



WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF DOUBLES

*by TWINS WORLD (Summer | Independence Day Edition 1998)
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A dear respected colleague of mine, a twin, Betty Jean Case, is the author of several twin books. One book is on the theme and titled, "Is Being a Twin Always Fun?" Seeing the cover of the book in TWINSWORLD Library has often stirred me to ask that same question of myself.

Than drawn into a reflective mood I ask myself what was it really like to live a solid 20 years with my twin Robert before his accidental death? I guess I sometimes measure these thoughts in comparison with our other nine siblings. I'm not sure that how we bonded and 'unbonded' with our many siblings is a far comparison. Certainly our bonding with parents, siblings, and peers was naturally different from twin bonding which uniquely began for us in a utero shared placenta. What Robert and I cherished and felt for each other was very different from what we felt for all others. I've been privileged to interview thousand of twins and they all seemed to experience and sense this same "twinness" that Robert and I enjoyed so intensely.

Fun, of course, is a relative measurement for each person. What Robert and I always experienced was a constant need for each other. In our shared joys and sorrows there was always the "fun" of being together in a non-verbal sense of the word. If fun means strictly games and laughter even then our life together was always fun. I recall so many "schnanigans" that we pulled on siblings and friends. It was fun to puzzle everyone how we would come together and begin to speak the same words or finish each other's sentences for we knew what the other was going to say. Siblings and others would say "how do you guys do that"? "We don't know it is just natura!." Mom loved to tell of when we were small, the "Iil schnickelfritzes" that we were. When she saw us standing in front of the barn in the early morning she knew that we were planning our tricks for the day.

The "fun" ended abruptly one beautiful morning when the mourning doves changed to real "mourning doves." When it was no longer "fun" to make a shared decision and when 'we' turned to 'me' and 'us' turned to 'I'. I was a closet twinless for 35 years fore I no longer knew if I was a twin in the eyes of my family, friends and public. It was difficult to be a twinless those many years, very destructive. The missing "twin-fun" milked me of so many other funs that I must have missed. I dearly searched for that special "twin-fun" but I discovered that I was seeking among single birthed persons. How fruitless for they can never comprehend my need for that "twin-fun" again. During those searching years it was not always fun to be a twin.

Walking a very curvy and scary path these many years in my search to fix the broken bond (only to learn that death does not break the utero bond), I have returned to, yes, "it is always fun to be a twin". I have discovered that, "born a twin,

always a twin, even in death." I say "enjoy your twinship, make the very most of it and praise God that you were conceived with a twin to you."

I am at peace. That is my wish for you too; peace.