another Pennsylvania city.

That evening, Mom welcomed by neighbors during the day, children finding friends who are neighbors, all four getting acquainted with the new home, want to talk at once. The introduction to their third new world within nine months had begun.

Tonight no mention of disappointment, yesterdays' trials, they slept surprisingly well.