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Goodbye to You, Searching

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I didn’t begin learning to read until my first child was born in 1972. When he was born, I wanted to be able to read to him, as my grandpa Wall and my grandmother Ruby Nell had read to me. I have struggled my whole life with a vision disability called convergence insufficiency, but it was not diagnosed until last year. When I was a child in school, my teachers only knew that I couldn’t, or wouldn’t, read. I always had trouble when we were reading or copying from the board.

In elementary school, we were divided into reading groups. When it was my turn to read, I could never see the words on the page. They were blurry, or they appeared to float on the page. When my teacher would ask me to read, I would say nothing. Then she would ask me to read after her. I could always do that because I was repeating her reading. Then she would say, “It’s your turn to read the next line.”