

## CHAPTER 2

# 7 YEARS OLD AND MY WORLD IS CHANGING



*Inside the room, I hopped up on the table as I usually did, swung my feet back and forth, and waited like a good little girl.*

I leaned forward with one arm holding my belly, the other arm straight out against the worn out cabinet. My screams were so shrill that I could barely sit up and was forced to remain doubled over in pain until my mother arrived. That was the day that my world changed forever.

Somehow through my screams, I managed to hear my mother coming down the hallway. She came into the small bathroom. She was such a large woman, the room seemed to grow smaller as I watched her walk towards me. She leaned over me and hesitated, looking from my face to the pool of blood beneath me on the floor.

“You must have begun menstruating,” she said as she knelt down next to me in the bathroom. I looked at her, not quite able to understand what menstruating was at such a young age. I continued to cry out in pain. She seemed to be thinking out loud at that moment. “I think you are way too young for this. Girls usually do not get their period until they are teenagers,” she told me. It was around 1969. I would have been 7 years old. After she helped me clean myself up, she quickly called our medical doctor.

The very next day we headed to our family doctor. I was still very upset from the incident in the bathroom the day before as my mother parked the car. I slowly opened the car door and headed up the three or four steps into

the waiting area of the doctor's office. As I sat down and looked around the small waiting room, I got scared thinking I might have to get a needle. Mom checked in, and when she walked away from me, I felt sick inside and confused about what was about to happen to me. How was the doctor going to find out why I was bleeding and in such pain?

When the nurses called my name, I got up slowly, grabbed my mother's hand and walked down the narrow hallway to the examination room on the right. Inside the room, I hopped up on the table as I usually did, swung my feet back and forth, and waited like a good little girl. Dr. McGlocklin walked in with his stethoscope around his neck and smiled at me as usual. He spoke to my mother a bit so she could explain exactly what had happened. Then he turned toward me and began to ask me a few questions.

"Alesia, are you in pain now?" he began. I shook my head no and he continued. "From what your mom tells me, I think I need to examine you a little bit further. Lie down on your side and Mom will help you remove your panties for me. I need you to lie still and hold Mom's hand so that I can get a good look at you and see what is going on to make your tummy hurt so much, okay?" he said.

He then probed me with some kind of scope that had a light. My scream was loud enough that I imagined the other children in the waiting room curled up in their mother's laps, terrified by the sound of fear coming from the examining room.

"Lisa (the name my family called me), calm down, hold my hand and try to lie still," my mother said with tears in her eyes as I lay there on my side, and she leaned down to meet me face to face.

"It will be over very soon and the doctor needs to do this to find out why you are having such bad pain." Her voice was soft and tender, and she held my hand and stared straight into my eyes while I cried and screamed.

The scope looked kind of like a gun with a small light on it. When he inserted it into my rectum, I felt as if I was being torn apart. The exam was only a few minutes, but felt like forever. After the doctor completed the exam, he spoke directly to my mother in a very serious voice. "She needs to see a specialist immediately."

"How can that be?" my mother asked him quietly, trying to protect me

## EVERYTHING'S OKAY

from the conversation.

“From what I can tell, she needs more intensive examinations.”

That was all he said.