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**My Poor Mother:** Ma's devotion to my welfare was never better expressed than on the day I was hit by a car. It was the day before my thirteenth birthday. I was riding my bike. I saw a pretty shikse classmate, also on a bike. I decided to have a little fun with her. I rode up behind her bike and touched my front wheel to her back wheel.

The next thing I remember was lying on the street, raising my head, which hurt a lot. A friend of mine ran to my parent's grocery, dashed in, shouted, "Teddy has been hit by a car!"

Instantly, my mother dashed a quarter of a mile to the streetcar line, got a transfer, got on another streetcar that went to the nearest hospital. Taxis were not a part of my mother's world. I was not there. Ma repeated the streetcar rides in the reverse direction, ran the quarter mile back to the store.

Meanwhile, the people whose car hit me picked me up and drove to a doctor's office on 16<sup>th</sup> street. The point of contact was between the car's bumper and my face. The right side of my face was as swollen as could be. The doctor cleaned me up, applied anesthetic, and sent me on my way.

Across the street from the doctor's office there was a butcher's chop. The butcher faced the window. When he saw me, he stopped in mid motion and gasped. The women at the counter turned, gasped, and covered their eyes. Back in the car, they drove me home.

Home was three rooms in the back of the store. Ma found me there, lying on the bed. It took three weeks for my head to assume its former shape. The long-term effect was a dimple in my right cheek.

I spent the three weeks learning about and making model airplanes.

My poor mother, who devoted so much love and attention on a son who did not appreciate all she did for me, until much too late.