

Making peace with my pieces.

Let me list some of them, those piecemeal pieces:

First generation Italian mother, warm, who taught me strength on behalf of others,
weakness on behalf of self

Scotts-Welsh father literate, self-centered but generous, family patriarch with a weakness
for alcohol and rage

introversion: I get my energy from being alone

extroversion: I make sense of things by putting words outside myself

Oldest sibling of three, only daughter

Pious Catholic girl turned skeptical agnostic, ripening into spiritually grounded, post-
denominational feminist

Teacher: my true calling

Writer: my loom, my love

While most of my pieces exist in some harmony within me, the ones which most strain
against me introvert/extrovert writer/teacher The extrovert in me, the teacher in me
loves and admires, connects, is so happy to see the faces of beloveds and strangers, hear
their stories, weave learning from them for myself and the literal generations I have
taught!

The introvert says, "girl, you are wearing me out, I can't keep up with all the people you
love, their children's, partners, sister's, mother's, aunt's names and all those birthdays,
funerals, no way can I keep them straight". The writer begging "don't answer that phone,
or you'll be tangled up for the rest of the day in the skein of doing that will start the
minute you break the morning silence."

Now the grandmother is wearing out the introvert *and* the writer, hauling baby seats in
and out of the car, carrying baby boys all over town to show them things, and show them
off, if truth be known....

And that piece: *truth be known*, ah... now that is making peace with every piece.