

Welcome

Dear Reader,

A few words of welcome and context as you enter this book.

This was an unexpected memoir. I was deep into writing and researching a novel inspired by my parents' stories of surviving the Holocaust when, one morning on my way to my desk, I had a spontaneous vision of the young girl I was, crying in her bed. Responding to what felt like a summons, I sat down and wrote:

I see you in your bedroom, lights out,
your brother snoring in the next bed
Nightly, he drifts away mid-whisper
leaving you alone again.

I was at once the child in that bedroom and the woman witnessing my sadness. Thus began my journey and this memoir of bridging time to be the presence missing from my childhood. I recognized the imprint of trauma. I felt the painful weight of grief, bigotry, and fear. I also saw the innate wonder and light that I carried within, which no measure of darkness could extinguish.

Angels on the Clothesline is my story and also an invitation to embrace ourselves and each other with compassion. Because it is never too late to see and be seen with love.

With gratitude,

Ani