

Mike and Anne



By Anne



Table of Contents

Short Stories - True Tales

- Mike and Anne
- Border of Israel-Lebanon
- Summer Party (1958)
- Mental Illness

Poetry

- My Best
- So Dear
- I Pray
- My Bruce
- Grieve
- Happy Things
- Nodding
- Don't Feel Good
- Use My Brain
- Who Cares
- Yes Or No

- All I Do
- My Mission
- Nature
- Walking
- Can't Be Beat
- Sweet Dreams
- Really Love
- To Bed
- Sabbath
- Loving Life
- Thanking
- Scrabble
- Retire
- One-Two-Three
- Rip Old Age
- Resting And Writing
- Strife
- Health And Wealth
- Wintertime
- Living Alone

- Age 85
- New Thoughts
- Thinking
- MTP
- Meeting
- Feel Tired
- Confused
- Feeling Better
- My Special Love
- Good Bye

Mike And Anne -- A True Tale

It started with Mike in 1960. My father didn't like him. I was fascinated with him. He was so different in many ways. He came from a completely different culture than mine. For example, I was from the city, where everything was crowded and congested. Mike was from farm country. When he was young he went to a one-room schoolhouse.

This was my first year of college at UVM. I was in a dorm room with Lyla and we got along very well. One of the first night's there, we went to a concert together. Lyla sat on my left and Mike happened to be on my right. I started talking with Mike and he kissed me a couple of times. And then he asked me out.

Well, I was supposed to go to college to meet someone, like a man. But a man of my culture, Jewish. Mike did not fit the bill. But we stayed together and did everything together. I met his family. He was one of eleven children. I was one of two, my brother and I. I visited his fraternity, AGR. It was an agriculture fraternity. I even went to church with him.

His church, a Congregational Church, was interesting. But every minute I was in church I knew I was Jewish. One day after services I was looking around the church.

The stained-glass windows were absolutely beautiful. Then, I walked to the back of the church. There I saw a blue window with nothing on it but a white Jewish Star,

"Hey Mike," I said calling him over, "What's a Jewish Star doing in your church?"

Well, he said something, but I'm not sure what. After church we would go to his fraternity house for lunch.

As for studying, Mike was good at it. He could concentrate in a room full of people. I had trouble concentrating at all. We would study together in different buildings where there were study rooms. We did this at night. Then at times we would go outside the building and make out. Afterwards, we would come back in and study. Mike's marks were good. Mine were not. I think I just had to get used to college. I thought of going to the Dean of Women and asking her what to do. She seemed nice. But I was afraid to go.

On school vacations, Mike would come back with me and stay over my house. My parents did not like this and they did not like Mike. They also did not like the fact that I was pinned to him, which I was.

Then, a few weeks before school ended for the year, Mike got a letter from the US Government stating that he would be stationed in Germany. He would be stationed first in New Jersey in July and then in Germany in August. Mike was thrilled. It was then I knew that between us, it was over. Well, that was OK. I was ready for that.

But I didn't give him his pin back right away because I didn't feel like answering questions from the other students. I tried to give him his pin back at the end of the year when my parents picked me up at school to take me home. Mike was furious.

"You are choosing your father over me. Keep the pin" he said.

I was busy packing to go home. Meanwhile Mike said,

"I'm going to help your parents load the car."

"No, don't," I said

I knew something bad would happen.

"I'm going to help them load the car," he repeated. And he was off. I was busy packing.

Later, before going home, my father said to me, "You are not going back to school."

"But I broke off with Mike," I said.

"It doesn't matter," he said.

And that was my first year of college.

That summer, the summer of 1961, I went to Israel with my aunt and uncle. While in Israel I joined a group of Americans who were travelling there for the summer. But at the end of the summer I did not want to go home. I could have gone to school in Israel but was afraid because if I flunked out my father would be angry.

So, I worked in a kibbutz for ten months. "A kibbutz is a communal settlement in Israel in which all wealth is held in common and profits are reinvested in the settlement."

During my time in the kibbutz I left for five weeks, worked as a cook, then went back to the kibbutz.

While living on the kibbutz I had another boyfriend. We were living together. However, our relationship didn't last and by the end of the summer of 1962 I went back to my parents' house.

It just so happened that two days after I got back, Mike paid me a visit.

He introduced me to his pregnant wife.

Border Of Israel-Lebanon -- A True Tale

Adir and I were living together. This was 1963 in a kibbutz in Israel.

