

June 16th

On June 16th in the early 1970's, a little baby girl was born. She grew and became close friends with my future husband, Brent. For years, they attended the same church and were in classes together at school. She was known for her many seizures and he was known by their teacher for instinctively knowing when she was having one. Despite the challenges that they both faced, somehow Brent was aware of when she was seizing or about to seize. He helped to keep her safe and walked her out of some of her seizures. In time, Brent's family moved away and the two slowly drifted apart.

On June 16th of 1973, another little baby girl was born. This time it was me. At some point, Brent asked me my birthday. He was surprised when I said June 16th. He had always struggled to remember dates and times. In this case, though, he said that he would not forget. He already had many years of trying to remember that day. Some things are just weird.