At Home between Earth and Sky

Louise Robinson Singleton

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At Home
between
Earth and Sky

An agave blooming in the garden was an unexpected and astonishing blessing.
Santa Fe, 2012

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Printed in the United States of America
ISBN-13: 978-0-9908895-3-3 (paperback)

Self-published for family and friends
Design & layout, David Dunn, Mirror Communication
Printed by Allegra Print and Image, Santa Fe, New Mexico
The text is set in Adobe Garamond Premier Pro. The title and headers are set in ITC Bradley Hand.

Photo credits

Pictures are primarily family photographs or photos that John or I have taken.

Front Cover: "Cloud Vertical," John W. Singleton, 2015

Pages v and ix: The pen and ink botanical drawings are by Peter Orleans, Denver architect and husband of Mim Orleans, my public health professor.

Page 136: The detail of "Aerial View of Oxford" was taken by photographer Dave Price (https://www.flickr.com/photos/superdove/) from his album "First Flight of Autumn 2014."

Page 271: The recent photo of John, Perri, and me was taken by Carol Ahnen, a Denver friend.

Page 286: The grama grass seed head on the last page was a specimen scanned by LRS.

Dedication

These stories about my life and homes are dedicated to those mentioned in its pages. You have given me your love, wisdom, collaboration, and liveliness—the makings of a rich and satisfying life. Thank you. I hope this book prompts your own journey to "remember when..."

To my parents, Charles and Mildred Robinson, who gave me my first home and taught me to create my own, I wish you were here to read and talk with me about it. You taught me to remember and tell stories.

To John, without your love, daily patience, and ability to read the manual, none of this would have been possible. I love you and look forward to making more stories.

To our children and grandchildren, this book is for you. I love you and look forward to hearing your stories. Maybe I'll learn to text, but nothing beats lazy days at the beach as a time to remember.

Contents

Acknowledgements

Thank you to the members of Escritores, my writing group: Lee Dunne, Kim Knowles, Lib O'Brien, and Sydney Young. Your suggestions and appreciation of these stories encouraged me to think back and enjoy telling them.

Enthusiastic thanks to my son, David, and daughter, Martha. David worked for the Globe Pequot Press managing books from the manuscript to the printing. He knows how it needs to be done. And he knows *The Chicago Manual of Style*. He is a careful reader with helpful suggestions for content as well as writing. Martha is a superb copy editor. When I asked her how she knew all those rules of grammar, she said she learned them in junior high school.

Thank you to all who provided family information, facts, stories, and corrections. Please let me know if you find errors.

Finally, Ursala Moeller's memoir, *Eirich Family Odyssey*, showed me I could publish this book in Santa Fe rather than through an anonymous self-publishing company. That decision led me to my colleague David Dunn of Mirror Communication, who was more than pleased to turn his artistic eye to creating a beautiful book.

Writing a book is quite a journey. It helps to have a view of the sky from my office window.

Prologue

Listen to your life.
See it for the fathomless mystery that it is.
In the boredom and pain of it no less than in the
excitment and gladness:
touch, taste, smell your way to the holy and hidden
heart of it
because in the last analysis
all moments are key moments,
and life itself is grace.

Frederick Buechner

My great-grandmother,
Anna Mary Ramsey Randolph,
Yellowstone Park, 1931

At Home with My Life

While I was writing and assembling this collection of memories and thoughts about my eighty years, I called it the "House and Homes Project." I have always been interested in houses and furnishings, read floor plans in magazines for new ideas and looked at old oriental rugs in shops with an expectant lilt of appreciation. I have lived large swaths of my life in pleasurable houses that provided the locale for a lot of living. They were homes.

This project was born on an endless airplane trip from Ghana with nothing to do. I closed my eyes and walked in the front door of my Gane grandparents' home in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. I went up steps past the cast iron fence above the sidewalk, up the narrow walk, climbed the half-dozen steps to the porch, went through the outside door, then the storm door, into the spacious front hall, turned right through the parlor where nobody ever sat, back through the double doors to the dining room, into the narrow pantry, and then into the large kitchen. I could remember the golden oak woodwork, the glass front cupboard with the good china in the dining room, the sink in the pantry where I washed dishes, the off-yellow oil cloth covering the half cycle table in the kitchen where I ate Poor Man's Cake with a glass of milk at ten at night with aunts and uncles. A whole world came tumbling into my memory: the people, the feelings of love and pleasure, mixed with a sense of strangeness about the world I experienced there, quite different from my Charlotte home.

On another flight, I walked up the steep brick steps from the garage into the working entrance of the house where I grew up in Charlotte, North Carolina. I had moved into that house when I was four and called it home until I married. I spent time in every square foot of the house. Again, my family, the community I grew up in, its boundaries and gifts to me, the larger background of the times, and the social environment and customs were present. It was the South in the nineteen thirties, forties, and fifties. A lot was going on, and it shaped my life. Because that house was that house, and the center stage of our lives, I began to think about what a living space and its physical environment added to my life. If I had figured it out when I was in my twenties, I would have become an architect. I like spaces that lift the spirit, with windows that let in the sunlight. I like the small things that make a space beautiful and workable—art, flowers, a comfortable place to sit, and drawers that work.

Our home in Denver at 128 Eudora Street was "home base" for forty-four years. John and I raised four children there and welcomed their growing families as they became part of our lives. The house was a Writer Brothers run-of-the-mill development house built after World War II. The plumbing had iron pipes, the back patio was half concrete slab, half flagstone, and the previous owner had committed suicide. But the ceilings were high, the windows had wide tile sills for plants, there was a bedroom for three-year-old Robby and one for two-year-old Martha; the yard had three mature trees. In 1970, instead of moving to a bigger home, we decided to build an addition to accommodate our family, which now had four children, and to stay near the medical school where John went to work everyday. The house grew and changed with us. There was no lack of work and adaptation on everybody's part. It was the place to venture out from and return home to.

As I wrote about these homes, I realized that a home is not necessarily a structure with a front door, closets, and a mailbox. Webster's definition of home fills a long column. Home is:

> One's principle place of residence; the refuge or usual haunt of an animal; one's abode after death; a familiar or suitable setting or a congenial environment; the country or place of origin; the objective

toward which a player progresses in sports or games; a familiar or congenial relationship; the final or closed position, as in driving a nail home.

Mr. Webster was probably not in charge of entertaining in his home, so he neglected to include a function I think is very important. Home is a place of hospitality, a place to welcome the world to our door, to make family, friends, and strangers comfortable, to get to know them and be known by them as well.

As far away places and significant activities became familiar and part of me, they became homes of another sort. Backpacking created its own rituals, requirements, comforts, and pleasures. The Institute of Cultural Affairs, a forty-year affiliation, required constant adaptation and the challenge of questioning the ground-of-my-being and the pain and joy of becoming a self-conscious human being. Working in and becoming a small part of villages in Africa and India and a medical school community in China taught me the virtues of living simply, the pleasure of loving the world, and the richness and diversity of those lives that intersected mine. This kind of experience of the *other* is compelling. It is the need to put one's life in the context of "it's a big world out there." As I look back over my life, I recognize that the need to discover and be part of a wider world has been a major driving force. Sometimes hesitantly, I welcomed opportunities to open up and explore what was unknown, challenging, and dangerous to my life as I knew it.

Going through a long-unopened box of old mementos, I found a picture of my great-grandmother, Anna Mary Ramsey Randolph, feeding a bear in Yellowstone Park in 1931. She was eighty years old. She had left her home in Philadelphia, traveled across the continent as far as the railroad would take her, and then gone by some kind of well-laden touring car over tricky mountain roads just to get to that bear.

There she is in the picture in a long dark coat over her ankle-length dress, glasses peering out from under her fashionable cloche hat with a wide dark band. She is extending her right arm offering food to a black bear standing tall on his hind legs. She and the bear are about the same height and appear pleased to see each other. Maybe the two of them felt quite at home. This picture caught my imagination and afforded fresh

coloring for these stories. It points to the essential importance of finding what is new and challenging in life.

We have learned to be afraid of bears. We see them at the zoo, where they are safely contained and amusing to watch as they lumber around. Pandas, polar bears, grizzlies, black bears—we know a lot about bears. They can run fast, climb trees, they are canny about where to find food, they hibernate in dens, produce cute cubs; they can kill you.

Before John and I went on our first weeklong backpacking trip, we went on a practice outing. Newly outfitted with Kelty backpacks, a Gerry tent, and Holubar down sleeping bags, we went to Cathedral Lake near Castle Peak. After a late afternoon thunderstorm with lightning bouncing off the peaks near Electric Pass, we put up our tent below timberline across the way from a steep face. All night rocks slid down the wet slope. I knew every crash was a bear. I did not sleep well. Ripstop nylon fabric and a few aluminum rods offered little reassurance.

They say if you are walking in bear country, you should whistle or sing or talk loudly so the bear will know you are there and avoid you. Good idea. We knew there were bears even in the well-populated woods around our condo in Summit County, Colorado, because occasionally a bear would get into the dumpster in the parking lot. I always felt uneasy walking on the path up Salt Lick Creek when I was alone. What would I do if a bear and I found ourselves face to face?

I'm sure that it was a far more arduous and threatening undertaking for Grandma Randolph to go to Yellowstone Park in 1931 with questionable wilderness driving conditions, than it was for me to get on an airplane and travel to southeast Asia or Africa. I wonder if for the last ten years of her life, Grandma Randolph thought about that bear and the the new world coming in the West when she sat quietly darning socks in her daughter's household of ten children in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. My guess is the pictures in her head, the sights, sounds, and smells were more nourishing for her than the pictures on the wall in her room. She was home, but her home had many dimensions.

Like home, the bear is an archetype: the unknown and a threatening unknown at that. We give children teddy bears to play with. Bears have been domesticated, as we would like to domesticate all the wonders

of the world, which we are afraid to reach out and touch, both outside and inside of us. We may not know how to handle them or are afraid to expand our being enough to make this unknown a part of us. But teddy bears have a limited fascination. It takes encounters with the real thing to make an impact on our lives. Confronting the unknown requires adventure, persistence, fury, discomfort, excitement, hard work, and not retreating too quickly to the known or comfortable. But the payoff for me has been that what was unknown has become another place in my life that I know as home.

Maybe that's what people have always done: create a sanctuary where they feel safe, a place where they don't have to worry about the bears. So, the trick over a lifetime is to create both a comfortable place—a home to nurture that center of your being, to house the work and joy of family and living—and to pursue the unknown, the troubling, the wonder of the gifts of others, as we search for who we are.

For me, home is a place of repose, a place to catch my breath, a place to step out of the jangling noise and confusing ambiguities of the world. It is a place to read a good book, collect myself, pick off the dead blooms, and go back out again. I have been blessed to hold this tension in my life and I give thanks for all who have been part of it. It has been a rich journey over my eighty years to create homes and to try my hand at feeding a few bears. With luck, I may end up dancing with one. I stand in awe of the wonder of the world and the joy given me by those who have shared my life and work.

