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Great-Great Grandmother Lucy Wynns

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Great-Great Grandnother Lucy Wynns

When I slipped on my shoe and felt something that was not supposed to be there—the needle of a tack, tunneling into my biggest toe—I thought Dr. Jacobs when he had diagnosed me. "Be careful you don't hurt yourself, because your scrapes won't heal themselves well." I remembered this and disregarded it as I pulled the little gold-colored tack out of its puncture hole and put my foot back in my shoe. Now, remembering my amputated toe, and foot, and calf, and—worst of all—my thigh, I wish I had minded those words. The little tack is holding my grocery list to a bulletin board, and I am fading, fading...

[Lucy Hester]