

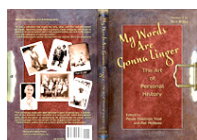
Anthology Stories

Excerpts from

My Words Are Gonna Linger: The Art of Personal History

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	<p>Every morning just after seven, Schwester Maria blew into our room and greeted us with a cheery “Gut morgen! Raus! Raus!” (Good morning! Rise and shine!) Blowing a half-inch strand of yellow hair out of her eye, she would cheerily take everyone’s temperature, check our bandages, and fluff our pillows. But she refused to hear any complaints of sickness or pain. “Ach! You not sick, you fine! You be good!”</p> <p>With all of her admiration for “Herr Hitler” and “My Hermann,” she did her best to make us so-called “Luftgangsters” as comfortable and happy as possible.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">~ Quentin Brown, from <i>Beacons of Light in a Dark Time</i></p>
	<p>By the time I was twelve, I carried over 150 pounds on my 5-foot body. Those next years were punctuated with the embarrassing moments of fat people... Shopping in women’s departments, where the clothes didn’t look like what other young girls wore. Attempts to purchase bathing suits. The pants that split at the thigh or seat at random, public intervals. Then I began the Great Hot Dog Diet. My buddy Sue had read about it in a teen magazine....</p> <p style="text-align: right;">~ Sarah White, from <i>The Plunge</i></p>
	<p>Waiting is something I’ve done a lot of since my diagnosis. I don’t want to read the magazines or look around at other people in the waiting room. Instead, I bring along my little book full of empty white pages that I hope I’ll have the days to fill. I always choose a chair by the window, a way of being here and not being here.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">~ Maria Barr, from <i>Finding Maria</i></p> <p>Photo—Maria Barr, left, with APH member Christine Chamberlain.</p>
	<p>[Newsmen] Sam Donaldson asked the president to milk a cow. But he was looking at a herd of expectant mothers (dry cows), so I told him it just wouldn’t work.... Someone took a picture through the limousine window of me shaking my finger at President Reagan that day. It has been kind of a joke ever since. They said that a farmer like me would be about the only one that could get away with something like that. The picture hangs in one of the halls down in Washington now.”</p> <p style="text-align: right;">~ Leon Wilkinson, from <i>President Reagan’s Visit</i></p> <p>Photo—Leon Wilkinson next to President Reagan.</p>



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