

## GET THE FLY SWATTER

by June Richer

When I sat down at the computer to start this assignment, for amusement I decided to ask the computer to tell me about the fly on the wall. A few seconds later I “almost dropped my teeth” when “Fly On the Wall.org - A Special Project” popped up on the screen! It is regarding those with disabilities and the people who love them!

The screen told me “each of us longs to be a fly on a wall in another’s life. To hear our echo and see our movements mirrored in someone else’s narrative is to see our own lives more truthfully. We know we are not alone. Although one fly is a small creature, putting our stories together generates quite a buzz.”

An important sentence on this page of the article was, “We all have a story to tell.”

I was the sixth daughter in a family of eight. My father was hoping for a boy, but he got me and decided to keep me. He struck out again two years later when my sister Lulu Belle was born. Finally in 1936 the doctor announced, “It’s a boy!” and that was IT. My father had his family!

The ‘fly on the wall’ is prompting me to tell you that I used a path instead of a bath (room that is); a dishpan instead of a handy sink; a kerosene lamp instead of a switch on the wall. And we grew up to be normal kids! The neighborhood had to subscribe to electricity and the phone before lines came to our area. After this, if during a storm, we lost power we just got out the oil lamps and went on living as usual. We were happy having a yard with grass and fields to play in; a creek to wade in; an orchard of trees, one of which had a rope swing; and a high hill to climb. Oh, yes, and a barn with a hay mow to jump in.

We had one cow that gave us milk to drink and rich cream for churning into butter. I did not eat butter, but I liked making it.

We did not lack for entertainment, we made our own. We never got tired of looking at clothes featured in the catalog. When a new catalog came we could use the models in the old one as paper dolls. We cut them out and then supplied them with a lovely wardrobe of clothes from the same book or drew our own. If Mom needed a new water bucket we would order it from Montgomery Ward catalog. If it was ordered close to Christmas it would come with a variety of hard candies which we shared with friends. As the fly on the wall, I know that when useful life of the catalog in the house ended, it was assigned to duty in the little brown shack out back. The pages of this once dignified book were being used to do the paper work in this very important building. If you never had this experience you do not know the importance, comfort wise, of the index pages compared to the glossy pages!

Money may not have flowed readily, back in those days, but we did not lack. We were taught if you need it, make it fit the situation and enjoy life!

And now this fly is going to sit on a wall somewhere else!