

## Emotions on Sharing My Life Story

Why should I write this memoir, and why should I write it now?

Memories fade over time, even after a short time, particularly if there are many actions and people involved in any of them. As such, what happened, what actually happened, may get lost in the shuffle. I remember a man only a few years older than me who visited our sleepaway camp up in Wisconsin when I was a teenager. He had an impact on my life in many ways. Over the last six decades, I've only called him Jimmy. Now that I think about it, that may not be his name at all, but my reinforced restatement has caused his name to be lodged in my mind as Jimmy. It would be fun to see if his real name is Menachem!

A memoir, then, is a collection of assorted facts and thoughts, history and fable, true and might-be-true experiences that meld into a book or a song or a musical. I'm hoping that this collection is beyond 'mostly' true and is a true and accurate record of stories and events, places and people that gel into the story of my life.

Why am I writing it at all? I imagine part of my motivation is the longing that I have for knowing the real story of my grandparents and great grandparents, and my own inability today to know those stories. If only it were written. If only it were photographed. If only.

Combine that with my having seven grandchildren (at this point) and perhaps their interest when they are 40 or 60 in finding out about their family, about their Saba, and knowing history helps a person find their

own way in life, going in a certain direction, and at times, choosing to follow the path of another is a good idea.

Why write it now? I'm 74 years old; how much longer do I have to write this? I could live to 90; I could pass this year. No one knows when their days will end, and I'm more and more aware of the terminus of life, as several mates have passed in the last 18 months, including two days before I started writing this. Most people don't outlive their peers. Now seems the best time to do so.



*The beginning of this memoir, with a sunrise shot from inside a jet plane. Could be anywhere, but it's a US Airways jet in Arizona in 2014. Let's start a full day now.*