



Thursday, January 25, 2008

Today is the fourth day of Hanukkah. For my eighth birthday, Daddy got me a journal wrapped in special fabric that when you touch it, you can feel its bumps. He told me that when he learned to write, Grandma bought him a journal so he could write all his thoughts and feelings in it. I was happy with my new journal and its bumpy cover and thought, Who should I write to? Who should I tell all the secrets in my head and in my heart? A journal is just an elegant notebook made of plain ole paper and wrapped in fabric. Who's really going to listen to what I write? I thought about it a lot and then remembered how much I liked the character of Jiminy Cricket in Pinocchio when I was smaller. He was a good friend to Pinocchio and always tried to keep him from getting into trouble.

Maybe I should write to my own little friend. Maybe I should write the Little Prince who lives on a different planet. But, if he's on a different planet, who knows when he'll show up? I felt

like I wanted to write to someone special, who's always with me; someone I could talk to and will understand. I'm kind of embarrassed to tell you, but when Dad promised no one will read my journal, I decided to write it to an imaginary angel who's always with me. This is for you, my angel.

I know that if I write you, I'll feel like I have a real friend with me all the time.

When I Was Little

Friday, December 26, 2008

I'm 8 years old! Yesterday we celebrated my birthday at the zoo. I had the best time in the world!

I spend a lot of time at the zoo, especially with my cousins. We sit on the long train going up and pass by the birdcages. They chirp loudly (that's how they talk), and we continue riding. When we get to the cute bears, we get off the train and visit them. All bears have a chunky body, soft and hairy. Sometimes their fur gets all muddy because they swim in muddy water.

I often look at the bears' long claws. I don't think anyone ever trims them. When Mom trims my nails it hurts and doesn't feel good. I try to get away from her, but she insists. Bears are lucky their mothers don't trim their claws . . .

When my cousins and I leave the bears I wave good-bye to them. After visiting the monkeys, we get to the cheetah. It's my favorite animal because it's quiet, focused, and scary. The cheetah always scares me, but when I remember it's in a cage, I calm down and look at its spots. They look like a perfect

drawing. I like the predators at the zoo because they are like me. I also want to roar, jump, and attack like a predator. But I control myself because that's inappropriate behavior. I never go through the zoo maze because I'm afraid of getting lost. So I only walk next to it and continue to the statue garden. I get all excited about the slides and entrances in the garden. You can go up and down and up again, run and hide, and jump from high places.



Ray feels his sensory excitation when he observes the predators. He is afraid of unfamiliar places and unknown or unclear situations and is therefore afraid to enter the maze. He is closely familiar with the rest of the zoo through the mediation of his parents, who prepared him for the visit.

I hope Mom will buy me ice cream near the zoo exit when we leave. Sweet things are the best! I like to feel them in my throat and belly. They wake up my whole body. Suddenly I feel like doing stuff. I feel like jumping and running, climbing and rolling, all because of the sweet taste.

You won't believe it, my angel, but some people are afraid of me when I get like that. A lot of them said I'm as wild as

a hurricane and as rebellious as a storm. I know they meant something bad, but I feel great when I have lots of energy. I think they don't know how badly I want to feel alive. When I write you, my angel, I feel sad. Well, Mom's calling me for lunch. See you later.



Ray lives in a constant state of tension between being a child that is full of lust for life and his surroundings which view him as a nuisance.

P.S. I'm back. In the middle of lunch, I remembered a poem my dad wrote about me a long time ago, when we started to understand each other.

I like to think about it.

*Ray likes life when life is dandy
Ray likes playing and eating candy
Ray likes to tell stories and dress up
And cut out things to make up.*

*Ray likes to open drawers to explore
He thinks they hold secrets in store.*

*You should have a good friend like Ray
 He's always ready to play.
 His soul is kind, so if he hits
 He really meant to give you a kiss.*

Sunday, December 28, 2008

I'm listening to Dad's favorite music playing in the background. I wish I could enter the speakers and move with the beat; it would be fun to swim in the music. My body moves and dances with music and without music. Once a fly walked on my hand and tickled me so I told my Mom, "Did you see how my whole body danced?" It makes me laugh.



Ray's body is full of life when his senses work powerfully. Here he shares this zeal with us and uses a positive metaphor for it. Later on, Ray describes events where he loses control, followed by a longing for quiet and a sense of freedom. When he wishes to fly to places where he would feel comfortable, he is alluding to his difficulty in staying in the real world that finds it hard to accept him.

Today I thought again about what many grown-ups have said about me. Sometimes I'm like water boiling in a kettle.

The water dances inside it, like Gogel-Mogel,¹ wanting to become free. My kindergarten teachers said I was too naughty and I should be restrained. Did they mean like they restrain horses? Did they want to restrain me with a horse's reins? Last year I saw a horse that had a rein put on him. It's scary to think they wanted to put it on me too. It's a good thing I have Mom who's like an angel. Not like you, my angel, because you're in the heavens—in the land of angels—and my mom lives on earth that belongs to human beings.

When I'd feel the water boiling inside me like a kettle, my mom would wrap me in a blanket and calm me down. Then I would lie down on the blanket, and my mom would roll me inside it. While I was wrapped up and rolled inside it I would say, "Mom, you're rolling me like a pupa. Soon I'll turn into a butterfly," and we'd both laugh. But really, I would like to be a butterfly-and fly to faraway places where they'd let me be me. There I could climb up high, paint my body in all colors, and shout out loud to heaven. Even just a few hours would be great. I wish I could!

Meanwhile, they say I'm different. Maybe when I get to know myself better I can show people I'm more like them than they think.

Good night, my angel. Tomorrow, we're going to Grandma and Grandpa's, so we'll meet again after tomorrow.

1. Homemade dessert popular in Eastern Europe made from egg yolks.