We went on a trip to the Golan Heights. This was one of the places the kibbutz we were living in took the new residents. We travelled in the back of a truck sitting on benches and we stayed at night at youth hostels where Adir stayed with the men and I stayed with the women.

The trip was wonderful.

In the Golan Heights was a border between Israel and her enemy, Lebanon. The border was designated with large rocks covered with barbed wire. There were mines in the ground beyond the Lebanese border. The youth hostel was a short walking distance away.

Later on, while I was back at the youth hostel, Adir came over. He told me,

"Some of the other guys and I went back to the Lebanese border facing Lebanon."

"We pissed into Lebanon!"

Summer Party (1958) -- A True Tale

"Hi Anne. Would you like to come to my summer party, outside by my pool? Just bring your bathing suit if you want to go into the water. It's next Saturday at 2pm.

"I'd love to, Lynn.'

"Great! Here's my address and phone number. I wrote it out for you."

"Thanks, Lynn."

Well, Lynn was a new girl in my school and she lived quite a distance away. Since the school was a private school, it didn't go by any zoning laws.

One o'clock, Saturday, came along and I didn't have a ride. That meant I had to take a cab and I took plenty of money.

"Mom," I said, "I wrote you Lynn's address and phone number," handing Mom the paper it was written on.

"Where on earth does she live?" said Mom. "I never heard of the place. How are you getting there?"

"By taxi," I said.

"Call me when you get there. I want to make sure you're OK. Do you have enough money?"

"Yeah!" I said.

So, off I went. On the next block there were cabs all the time and I got one in a few minutes. I told the driver where I wanted to go.

"That's out of my district," he said. "I'll take you there but at my price. The company doesn't have a price because it's out of the district."

"How much will you charge?" I asked.

"\$100.00."

"That's a lot of money," I said.

"Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," I said.

So, off we went on our \$100.00 cab ride.

Well, we rode and we rode for over 45 minutes. All I can say was the neighborhood was very nice. Then the cab slowed down going through some small streets.

"Wait," I said to the driver, "Stop the cab. Stop the cab."

He stopped.

I called out to 2 guys I knew walking on the street who were going to the party.

"Jeff! Steu! You want a ride?"

They came over to the cab and got in. They rode with me a couple of minutes.

"Let us off here," they said to the driver, which was still within his district.

So, I ended up paying \$10.25 instead of \$100.00. We then walked 4 blocks to the party.

Was that driver pissed!

Mental Illness -- A True Tale

"Mom, can I go to a psychiatrist?"

"That's just for rich people," she said.

I was at a loss. I had trouble managing my sexual feelings. And I guess it showed. There was a girl in my class in 8th grade who kept calling me "whore." And I believed it. Why? I don't know. I had never had sex.

This girl in my class, V, was an instigator. She managed to get a gang of girls after me. I was crushed. I really believed I was bad. It was that belief that destroyed me, not anything I did.

Then, there was high school. I got along very well with most of the kids in the class. However, inside me, I felt I was bad.

I still had boyfriends. Most of them were very nice to me. Later, I had a husband who wasn't good to me at all. He abused me both mentally and physically.

Now, I am free. My husband is dead and I am living alone. I never had it so good.

My Best

I'm doing everything I love

I should thank Him up above

But why am I not happy about it

And I am not happy without it

But I don't always feel this way

Sometimes I'm happy day after day

I think what I need is to take a rest

After a rest I do my best

So Dear

Now it's time to go to bed

On my pillow I'll lay my head

I'll dream about my life so dear

And I'll smile from ear to ear

I Pray

What will I do

What will I do

Day and night

I think of you

I know you're

Resting well, my Love

Now that you're near

Those above

Those above

Whom I'll see one day

Although right now

For you I pray

My Bruce

I miss my Bruce

But I feel him, true

I wonder if he

Feels me too

Grieve

When I lost Bruce

I didn't grieve

As much as I do today

I couldn't believe

That he is gone

Now I miss him in every way

Happy Things

Must go to sleep

And try to think

Of happy things at last

Think of Bruce

And the happiness

You had with him in the past

Nodding

I'm very tired

I'm nodding my head

My body wants

To go to bed

I see that I

Have trouble writing

To me that's not

Very exciting

So, I will go to bed

Yes, hit the hay

Tomorrow starts

A bright new day

Don't Feel Good

Sometimes I just don't feel good

And I don't know why

So, I just try and relax

And I feel better by and by

Use My Brain

Sometimes when I use my brain

It works very well for me

At other times it just refuses

It will be what it will be

And the times I use my brain

And it does some marvelous work

It makes me feel very good

If not, I feel like a jerk

Who Cares

Sometimes I know what I want to do

Sometimes I know when I'm through

But to listen to others

I don't know

What they say

May not be so

If I make MY mistake

I'll say "Who cares"

