My brother, David, and his wife Annie, served as missionaries in Burundi, then in Haiti. While they were in Haiti, their daughter, Susan, finished college, then came to Haiti to teach school for a year.

During the school vacation, Susan and her friends had the opportunity to see “The Citadel” a major tourist attraction. It was built in the early 1800s by former slaves, under the directions of General Hari Christoph, a national hero. It is the largest fortress in the Americas. It was built on top of a remote mountain.

The tourists had to walk five miles and climb 3000 feet up a steep, narrow, winding path. Whenever the tourists stopped to rest, they were surrounded by children trying to sell curios and “genuine” relics. An enterprising young man approached Susan with a small skull in his hands saying: “Young lady, this is your lucky day! I have just found the skull of Hari Christoph. If you buy it from me, you can get a lot of money for it at the National Museum!”

“That is not his skull. It is too small. It is the skull of a child or an ape”; she replied. “Of course it is his skull;” the boy replied with no hesitation. “It was his skull when he was a child!”

PAUL M. RILEY MD: FACS E-mail ---hlinza@ymail.com