In twelve months between 2007 and 2008, Christopher Buckley coped with the passing of his father, William F. Buckley, the father of the modern conservative movement, and his mother, Patricia Taylor Buckley, one of New Yorks most glamorous and colorful socialites. He was their only child and their relationship was close and complicated. Writes Buckley: They were not - with respect to every other set of loving, wonderful parents in the world - your typical mom and dad.

As Buckley tells the story of their final year together, he takes readers on a surprisingly entertaining tour through hospitals, funeral homes, and memorial services, capturing the heartbreaking and disorienting feeling of becoming a 55-year-old orphan. Buckley maintains his sense of humor by recalling the words of Oscar Wilde: To lose one parent may be regarded as a misfortune. To lose both looks like carelessness.

Just as Calvin Trillin and Joan Didion gave readers solace and insight into the experience of losing a spouse, Christopher Buckley offers consolation, wit, and warmth to those coping with the death of a parent, while telling a unique personal story of life with legends.

My Personal Review:
Christopher Buckleys Losing Mum and Pup joins Philip Roths Patrimony, Geoffrey Wolfs Duke of Deception, and Alexander Waughs Fathers and Sons (there are a number of other examples) as a masterpiece of the contemporary parent genre. Is there a happier way to grieve than to write a book?
His loving memoir of two difficult parents, the account at times hilariously funny, at times outrageously irreverential, draws his outsize father and mother, Bill and Pat Buckley with the eye of a portraitist uniquely in a position to know.
Both parents were at times difficult for Christopher Buckley. As his mother comatose lay dying, he said, I forgive you. Much as Geoffrey Wolff lovingly said, Thank God, when informed of his fathers death.
What is so interesting is that the very style of his parents is reflected in the style of the portrait. The account is breezy but incisive reminiscent of his mother. One can almost hear her saying, Pul-eeze, excuse me while I go out and buy a Stradivarius in parrying some filial jeremiad. The outside-the-box thinking is vintage Bill Buckley. I paraphrase: I wanted to tell each
eulogist at my mothers memorial service at the Temple of Dendur that I had snipers hidden in the Temple with orders to shoot if any exceeded four minutes. Who, but a Buckley, thinks like that? Its what makes them so exasperatingly delightful. You can almost see the arched eyebrows. The ideation is of a piece with the fathers famous quip during the 1965 New York City Mayoral election. What will you do if you win, Mr. Buckley? Demand a recount.

The book particularly resonanted with me since, like Christopher Buckley, I am an only child who in his fifties lost both parents (mother first) within a year of each other. The author, like me, accepts the profound sense of loss in being orphaned in such a short time.

So I was moved to tears as he writes something like, In my dreams they are still looking after me, and I am orphaned no more. Or as Fitzgerald put it, So we beat on, boats against the current.... It is all about memory, isnt it? Christopher Buckley has forced himself to remember and write about it. In this there is catharsis, hope and the expression of deep and abiding love.

A must read!

For More 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price:
Losing Mum and Pup: A Memoir by Christopher Buckley - 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price!