

# Autobiographical Notes

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## The Door Knob

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November 2002

(Last Edited December 2009)

Still I wondered, how was I going to ever mature? In seventh grade my friend, Randy H., and I were up to our usual tricks – Randy was one of the friends that took Ms. Bronson’s Myths & Legends class with me. One day when we were racing to class, I got there first and shut the door on him. Randy pulled on the outside knob while I held the inside knob tight. It came apart! In our delight, he raced up stairs to put his half in his locker and I dashed to my desk to conceal my half. Since we were nearly the first to the class room that day, I really didn’t think we would be discovered. And even if we were, I thought everyone else would think what happened was funny too. They didn’t.

When other students and the teacher tried to get in, it was obvious we had made a big mistake. Some dutiful girls volunteered our names.

Randy was no where to be found, and apparently he had the important half of the mechanism because, even when I supplied my half, the janitor could not get the door open. Eventually Randy was found and the door opened, but we didn’t get to stay in class. I am not sure where Randy went, but I got to sit just outside the principal’s office for a long time before they seemed to notice I was there. I dared not move. Since I do not remember what punishment I was given, it apparently was not near as bad as having to sit in that office in anticipation of what might happen. I remember that particular office visit even to this day. Evidently it was good medicine.

Was I through with being ornery? Not hardly. In eighth grade science I got good at doing pushups. Our teacher, a body builder and coach, wouldn’t cut me any slack either. I spent a lot of time horizontal in his class learning the physics of a pushup. At least I learned a little bit about the science of body building from the ground up.

What was the source of my behavior? Earlier I mentioned that I had difficulty reading and never seemed quit ready for my assignments. Once in sixth grade they gave us a test, just the sort I thought I could do – it had short, simply questions and some pictures. We were told to read all of the instructions first before beginning the test. I hated reading so I did just what I had always done, I started picking out the problems I had some idea about. As I feverishly labored over the test everyone else sat quietly. Soon they started snickering at the few of us who had failed to read the instructions, because the first instruction directed us to just sign our names at the top and sit quietly.

It was humiliating to appear dumb or slow to others. So I tended to goof off in hopes that others would think differently about me, perhaps as someone with wit. At the same time, I was both frustrated and bored with controlled settings like school. I wanted to venture out and explore the great outdoors. Consequently, I was prone to day dream during classes, which distanced me further from the progress the rest of the class was making.