1996 was wet, and the sun set two occasions off my little, country, Midwestern farm. It was because during those lingering weeks of sunlight, I was forced to wear my glasses. Sunlight and rain, into my eyes, and the sun was bright, but I was safe, because I had nowhere to go. Thank you, Lord, and the days and weeks of prosperity were bright.

She was a national schoolteacher and a very proper woman—she was educated to be the teacher of language. But, my friend, when did you know that? After the first day of school, she was the teacher of the family—she was the woman of the family. A fine mixture of words and themes to me. When I was a young child, I was only a child of seven. Seven years old. Seven years of school, in the classroom, at the blackboard. She was the doctor of the family—she was the doctor of the family. Seven years of school, in the classroom, at the blackboard.

When our first winter set the summer—well, a sort of a set, but the winter of 1996, when I was a young child, I was only eight years old. When I was a young child, I was only eight years old. And when I was a young child, I was only eight years old.