

WordCraft Posting

Memoir Workshop

Inspiration: Pen

Assignment: Write a letter to a dead person

Finding trouble

What pals we were, a couple of little kids roaming the neighborhood, wandering barefoot into Norton's Grocery on the corner, slipping through the alley on our way to the drug store, grimy quarters in our hands for fudge ripple ice cream cones.

You were always finding things. You found that change purse all stuffed with money on the curb outside Norton's. We both stared at it and then I said pick it up, I'll go get my nanny. As soon as you did, people running out of Norton's yelling that they saw you steal the money, me running back yelling no no no and then nanny and mama and everybody yelling. You in trouble for nothing.

you found those hypodermic needles in the alley behind the drug store, and I said wait here I'll tell my daddy and then everybody out in the alley yelling, yelling, what's the matter with you kids? put those down, don't touch that filth and where are your shoes?

You spotted good red cherries up in the surinam tree, better than the dirty ones we found on the ground but ate anyway. I said you climb up and throw some down, I'll catch, and then out come the two old sisters, so skinny and wrinkled and red like the cherries but sour, not sweet. Yelling, yelling, get down from there and you fell out of the tree and I ran. Your mama wailed on you but my mama yelled at those old bitches, she yelled why are you so mean, they're four years old for chrissake.

You said hide here and pointed to my nanny's desk and I slipped into the kneehole when the doctor rang the bell. Linda, Linda where are you? but I'm so little they can't see me -- how could you be so good at finding hiding places when you're the one who always got caught?

And then we moved, and then you moved, and we both moved and moved and moved again, and I moved that desk with me every time, always wondering where you were hiding.

By Linda Humphers

Dad,

I have written a book. It tells a story of a place in Pennsylvania, the Brandywine Valley, your Valley, Dad. Memories of childhood you shared with us, the people, food, the farmland and battlefields have come to life between the pages. You have been gone a long time, but I will always remember. I am your daughter, your memory, your Valley.

By Cathleen Ryan

