

You think you had a nightmare vacation?

Written by Elizabeth Barrett
Thursday, 01 August 2013 14:20 -



David howled as my mother tweezered stickers out of his tush.

I doubled over in laughter at the image of my younger brother tumbling down a mountain ravine filled with sandburs, his pants around his ankles.

“I’ve got to pee NOW!” he had hollered earlier while riding in the station wagon as our mother navigated a narrow canyon road and she obliged.

Not witnessing the mishap, as I was back at the family cabin, only fueled my imagination of the hilarious scene until Dad doused the flames.

“Jenny went to dog heaven,” he declared somberly.

First shock, then disbelief and finally terrible stuff welled up from my 12-year-old gut.

I HATED my father.

How could he have taken our beloved pet to the vet to be put to sleep and not checked with the rest of the family that was vacationing in Colorado?

Dad had remained at home to work for a few days before flying into Loveland where Mom and David picked him up to join the rest of us.

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Back home, one of his responsibilities was to give Jenny pills to stop the epileptic seizures she suffered.

“She started having too many,” he told the three of us kids and Jane, the toddler.

None of us, except baby Jane, believed him.



David was still belling about his burr-pocked butt as tears streamed, like rivulets, down by mothers' cheeks.

My older brother, Bill, looked stunned.

Sorrow hung over the rest of the vacation like a cloud and, when we returned home, only a wisp of Jenny's ghost lingered.

This memory isn't exactly a nightmare but if you'd ask brother David, he might disagree.

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