Welcome to my life.

Learning, Growing, Loving, Searching

As we live, we are transmitters of life.

D. H. Lawrence
"We Are Transmitters"

The Charles Wilson Robinson Family, 1910
Front row left to right: Sarah, Grandfather, Mary, Grandmother (Grace Knox), Mac, and Elizabeth
Back row: Willis, Charles, Harold, Minnie, Ralph, Preston

Growing Up a Southern Woman

1114 Belgrave Pavement
Charlotte, North Carolina

Mother woke me up from my nap one afternoon in September 1937, when I was four. She told me to be quiet and not wake my younger brothers, Charlie, age two, and Bill, the new baby. We were going to look at the house that Mother and Daddy were building. It was my first glimpse of the house I would call home for the next twenty-two years. My family moved into 1114 Belgrave Pavement in Charlotte, North Carolina in October 1937. My mother was twenty-seven and my father was thirty-seven. I didn't know it at the time but the house was beautiful.

Louise Randolph Robinson at age three, with red hair and brown eyes

Daddy, Charles Wilson Robinson, Jr., married my mother, Mildred Randolph Gane, in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania on September 10, 1932, after finishing a medical internship at Bryn Mawr Hospital. Mother lived around the corner from the hospital, the oldest of ten children. Her father, Harry Gane, owned Gane and Snyder's, a grocery store on Lancaster

Pike which served Philadelphia Main Line families. Charles persuaded Mildred to move to Charlotte, North Carolina, to what he described as the end of the swinging vine. She agreed, as long as he promised she would never have to raise chickens or milk a cow. They went to Ivey's Department Store in Charlotte on September 15, and spent $371 of the $500 in gold pieces Mother's father gave them for a wedding present. They bought a dresser and highboy, a bed, a Duncan Phyfe dining table and chairs, sofa and wing chair, a side table, box springs and mattress, coffee table, rugs, a nightstand, and a card table. Some of it was on sale for Dollar Day. Most of it is still in use in the homes of various children and grandchildren.

Daddy had been principal of a school in the Steele Creek area and had taught Latin. He applied to teach at Queens College, but needed a master's degree. One day he was cleaning up his classroom and picked up a scrap of paper. It read:

> *There is a tide in the affairs of men,*
> *Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.*
> *Omitted, all the voyage of their life*
> *Is bound in shallows and in miseries.*
>
> William Shakespeare

His thinking fell into place. He enrolled at the University of North Carolina to take pre-med courses, and went on to medical school for two years, transferring to the University of Pennsylvania for his last two years. A medical internship at Bryn Mawr Hospital put him two blocks from Mother's family home at 831 Old Lancaster Road.

Daddy began the practice of medicine in Derita outside Charlotte, where his father, Charles Wilson Robinson, was a dairy and cotton farmer. Daddy was born Charles Wilson Robinson, Jr., the fifth son of ten children. When they were first married, Mother and Daddy lived down the road from the Robinson farmhouse at Aunt Emma's, where Daddy had an office and saw patients. The bathroom was outside and Mother was afraid to go out there by herself at night.

Daddy had $6,000 of medical school debt. Patients tended to pay in chickens, hams, and produce, so the income of a general practitioner

was minimal. He figured that if he could make $180 a month he could get by. Nevertheless, in 1936 they began to think about a home of their own. One Sunday afternoon they were driving around in the Dilworth section of Charlotte—the other side of Charlotte from Derita—and drove through St. John's Wood. There were a few houses on Berkeley Avenue, but none on Belgrave Pavement. They fell in love with the area and having paid off their debt, they bought a lot.

Eloise Cook from Derita was married to Lucian Dale, an architect. Eloise became one of Mother's best friends, and Lucian became the architect for the house. When I asked Mother why she had built an elegant Georgian house during the bottom of the Depression, at the age of twenty-seven, having grown up in a comfortable but undistinguished house in Bryn Mawr, she said, "Lucian said if we were going to build a house, it should be beautiful."

No one could say that a house either had or lacked beautiful detail with more authority than my mother. The 1114 Belgrave Pavement

1114 Belgrave Pavement

house was exhibit number one. It was red brick with raised detail on the corners of the house, a grey slate roof and white trim. Wooden shutters and a recessed paneled front door were painted a shiny deep dark green.

Brasses were polished weekly. The inside had elegantly milled woodwork. Mantels, bookcases and paneled doors were made to order. Beautiful brasses and highly polished hardwood floors gleamed. When they moved in, most rooms were almost empty of furnishings and Mother had "one decent suit." Charlie wandered from room to room saying, "I can't live here." But live there we did, for forty-three years. This new creation was more than a place to hold the activities of a busy household; it showcased us with pride and made demands on our lives.

The house was built on a central hall plan: living room and screened porch on the left, library on the right, dining room behind the central staircase, and kitchen and back hall to its right. The back hall had a door and steep steps that went to the garage, and a back entrance to the driveway for workmen and anyone but guests. We ran in and out those steep garage steps because the garage door, which was hard to open and shut, was never closed. Upstairs there was a big open central hall with a high window over the landing and four bedrooms. A partially finished basement, scary to me, held the furnace, the year's preserves, jumpy hoppergrasses, a ragged Kilim rug on the concrete floor, and a small lavatory for a maid.

The living room had a "scene" depicting life at Mount Vernon or Monticello on wallpaper that went around a corner behind the couch. Mother liked antiques and oriental rugs and spent time and modest money at small country shops, which were likely to have good deals on old furniture and rugs. Daddy always thought that any discretionary income should be "invested." The piano was in the living room, and since I had to practice an hour a day, I spent a lot of time there, hoping that fairies would assist my fingers at my next lesson with Cousin Faire, who had lost all her hair to chemotherapy and wore an astonishing variety of scarves and turbans.

There was a buzzer under the dining room table at the end where I sat. If Ella, the maid, was in the kitchen, I would get to summon her by pushing the buzzer—usually with my bare feet. If not, I was dispatched to get whatever was needed. Most of the time at dinner, we did not have help and we children did the dishes. Charlie cleared, I washed, and Bill dried. The worst was when Daddy decided to help. The main point of

his helping was to demonstrate what a sorry job we did cleaning up the kitchen when he was not there to supervise. Usually there was a switch from the hedge in the back yard on the kitchen windowsill ready to be put to use. Charlie and Bill were not bad, but they were naughty and, to me, irritating as only little brothers could be. The switch was freely applied as the need arose. If there was not one there, I was sometimes sent out to fetch one. This never seemed quite right to me, but on the other hand....

At various times, I lived in three of the four upstairs rooms. Each occupied a corner of the house. I slept in a high, squeaky four-poster, canopied bed, which belonged to Mother's great grandparents, Thomas Ramsey (1812–1877) and Margaret Elizabeth Thomas Ramsey (1827–1910). It had a high mahogany headboard, an organdy ruffle around the top and a maroon chintz bed skirt. A bed like that is a presence in your life. It was old, my great-grandmother was born in it, it had history, and it was mine to use. I spent two weeks in that bed with the measles, the windows covered with a quilt to keep the light out. My grandmother had made the quilt, and it was filled with children and animals and embroidered words. After seeing *Arsenic and Old Lace*, I checked under the bed skirt every night to make sure nobody was hiding there. As I got older, I moved with the bed into the larger front bedroom. The trundle bed that slid under it helped to host spend-the-night parties, at which a three-dozen box of Krispie Kreme donuts was a major attraction. Our daughter Martha slept in the bed in Denver as she was growing up, until it was finally too much for modern living and was taken apart, wrapped in an old quilt, and stashed in the back of a closet. My great niece in San Antonio with the Ramsey name, Ramsey Robinson, now sleeps in the bed.

The marvelous bed I slept in growing up

The block where we lived was large and five-sided. When we were children, most of the block had no houses and was wooded. It was crisscrossed with paths and dotted with forts. Too many boys lived in the neighborhood. I avoided the woods, not because of the threat of poison ivy, ticks, and chiggers, but because playing boys' games—mostly war games—with those mean kids, Skipper and Mickey Sherrill and Peter Loftis, did not fit my sense of what was fun. They could tease unmercifully.

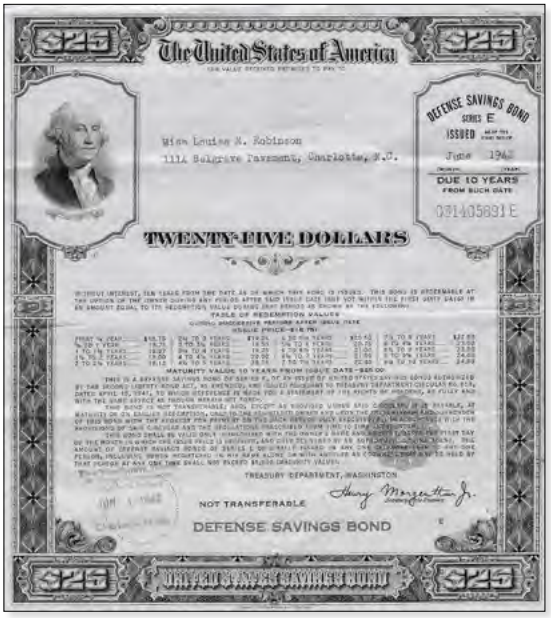
Mother and Daddy bought the lot adjoining our house, giving us a very large yard that accommodated serious baseball games and summer evening games of hide and seek and chasing lightning bugs. One of my most cherished memories is hitting a baseball from home base at the back of the second lot over the house. That's what I remember, but in reality I find it hard to believe that could be true. At the back, behind the vegetable garden with runaway asparagus blooms, there was a swing hung from a metal pipe strung between two oak trees. The arc went out twenty feet, providing the thrill of high danger, especially when swinging standing up.

Daddy, Mother, me, Bill, Charlie, and Tuck, 1939. The doll had a china head and a body big enough to wear baby clothes.

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, we were having lunch at Uncle Willis and Aunt Gladys's house on Morningside Drive, across the street from Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Jennings and down the street from Sue Starrette. It was a cold, crisp afternoon and all the kids were running up

and down the street playing a game. We were called inside and solemnly told that the United States had declared war on Japan. We were at war.

Life changed, but not as much for us as for many. I saved money to buy stamps toward an $18.75 war bond that would yield twenty-five dollars in ten years. Stamps were pasted in a little album until I had enough to buy a bond. Everything was rationed: sugar, coffee, gas, tires. Daddy, at forty-one, was too old for the draft. As a doctor, he had a critical job, so could get gas and tires for the car. Windows in the school were taped, and we practiced getting under desks in case there was an air raid. Curtains covered windows at night to black out our light. There were jumpy newsreels of the fighting when you went to the movies on Saturday morning, and we followed the fighting in the paper and on the radio.



