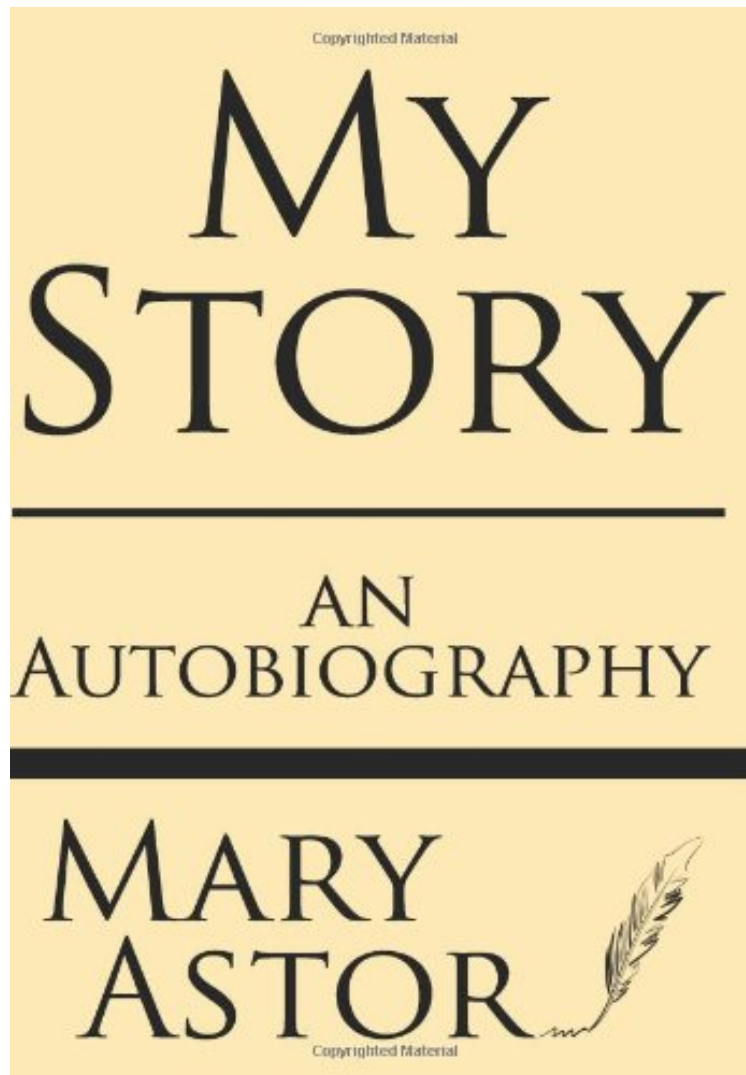


(Free and download) My Story: an Autobiography

My Story: an Autobiography

Mary Astor

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Mary Astor : My Story: an Autobiography before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised My Story: an Autobiography:

16 of 16 people found the following review helpful. Fun, Engaging, and InspiringBy Diana WalstadNot just another actresses' tell-all book. Mary Astor was a good and honest writer with a powerful story. She wrote with an artist's flair for drama and had a wonderful way with words. For example in confronting a holiday without family in the early 1950s, she finally came to terms with her alcoholism and "neediness." She writes (page 319), "It was a good place to say, 'The hell with it,' and blot out Thanksgiving Day and country girl memories of the succulent bird, and families

gathered in warmth and love and prayer-- tenth-rate thinking leading inevitably to 100 proof vodka." Her eventual redemption and self-awareness--from an unexpected source--are inspiring.21 of 22 people found the following review helpful. A Wonderful Autobiography For Mary Astor FansBy CaffeinebrainAn absolutely lovely book. I just received it the other day and can't put it down.One of my very favorite movies is the 30's movie Dodsworth. When I saw it yet again (I never tire of it) a few weeks ago, and again saw the absolute grace and dignity with which Mary Astor handled her role, I thought "I need to learn more about her!". I googled some information, and when I learned she converted to Catholicism to help her deal with her life (as I am doing), I knew I had to have this book.It's a wonderful autobiography. Mary was a wonderful writer, and I've since learned she's written some more books, both fiction and nonfiction.Rest in peace Mary Astor. You were/are a gem.13 of 13 people found the following review helpful. I did love this bookBy Rebecca HolterI did love this book! Mary Astor proved to be not only a very talented actress but author too. Her autobiography is very, very poignant! She has the ability to bring the reader inside her emotions and thoughts in a very intimate way. There is no way but sympathizing with her. This is a book I will want to read many other times. It became one of my favorites. I truly recommend the reading.

My Story: an Autobiography By Mary Astor Prologue People have often said to me, "You haven't changed a bit!" They meant it as a compliment, but I could hear it only as an accusation, a statement of brutal fact. And I have thought bitterly, "You are so right!" For I knew that if I had not changed I had not grown. To be a perennial child, an ethereal Peter Pan playing with pirates and Indians throughout all eternity, can be a lovely thing in the never-never land of fantasy, but it is an unhappy thing in life. The child is born so that he may become a man. It is his destiny to grow to learn, to understand, to assume responsibilities. Growth can be painful, I know; but I have found that a stunted and retarded growth can be a pain beyond belief. My father often used to rebuke me by saying, "You are almost nine years old" (and then "ten," and then "eleven," and "twelve") "and you haven't learned a thing!" Well, here I was, fifty years old, and I still hadn't learned a thing! My father's rebuke had always seemed to imply a promise that years, the very accumulation of years, would bring experience and understanding. So, at whatever age I was, I wished I were older. At seventeen I longed to be twenty-five. At twenty I wanted to be a woman of the world of thirty. At thirty I read that the French thought a woman did not reach a full maturity of beauty and attractiveness until she was forty. Finally, at forty-five, I decided that the whole thing was a pack of lies. Where was the "serenity" that the years were to bring? Where was "the cooling of passion's blood?" I realized that I, who leaned on so many people and things, had been leaning even on the abstraction of time. I was still refusing to grow up, to face the oppressive fact that I should long since have become a responsible, mature adult. I continued to seek people and things I could lean on, to escape the need for making my own decisions and assuming responsibility for my own acts. One event above all others should have brought me to a full realization of my responsibility and dignity as an individual, but even in that I failed. My conversion to the Catholic Church was almost purely emotional. I felt, instinctively, that I had finally found something substantial to lean on, never realizing that it is the Church above all else that demands a stern and courageous individuality. So my conversion did not turn out to be the conventional "conversion story" where the sinner is baptized and lives happily ever after. I leaned, and I fell. It is true, the Church would repeatedly pick me up and dust me off after each fall. She would dry my tears and heal my wounds and comfort me. Then she would gently say, "Go! Walk alone, with God." But I couldn't walk alone. So

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