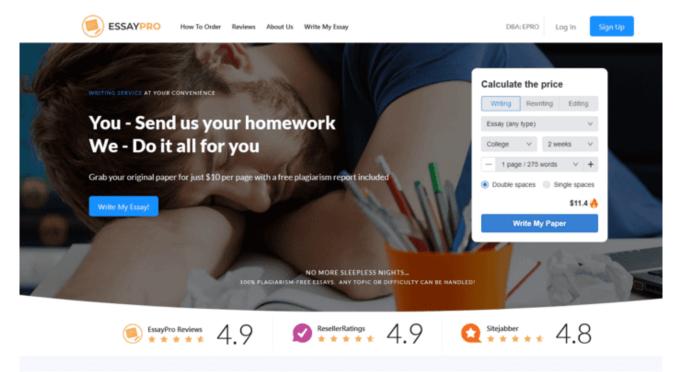
Revisiting Childhood in The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe



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Revisiting Childhood in The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe

When I was young, it was hard to understand the bigger picture. I knew not what I did; I only acted. Aggressive action came spontaneously, and in rapid response to whatever situation befell me. I frequently fought and argued with my brothers. While we were good around other people, at home, my brothers and I were not pleasant to deal with. At the time, it was impossible for me to foretell the ramifications of my mother. It was not until much later before I realized the gift that my mom had managed to give my brothers and me in her remarkable grace under the pressures. She was taking on four pre-teenaged boys on a hectic schedule, while juggling a part-time job and continuing college level education.

I was no more than ten years old when my mother began reading to us. It was a difficult enough undertaking, shuffling us between our father's house and hers and the many extracurricular activities involved with bringing up four young men. Somehow, three or four days a week, she enticed us all to sit down before bedtime for the retelling of a classic story. We started out with the first book in the Chronicles of Narnia series by author C. S. Lewis, titled The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe.

In this fairy tale, a magical lion returns to the mysterious land of Narnia in a quest to put an end to the evil reign of the wicked White Witch. The story simply captivated my younger brothers and me. The strange part was that it was never about the animals that talked, the fauns, unicorns, giants, dwarfs, wolves, centaurs, beavers, and birds. Truthfully, I did not remember much about a witch in the story, much less the existence of a lion. I did not recall any morals, messages, or even a plotline. What struck me most was part of the tale that engulfed the four siblings in the adventure of their lifetime. A few times a week, my brothers and I followed Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy into the enchanted wardrobe and through to the other side. As we circled around my mother in our living room, we were careful, just as Peter was, in closing the door.

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