A war savings bond Daddy bought in 1942 in my name. I haven't checked to see what it is worth today.

Four of Mother's brothers went into military service, and I thought they were very handsome in their uniforms. None were killed or wounded. It was a time to practice doing without and being patriotic. Lucian Dale who had been the architect for our house, moved to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to assist with a secret project. We did not know what took him away but began to understand in 1945 when the United States dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. He died some years later of leukemia. The war was far away but it gave reality to names like London, Paris, Berlin. Things happened there that mattered a great deal.

A front-page article in the Charlotte Observer *assuring people that our children were patriotic and well protected. I have the pigtails and plaid skirt.*

When I was nine, Mother was in bed for four months before my youngest brother, Steve, was born. She threatened to miscarry, and so for most of the time, the foot of the bed was elevated. Ella, our usual part-time maid, was there to make the household work every day but Sunday and Thursday afternoon, so I was stand-in mother. I went downtown by myself on the bus to buy and return things. The best part was going up the escalator in Efird's Department Store to the second floor. It was the only store in Charlotte with an escalator and a network of suction tubes to shoot your sales slip across the store for authorization when you bought or returned something. Stephen was born on a cold, sleety night on December 3, 1942. I had been farmed out to Aunt Gladys and Uncle Willis's house when Mother went to the hospital. In the late evening, the telephone rang on the other side of the wall from where I was lying awake. I heard Aunt Gladys say, "A boy! How wonderful." I turned over and cried. My plans had been for a sister.

As the oldest, and the only girl, I was the recipient of Mother's generous enthusiasm for passing on her domestic skills. This meant that I got to "help." I learned to sew, knit, embroider, make slipcovers and curtains, can fruit and vegetables, make preserves and jelly, wash, iron, "do" linens, polish brass and silver, design clothes, garden, arrange flowers, organize drawers, closets, and shelves, make lists, and shop. Mother made her lists on old shirt cardboards from the laundry.

Saturday mornings were often a point of conflict. On Friday night I liked to sleep over at a friend's house or have one of them stay with me, but Saturday morning I was expected to help clean house. That meant changing six beds. Mother and I moved the used top sheet to the bottom, put a clean sheet on the top, and put on clean pillowcases. Dirty sheets were washed in a Bendix front door washing machine, hung on the line to dry, and ironed every week. Vacuuming was also my job. Sometimes I let the vacuum cleaner run unattended while I read a magazine. It always seemed to me that as soon as I got into a book, Mother would call and say, "Louise, will you…?"

Another Saturday morning chore was making a cake for Sunday dinner. Often at eleven in the morning I was in the kitchen listening to *Let's Pretend*—dramatized fairy tales—on the radio while mixing up a coconut cake. The coconut started from the real thing, involving punching a hole in the "eyes" of the coconut, draining the milk, heating the whole coconut in the oven to crack the shell, prying the meat from the shell, peeling off the dark brown skin and, finally, grating the coconut. It could take all day.

Charlie and Bill also had their chores to do. There was a lot of lawn to mow and leaves to rake. When asked to do something, they would respond, "Let Bill do it," or "Let Charlie do it." I have often thought as I watched John, an only child, that that response was not bad training for life.

Spring cleaning was an immense undertaking. We lived across East Morehead Street from the colored section of Charlotte, whose residents heated their houses with soft coal. Nobody thought about air quality. All winter the streetlights seemed to recede into the murky, grimy air. In summer, the air was hot, heavy with humidity. There was no air conditioning and people tended to perspire a good deal. This dictated that every spring we washed all the walls to remove the winter grime. I often wondered why we didn't just repaint, but to Mother it would have been extravagant as well as an ordeal, because she could never get Mr. Moss, my father's alcoholic patient painter, to mix exactly the right shade of paint, even though she did most of the mixing herself. We changed to cool summer furnishings. Sill-length, unbleached muslin curtains replaced full-length printed chintz drapes, and upholstered furniture was covered with slipcovers that could be washed. Straw mats replaced rugs. It is only in recent years that I excused myself from washing or airing all winter woolens and packing them away with mothballs to avoid the dreaded hungry summer moths.

In the heat of the North Carolina summer, the house was closed up in the morning and opened in the evening. The attic fan pulled the cooler air up through the house in the evening. The heat in the attic was intense—especially effective for curing country hams, which hung from the rafters and dripped grease on the floors. As children, we played in

the library or out in the yard under a tree. It is hard to imagine how long a summer was. Fortunately, I had friends and even better, cousins who came to spend a day or two to play. My father's medical books were in the library and during long hot days when we were penned up at home for days at a time by the polio scare, we would find big medical words and compete to see who could make the most small words from the letters. Or we would secretly study the forbidden medical pictures of diseased body parts. Gin Rummy played with two decks of cards and a large meld taught me to add by combining cards to make ten and then adding them up long before I had heard of base ten.

A major activity of summer was canning. My father could not pass by a truck on East Morehead Street selling fruit or vegetables. He often arrived home for lunch or dinner with a bushel of peaches, corn or tomatoes, a peck of crab apples for jelly, or best of all, Damson plums for preserves. Mother would sigh but dutifully prepare to spend the next day canning. It was understood that I would help. We had an ingenious spring-operated peeler that would take the skin off an apple or a peach as you turned the little handle and a canner that would seal lids on cans as you turned the handle. My job seemed to be turning handles. After filling and sealing, the cans were put inside a huge pot, the lid locked down, and cooked under pressure. As they cooled, there was the familiar sound of the lids popping as the pressure lowered inside the can. I learned never to eat anything from a bulging can. During the war, we prepared fresh produce to freeze and took it to store in our freezer locker off Graham Street. Home refrigerators barely had ice cube trays.

Summer also meant that every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon we went to the "farm," a hundred acres Daddy had bought in Mallard Creek out beyond Derita. There was a tenant farmer who kept a good vegetable garden for us. Before swimming in the lake—the result of damming up a stream from a spring—we had to pick vegetables. Picking okra in the summer heat was an itchy exercise intended to toughen you for a hard life. The lake had a small pavilion for changing clothes and provided a little shade. We had picnics and small parties there. When you waded in, you trudged through mud above your ankles to get out to where you could swim.

A few of my cousins and Aunt Elizabeth enjoyed an exciting swim in the lake at the farm.

Bill riding Sparkplug across the dam

We had an old horse named Sparkplug that Bill and Charlie rode at top speed across the top of the dam. During summer they often spent a week or two at a time out at the farm, cooking for themselves or begging from the Puckerts. They had old army hammocks and free run of the property. They claim now that Mother sent them out there to get them out of her hair. For them, it was a source of freedom and independence; they still love to tell those stories. I was never allowed to go because I was a girl. I did collect thirty-four species of spiders in the woods one fall for biology class and I learned to drive on the mile-long dirt road going into the property. It had deep ruts so that if the wheels slipped down into them, it was hard to get them out. I learned to know where my wheels were. Much later,

Daddy sold the land to IBM for their plant north of Charlotte. Bill and I went out there a few years ago and found the old spring that fed the dam and the lake, now part of the IBM campus.

Mother and I went downtown every week or so to do errands and sometimes to buy clothes, hats or those all-important accessories. Mother or I made most of my clothes, but occasionally I was permitted to buy a dress. After trying on several in Charlotte's three department stores and making my choice, Mother would say, "Now is this the one dress you want this spring?" One day when I was about fourteen, Mother came home with a pair of green alligator platform shoes with open toes and heels. The shoes were soon accompanied by a store-bought green print dress and a green velour hat. These were for me to wear to church, where I felt considerably over-dressed.

Mother's clothes were beautiful and impeccable. She had a good figure enhanced by excellent posture and appropriate underpinnings. She started early teaching me that clothes were important and required appropriate care. You never wore just the skirt from a suit to school, you had to wear the jacket too; you did not want to wear it out. Colors should match or go together. I did not look good in red because I had red hair. By the time I was eighteen and 110 pounds, she thought I should wear a girdle. It made my head hurt and my motivation was lacking. We both enjoyed clothes. Mother would search out "good design" in *Vogue* and I would imagine her in it. She was known to copy and make one on occasion. As I got older, we never missed a Montaldo's sale, held twice a year. That's when I discovered I did look good in red—a well-constructed suit in a wonderful shade of red. We often celebrated being away from the ongoing responsibilities of keeping a house in good running order with a little lunch at Ivey's lunchroom.

Mother was handsome with a beautiful smile she used freely. Sometimes at dinner, Mother and I would get on a laughing jag and laugh until we cried. Daddy would peer at us from the head of the table and say that I was "silly," and that Mother was "tired." But he could laugh so hard, particularly at one of his own stories, that I used to think he might have a stroke. I loved it when they dressed up in eveningwear to go out to the annual Charlotte Medical Society dance.

Adventure was different then

This is the cabin that Lloyd Walters and I built at the farm when I was fifteen or sixteen years old. The hewn logs were more than 100 years old. Daddy had them sent from the old Robinson farm place in Derita and hauled five or six miles to Mallard Creek to our farm. They were heart of pine and we cut and re-notched them with no power tools!

The cabin was thirteen by thirteen feet on the inside and the floor, which was two feet up off the ground, was plywood. We had a wood stove and a three-decker Navy bunk bed. We also had a windup Victrola which was stolen. The roof was tin and there were two windows. We used cardboard to line the inside walls to break the wind.

We had started out to chink all the cracks between the logs, using blue clay from a small site on the creek bank. It was a very fine blue clay, of the quality that could have been used to make pottery. And it was heavy! So we quickly lost enthusiasm for carrying much of it up from the creek and settled on the cardboard for insulation.

Charlie Robinson

Daddy in tuxedo and Mother in a long cerise taffeta evening coat, looked what he called, "extinguished." Other plays on words he used were: "Ethiopia" for "Abyssinia" for I'll be seeing you as he left in the morning, "cha**rac**ter" for someone who was a little beyond the pale, and "impushiency" for something that needed doing right now. Sometimes they did the Charleston in the front hall with Daddy humming the music. On occasions he'd get out his mandolin and let loose with "Going Down the Road Feeling Fine," or

> *When I was a little boy around the table at home,*
> *I remember very well when company would come*
> *I would have to sit right still until the whole crowd ate*
> *My mama always said to me, "Take an old cold 'tater and wait."*

I did a lot of reading, but I did not read *Winnie the Pooh* until I went to college. Mother read us a Bible storybook and we would call for story after story. Did you ever think that if those stories weren't in the Bible, they would be considered inappropriate for young children? If Daddy were at the hospital delivering a baby or making a call in the evening, bedtime would be looser and Mother would read another story sitting cozily on the couch in the library before we went to bed. The first book I remember that I went uptown to the Charlotte Public Library, picked out, and read was *Girl of the Limberlost* by Gene Stratton Porter, about a girl who lived in a swamp, luna moths, and quicksand.

