

Family Doctor

Dr. Walker delivered me into this world in Torrington, CT. It was the summer of 1936. My parents, Roxana Scoville and Ed Dodd, loved our house in Cornwall Hollow. My mother arrived in June for all the summer months and we came from New York City for weekends all the rest of the year..

Growing up I had my share of accidents. My mother took me to Dr. Walker for repair. We came to his house in the village and waited in the front room. Falling down the cellar stairs, my chin got cut and he sewed me up. I remember one time in particular. My parents must have brought me along when they were visiting the Thurbers. I was a child extra in the party of adults. The Thurbers had a black terrier Scotty with lots of fur and a longish nose. I must have gotten too close: the dog bit me on my face, puncture wounds which bled.

Dr. Walker sewed me up again. I remember that this time he said to me and my mother in his gruff voice that he'd do it without anesthesia because then there would be no scars. His hand came back and forth from my face with the thread for stitches, his large head with the shock of white hair leaned over me, the familiar cigarette tipped from his mouth as he talked. I have no scars on my face from that time, just the memory of the doctor who cared for me.

Roxana Dodd Laughlin
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