

Every picture tells a story...don' it?

I have been wanting to participate in "Sincerely 'Fro me to you" blog carnival for weeks, but have simple been too busy. So since I am determined to avoid my responsibilities tonight, I thought this was as good as time as any to join in the madness.

Kristen at "We are that family" puts on a great carnival. We are meant to post a picture from our past and tell a little story about it. So off I go...and thanks Kristen!

This is a picture of my brothers and me.



(Rob, me and Randall, 1969)

See how my brother Rob has his arm firmly around my shoulder? This is the perfect illustration of his character and attitude toward me as his little sister. He was my great protector. Almost every picture I found with the three of us, he has his arm around me.

As a young girl, every night I would slip into my brother's shared room and sleep next to Rob's bed. When I was scared, just having him close was enough for me. I truly believed nothing could "get" me if Rob were there.

When I got older, he didn't shy away from me like most brothers. He would take me down to the Sunset Beach with him in the summer. Drive me around in his bitchin' Plymouth Duster listening to ELO and let me tag along to parties and to school events.

He even bought me a "Cars" t-shirt when he went to their concert, WITH his own money, which I proceeded to wear proudly

to the first day of seventh grade. He was thoughtful. He was kind.

Weird—right? For a teenager to care for his little sister so much. He says now it was because I was fun to have around, not a “pain” like some sisters.

Umm, nice try Rob, there was more to it than that...

I didn't have the best dad in the world—not the worst, but sadly, not the a very good one. I think my brothers knew it and took the responsibility on themselves to help me grow up. How I got so lucky, I will never know. What I do know, if I am a happy, productive person now, it is largely because I had brothers who loved me and weren't afraid to show it.

Thanks Rob.

You can read about Randall—here..