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My mother had all the qualities of a fully realized Jewish mother, both the good and the not so good. I used to say of her that she would tell a bird how to fly. You may have noticed that I have a similar tendency, and now you know where it came from. In the life of a boy there is little room for close direction. When I was twelve or thirteen, Ma said to me, “Teddy, put on a sweater. I’m cold.” That is in quotes, because it is a true, verbatim report of what she said, word for word. I loved my mother very much.

I was the most important person in her life. She devoted herself to operating me for my own good. I, on the other hand, did not want to be operated. Most often, she would say, “Teddy, eat something. People will think I eat all the food.”

Lamb Chops: On a weekend day, I road my bike to the North Side to visit my aunt Sarah. It was lunch time. She made me lamb chops. That was the first time I ate lamb chops. Delicious!

When I returned home, I told my mother how much I liked lamb chops. Finally, something my mother did not need to urge me to eat! She made me jamb chops for lunch every school day, until the end of the semester. I wanted nothing else.

The struggle resulted in many other stories.

First Escape, Run Away from Home, Deceived, Betrayed, Intimidated, Strike Back
All are from my point of view, ending with *My Poor Mother* from her point of view.