

## WHO CARES

When I told Irv, a new member of our “Telling Your Story” writing group that I planned to pull all my pieces together and self-publish, he looked at me and said, “who cares?” Wow! That was a hit in the head. My children and grandchildren and friends and relatives. I believe they care. They would want to know my story. Over the past 10 years, I have been sending my children and my closest friends e-mails of the memoirs I have written, and the impression I received was that they cared—very much.

However, it is one thing to read a couple of pages, from time to time, on the computer, about some incident in your life, as opposed to being given a couple hundred page book that is supposed to encompass your life story. Would Irv be right then? There was a moment when I fantasized shaping my story so that it would have wider appeal than just those close to me. Several people with whom I have shared my pieces—those in my class and others—praise them. Well written, interesting, they tell an important story.

I am going to start with my mother’s words from the first recording that she made in 1949. I will fulfill her wish. I will try to tell her story as best I can, and then tell my own.