

Face to Face, 1957

As might be expected, in the beginning it was tough for all of us — for my mother and my father, for my three sisters and my brother, and for me, too. The illness had left me weak. The servants shirked me as though I were an evil eye personified. My sisters treated me with care, as though I were a fragile doll, and my mother wept. My father, who was a doctor in the public health service, was grateful that my spine had been tapped in time, for a delay in the lumbar puncture would have affected my mind or endangered my life. But he, like the rest, despaired.