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Life wasn't a piece of cake living with my family. My father, Dr. Charles Howard Rothfuss, was constantly traveling to exotic places to hunt. Not to mention his demanding career as a doctor, had him treating patients with injuries ranging from little to severe. My mother, despite her kind and generous qualities, always had her hands tied with food sales and her involvement in the Red Cross. I am the daughter of Dr. Charles Howard Rothfuss, and I lived on 62 Green Street in Woodbridge, New Jersey. Major events living in the household of Dr. Rothfuss, were, we had luminous Christmas lights that brightened up my house during the holiday season. Also, my father had treated patients with injuries caused by car crashes and dog bites. My father never ceased to help people with injuries.

My heart raced and pounded excitedly as our dim house was transformed into a magical scene of bright lights. This enchanted moment made me feel so joyous and content to be with my wonderful family during this delightful holiday season. To have my house change into a wondrous sight, made me feel special because out of all the houses on the street, mine was lit up with glowing lights. Our house was even recognized by the local newspaper! "The Rothfuss home in Green Street, Woodbridge, is again a scene of magic lights carried out in red and blue." Can you just picture it? My house was noticed during this special holiday season! This was an important contribution to Woodbridge because it showed people to take pride in their neighborhood by possibly lighting up their house to show some holiday cheer. It gave people some sort of holiday spirit, and it showed that we took pride in our house by lighting it up to show some festivity.

Not only was Dr. Charles Rothfuss a great father to me, he treated a four-year-old boy from a dog bite. This dog bite could've spread into an infection, if it was left untreated. Let alone, what if the dog had rabies? My father took immediate action and treated a little boy from what could have been a catastrophic injury, if it escalated into something worse. My father's great accomplishment in helping a boy in our neighborhood hadn't gone unnoticed. His honorable action made the newspaper! "Robert Brookfield, age 4, of 127 Freeman Street, was bitten on the leg by a dog owned by Victor Nicklas, of 99 Church Street. The child was treated by Dr. C. H. Rothfuss." My father's contribution to Woodbridge was extremely crucial because he was helping and treating people with gashes, wounds, or scratches. Without him, the people of Woodbridge wouldn't have a local doctor that diagnosed, or could help them immediately, with any severe injury. People depended on my father to help them in times of injury. I am extremely proud of my father's contribution to the neighborhood. He was always there for everyone in the community, and made it a better place to live. To know that my father was helping people, it made me proud to be his daughter.

In addition to Dr. Rothfuss treating a little boy, he treated two women that were in a disastrous car accident. Both of these women were in their late thirties, and had injured their hands and ankles. The car accident was such an important event in the community that it had been one of the featured news events in the newspaper. "Two women were injured Monday when a car operated by Anton Larson, 47, 116 High Street, on Woodbridge Avenue at the intersection of Rahway Avenue, figured in collision with a car driven by Mrs. Grace Julian, 39, 20 Lillian Terrace. The latter and her passenger Mrs. Mary Shara, 37, 389 School Street, were treated by Dr. C. H. Rothfuss. Mrs. Julian for shock and contusion of the hand and Mrs. Shara for shock and contusion of the ankle." My father had treated these women that suffered from an injury from a car accident. This is a crucial event in Woodbridge considering Dr. Rothfuss, my father, was able to diagnose the two women's pain and help them through this traumatic event. He was making this neighborhood a better place, by helping these women out, when they were in times of need. This made me feel so much pride for my father because he was always assisting people when they are injured. His kind ways and helping hand should be recognized, and be followed as an example for others.

I've never felt so much grief in my life than when my mother died. She was such a gentle woman who shared her kind ways with everyone. Her involvement in the Red Cross was widely known, and she gave hope and showed compassion for soldiers during World War II. I didn't know how to function or cope when I lost my mother. She was a guiding force in my life, and her participation in food sales and Red Cross inspired me to help others. My mother was such an astonishing woman that she was honored in the newspaper. "Funeral services for Mary Jane Rothfuss, wife of Dr. C. Howard Rothfuss, who died last Thursday at her home, 62 Green Street, were held Monday Morning..." "Mrs. Rothfuss, who was active in Red Cross work, particularly during World War II, was widely known for her kindness to soldiers stationed at nearby camps." The whole community was saddened by my mother's death. My mother contributed to Woodbridge because she constantly participated in town events and wanted to guide others through life with her kind words. Her death saddened me tremendously, but I choose to remember her for her kindness, rather than dwell on her death.

In summation, my father, Dr. Charles Howard Rothfuss, was always willing to lend a helpful hand. He treated patients from injuries that could have been catastrophic. By him being able to help a four year old boy, and then a woman in her 30's, it shows how versatile he can be. Not only was his excellence in his doctor career astonishing, he was an amazing father. The passion he showed when treating patients, showed me that you should be dedicated in anything you do. I am proud to live in Woodbridge because my father made amazing contributions to the neighborhood, and made it a better place to live. As for my mother, I want to carry on her good morals and kindness in Woodbridge. I choose to follow my parents good ways in life, and remember my mom for the wonderful woman she was.

Bibliography

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