If Mother saw to my domestic education, Daddy was concerned with my religious education and character development. Many said he had missed his calling by not being a preacher. The human condition was fascinating to him, and he saw it every day as he took care of people's health and family concerns. He was a prodigious reader, bringing home bags of books from the public library's twenty-five cent sale. He shook his head through everything that Eugene O'Neill wrote and wondered why someone had to be half crazy to be the kind of genius required to write about the tragedy and perversity of human life. He

stood squarely on the solid foundation of the Ten Commandments and "what was right," while peeking over the edge at how humanity really conducted itself. As I got older, I would have loved to talk with him about this, but he couldn't keep himself from falling back into the habit of being my father. He loved to talk with our son, Will, who went to Davidson College near Charlotte, because Will would take him on in any subject without hesitation or intimidation. Will was not impressed by the imperative of having his character improved or by having every discussion end with a quote from the Bible.

Church was a constant in our family life. We belonged to the Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church, north of Charlotte at the corner of Sugaw Creek Road and the Concord Highway. It was founded before the Revolution and its members were among those who signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, which pre-dated the American Declaration of Independence. My forbears were Scotch-Irish farmers who migrated there in the eighteenth century from western Pennsylvania. All three of the church's cemeteries hold the remains of that history. My uncles, aunts, and cousins went to Sugaw Creek. We played in the cemetery across the road when we were young, happily climbing over tombstones.

Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church

Reverend Neill McGeachy came and sat on the couch in my living room while I recited *The Child's Catechism*, for which I received a *New Testament*, and later the *Shorter Catechism*, for which I received a *Bible*—both with my name engraved in gold on the cover. I doubt that all the children of the church received such careful attention, but like learning to play the piano, some things were important, and required a competent teacher. I think there was a certain falling off as my brothers came along. I'm sure that the only reason Daddy thought it was a good idea for me to learn to play the piano was so I could play hymns for Sunday school, which I hated. I rarely made it through one without a mistake.

Church was a long way across town, and sometimes we had to detour through Derita and pick up Aunt Minnie and The Madam, Daddy's stepmother, whom nobody liked very much. The six of us and two of them (no seat belts), plus hot weather, added to an overlong sermon, frequently resulted in a fair amount of spelling words between my mother and father on the ride home. After church there was Sunday dinner and for some, a nap. I was not allowed to go to a movie or a ball game on Sunday. When I complained, Daddy said that he was not allowed to read the funnies on Sunday when he was growing up. But with luck, I went home with a cousin and we played until our families got together in the evening for a rerun of dinner. After supper, aunts and uncles would sit around and tell one story after another. Daddy was a great storyteller; anything reminded him of a story—usually one I had heard before.

The best was when I went home on Sundays with my cousin Carolyn Earnhardt, who had two sisters, Betty and Midgie. Biscuits were made every dinner from scratch. Her house had haystacks, chickens with eggs, and vast woods behind it to explore. Her father, Uncle Jennings Earnhardt, had a grocery store with Bill Harris on Central Avenue. I often went to the store after my piano lesson with Cousin Faire to meet Mother for a ride home across town. That small store eventually became Harris Teeter, a chain that covers the Carolinas. Church provided a limited social life—more for Carolyn than for me. At church there were hayrides and snipe hunts involving a lot of running around in the woods in the dark. Most of the young people were children of farm families

who had lived in the area for generations. When I was in high school, Mother and Daddy moved our membership to Covenant Presbyterian Church, five blocks away from home. I suspect they got tired of the drive to Sugaw Creek, and Mother, in particular, may have been looking for a more congenial group of young people.

While I was in high school and college, I spent a few weeks of the summer working at Daddy's office. He was a general practitioner who delivered more black babies than any other doctor in town. Good Samaritan was the hospital for colored folks. Deliveries to white mothers were usually at Mercy Hospital, where the nuns walked around solemnly with their habits pinching their chins. Daddy's office was on the eighth floor of the Professional Building downtown. There was a proper waiting room for white folks; the waiting room for colored folks was shared with the nurse, a desk, and the files. There was no such thing as an appointment, and people came early and hoped to be seen before lunch, or dinner, if it were afternoon. Sometimes folks sat on the stairs leading from the hall to the roof to find a place to sit down.

My job was to help Mrs. Kabas, a loud (about private things, like getting a specimen in the bathroom down the hall) and irascible woman, who seemed to see her job as primarily stirring things up and keeping order. When Mrs. Ferrell started working, the room was more crowded, but it was also friendlier. Working meant that I wrote down the patients' names in the book, found their records—kept on a three-by-five card in a notation known only to my father and often stapled to several cards beneath—and took specimens to the lab on the sixth floor. One of my jobs each morning was to clean syringes, sharpen hypodermic needles, and put them in the autoclave to be sterilized.

Daddy had two examining rooms and went from one to the other. Patients went into them from the hall; he went from room to room. Most people did not have insurance, so there was a pay as you go plan. If you were going to have a baby, you paid ten dollars at every visit and had paid most of the $100 cost of delivery by the time the baby was born. People paid five, ten, and sometimes twenty dollars for a visit, depending on lab work. Daddy always came home with enough cash in his pocket to ask Mother how much she needed for the day when

he kissed her goodbye at the steep steps to the garage as he left to make rounds in the morning. He always said he gave her more than she asked for. A checking account of her own did not occur to her—she had cash and charge accounts.

There were hospital rounds in the morning and late afternoon and frequent deliveries during the night. Daddy came home for lunch every day except Thursday, when he went to Kiwanis Club. After lunch—hot, with turnip greens and cornbread—he and Mother went up to take a nap. He always took off his clothes and got in bed under the covers. We had to be very quiet at naptime. He took off Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, or at least what was left of them. House calls were frequent. I sometimes went with him and stayed in the car, often locking the doors because I was not comfortable on the dirt road by the scraggly hedge where he had parked. Mother was grateful for Thursdays when the day was her own. Every other Thursday was her book club. Daddy liked to point out that they never read a book, but they brought their handwork and covered a lot of conversational territory. Book Club consisted of Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Gladys, Cousin Faire, Cousin Ila, the current preacher's wife, and a ringer, Vee Austin, who was a friend of Cousin Faire's. I always hoped not to have my life discussed there.

There was no drinking or smoking at our house. I do remember a bottle of sauterne in the kitchen cabinet to wine down the fruitcake at Christmas. Daddy was convinced that smoking was bad for your health long before the Surgeons General. In his examining room desk drawer he kept old packs of cigarettes. When he had a patient who smoked, he opened the drawer and invited them to either put in their current pack if they intended to stop or take one out if they intended to continue. With me, he was more direct. He told me one morning after prayers at breakfast that if I agreed never to smoke he would give me $500. I was horrified that he would try to buy my compliance and furious that he would try to limit my life in what I saw not as a health issue, but the imposition of a "moral" code. Nice girls don't smoke. One morning he came in my room before I was awake, tweaked my toe, and said, "Why don't you stop seeing that boy?" Fathers did not hesitate to be fathers in those days, and my father took his responsibility very seriously. I can

still hear him asking me to justify ideas and actions that did not meet his approval. I was not afraid of him, but I was wary. It was easy not to know enough or express an idea that I should not have been thinking if I were a proper young lady. Besides, I always felt that I lost every argument. It was years before I realized that his rules of play—and it was play for him—included making a statement which I did not agree with but my response was reasonable. He would follow with another round of statement and response, until finally I was forced out onto a limb with a totally untenable position.

I always had a best friend, plus my cousin Carolyn. We lived on opposite sides of town and went to different schools. Tirzah Ison was my best friend at Dilworth Elementary School. She lived very near the school and I don't remember going into her house. Her family was a mystery to me. Ann Dicks lived near me in an old house on East Morehead with a falling down back yard and a bed with a huge heavy mahogany headboard. It was there that I first encountered a Ouiji Board and played capture the enemy (always male) among the steps and old pillars of an unused garden veranda.

At Alexander Junior High School I found Caroline Love, who is still a best friend. Her mother died of mumps when she was in elementary school. Her father remarried, and the new wife had very little interest in his first family. Caroline had three siblings: Mary Jane, a student at Queens College in Charlotte, Lola, and Buddy. They lived together under Mary Jane's direction in their old family home on Providence Road across the street from the Myers Park Presbyterian Church. Mary Jane ran a tight ship, but still there was a liberating sense that there was not a parent in the house. Caroline wore glasses (finally she could see actual leaves on the trees) and developed an outstanding figure. Many people were attracted to her house. Eventually Mary Jane married and then went off to medical school and Caroline was in charge. There was no such thing as a drug culture, and kids, at least the ones we knew, did not drink. So the household was not faced with the problems there might have been in later times.

In junior high, I was one of four girls who gave a dance at the Woman's Club. The other three were Joyce Kee, Sue Jones, and Cynthia Profitt. These girls were friends, but not my best friends, and Mother did not know their parents well, so I am not sure how I was included.

Joyce Kee, Sue Jones, me, Cynthia Profitt

It was quite an elegant affair: long dresses (Mother made mine out of light green taffeta with a bright striped bustle in the back), flowers, and dance cards. There may have even been a small orchestra. I don't think it was considered a coming out party. Neither I, nor these girls, were in the country club set, though they had all gone to Myers Park Elementary School, a step up from Dilworth. It was probably my biggest party until I was an adult.

Central High School, located near the center of town, had 1,500 students. It was a struggle to get there, requiring two buses or one bus through colored town and a good walk. Finally, Carolyn and I went to the same school. I met some of her Piedmont Junior High friends when she gave a Christmas party in the tenth grade. We played spin the bottle and, in the room where newly paired couples went to kiss, my older

cousin Betty was sitting on her fiancé Jim's lap in a big comfortable chair, watching the proceedings and laughing. Kissing had not been a big thing in my life.

The big ticket item at Central was the Girl's Good Sports Club or GGS. Members had a grey sweatshirt that said CHARLOTTE across the chest. The C and the E tended to tuck under the arms, and the remaining letters were considered a good joke. GGS sponsored a spring weekend at Myrtle Beach, staying at the Queen City Inn. It was usually held during spring holidays, and the beach was well populated with Davidson College boys. It was important to wear the sweatshirt. Membership was a popularity referendum. Beginning junior year, a group of girls were voted in first semester, another group tapped the second semester, and again twice in senior year. Those bids were as important as any I remember. It may have taken until first semester senior year for me to be invited to join.

Easter with high school friends
Front row left to right: me, Sue Jones, Marion Blanton, Cynthia Profitt
Back row left to right: Betty Page Northington, Caroline Love, Jackie Jetton, Joyce Kee.
Some of us had corsages. Mine were usually made from flowers from the garden.

