

It is not that I am afraid OF the dark it is that I am afraid IN the dark. Who knows what lurks behind door, or when the kitty will swipe at your barefoot feet when you leave them outside the quilt covers. It is what is IN the darkness that gives a person a heartfelt flutter. I once saw a man's shadow behind the half-closed bedroom door. I called for mom. She came in answer to my distress. I had thought that if the shadow did not get her, that there was no one behind the door. (If you think that I was heartless, I blame it on the kitty that swiped at my foot.) Oh, yes my mom lived to tell me to "Go to sleep."

But that is not what I want to confess. This confession in 2021 is about not wanting to go to bed at nighttime.

Even as an adult the trip up the stairs and the earlier hesitant steps from the Livingroom to the Bedroom on the right was always difficult. As a child I had honed my excuses like "Did I tell you about how I made a snow angel at school today?" or "Will you read me a story?" or there is my favorite: "I am not tired, yet" kept me from the bed only a time or two. My parents began to "read" me pretty well. Afterall, having me play around at bedtime had been the story for seven years or more by the time they told me "Stop playing around and get to bed!"

During those tremulous years of having no say in how my life went from the time I could escape the confines of the bed to that dreaded sentence "Time for Bed, I would complain that since the sun was still shining outside why would I have to climb into bed. AND since it was so hot in the bedroom which I shared with a sister couldn't we just go outside and cool off? Anything and everything I could think of was thrown out there to stay up longer.

"You are just a Night Owl," dad would say, "but, you are young, you need your sleep. So, Go To Bed."

Well, I would lose the battle. I was okay with it, I guess. The thing of it was: I did not want to miss any action while I was in bed, where I would immediately fall to sleep. I wanted to know what was happening at all times. Perhaps, someone would knock on the door wanting me to come out and play. (I always thought that my friends could stay up until darkness put a damper on our "Red Rover, Red Rover" play time.

And I thought what if my parents ate ice cream and cake and I could not share in the joy because I was asleep? Or what if they ordered Chinese Food to be delivered and I would miss out on an experience for a late-night delight?

Oh, I had so much I needed to know before I was eight years old. No one would answer the same question every morning when I asked mom what happened after I fell asleep. It was “Eat your breakfast,” or “Get ready for School.”

I seemed always to be in the dark.

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