



# Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir

*Kimberly Childs*

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

# Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir

*Kimberly Childs*

## **Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir** Kimberly Childs

In this colorful memoir, Kimberly Childs quests for the love and home her glamorous, alcoholic mother is unable to provide. Jeanne Gibson is a mountain woman with unusual charisma--a real-life Holly GoLightly--who marries Broadway's meanest producer, David Merrick, and proceeds to self-destruct. Bounced from place to place, Childs grows up in Lady Eden's English boarding school, London's prestigious Savoy Hotel, a Kentucky farm with an outhouse, a Manhattan private girls' school, and amidst Broadway's theaters. Seeking connection on the streets and in the communes of 1960s San Francisco, Childs discovers serenity through meditation and the Dances of Universal Peace. Aspiring for transformation, she finds home in an Indian Guru's ashram--then realizes she must trust her own instincts and courageously walks away. A touching story of compassion and forgiveness, *Remember Me As Loving You* is a compelling read that will be an inspiration to anyone who has found themselves betrayed by the people they love.

## **Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir Details**

Date : Published September 19th 2017 by She Writes Press

ISBN : 9781631521577

Author : Kimberly Childs

Format : Paperback 280 pages

Genre : Nonfiction

 [Download Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir ...pdf](#)

**Download and Read Free Online Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir Kimberly Childs**

---

## From Reader Review Remember Me as Loving You: A Daughter's Memoir for online ebook

### Tammy Dayton says

I thought this was an exceptional account of a woman who only wants a little unconditional love. What makes this different than other memoirs of torn mother/daughter relationships is her need to feel a family's security sends her to a cult. You can tell by the writing that Ms. Childs only craves to be a part of a family. I admire Ms. Childs's determination to break from the Chimney to stand on her own two feet. I hope I get to meet her since she lives only up the mountain from me and my small book club.

---

### Elizabeth Wood says

If you're looking for an uncommon memoir about some pretty universal themes, you'll want to read this book. Childs takes on parental neglect, alcoholism, the need for young people to find themselves, the pull of spirituality and the push of unsatisfying intimate relationships by telling a story that spans the eastern Kentucky's impoverished Appalachian hills, London's wealth and glitz, San Francisco's hippie grittiness, and a religious commune extending its tendrils along the commuter corridor between Connecticut and New York.

Childs begins with stories from her early childhood, from living unaware of her poverty with her Appalachian grandparents to being left by her glamorous but alcoholic mother in fancy London department stores, taxi cabs, and even an English boarding school. When she can't cope with her unavailable mother any more, she turns to her father and stepmother, a situation that devolves into financial strain, jealousy, and competition. Later she searches for love, community, and meaning in San Francisco and in a religious commune in New York. She falls in love with what her New York guru represents and finds that, just as with her mother, her reverence and love tends to be unreturned. Much is demanded and little is given.

As an older adult, Childs finds peace in meditation, completes a graduate degree in social work, and discovers happiness in an intimate, loving relationship that seems truly mutual, but even that story takes unexpected twists and turns.

This is a book that draws forth a range of emotions from anger and rage to joy and love. It's moving, complicated, and fascinating. If you're anything like me, you'll open it intending to read just a chapter or two and before you know it you'll be halfway through, wondering where the time went.

---