

**From:** [David Kraemer](#)  
**To:** [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)  
**Subject:** Fwd: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 7.21.20  
**Date:** Tuesday, July 21, 2020 10:56:22 AM

---

Begin forwarded message:

**From:** Morris Allen <[mojo210al@icloud.com](mailto:mojo210al@icloud.com)>  
**Subject:** One Person's Response to Communal Fear 7.21.20  
**Date:** July 21, 2020 at 9:31:01 AM EDT  
**To:** MOJO210AL <[MOJO210AL@aol.com](mailto:MOJO210AL@aol.com)>

WAGON WHEEL CENSUS 7 Trucks 5 Runners (one pushing a baby, 1 running with dog---both together) 4 Cars 1 Person Fishing 1 Dog Walker

A 3-plus mile walk every morning down the same route provides one with an opportunity to reflect on why certain patterns and certain narratives in life are so ever present. [This morning](#) I found myself caught up with one of the classic Morris tropes—what were my parents thinking when they sent us to camp? For those who are bored with my camp reflections, this would be an acceptable time to get on with your otherwise busy and productive day ahead of you. As you all know by now, Phyllis and I met at camp. My narrative was such that I marked 1970 as the year when we first connected to one another and became friends. It would be 6 years until we even spoke about an enduring relationship—of course after 6 years of only being enduring friends. But yesterday, my narrative was shaken to the core—for the event that would provide our first but not our last connection over the ensuing decades was an event that took place 51 years ago today. Fifty-one years ago today, Phyllis and I organized a walk-out from our morning classes and turned the kihar(the central park of camp) into a place of celebration and “civil disobedience.” Were we protesting the war? No. Were we engaged in the battle for civil rights? No. Were we demanding recyclable materials be used in camp? No. Were we highlighting our efforts over the work we did for hunger in Biafra that summer? No. We had no video games, no computers, no virtual meetings—so the landing on the moon was a moment of significant impact on the developing teen psyche. But even that was not at the core of our desire to stage a walkout from our classes.

Our motives were much less focused on the issues of war and peace, human dignity, hunger or the environment. And certainly not on celebrating scientific success. We just really wanted to be able to get out of our morning classes (2 of them each day at camp no less) and see if our nascent organizing skills had any promise. And truth be told, since most of us had teachers who came from Israel for the summer, we were sure we could fool them into thinking that a national holiday had been declared for [10 AM on July 21](#) to celebrate the landing on the moon. Our skills were pretty good. We worked

hard to make signs, even telling our teachers that we were to make them in class—in HEBREW—with the phrase HAPPY MOON DAY (יום ירח שמח). [At 10 AM](#) probably 25 or more of us walked out of the library and the porches of cabins where we met and congregated on the kikar (central park) and sang “Yom Yareach Sameach” to the tune of Happy Birthday. It was a great moment. The senior staff scurried through camp rounding us up and sending us back to class. But for the five or ten minutes of fun—we demonstrated not only good organizing skills—but an ability to work together for a common goal. And that’s the reason I shared the story with you. For you see that was in 1969 and for almost all my life, I had considered 1970 as the year that Phyllis and I really met. But it isn’t true—we worked on this project together in 1969. How is it possible that our first of many successful undertakings in life never became part of my telling of our story? And it led me to wonder [this morning](#) just how much our own personal narrative that we tell about ourselves changes over time.

I pride myself on having a good memory. I work hard at remembering details about people and events and consider it a necessary element for both my professional and personal life. I find it hard to believe that some people can’t or won’t remember who you are even after being introduced to you time after time. I learned the importance of this from my mom and the irony that her memory is now completely gone is not lost on me. But all that being said, how was it that for all these years this little “protest” at camp didn’t make it into my official “Phyllis and Morris File” under STORY OF ORIGIN. It is not as if either of us forgot this event, or the fact that we worked on it together. But in telling our story, I always chose a different moment to focus on for the “story line” itself. It was the [Friday night](#) post-shabbat dinner Israeli folk dancing on the Tennis Courts. The story that flows from that incident involves the difference in understanding the word “friend.” (For another time and another day). But what I realized [this morning](#) is how unfortunate it is that this first event that brought Phyllis and I together hasn’t served as the actual telling for our life 51 years later. For as much as the friendship and love and commitment that has defined our life together, our shared work in organizing and creating community has been central to our lives. I almost feel a need to apologize for ignoring this event in my telling of our story. For I wonder what the narrative might have been like all these years after having created a community (together) if this day 51 years ago received the honor it truly deserved. I guess it is never too late to update the story. And in any event, 51 years later, Yom Yareach Sameach and also more importantly—**Happy Birthday SBK—65 until 120!!!** Morris

Sent by my iPad