I did not have a regular boyfriend in high school. There were a few clearly established couples—many of them still together—but they were the exception. There were a lot of assigned dates for private parties, usually dances. People did not have cars or were too young to drive, so this often involved having a parent drive. By senior year, most boys had access to a car, which led to the issue of "parking." I was seldom

delighted with the boys I seemed to attract. I had crushes: one on a boy who could sing like a movie star and was a very smooth dancer. We dated once or twice, but he quickly disappeared. Charles Kuralt, later the star of his own television show, *On the Road,* was in my class, and firmly attached to Sourie Guthrie, a friend. North Carolina colleges and universities all had dances during Christmas holidays. It was a plum to have a date for those, which did not happen until I was in college. It was at one of those that I recognized that my brother Charlie, now a student at Davidson, was an excellent dancer and not the annoying kid brother I grew up with.

Our family in 1953
Mother and Steve in front; Bill, Daddy, Charlie, and me behind

I was a good student, but coming home with a B+ brought the question, "Why not an A?" My parents clearly loved me, and all of us, but not with spontaneous physical affection, and not without a kind

of continual monitoring to ensure self-improvement. Praise was rare. Consciously, I remember very little anxiety, but all my life, growing up, I stuttered. I remember sitting in class, wanting to ask a question, but all questions start with the "wh" sound—who, what, when, why, where—all words I could not say straight out. During my college years, the stuttering stopped. I am still hesitant to speak in a group or in public.

And yet, it is hard to imagine a childhood that was more simply a childhood. I had hours of time to read, dream, visit relatives, and play with friends. I saw figures in clouds, made daisy chains, looked for four leaf clovers, played marbles and imaginary games, hit tennis balls, and went swimming in the lake. We played. There was no TV. If you went off in the woods, you were just there, no communication. Life proceeded in predictable ways, based on daily, weekly, and yearly routines and seasonal occasions. Rules and expectations were clear. Our community was homogeneous, made up of relatives and friends. We knew many colored people, but they were patients or worked for us. There was one Jewish boy in my grammar school class, and when my cousin married a Catholic, Daddy said Uncle Joe, her grandfather, would turn over in his grave. After World War II ended and life returned to normal, the concerns of the broader community or politics did not intrude upon my life.

I do not remember having ideas or ambition to grow up and be something like a doctor or a teacher. I did think it might be interesting to be a missionary (we invited many of them for Sunday dinner) and thought that marrying one might be a good idea. But to have my own work, a career? That did not occur to me, even though Mother had studied to be a physical therapist and practiced for several years before she married. I was amazed later in life when friends told me they grew up being told they could be anything they wanted to be and to think about what that might be. I grew up to fill the well-established mold of the young southern woman, and it was clear that my life's work was to be a good Christian wife and mother. I learned the skills at the hands of

both my mother and daddy, and I had no doubt that that was the proper course for my life.

I wanted to go to the Women's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro where Carolyn was going. Daddy thought it better if I went to a woman's college with less secular leanings. Agnes Scott College in Decatur, a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia, was an excellent four-year school—not Presbyterian, because "they never received a dime from the Presbyterian Church." However, its presidents, as long as anyone could remember, were Presbyterian preachers. It was a distant sister college to Davidson College outside of Charlotte.

I looked upon college as a kind of new beginning, an opportunity to shift from my well-worn family roles, to make new friends, to be more independent, to be a new me. To signify this shift, I adopted the nickname "Robin," shortened from Robinson. Perhaps I was hoping for some miracle to change this slightly awkward not always popular girl who could barely get a word out without stuttering, into a Cinderella. Later, when I went to Boston to school and work, my nickname became "Robbie." I could always tell where people had known me. John preferred Louise, so my married name changed back to my beginning.

Agnes Scott took their responsibility to care for daughters very seriously. As freshmen, we turned off lights by eleven at night and could not turn them on before six in the morning. Freshmen had to double date with an upper classmate, or go by bus to fraternity parties at Emory or Georgia Tech. Drinking was strictly not allowed, even at home; and as for smoking: "Agnes Scott does not encourage smoking, but for those who feel they must, a smoker has been provided in the basement of Candler Hall." There was an honor code, and infractions were to be self-reported and taken seriously. As an upper classman, the usual routine was to go to the library until it closed at ten and then have a late date—usually held at the parking lot of Columbia Seminary—and be back for curfew at eleven. I came very close to joining many of my classmates in marrying a preacher shortly after graduation, but have often thought how happy I am to have escaped.

An English major, I often analyzed poems at six in the morning, first draft, on my little Royal portable typewriter, letting my subconscious

do the organizing overnight. There was only the magic of erasable bond paper and whiteout for changes. It seemed to me that I went into every exam period balancing on a grade average between an A-minus and a B-plus. This meant that exams were high stress. Could I manage to end the quarter with an A-minus and thus, an A on my record for the quarter?

Dr. Emma May Laney was a challenging professor. She grew up in Mississippi and received a PhD from Yale when not many women did that. She was the official hostess for Robert Frost who came to the campus every year. She was also a mean golfer. She let it be known that girls were not to sleep on the long leather couches in the library, by far the best place on campus to sleep. After retiring, she lived in Denver with her sister and we became friends. She said that I told her at a conference that she only wanted us to tell her what she wanted to hear. A single woman, she was a little afraid of my children. She joined us to trim the Christmas tree one year and brought a gift of non-breakable ornaments. She taught modern literature classes at the American Association of University Women in Denver. I would show up to class with a toddler in hand. I learned a lot about the work of Albert Camus and William Faulkner, which had not made it into my Agnes Scott English literature curriculum.

As a senior and good student, I took independent study winter quarter with Dr. George Hayes on Fyodor Dostoyevsky's novels*: Crime and Punishment, The Possessed,* and *The Brother's Karamasov*. I took no classes that quarter and the resulting thesis was titled*, Dostoyevsky: The Novelist of Man's Consciousness.* Heavy, heavy. I was way over my head, and typing it all on my Royal typewriter didn't help. The night before it went to the typist, I changed the tense of all the verbs. The same quarter I broke up with a seminary student and practiced Mozart's *Requiem* with the glee club every afternoon at five for a spring concert with the Dartmouth College Glee Club. I often thought that that singing rescued me from something close to overwhelming despair. One morning I woke up after dreaming that the sky was still blue. Graduation followed shortly.

In September 1955, I left Charlotte for a year of graduate work in Boston followed by several years of work for Polaroid Corporation in Cambridge and Waltham. I did not consciously acknowledge it, but I am sure I was ready to expand my experiences. Very rapidly, the universe of 1114 Belgrave Pavement that was home was subsumed in new opportunities, new friends, another world and another time. I returned to Charlotte only for short visits—and to prepare for my wedding. Yes, a wedding is an excellent reason to go home.

In 1970 Daddy was sitting on the porch in his bathrobe reading the paper at nine in the morning before going to the hospital when the doorbell rang. It was Jim Batten, the new editor of the *Charlotte Observer*, asking if he was interested in selling the house. Dilworth was once again a desirable place to live in Charlotte because of its convenience to downtown. Daddy said, "Come in," and six weeks later Mother and Daddy had moved out of the family home they built in 1937 and into a rented apartment while they decided about their next house. A year later they moved back to 1208 Belgrave Place, a one-story house just down the block, where they could keep an eye on what was going on at the well-loved house with the address now updated to 1114 Belgrave Place.

The Charles Wilson Robinson, Sr. Family

Bill, Daddy, Charlie, Grandfather Robinson and me. As I remember, Grandfather was quiet and kind.

This is the family that peopled my life when I was growing up. I saw them at church or Sunday evening gatherings. Some we saw on occasions like weddings and funerals; some, I was in and out of their houses because cousins were my friends. Grandfather Robinson (Charles Wilson Robinson) died in 1938 when I was five. Grandmother Robinson (Grace Knox Robinson) died of kidney disease when Daddy was fourteen, so I did not know her. There were ten children in Daddy's family. Amazingly, all lived; nine married and had twenty-one children, my first cousins.

The Robinsons were of good Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock who came to Mecklenburg County in North Carolina through Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The earliest Robinson I found in the oldest Sugaw Creek Cemetery was that of Robert Robison, born in 1751 and died in 1839. (Daddy said that a schoolteacher said that Robison was not the correct spelling and changed it to Robinson.) I am interested in Elam Robinson, born in 1818 and died March 22, 1888. He was my great-grandfather. He had several wives, one of whom was Margaret Allison Alexander. They had several children whom I knew fairly well: Uncle Joe, Aunt Emma (Hoover), and my grandfather, Charles. Elam must have had a substantial farm on both sides of Derita Road. When I was growing up, it had become the separate farms of Uncle Joe, Aunt Emma, and my grandfather. Uncle Joe and Granddaddy were primarily dairy farmers, but I remember walking through cotton fields across Derita Road to reach the little branch where watercress grew.

The Robinson sons moved off the farm and did well for themselves: Harold was an executive at Kimbrell's Furniture Store; Ralph owned Robinson Electric; Preston was a banker; Willis was a salesman for Funderburk Drug Company; Charles was a doctor. Daughters Elizabeth, Sarah, and Mary taught school. Almost all had a college education, many of the boys at Davidson College. Charles Robinson IV, my nephew, found out that nineteen Robinsons had been to Davidson, including my sons, Rob and Will. Now, grandson, Charles Pennell, makes it twenty.

The Charles Wilson Robinson, Sr. Family — 1972

Front row left to right: Graham, David, Shel, Randy, John, Bill, Will, Louise

Second row left to right: Julie, Aunt Minnie, Theo, Aunt Gladys, Aunt Elizabeth, Dorothy, Aunt Marie (Ralph's wife), Aunt Helen (Preston's wife), Martha

Third row left to right: ___, Shirley, Aunt Mary, Aunt Dorothy (Mac's wife), Ashley, Charles, Bill, ___, ___, Rob. Jean, Carolyn, Harriet, Mandy, Mother, Cornelia, Steve

Back row left to right: John, Tim, Guy, ___, Mac, Bill Oden, Joan, Charlie, Uncle Jennings (Elizabeth's husband), Uncle Preston, Betty, Jim, Daddy. Bill

My Robinson aunts, uncles, and cousins

(Note: I listed the married name of cousins whose last name changed.)

Charles Wilson Robinson, Sr.
(February 28, 1865–November 20, 1938)
married **Grace Knox Robinson**
(March 15, 1868–June 30,1914)
on August 12, 1890.

Harold and Carrie Robinson
Harold, Jr.