"It's MY mistake, not theirs"

Yes Or No

You say "Yes"

I say "No"

And it's "No"

And the way to go

It is "No"

And that's just fine

Because the money

Is mine, mine, mine

All I Do

I know pretty much

What I want to do

At my age

Of 82

It will take me to

Age 85

Wow! It's a long time

That I'm alive

I love to paint

I love to write

I do both

Day and night

Books I'll write

Til I do at least 50

Paintings, 500

Isn't that nifty

So, now I'll say

Good bye to you

Later, tell you

All I do

My Mission

I'll tell you in life

My mission to be

Most of all

I want to be me

I want all to know

That we all count

Regardless of money

And the amount

Love one another

And kind we must be

And take care of ourselves

Our responsibility

I'll try and make this world

A better place to live

To live and to love

And also forgive

Nature

It's winter now

And very cold

To go outside

You must be bold

I'll like it more

When warm weather is here

And we go outside

With nature so dear

Then I'll sit on my porch

And enjoy the view

The grass and the flowers

The trees and sky too

Walking

I'm having trouble walking

Better, I'm trying to be

It's because of my arthritis

So, I go to physical therapy

I go to physical therapy

Usually twice a week

And in my apartment I walk and walk

That makes my life complete

Can't Be Beat

I don't want to stop writing

It's very much a treat

Just like exercise and eating

And dancing—can't be beat

Sweet Dreams

Getting a little tired

And it's late at night

Pretty soon I'll go to bed

Sweet dreams and sleep tight

Really Love

I really love to live

I really love my life

And I love my apartment

My computer, too, just right

To Bed

Now it's time to go to bed

On my pillow I'll lay my head

And dream sweet dreams through the night

Til I wake with the morning light

Sabbath

Today is the Sabbath

May we rest and pray

God also rested

On the Sabbath Day

Loving Life

I'm living my life

The life of my dreams

I love it all

And I have the means

Thanking

I'm thanking all

That I'm doing so well

And if you don't like it

Go to hell

Scrabble

Scrabble's the game

I'd love to pursue

I'm looking for others

Who like the game too

I know I'd love

To play online

And I'm sure there are others

Who think that's just fine

Retire

I'm thinking now

That I require

To live my life

When I retire

One-Two-Three

One-Two-Three

One-Two-Three

I love you

And you love me

Ripe Old Age

What oh what

Do I require?

To live my life

Past when I retire

And I'll retire

At a ripe old age

And I'll get around

I'm not in a cage

Resting And Writing

I'm resting and writing

What a delight

Something I love

Both day and night

Strife

I will continue to write and paint

For the rest of my life

I know who I am and who I ain't

And how to avoid bitter strife

Health And Wealth

Reading what to eat to keep healthy

Are we just making someone wealthy

Wealth to the people who give us the read

Wealth to the people who give us the feed

Wintertime

How do you like the cold?

How do you like the snow?

How do you like the winter chill?

Way to go. Way to go. Way to go.

Living Alone

I'm living along

And I love it

Nothing like living alone

No one tells you what to do

And the life you lead

Is your own

Age 85

I will retire

At age 85

Then I'll rest and enjoy

Being alive

I am a writer

I write day and night

Also a painter

What a delight

New Thoughts

As I live each day

New thoughts are on the way

I want to live and not retire

To what things so I aspire

I'm feeling down but not out

Thinking things that life's about

Thinking

Here I am

Pen in hand

Thinking. Thinking

Don't feel grand

Thinking. Thinking

What I must do

To serve me

To serve you

MTP

Now I wonder

What I should address

Want to watch

"Meet The Press"

Meeting

Hope you enjoy

What I have for you

I am enjoying

Meeting you too

Feel Tired

I often feel tired

But why be blue

I'm lucky I've reached

Age 82

Confused

Feel confused

But that won't last

It's happened often

In the past

Feeling Better

I'm feeling better

That's where I'm at

I should always remember

It comes to that

My Special Love

I miss my Bruce

My Special Love

Who watches me

From Heaven above

He watches me

And what I do

And he knows

I love him too

Good Bye

I'm happy to meet you

I tell you no lie

But now it's time

To say good bye

We'll meet again

Some fine day

Hope that everything

Goes your way