Rituals Anthology

2025

International Teen Camp

At sixteen, my parents sent me to Europe, Switzerland to be exact, for a summer with teens from around the world. Glad to be away from parental tyranny, but sad to be away from my then-boyfriend, Philip. It was the summer when the Beatles song, “Let it Be,” was popular. The lyrics helped me through. That was the same summer I fell for an Arab boy, a crush that never graduated beyond a kiss. Together we roamed the beautiful campground holding hands talking about how our parents would not approve if they saw us together. The world would also not approve but now everything goes, even when Jew meets Arab.

first moon landing

we watched together on TV

the last time a proud American

Alaskan Highway

At eighteen, my parents sent me to a faraway land to remove me from a troublesome boyfriend. While working at their friend's farm, I fell in love with their son. That summer, I did not earn much money, as the son took me away to the unpaved Alaskan Highway with his old Volkswagen beetle. Rebellious me loved every minute of the adventure, even when we ran out of food during an evening hike and slept under a tree where racoons also spend their night. We returned home in love and ready for marriage. One never knows where life leads.

Camping under moonlight

in love with being in love.

His adoration captured me.