Ralph and Marie Robinson
John Knox , Dorothy

Minnie Robinson

Willis and Gladys Robinson
Sam, Nancy Heintzelman

Preston and Helen Robinson
Jean, Harriet Dunbar

Charles and Mildred Robinson
Louise Singleton, Charlie, Bill, Steve

Elizabeth and Jennings Earnhardt
Betty Barrus, Carolyn Walker, Midgie Speight

Sarah and John Alexander
Jane Cooper, Tom Alexander

Mary and Claude Titman
Guy Titman

Alexander (Mac) and Dorothy Robinson
Susanne Hardy, Alex, and Tim

Charles Wilson Robinson, Sr., and Grace Knox Robinson. I assume this is their wedding portrait.

The Charles Wilson Robinson, Jr. Family

Daddy and Mother on their wedding day

Charles Wilson Robinson, Jr. and **Mildred Randolph Gane** were married in Byrn Mawr, Pennsylvania, on September 10, 1932. It was the Depression and Daddy had just completed his internship at Bryn Mawr Hospital. They returned to Charlotte to live.

Mother and Daddy had three boys and one girl; John and I repeated the pattern. Charlie and Bill, my brothers, came along every two years behind me with Bill born on the same date, July 1; Steve was born after a five-year break. In all, Mother and Daddy have ten grandchildren and nineteen great-grandchildren.

Charlie went to Davidson College and University of North Carolina School of Medicine. He was drafted in 1963 and joined the Army's Berry Plan in order to be deferred from active duty until he completed his Pathology residency and training. Upon completion, he was sent in 1965 to be Chief of Special Hematology at Brook Army Medical Center in San Antonio, Texas. He never left. He practiced pathology in San Antonio until he retired in 1998. He is an expert in investments. He is married to Cynthia and has two children, Ashley, a medical practice manager and Charles IV, owner of an investment firm.

Bill went to North Carolina State University and the University of North Carolina School of Law. He spent a year in the Army tank corps

in the Mojave Desert in California during the Berlin Crisis. He practiced law in Charlotte, was a county judge, owns and manages real estate, and plays a lot of tennis. He is married to Annette and his sons are Shel, a lawyer, and Randy, manager of commercial properties.

Mother with me, and Bill, Steve, and Charlie, from left to right, 1995

Steve went to Davidson College, received an MBA at Emory University, and after working for Fieldcrest Mills for several years, decided he wanted to be a preacher. He went to Columbia Bible College in Columbia, South Carolina and was ordained. He had a church in Belmont, North Carolina for many years and now lives in Charlotte. He initiated and actively supports a project in India to assist recently graduated Indian seminarians to start new churches. He maintains an excellent vegetable garden. He and his wife Cornelia have two sons, Graham, a lawyer, and Bill, writer of Christian films.

I graduated from Agnes Scott College, received a certificate from the Harvard-Radcliffe Program in Business Administration in Boston, and earned a master's in Public Health from the University of Colorado. John and I raised a family in Denver. After many rewarding working and volunteer positions, we retired to Santa Fe. Details will follow below.

My Parents, Brothers, and Our Children

Charles Wilson Robinson, Jr. (September 8, 1900–January 29, 1992)
Married **Mildred Randolph Gane** (February 20, 1910–April 29, 2004)
September 10, 1932.

Louise Randolph Robinson (b. July 1, 1933)
Married **John Weir Singleton**, October 3, 1959.
(Our children, Rob, Martha, David, and Will, and their children, are found in "128 Eudora Street.")

Charles Wilson Robinson III (b. May 17, 1935)
Married **Joan Atkinson** December 20, 1958. Divorced.
2nd wife, Cynthia Cartall Peyton, married August 22, 1980

Ashley Robinson (b. February 1, 1960)
Married Stanley Ray Dike, May 1987. Divorced.
Peyton Ray Dike (b. May 1, 1990)
Stuart Rex Dike (b. February 26, 1998)

Charles Wilson Robinson IV (b. March 15, 1962)
Married Amy Campbell Abbey, March 7, 1992.
Ramsey Campbell Robinson (b. October 27, 1998)
Charles Wilson Robinson V (b. June 22, 2000)

William Gane Robinson (b. July 1, 1937)
Married **Theo Couchell**, April 7, 1962. Divorced.
Second wife, Kate Widenhouse Carriker, married March 3, 1977.
Deceased.
Third wife, Annette Evans, married April 30, 2006.

William Couchell Robinson (Shel) (b. August 30, 1965)
Married Stacey Evans, August 24, 1992.
William Couchell Robinson, Jr. (Shel) (b. April 24, 1996)
Dallas Braxton Robinson (b. April 9, 1998)
Charles Luke Robinson (b. May 17, 2002)

Randolph Gane Robinson (b. August 24, 1967)
Married Jennifer Willis. Divorced.
Second wife, Wanda Spolnicki, married September 2, 2006.
Abigail Robinson (b. June 16, 1998)

Stephen Alexander Robinson (b. December 3, 1942)
Married **Cornelia Graham**, December 29,1964. Cornelia died April 25, 2015.

Stephen Graham Robinson (b. August 4, 1967)
Married Marsie Cranford, July 1, 2000.
Ellen Watts Robinson (b. October 4, 2002)
William Cranford Robinson (b. October 4, 2002)

William Alexander Robinson (b. April 21, 1970)
Married Katherine McKethan, June 18, 1994.
Rachel Reade Robinson (b. May 8, 1999)
Paige Elisabeth Robinson (b. June 21, 2001)
William McKethan (Mac) Robinson (b. August 3, 2003)

Putting the Jelly in a Jar

This is not a recipe for how to make jelly or preserves. There is still argument about how to do that successfully and have the jelly or jam have that perfect jelly consistency that spoons out of the jar in a solid glob and spreads gracefully on a piece of warm toast. This is how to make the maneuvers to get delicious scalding hot jelly or preserves into jars to go on your shelf. It is a kinetic experience requiring dexterity and care. You will need:

- Jars washed in the dishwasher; new lids and screw-on jar rings
- A 9 by12 inch cake pan with an inch of water
- A small saucepan with a clean dishcloth, sitting in an inch of boiling water.
- Pyrex measuring cup or other dipping utensil
- A dishtowel on the counter to receive and cover the jars
- Tongs for handling the jars and lids
- Hot pads

Put the clean jars mouth down in the cake pan along with lids. Place over low heat. The water will suck up into the jars as it gets hot, so move a jar every now and then to let water out of the jars to keep water in the pan.

When the jam is ready, put a jar into the small pan with the cloth in hot water. Wrap the cloth around the jar to protect it from cool drafts and cracking. Dip the boiling jam out of the pot and fill the jar to about a quarter inch from the top. Wipe off spills. Put a lid on the jar and screw down with a jar ring. Lift the jar to the waiting towel on the counter with a hot pad and cover with a towel. Screw the lid down tight. Lift the next hot jar out of the cake pan supply and put in the small pan. Repeat until all the preserves are safely in their jars. Make sure all lids are tightly sealed. When the jelly is cool, label and put on the shelf. Listen for the lids to pop as they cool.

The Gane Family
Bill, Fred, Doc, Peggy, Grandma, Bobby, Mildred, Grandpop, Mary, Eleanor (behind), Jim, 1926. Mother said Grandma was expecting Jane and she was afraid she might not live.

A Yankee World

831 Old Lancaster Road
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

The summer I was twelve, I went to Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, to visit my grandparents and my aunts and uncles. It was 1945, still wartime, so travel by train was limited. Two weeks before the day I wanted to travel, Daddy took me to the Southern Railroad train station in Charlotte about eight o'clock to wait in line until midnight, which was when Charlotte's quota of four tickets went on sale. Southern segregation was in force, and as I sat there I had plenty of time to study the signs requiring separate facilities for colored and for white people: separate waiting areas, separate drinking fountains, separate rest rooms. I was alone and uneasy. I watched the big round clock as the hands crept closer to midnight. Finally, it was my turn to go to the ticket window, and I bought a ticket to ride the Southerner with the new smooth riding coach cars with the luxurious seats that reclined. I would ride alone, all the way to Philadelphia.

Charlotte was one world. Bryn Mawr was quite another. I loved to enter this other world. In Philadelphia, there were big buildings, crowded cobblestone streets, and neighborhood bars with colored lights outlining the windows. The train arrived in Thirtieth Street Station in Philadelphia early in the morning after the overnight trip. Grandma and Grandpop, Anna and Harry Gane, were there on the platform to meet the train. We walked back through the cavernous lobby with the

booming voice announcing the stops south: "Wil-ming-ton...Bal-ti-more...Wa-shing-ton." We piled in the car for the trip out the Main Line to their home at 831 Old Lancaster Road in Bryn Mawr.

831 Old Lancaster Road, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

The house at 831 Old Lancaster Road had three-stories with dark wood shingles. It had a large wrap around porch and a double entry front door. You came in the first door and closed it before you went in the second to cut down on the Pennsylvania cold winter draft. That brought you into a spacious hall with a fireplace and mantle where we hung our stockings at Christmas and a big chair where Grandpop took his afternoon nap with his lighted cigar still in this mouth. There was a record player next to the couch by the front window, where I loved to listen to songs like "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "Begin the Beguine." But I would never admit that I loved those songs because I studied piano and was supposed to like Mozart. There was a wide, graceful stairway that went up and turned past a landing with a broad bay window filled with plants on the deep windowsill. The tall window looked out at the grassy side yard and a large maple tree. Mother liked to talk about coming down those stairs to be married with "Here Comes the Bride" played on the wind-up Victrola.

There was a parlor on the right, which seemed to me to be mostly used at Christmas time when a Christmas tree touched the ceiling. Behind that was a large dining room with a bay window and a table for twelve to fourteen, covered with a brown pad and crocheted tablecloth. Meals there were fine affairs, tending toward rib roast and three kinds of potatoes, because Jimmy liked his mashed, Grandpop liked his boiled, and Bobby liked his baked in with the roast. Grandpop always sat at the end of the table and carved.

A narrow hall went from the entry hall past the stairs to the kitchen. A pantry joined the kitchen and the dining room. There was a half-round table in the kitchen covered with oilcloth where my Aunt Jane had her Ovaltine as she dashed out the door in the morning to work at Sun Oil, and where anyone who was there gathered before bedtime for milk and Poor Man's Cake. There was one sink in the kitchen for cooking and washing up the pans and another sink in the pantry for doing the dishes. I spent a lot of time at the pantry sink, sometimes drying and putting away, and sometimes washing. Washing the pots and pans was Jane's job. You could see out the pantry window to the back porch and the back yard. The closed in area of the back porch had a wringer washing machine and washtubs. And to my delight, there was a sloping cellar door to the left of the back porch steps.

Mother, Grandma (Anna Mary), me, my great-grandmother, called Grandma Randolph (Anna Mary Ramsey Randolph)—of bear fame, 1937

Upstairs was a front bedroom, occupied when I was very young by Grandma Randolph, my great-grandmother. She was usually dressed in gray or black with a neat white

lacy collar. You had to be very proper and quiet when you went to speak to her as she sat rocking in the old horsehair rocker in her room. By the time I was twelve, the room was used to house Christmas presents Grandma began accumulating during the summer and fall, whenever Strawbridge's and Wanamaker's had sales. By Christmas the door was locked against children who were too nosy.

