

## **Tale of the Scorpion**

It was a hot August day. Rev. Read's son and their family had just arrived from Texas, for a visit. We were getting reacquainted in the living area just off the kitchen, that had a large round table with chairs (you can see it in some of the pictures). Mrs. Read (my grandmother) reached down to pick up what she thought was a piece of trash, off the rug. It was a scorpion that had snuck into the house and she was stung. Mother jumped....yes, literally jumped onto one of the chairs and yelled for "Frank" to kill the offending creature.

Dad and Rev. Read were able to kill the *Centruroides sculpturatus*, Mother was told over and over that the coast was clear, and she finally climbed off the chair; they took Grandmother to the doctor for treatment after applying some cold compress to the bite.

Needless to say, Jim and I felt bad for Grandmother Read, but we couldn't help but laugh for years to come, over the sight of Mother jumping onto the dining room chair and screaming for Dad to help!