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Cornwall

I expect my memories are about the same as everyone else, such as watching his cigarette ash grow longer and longer as he stitched me up, and wondering both how the ash could grow that long without falling, and whether or not, when it did fall, it would fall into my open wound. And the fact that, when I went to his office, or my mother took me there, endless waits were totally accepted as part of the picture with no complaints. And hearing my parents talk about the fact that he hardly ever sent bills. And hearing everyone talked about how fast he drove from Cornwall to Torrington. And for some reason I loved the cobbler's bench in his waiting room.

A story you may not hear from others is one I heard recently from a friend who grew up in Goshen and still lives there. Dr. Walker apparently hated the traffic circle in Goshen, so one winter evening on his way to Torrington, he just moved the signs off to the side of the road. On his way back, late at night, knowing that the signs were not there, he drove straight through, or tried to. Some responsible Goshen citizen, seeing the traffic circle signs out of place, had moved them back. Dr. Walker hit the signs and had a minor accident. When the emergency types got there, just a few minutes after the accident, they saw Dr. Walker walking around the partly wrecked car. They were all amazed at how he had managed to get to the accident so fast.