Next was Grandma and Grandpop's room. Grandma was up early every morning and on Sunday morning, Grandpop slept in. Sometimes Grandma put up her sewing machine in there to mend or work on a dress for one of my cousins. She rarely made one for me, because Mother was very good at sewing.

The big middle room was mostly unoccupied at this time. I stayed in the back bedroom that was Peggy's room. The rumor was that she had sometimes slipped out the bedroom door to an upstairs porch, slid down the rainspout, and gone out on the town. There was a bathroom with a tub and a long red hose that plugged onto the narrow waterspout with a round spray head on the other end for washing your hair.

Steep dark backstairs went to the kitchen from the second floor hall, right beside a huge linen closet. In my memory, Grandmother was often in that closet, always carrying something over her arms. That summer I found her there to tell her that I had some bleeding. Mother had told me about it, but it had not happened before. Grandma

Grandma, with my Uncle Bill and Mother, 1913

quickly provided the necessary supplies and no more was said about it. She died ten years later at sixty-eight, but it did not seem strange to me then that at almost sixty she looked old, with her thin white hair pulled severely back in a bun, wearing a simple cotton work dress and an apron with her cameo at the neck. I did not realize until much later that she had been a very stylish young woman.

There were narrow stairs up to the third floor where there were two bedrooms and a bath. Mother said that her room used to be on the third floor looking out on a large oak tree. She would retreat there and shut her door, hiding to get away from the constant work and lively activity of being blessed with nine younger brothers and sisters.

Since Mother was the oldest of ten, the youngest, my Aunt Jane, was seven years older than I. In 1945, most of my aunts and uncles had married and moved into homes of their own, but Jane and Peggy, the two youngest, were still there. Almost everyone else lived in the neighborhood. They stopped by frequently for lunch. Grandpop came from his grocery store—Gane and Snyder's—several blocks away, bringing thin-sliced boiled ham and Swiss cheese for lunch. Some afternoons he went to the races. I always wanted to go with him, but Grandma would not allow it. He was about the same height as Grandma, slim, with a good head of white hair that bristled up from his high forehead. As a young man, he had dark hair, the Gane nose with a knob on the bone, and he was good looking. It is easy to see where the Gane children—especially the boys—got their good looks. He always spoke kindly to me. And he always smelled like cigar smoke.

One of the things that made Bryn Mawr wonderfully different from Charlotte was that I had easy access to a small-town main street, Lancaster Pike. Grandpop would send me over to the News Agency for a paper, or a cigar, or an ice cream treat. I'd cut through the walk to Summit Grove Avenue, past the row houses where people knew me and waved, past the laundry to Lancaster Pike. There were three blocks of shops before the cross street that went to the bank and the Bryn Mawr Main Line commuter train station. The store, Gane and Snyder's, was at the end of the first long block. Gane and Snyder's started in 1903 as a wagon grocery and remained in business for seventy-five years. In 1920

my grandfather and Mr. Snyder built the store with apartments above the store and garages. My uncles worked there and drove delivery trucks to take food orders to Main Line families. I loved to be invited to ride along. In the next block there was a movie theater. I went to see *The Song of Bernadette* and could not stop crying for hours after the movie was over. There was also a bakery where the chocolate éclairs were the most creamy delicious. A library and a tennis court were further down the road.

Front row left to right: Jane, Peggy, Bobby, Jimmy, Mary
Middle row left to right: Doc (Randolph), Fred, Eleanor, Bill, Mildred
Back row left to right: Grandpop, Grandma, 1951

But the best part was that my aunts and uncles lived in apartments over the store or in nearby homes, so every day I could go to visit. Many had young children and wonderful stories about growing up and the love lives of their sisters. Uncles were handsome and teased me about being a rebel and going barefoot and being red on the head. My aunts were young and pretty and busy with their friends and work. As the oldest grandchild, I could delight in my status and explore this world with confidence in their affection for me. And they were always lively and had a good time together.

These summer trips by myself were special because I was remarkably free to roam the neighborhood at will and mine the everyday richness of the lives of the Gane clan. But it was during family trips at Christmas that the full power of the Gane family culture and traditions came into focus. My brothers and I loved to go to Bryn Mawr for Christmas. It was not that I did not like Christmas in Charlotte, but celebration was tempered by my Father's Presbyterian suspicion that too much gift giving, decorating, and high spirits might interfere with the true meaning of Christmas. And in Charlotte, it almost never snowed.

It is hard to decide which was more exciting—being there or getting there. We went overnight on the Southern Railroad Pullman car. The train made up in Charlotte about 7:30 in the evening. Daddy took us to the station in our pajamas, and we were already in bed before the train left the station. This was necessary because Mother suffered from motion sickness. She boarded with her baby-blue enamel baby's potty in its carrying box in case of illness, and was unable to stir for the duration of the trip.

The rest of us, my three younger brothers and myself, were portioned out into upper and lower berths. There was a porter who made sure that we did not run up and down the curtained aisles too often to the fascinating bathroom with the corner steel sink and the toilet that flushed out onto the tracks ("Don't flush in the station").

I slept in a lower berth. Green serge curtains buttoned me in. White linens and tan blankets were made up tight as government issue. There were little green net bags slung from a hook on the wall to hold my belongings

and small lights with white plastic covers. It was a world in itself—muffled quiet, swaying rhythmically from side to side as the train rocked north.

We were supposed to sleep. But at every stop and sometimes in between, I'd squeeze together the metal fastener that released the window shade to slide up and peeked out to see if I could see where we were. At each station people shouted goodbye on the platform and whispered as they brushed past my curtained berth. Then the conductor blew his whistle, the car door banged, bells clanged, steam hissed, and we lurched off again.

The porter made up berths in the early morning. The upper berth folded into the wall above, and our seats faced each other beside the windows where we could look out into the gray morning light. In Washington, the Southern train switched to the Pennsylvania Railroad and was powered by overhead electric lines. Amazingly, the train now glided as it started. We knew we were getting close to Thirtieth Street Station in Philadelphia because we could look in the windows of buildings close to the tracks. And, there was snow on the ground. We went underground, the train came to a smooth stop, and we rushed out to join the hurried crowd on the platform telling porters what to do with their bags and Christmas packages. Grandma and Grandpop were waiting.

On Christmas Eve morning my uncles carried in a tree and set it up in the parlor. The tree was cut off at the bottom so it just touched the ceiling. After the colored lights were on, we hung up magical, delicate ornaments—colored balls and little houses, Santas and Christmas trees, icicles and birds. A sheet was put around the bottom, the lights were lit; we "oohed" and "ahhed" and waited.

At four o'clock Grandma took us to the children's service at the Baptist Church. After carols and a retelling of the Christmas story, we went to the front to pick up a little red-mesh stocking full of candy. Cousin Mary invited me to go to the Episcopal midnight Christmas Eve service with her. Cousin Mary O'Neill was Mother's first cousin, a little older than Mother and a businesswoman. She worked at the Bryn Mawr Trust Company managing people's money and had a big house and was not married. She treated me like the daughter she didn't have, asking me to come spend the night, often bringing me little gifts or taking me

Every Christmas there was a Christmas Party at Cousin Mary's house, 1946

out for special treats. The evening was snowy and cold enough to blow breath rings. Electric candles glowed in the windows of almost every house. The aisles of the beautiful gothic Church of the Redeemer were lined with red candelabra, greens and elegant red bows. The organ and choir filled the church with the songs of angels.

I hung my knee sock with the others on the mantel above the fireplace in the entry hall. On Christmas morning it was full of oranges, tangerines, walnuts, pecans, and hard candy. All of us—aunts, uncles, and cousins—gathered around the tree. The enormous pile of presents that Grandma had been accumulating in the locked bedroom since July seemed to fill the room. Packages were wrapped in white paper with red string. Sometimes the red string had silver thread through it. One by one we opened them—socks, pajamas, gloves, an occasional slip or nightgown. For the girl cousins there were dresses made by Grandma with smocking or embroidery. Uncles Bob and Jim ceremoniously gave me a fancy package with lots of boxes one inside the other. The smallest had a piece of coal wrapped in tissue paper. They thought this was very funny. Cousin Mary made me a little basket fitted out as a cradle with a tiny doll with an entire wardrobe of hand made clothes.

Christmas dinner was lavish in the Yankee style with all the provisions available to a grocer with the best butcher in Bryn Mawr— turkey and

rib roast, three kinds of potatoes, creamed onions, vegetables, cranberry jelly, ambrosia, and the very best part: warm plum pudding made in the English tradition by great Aunt Jane, Grandpop's sister, and hard sauce made by me. It was always Cousin Mary's job to bring the ice cream for Christmas dinner—a molded Santa Claus made of raspberry sherbet and vanilla ice cream. With luck, I could sit at the big table and not at the card tables with the little kids. We drew names for a table gift. Mine was a ball and jacks.

After dinner, Grandpop, great-Aunt Jane and Cousin Mary vigorously discussed politics. None of them liked Roosevelt; he would be the ruin of the country. The women started in on a mountain of dirty dishes in the pantry with my help, while Jane, my youngest aunt, washed the pots and pans in the sink in the kitchen.

It was snowing. I went out, closed the inside door so the cold air wouldn't come in and paused briefly in the tiny vestibule, before I opened the outside door and stepped out on the porch in the soft and crunchy snow.

The Harry and Anna Randolph Gane Family

Harry Gane was born in Bath, England, April 17, 1879, and died in November 1957. His family moved to Bryn Mawr when he was four. He married Anna Mary Randolph, June 17, 1908. Harry was the son of George Gane (d. 1896) and Caroline Louisa Lacey, (d. 1918). Anna Mary Randolph (June 25, 1886–January 16, 1953) was the daughter of Thomas Higbee F. Randolph (May 23,1852–April 28, 1901) and Anna Mary Hunter Ramsey (September 15, 1851–May 23, 1942.). We always called her Grandma Randolph.

Harry Gane with cigar

Harry's father, George, was the son of the keeper of the Beehive Pub in Bath, England. George eloped with Caroline Louise Lacey, my great-grandmother when she was sixteen. She was raised by a maiden lady named Aunt Gill who owned the pub. They had twelve children, two of whom died in infancy. George came to the United States with his eldest

son George. Caroline Louise came a few years later in 1883 with Polly, Frederick, and Harry, my grandfather. In this country, George became a specialist in stonework and built the house where the family lived on County Line Road. He died before his youngest son, Lacey, was born, leaving great grandmother Caroline Louisa Gane with nine children. Mother's first cousin John Gane, Uncle Fred's son, said that records at Yale show Gane is Welsh, first borne by a Yoeman in the Royal Guards in the thirteenth century.

