

MORNING SICKNESS

My father was the only son in his family; he had four sisters. They lived on a farm, so the worst chores were his responsibility.

It was his job to feed the chickens, pigs, cow and horses before breakfast. Then, he washed his hands, ate breakfast with his sisters, and hurried off to school.

My grandmother felt sorry for him because there were four girls to share the cooking, cleaning, and laundry chores. For that reason, my grandmother always folded his clean clothes and put them in his chest of drawers. On one occasion she discovered a little box of Lydia Pinkham's tablets. She was puzzled to find them there because they were to prevent morning sickness.

Later my grandmother questioned him about her find. She asked him who they belonged to, and he admitted that they were his.

Grandmother asked, "Do you take them?" He replied that he did. She then asked him why he took them. "Well," he said, "sometimes when I slop the pigs in the morning it makes me kinda sick to my stomach, so then I take a pill."

"Do they work?" his mother asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, "they help a lot!"

"That's good," she said, and never told him that they were for pregnant women.

by Phyl Webb Pryde

