

# Chapter 10: The Jesuit, My Mother, and Me

So, here I am! The beautiful mother of three, soon to be divorced from the man my mother



Mother

dreamed of marrying, when the phone rings, and, it is her.

“Marjorie”, she says, and I always know when she calls me Marjorie to pay attention. At all other times she calls me “Midge”, the nickname she gave me. She goes on, “I was at a Bar Mitzvah last night and met a delightful man who lives in your town. I gave him your address and asked him to stop in. You don’t mind do you? ”

“Will he call first? I ask, even as I am wondering what this is all about. She is furious I have separated from my husband , a man she says most other women would kill for, and now she is fixing me up?

“I don’t really know,” she replies, but, don’t worry, he is a very nice man.”

It doesn’t make sense but I don’t ask any questions. No sense stoking that furnace. Still, I am curious.



Me, relaxing at my pool

The following weekend the children off with their Dad. I am relaxing at the

pool, wearing a bikini, my top off so to tan without lines. A chilled glass of white wine and my cigarettes sit on the table next to me. I have been reading, but close my book, feeling myself drifting off for a nap. At that moment I hear the door bell-Ding dong dang ding- but decide not to answer it. I am not expecting anyone.

Whoever it is, is persistent. At the third ding dong dang I yell over the rooftop I am coming. I tie my top up, race through the glass sliding doors to the front door, peer through the side window, and see a stranger.

Yes, I say, may I help you.?

He smiles, introducing himself as Patrick Kelly, saying he met my mother the other night. She assured him I would not mind if he stopped by. He hopes he hasn't intruded.

Patrick is tall, dark, and not at all bad looking. He is wearing a short



sleeve shirt, khaki pants, and holding a brown paper bag in the shape of a wine bottle. Something is off and then it hits me. He is wearing a clerical collar! I can hardly stifle the laughter threatening to overwhelm whatever dignity I am trying to maintain in this situation.

Feeling naked, and I almost am, I open the door and invite him, almost unable to stop myself from saying, "Oh My God, my Jewish mother sent me a Priest!"

We share the bottle of wine and talk. He tells me his mission is not to talk sense into me, rather to ask how I am doing. He says my Mother is really worried. I assure him I am fine. He tells me he is a Jesuit and an academic. He is looking forward to his new post teaching at a Jesuit college in the fall. When he leaves he gives me his card telling me to call him anytime I might need to talk.

I never do, but I am charmed.