A PACKET OF LE TERS
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Images and text by
Walter Feldman
"So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to Thee."
Zigzurat Press, 107 Benevolent Street, Providence, Rhode Island 1988

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Last spring, as the trees were budding, my niece
brought me a box of photos and old papers that she
had found in her parents' attic. It was full of
memorabilia: faded and cracked old photos,
ravaged newspaper clippings and a yellowed,
brittle, inexpensive spiral stenographer's notebook.
Most of it had to do with me in one way or another –
an award, graduations, a fellowship trip. Time
paints sometimes with a thick brush and some of
the photographs of me even I found difficult to
recognize. But the little spiraled stenographer's
notebook, contained the most poignant story of all.
At some level, as a child, I must have known that
my mom, called "Fegele" or "Little Bird" was
illiterate. As a young infantryman I had not the
maturity nor time to question the miracle of
her letters.