

When and Where has life has ever been really easy

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At 71 years old it is time to reminisce about whether and when life has been really easy.

I do remember one time. It involves my first girlfriend ever at the age of eight years old. It was the most honest, sincere, and trouble free relationship that I ever had. No games playing, no sexual pressure except that she kept trying to kiss me and I wanted no part of it.

The setting was early June of 1957. My grandfather had died unexpectedly in Salina Kansas. We drove down from Lincoln Nebraska for the funeral. After the funeral my parents and Uncle Wally agreed to have my cousin Nicky and me stay with my Grandmother Campbell for the rest of the summer.

Kansas for a kid my age was total freedom. From early every morning until after dark we were out playing. That included going out after dinner to catch lightning bugs probably barefoot all day. For better or worse we lit firecrackers and shot off fireworks all day. We also played kick the can, tag, hide and seek etc.

Getting back to my romance, a little girl named Rosemary wanted me to be her boyfriend. She already had three boyfriends but I was to be her favorite. I had no reason to doubt her because there was no games playing at eight years old.

She was the first of many Catholics who I crossed paths with during my lifetime. Speaking of Catholics, she already knew how many kids that

she would have and what their names would be. She even gave me a ring shaped like a horse's saddle. I of course gave her a ring as well.

At the end of the Summer I went back to Lincoln and we wrote each other letters. I even found one recently. I came back down to Kansas for an encore summer in 1958.

(not in presentation but added later: I didn't even know whether she was cute at that age but I heard my mother tell my grandmother that "she was "cute as a button".)

So that is what I remember about when life was very easy.

SIDENOTE:

A few years later when I was 12 or 13 years old I read To Kill A Mockingbird. I identified with Dill, the kid who came down from the North for the Summer to Alabama. I saw an interview with a lawyer recently in which he said that his hero growing up was Atticus Finch who was Scout's Attorney father. I had forgotten that the book had anything to do with law even though I became a lawyer. I just remembered the little kid stuff.