hospital, I was talking to a doctor, and he told me it was going to be all right. I figured the best thing I could do to help was to keep quiet and not make a fuss. That's what I'm going to do."

About a month after the operation, the doctors told us Everett was well enough to go home. That was a wild day for us. We tried to slip him quietly out of the hospital in his wheel chair, but the reporters heard about it and were immediately after us. That day, our two-story house was packed with neighbors, friends, pals of Everett's, and reporters and photographers, all shouting, trying to tell Everett how good it was to see him home.

From that day, the house was continually crowded with people and the sound of a ringing telephone—and I can't say I was bothered by the commotion. The house had been too quiet while Everett had been in the hospital; I was used to a house with noise and life in it.

I think it was all the people who would ring the doorbell and say, "Can I see Everett, please?" who helped him concentrate on getting better.

He needed lots of help. The first operation was only the beginning. While in the hospital, he had gone back to the operating table for plastic surgery, and then in September he had a second major operation. The doctors took a 17-inch length of nerve from his thigh and put it in his arm, connecting the four main nerves. He also had to undergo daily electrotherapy to keep his arm from wasting away.

But Everett was determined to get better. One month after the nerve operation, we had our first sign that the strength was coming back into his arm. He had been warned by the doctors not to do anything with his hand or arm. But one day while I was out in the back yard hanging up the wash, I heard Everett talking at the front of the house with our next-door neighbor. She asked him if he could move his fingers. I knew instantly that he would try. I dropped my clothespins and rushed through the house to stop him—but I was too late. He had moved his fingers!

I was stunned that he could actually do it. I think Everett was surprised, too. He ran into the living room, where his father was sleeping on the couch, and said, "Look, Daddy, I can move my fingers."

My husband woke and looked at the boy. I think he figured Everett was just imagining it. "Well, he can," I said, and Everett moved his fingers again. My husband was amazed. Opening and closing your fingers may seem like a small thing, but it was a great moment for us.

Now Everett seemed in a rush to make up for lost time. Once he was out of his wheel chair, we couldn't keep him still. He was under strict orders not to try any heavy physical exercise, but he couldn't resist the temptation of Glen Park, a large ball field down the street where he used to pitch some of his best games. He finally confessed he sometimes joined a game on the sly, swinging the bat awkwardly with his one good arm, fielding with a special glove that had been sent to him. When we told the doctor, he said sternly to Everett, "All right, but watch the rough stuff."

LAST FALL, Everett went back to school. We took him out of the public school, where he would have had to do too much walking, and put him in an elementary school run by nuns. This wasn't an easy decision. It was November, and he was at least two months behind.

The mother superior told us bluntly: "I don't think Everett will be able to catch up with the rest of the eighth grade, but I'm willing to give him a chance."

Everett understood the challenge. He studied harder than he ever had before. This was especially difficult because he had to go to the hospital for several hours of physical therapy five days a week. He was expected to exercise at home, too. Also, Everett was beginning to experience what the doctors called "ghost" pains—sudden and stabbing. The nerve fibers were coming alive. Sometimes, when he exercised his fingers, he had to grit his teeth to keep from crying out.

But last winter, despite all these handicaps, Everett came home with his report card and a big grin on his face. Not one mark was below average. "I just wanted to prove to myself and everybody that I could do it," he told us.

TODAY, Everett is still mending—and he's growing, too. He spent his summer at camp and came back thinner and taller. His old clothes don't fit him any more. He is now a freshman in St. Mary's of the Annunciation High School, where he manages the football team, and I can see the growing maturity, the new dignity. Again, our wonderful neighbors have helped by setting up an Everett Knowles Fund to insure his education. He still is too young to know what he wants to do with his life, but he does know there are all kinds of worlds open to him.

As for his arm, the doctors tell us the nerve ends are moving down a half inch a month. He can now squeeze your hand hard and move his arm up and down. Thanks to the last operation, there are at least two good nerves in his arm. We still don't know whether he will be able to use his thumb for grasping. It will take another year, and possibly more operations, before we know the full outcome.

I'm sure that Everett misses the use of his right arm, and it never will be as strong or useful as the arms of other boys. And yet there are things he has gotten out of this terrible experience. He has learned how neighbors stand by you when tragedy strikes. We often have thanked our friends on Dell Street, and yet I don't think we have ever told them how much their kindness and sympathy helped us.

In the hospital and later at home, Everett also learned there were people much worse off than he, who never gave up. Meeting them and hundreds of others who simply stepped up to wish him well, has given him the self-confidence to put out his hand—yes, with his bad arm—and shake hands warmly with anyone.

I'm very proud of Everett—my little boy who was too stubborn to cry and too brave to be defeated by a blow that made medical history.

A former Little Leaguer, Everett revisits his pals a year after the accident.

How would YOU answer these 3 Bible Questions?

▶ To whom is the Bible addressed? Everyone?

▶ Who speaks in the Bible? God or man, or both?

▶ What is the primary message of the Bible?

A clear understanding of these 3 Bible questions is essential to benefit fully from God's message and promises to man.

These questions are answered in a booklet "Understanding the Bible" written by a Bible scholar to help people benefit more from their Bible study.

This booklet, which has helped thousands gain a clearer understanding of God's message to man, is available at no charge.

Write For Your FREE Copy TODAY!

MAIL COUPON TO

WORLD WIDE BIBLE STUDY
P. O. Box 22165, Denver, Colo.

Please send FREE copy of "Understanding the Bible"

Name

Address

City Zone State

W.W.B.S. is sponsored by a group of Christians to increase Bible study.

BORROW BY AIRMAIL
$100-$300-$600 or MORE

BANKERS INVESTMENT CO., 5-Z
4th & Joplin Joplin, Missouri

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

BANKERS INVESTMENT CO. 5-Z

$

Name Occupation

Address Age

City Zone State