

The Secret Me
Anne Sloan
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The secret me is a dreamer. A dreamer of dreams impossible and improbable, pipe dreams and daydreams. My impossible dream finds me on the stage at the Metropolitan Opera singing the role of Mimi in Puccini's LaBoheme. And after that, widely acclaimed, I will take on Cio Cio San and Lucia and Violetta. Eventually I will be invited to La Scala and of course rank right up there with Callas and Sills and Sutherland. After my stint as a diva in the world of opera, I'll turn to my improbable dream. We will gather our family together, children, grandchildren and the two great babies and fly off to some port where we will all board a windjammer for a cruise to wherever we want to go for as long as we want to be gone. Of course all arrangements have been made for everyone to have an indeterminate leave of absence from the job, everyone will have seen to having their homes cared for while they're away. There will be 20 of us, just the right number for a wonderful holiday on a windjammer. After the cruise is a memory and we're all home safe and sound after a month or so, a pipe dream takes over. I am in possession of a magic wand for one whole day. I have to hurry and decide what all I want to do. After waving the wand to remodel my kitchen and bathrooms, I'll whisk in an interior decorator genie and tell her to redecorate, refurbish and replace my early tasteless furnishings. Then I will hop in my new turquoise-colored Jaguar with the rag top and drive off to visit all of my children and my best friends to offer them each three wishes. Heaven knows what we can accomplish in one day. Before I relinquish the wand, I will find the biggest container in our house and wave it chock full of bills of the largest denomination ever printed. Of course it will all be legal. Just think of the good I can do. It will be so much fun to be able to hand out money indiscriminately and not worry about it. Dream on. Now comes the daydream. I see myself sitting on the deck of my big, beautiful cabin somewhere up around Bailey in our beautiful mountains. I'm waiting for my gang to show up.. When they arrive, the young ones will want to go fishing immediately. The men will kick back, put their feet up, have a beer and forget their troubles for a while. We girls will be planning dinner. We'll grill all those beautiful trout the kids caught and after a while, we'll all have a dip in the pool. When it starts to get dark, we'll sit on the deck and watch the stars pop out. What a glorious day we've had in this wonderful place. Now I think I've told you too much and you're wondering if I'm certifiable. Being a dreamer is really only a part of the secret me, but after revealing this side of my psyche, I seriously doubt that anyone would ever ask to hear more!