

Introduction to

REFLECTIONS

by George F. Wood

22 Oct. 92

I have often wondered if there may be any benefit in writing down events of my life for those who come after me to ponder. Many times I have wished I knew more about my parents and ancestors. Events of my childhood may be of some value to one of my descendants. The dates and places may not always be 100% accurate but every attempt will be made to be as precise as possible.

These events will not necessarily be in chronological order but they will be put down as they come to mind. My childhood was influenced by 1: A world wide depression, 2: An alcoholic father and 3: an almost fatal illness, the effects of which have influenced my life by no little measure.

I was at a very early age, about 3 1/2 years old, afflicted with pneumonia, pleurisy, and empyema which for those who do not want to take the time to look up is defined as "A collection of pus in some cavity of the body esp. in the plural cavity." I recovered miraculously and will at some time go into more details of that part of my life. It seemed that I was plagued with numerous debilitating bouts of respiratory illnesses. These were many times accompanied by high temperature or fevers, resulting in long bed stays and much mind and body discomforts.

Living under the influence of an alcoholic father was not a formula for a happy childhood. I was always thankful to have had a Christian mother who did much to offset the negatives of the miseries of alcoholism. My memories are flooded by bouts of family quarrels, physical abuses and financial limitations. I firmly believe that my descendants can also be thankful that I had a Godly mother as they would no doubt not be here if the evil influence of alcohol was allowed to go unchecked.

The world wide depression of the 1930's affected everyone. I was born the 14th of June 1924. The stock market crashed in 1929 and wealthy people found themselves in bread lines. Many people could not face a bleak future and opted to end it all. Suicides were not uncommon especially among those who lost their affluence. In our family, the financial misery including unemployment, was compounded by the needs of supplying an alcoholic habit. Needless to say every one of us was affected.

I will write in more detail about these situations as they come to mind.

Rather than attempt to compile a daily diary which would be incomplete due to lapse of memory, I have chosen to write on singular events with as much detail as is possible. I have decided to call these expository's "Reflections"

Needless to say I have been effected by exposure to my childhood environment and my articles will reflect that, whether for good or otherwise.

There is no attempt to glorify my life or to embellish in order to encourage thinking of me more highly than I deserve. I do pray that there may be some value to this effort that may be shared by my children, grandchildren or other descendants for their information.

I do not believe that we cannot change or that we are victims of circumstance and have no control over our lives. I believe that God has put into each of us a hunger for fellowship with Him, a conscious to do right and a choice to determine our destiny. We can blame no one but ourselves for where we stand and what values we have.

Although I was influenced by a Christian mother, having a knowledge of God and His son Jesus Christ, I had never made a personal commitment. On Dec 31st 1972, at the age of 48, I made that commitment. At the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church in Synacuse, NY. I went to the altar at an invitation by Pastor Jim Armstrong and acknowledged Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. He died for my sins and reserved a place for me at my death, with Him, for eternity.

I pray that each one of my descendants, if they have not already done so, would make that necessary commitment so that we may be together for ever and ever.

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BIRTHDAY

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I try to recall with as much clarity as possible the event of the birth of my brother Donald James Wood.

We were living at that time in Syracuse, NY on Oakwood Ave, one block north of Castle street near where Martin Luther King school now is.

Our family consisted of Dad and Mom, Sisters Winnie, Charlotte, Lillian, and Jane, and myself. My brother Bill was living with our Grandmother Miller a few blocks away.

We lived in a four family house. One up and one down on the left and one up and one down on the right. We lived downstairs on the left side of the wood framed bldg. Our flat consisted of 5 rooms. Front to rear, a living room, followed by a dining room. An adjacent bedroom was used by Dad & Mom. Then a small room used as a bed room and finally the kitchen at the rear. The living room also served as a bedroom.

I slept on a cot in the dining room along the outside wall. The foot of my bed was about 6 ft from the side porch entrance to the flat. An amateur attempt at a diagram follows.

It was the night of 30 Dec. 1934. I was 10 1/2 years old. I lay on my cot thinking about the circumstances around me. Mom was in her bedroom adjacent to where I was. The doctor had come and he was busy going back & forth from the kitchen to the bedroom. Dad was around and I believe my older sister Winnie was involved. I don't believe I really understood what a 10 yr old today would about how babies are born. Mom had never made a big deal about her pregnancy. I don't remember any showers or a lot of ladies coming around. I didn't even give any thought why she was not in a hospital being delivered. When I think back now, I know. There was no money.

My thoughts rather centered, as I remember, on was this necessary. Another mouth to feed. We had just gone thru Christmas and there was little enough to share and now another one. Where would a new baby sleep and other important issues that a normal 10 yr old would think about. All of these fears later disappeared as we learned to love our brother.

I don't even remember my mother moaning or groaning or yelling as I understand is normal giving birth to babies. It may have happened but I don't remember it.

Finally I heard the baby crying. It was over. Everything was all right. I drifted off to sleep.