

An Angel at the Third Floor Door

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“We are all winging it... That's what angels do.”

~Unknown

Ok, I said I was going to write about the summons server, so I'm doing it now. There was a rap on my apartment door. Pookie, the little dog that I was sitting, started wagging his tail and wiggling with delight. He barked at everyone, the custodian who wiped the hallway each day, the other tenants walking to their apartments, other dogs who he begged to play with but barked at when they passed our door for their evening tinkle. But when the summons server rapped at my door, little Pookie was beside himself with joy, jumping up and down with anticipation. I flung open the door expecting to see my son-in-law because the rap on my door was decidedly masculine with a meaty sound.

“You got back earlier,” I said and then was stunned to see this bulky stranger.
“You are served.” he said as he thrust papers on me. “You have to appear in court.” This was like a seventeenth century game of tag. You had to be touched with the legal papers to make it count. Everything was looking-glass weird with I being Alice.

“Wait, wait I have to ask you something. Why didn't the dog bark? Do you spray yourself with something?” The dog was still hopping up and down and giving figure eight rump wiggles with happiness.

“Because he knows that basically I am a good guy,” and with that utterance the summons server walked swiftly but with a heavy steps away to the elevator.

I didn't have to tell him like most delivery and messenger guys, “Take two lefts then a right to get to the elevator.”

Did a fallen angel deliver my summons? Pookie could not answer my question, so I called up my son. He was completely not interested in the angelness of the summoner. “What does it say?”

“ I have a court date and if I can't afford a lawyer one will be provided. “
“Oh!” said my son. Then he asked me, “What did you put on your check to the city lawyer who was trying to get the funds you owe for Dad.?”

“Nothing. Okay, I sort of put in the memo, “I Know I'm Right.”

“Jeeze, you couldn't stop yourself..”

“No. And I looked up the free computer lawyer and he said I was right and I didn't owe any more for Steve.”

“So you try to humiliate the city lawyer.”

“Sort of.” I didn't tell my judgmental son that I had googled the city lawyer and found out that people picked on him in the judicial office. There was a reported incident that he filed that his coworkers tried to bump into him with carts that held the legal briefs and even with the heavier one that held the 40 cup coffee urn, and that he was harassed by one colleague in particular and his assistant, that they purposely bumped him and cause hot coffee to spill on him. There was no photo of the coffee burn. The ad hoc committee got a stop and decess order to the other culprits. And then there was me who wouldn't pay for the final days of Steve's life as I believed I paid everything and they were trying to get my fund that my mother left me and I never co-mingled and according to the internet, the city couldn't attach it. That was what my elder lawyer said at the time when I had to set up our co-property with a five year look-back and that was what the computer free legal site said now.

I felt like I had done my due diligence for Steve's medical bills. I had regular Blue Cross and Blue Shield, I had long term health insurance and catastrophic insurance although the catastrophic insurance were bastards in their own right and I had to cc the New York State attorney general. In one of my many digressions I had told my college literature students how wondrous and powerful was the c.c.

Why did the city want to take the money my mother had given me? She didn't give it to Steve. My sister-in-law told me when we had sat in my mother's lawyers office when they were settling her will. “Don't mingle these funds and Steve and others can't touch it.” My mother's lawyer nodded.

When I had a chance I asked my sister-in-law had my brother kept his funds mingled.
“No., but we aren't in financial straits like you always are.”

In defense of my dead husband's reputation: he was a stickler about money and fairness. He played the horses and kept notebooks upon notebooks of the data and he was always trying to show me that he was seven dollars ahead or three behind. I still have those hard black marbled notebooks tearing out the blank pages for notes or lists. In some award ceremony my son had said he learned statistics from his father's horse waging and narrative from me.

Believe me, I could make a list of mean things my sister-in-law has said but that is another non-fictional story. Okay I will just put in one recent one. My granddaughter brought her a little album of my wedding pictures. She saw one of me and said, “That was when you were pretty and thin. She is neither now.”

Now to get back to Angels: there is a girl named Angel, actually she is not a girl anymore but at least a decade younger than me, which doesn't say much. Last night on Facebook--That's what old people do when they have time to kill. My daughter said anyone below the age of 68 has switched to Instagram. After clicking dozens of likes, I read her post. She has cancer and her car died and she couldn't get to her medical appointment in a cold state, maybe North Dakota. Someone posted that there was a volunteer organization that drives cancer patients. Others asked if she had Zello her friends could send her some money. Another stranger added, I will make a “Go-Fund Me Page”, which she did and by the time I had my dinner and ate three more chocolate cookies when I promised the calorie counter in my head that I would eat just one. Just writing this makes me want to climb down the steps and have several, yummm. That's what I put on Facebook when people photograph their food. Yummm Chocolate mega-stuffed Oreos. So I contributed to fix her car so she can get her radiation.

Okay, those Mega-Stuffed Oreos are calling my name. “E-L-L-E-N, I'm in your freezer.”

So be it. After that I will google and see if there are things that post persons and summons servers can spray on them so that dogs wag there tail. Catnip, dognip angels on the third floor.

I loved that movie way back when. You know the angel movie. I will google that. You know the one.