

MY SON-DAVID

by EVELYN WARD

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DAVID WOUNDED!

I remember one terrible incident that took place when David was almost four years old. We had moved to a small apartment in nearby Rutherford, New Jersey, and David had a very close boy pal named Hal, who was six months older than David. (To this day, they're still good friends.) The two of them—Hal and David—were playing outside in the yard. Hal had a golf club and was practicing swinging it. Somehow, David got too close and suddenly Hal literally clobbered David on the left side of his forehead with the golf club!

I was in the kitchen. Suddenly, I heard David screaming at the top of his voice. I rushed outside and was absolutely immobilized by what I saw. There stood David with blood running down his face! (I didn't know this at the time, but face wounds bleed excessively—always looking *ten* times worse than they really are.) It was a Sunday, and I couldn't get our doctor on the phone. After calling several doctors who were listed in the phone book and getting no answer, I finally called the police and they sent the police doctor. All apologies to the police department, but their doctor generally doesn't go on house calls and treat patients like a small boy with a gash over his eye. I mean, they're usually looking at bullet or knife wounds—and they're just *not* prepared to handle cases such as ours was that day. Even so, the police doctor was better than none at all.

I can't tell you what happened inside me as I watched the doctor take about six stitches in David's forehead, where the golf club had ripped through his delicate skin. And this without any kind of local anesthesia. David just stood there crying until the ordeal was over.

A couple of days later it was time to remove the stitches and I didn't like the way the wound was healing. It looked sort of red and puffy to me. I put David in the car and off we went to the police doctor. About halfway, when David heard where I was taking him, he literally jumped out of the moving car and ran off! It happened so fast that—well, I hardly knew it *happened!* One moment I was saying, "We'll have to go see the doctor so that he can remove the stitches"—and a split second later the door was open and David was gone!

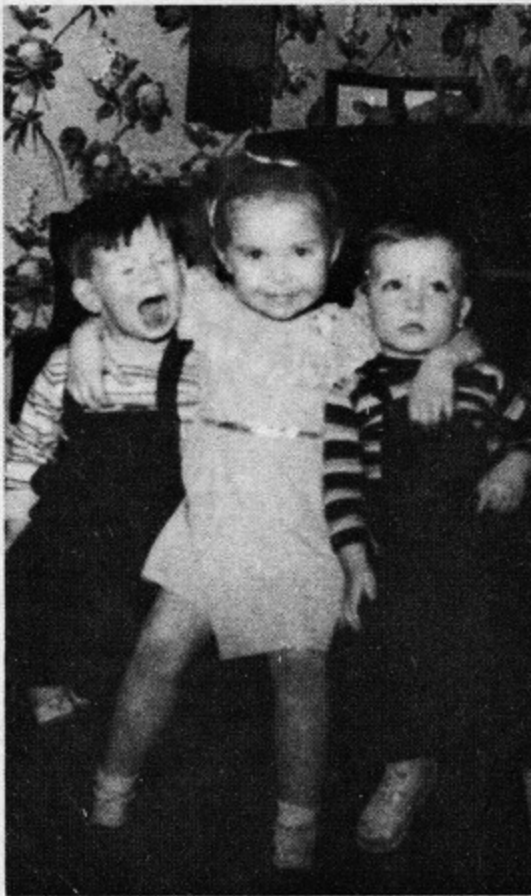
I quickly pulled the car over to the curb and jumped out. David ran and ran and ran, with me flying as fast as I could after him. I felt so sorry for him, because I *really understood* how frightened he was. After about three blocks, I caught up with him—when he became too tired to run on.

After the police doctor removed the stitches, the swelling wouldn't go down. In fact, it got worse—and I took David to his regular doctor, who exclaimed, "Why didn't you bring him to me sooner? This wound is infected! It has been infected for a *long* time!"

Well, David had to suffer more pain, for *this* doctor had to drain the wound, patch it up, and *then* David had to go back to him *several* times before the wound was healed! For awhile, both of his eyes were swollen shut from the spreading infection. Every night I prayed and prayed that David would be better the next day. When the worst was over, and both of his beautiful blue-green-grey eyes sparkled as he look out at the world again, I can assure you that this mother had a very happy heart!

THE GIRLS IN DAVID'S LIFE

David always loved girls from the very beginning. In fact, I can't remember when there weren't girls in David's life. He had boy friends too, but girls were his favorites. David never went through one of those "I hate girls" stages that most boys go through. No, David was quite the opposite—



At two and one half, David (on the right) poses with his favorite cousin Barbara. The neighborhood kid on the left seems to be objecting strenuously!



"Romeo" David Cassidy at three—when his mom photographed him with the daughters of a friend of hers. Doesn't he look happy?



Glasses or no glasses, the girls still loved David. Here he is at three and one half with a neighborhood girl in Rutherford, New Jersey.