

Scars

When I was four, I took a red permanent felt-tipped marker and gave my Raggedy Ann spots to match my own itchy red pox that much of our generation had to endure in the pre-varicella vaccine era. Although I recovered completely, poor Annie was never quite the same, the scars remained. In fact, if you look very carefully, I have a small scar from those poxy days on my right temple. There on the top of my right foot, under my 4th toe, is an ugly old scar I hated as a teenager. I got that when I scraped my foot on the bottom of the Los Rios pool. I thought everyone could “see” it when I wore sandals. My perfect dainty feet ruined. Funny now, every time I see it, I smile as I remember the zillions of hours of my childhood spent at that pool, doing tricks off the diving board, playing sharks & minnows, Marco Polo, and “laying out” with my best friends. It’s a happy scar. I have four teensy weensy scars on my abdomen when I was turned into a human video game. Lap- chole. OR 2. Prego lady. Twenty weeks pregnant with Ben and still vomiting, I finally dragged myself to the hospital when I couldn’t take it anymore. I was going to “sneak” in the hospital and not tell anyone. How did they get that golf ball size stone out of my gallbladder and through those teeny tiny holes?

I see scars all day. Most of them small; cuts from the coffee table, scraped knees, insect bites. Many of them large, like zippers up the chest, the abdomen, or across the head like a crown. Children with the marks of survivorship. Have you ever really looked at scar skin? I’ve had a new one for a year now on my arm from a biopsy of a funky mole. I’ve put a boat load of Mederma on it and it still looks the same. It’s thick and it’s strong. It is permanent. It holds. I was thinking today I’ve never met a person who wasn’t wounded. We all have them. Scars. Some are microscopic. Some we keep well hidden. Some are big and deep. Our scars, whether physical, emotional, or spiritual, tell our story. Sometimes they are ugly, but they are strong. They are permanent. They hold us together.