Grandma Randolph's husband, Thomas Higbee Randolph, was a cigar manufacturer. After he died, she sold laces, embroideries, and fabrics in a store in her house off Haverford Road in Bryn Mawr.

Mother at about age eighteen

Mother graduated from Lower Merion High School as did her siblings. She studied and practiced physical therapy, which is how she met my father. She was twenty-two when they married in September 1932, and Daddy was thirty-two. My aunts and uncles did not go to college. Bill, Jim, and Bobby worked in the store. Bill eventually owned the store until he sold it in the 1990s to a vitamin and food supplement dealer. Supermarkets had long since made the independent grocery

business difficult. Randolph (Doc) got a CPA and Fred was a milkman. Bill, Jim and Bobby lived above the store. In my visits, a favorite was "Hutch," Bob's wife. She was a nurse at Bryn Mawr Hospital and full of stories and very interested in what was going on in my life.

Eleanor, the daughter after Mother, had diphtheria as a young child and was always frail but spirited. She married Dick Lillich when she was still quite young. That marriage ended in divorce, as did the marriage of Jane, the youngest. Mary married Gene Brooks who was a printer with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Mother thought Gene should not drink beer. Mary was always athletic and an excellent seamstress. Peggy had an office job and eloped with Carl Zipf. Recently, I asked Carl why they eloped. He said that they did not want to put Peg's family to the expense of a big wedding. Carl's father, Mr. Zipf, was a big-city CPA and Mrs. Zipf had gone to Bryn Mawr College. The Zipf's had a large house across from Bryn Mawr Hospital on Bryn Mawr Avenue. Peggy and Carl lived most of their lives in that house until Mrs. Zipf died at ninety-eight. They were eventually able to sell the property and moved to the Chesapeake Bay area. We usually stayed there when we went to visit after 831 was bought by Bryn Mawr Hospital and a residence for nurses was built in its place.

I was the oldest grandchild with nineteen first cousins. Many of them I did not know well. I went to a family gathering in September 2009. Most aunts and uncles had died. At that time Peggy and Carl were still living, as were Bob and Hutch, Doc and Beegee (Leah, Doc's first wife, died of Lou Gehrig's Disease) and Jane. They, along with most of my cousins, have moved out of Bryn Mawr to more suburban areas like York and Gilbertsville near Lancaster.

Doc, who moved to Georgia to be with his son Brad after Beegee's death, died April, 2014. Bob died on April 1, 2014 of pneumonia. He was ninety-one. Mary died of Alzheimer's in Kansas where her son Bob lives. Peggy died of Alzheimer's on February 27, 2015 and I went back to York, Pennsylvania to celebrate her life. Carl followed shortly on May 21st. They were both ninety. Jane Gane Sutton is still living with her daughter in New Jersey, but has Alzheimer's. Hutch, my Uncle Bobby's wife, died June 20, 2015 after a long illness. It is hard to rearrange my

thinking to accommodate the absence of my Gane aunts and uncles. Other than Peggy and Carl's children, Ginny, Linda, and Bud, I barely know my Gane cousins, if at all.

Bill, Anna Mary, Eleanor, Mildred, Fred, and Harry, 1914

My Gane aunts, uncles, and cousins

(Note: if the last name of a cousin is Gane, I did not repeat it.)

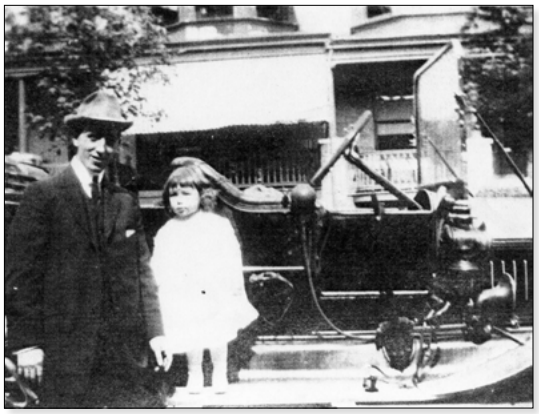
Harry Gane (1879–1957)
Married **Anna Mary Randolph** (1886–1953) on June 17, 1908.

Mildred and Charles Robinson
Louise Singleton, Charlie Robinson, Bill Robinson, Steve Robinson

Bill and Annette Gane
Patricia Berenson, Susan Reese

Eleanor and Dick Lillich
divorced
Richard Lillich

Fred and Mildred Gane
Mary Anne Meyers, Fred, Nancy Ray



Mildred tries the running board of Grandpop's new car.

Randolph (Doc) and Leah Gane, second wife Beegee
Randolph, Bradley

Mary and Gene Brooks
Robert Brooks, Eugene (Hank) Brooks

Jim and Florence (Flossie) Gane
James, Barbara (Bonnie) Fhimp

Bob and Belva (Hutch) Gane
Stephen, Robin

Peggy and Carl Zipf
Virginia Zipf, Carl (Buddy) Zipf, Linda Krom

Jane and Ed Sutton, divorced
Cheryl Briggs, Sandra Sutton

Aunt Jane, Grandpop, Grandma, and Cousin Mary

My mother, Mildred Gane, at age eighteen, 1928

Poor Man's Cake

Recipe of Anna Randolph Gane, my Grandmother

1 package *seeded* raisins. (Hard to find now—but may be available in specialty stores.)
Cook in 2 cups water for 15 minutes after they start to boil. Cool to warm.
Grease 10-inch tube pan and line with wax paper. Preheat oven to 350–375 degrees.

Cream together with mixer:
½ cup Crisco
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg

Then mix by hand, adding:
cooked raisins with juice
1 cup cold water
3 ½ cups sifted flour

Last add 2 teaspoons baking soda dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water.
Mix well by hand but do not overbeat.

Pour into tube pan. Bake for 1 hour or slightly more.
Cool upright at least 1 hour. Flip onto plate. Leave paper on until ready to serve.
(For high altitude, add ⅓ cup water to cold water and increase flour by 4 tablespoons.)

This cake was a favorite with a glass of milk about ten in the evening at the kitchen table at 831 Old Lancaster Road when someone dropped by. It lasts a long time and is always delicious. It was probably called Poor Man's Cake because it required no eggs or butter.

The Wedding Party

These friends and family helped us get married:
John Potts, Margaret Williamson, Ted Schomburg, John, me, Daddy, Carolyn Williamson, Hank Edmunds, Caroline Love Myers, Steve, and Bill Robinson

Finding My Feet

Eight Addresses in Six Years: Cambridge, Bethesda, Denver

Margaret Williamson and I sat in her room in the tower at Agnes Scott College and studied the information for the Harvard-Radcliffe Program in Business Administration, the Management Training Program (MTP). It was a dreary February Atlanta afternoon of our senior year. The Management Training Program was a one-year certificate program housed at Radcliffe and taught by Harvard Business School professors. Both of us were clear that we did not want to marry preachers and even more, we did not want to be nurses or schoolteachers. Margaret was from Little Rock, Arkansas and I was from Charlotte, North Carolina. Neither one of us was anxious to go back to our homes and settle in. We applied. Maybe we would never be seriously interested in a career, but if our future husband died, we could at least get a job. Of course, I knew of Radcliffe and Harvard, but it was too far outside my world for me to be either impressed or worried about being admitted.

By September 1955, Margaret had received a Fulbright Scholarship and was off to Oxford, England. I spent a breathless weekend in New York City en route to Boston where I had enrolled in the MTP. There were ninety-six young women in the program, which was started during World War II to give women education about the business world.

Women were not admitted to the Harvard Business School until some years later.

Students were divided into seven houses. My house was at 27 Trowbridge Street, on the corner of Harvard Street and Trowbridge. It was an old Victorian dark red wood house assigned to seven girls coming from Maine, Detroit, two from New York, and two from Philadelphia. I had a single room off the rickety fire escape on the second floor at the back of the house. We cooked our own meals, walked everywhere, and had one pay phone mounted on the wall in the front hall across from the small living room.

Every morning we walked to Radcliffe on the other side of Harvard, sometimes through Harvard Yard, but usually down Mass Avenue and through Harvard Square. Students met as one body for marketing, retailing (an important field for women), personnel (another), and finance and accounting. We used the business school case method, which meant that there was a real world situation or "case" to be studied, analyzed, and the problem solved for every subject almost everyday. Business School students did the same thing, only they had a paper on a case due in writing at midnight every Saturday night.

Boston and Cambridge were glorious. The Charles River, which separates Boston and Cambridge ending in Boston Harbor and Charlestown, was endlessly interesting. Well-known products such as Carter's Ink displayed their place of business on signs three stories high along the Cambridge side, beyond Kendall Square across the river from the Mass General Hospital and Beacon Hill. Massachusetts Institute of Technology was also on the Cambridge side beyond the sailboats in the Charles River Basin. The Charles River between Harvard College and the Business School had wide grassy banks crowded with students on nice days and moonlit

Larz Anderson Memorial Bridge is a footbridge connecting the Business School side of the Charles River to the Cambridge, Harvard University side.

nights. Frisbees were yet to be invented, but picnics, Sunday morning newspapers, and students out for evening strolls were evidence that students had ample free time. Harvard Square, with the Wursthaus for hot pastrami sandwiches, the Window Shop for cottage cheese and sour cream omelets, Harvard Coop, the old movie theater where it was best to sit in the balcony, and yawning subway entrances, never ceased to fascinate me. In winter, there were wet snow and slippery fallen leaves on the irregular sidewalks. There were crisp blue skies in the fall and soft, fragrant days in the spring.

It is hard to imagine more fertile ground for meeting young men: there was Harvard Law School, Harvard Business School, Harvard Medical School, and associated residency programs. I don't think I consciously thought about going there to find a husband—although Mother may have, and realized what that was likely to mean for my future geographical location. Davidson College near Charlotte would have been her preferred source. But somehow that held little interest for me and no lasting relationship had developed there after four years of occasional Davidson weekends.

Agnes Scott had been stubbornly anti-alcohol, reinforced by a report-yourself honor code. My home had no alcohol, so I was rather unprepared for the abundance available in Cambridge. The Sunday night before Columbus Day—a holiday in early October I had never heard of before—I had a date to go to the Chancery Club at the Law School. This was a smoky basement crowded with too many people. I remember something about someone drinking out of my shoe and then waking up in my room about two in the afternoon on the Monday holiday. I remembered very little in between. Lesson learned: don't miss holidays, particularly one-of-a-kind perfect fall days in Cambridge.

Included in the MTP were two internships. I spent four weeks at Connecticut General Life Insurance Company in Hartford, living at the Evangeline Home for Young Ladies and trying to understand actuarial tables. I spent six weeks in Cleveland working for Thompson Products where I discovered the wonder of the polka danced by middle European co-workers. I also learned about FIFO, "First In First Out," LIFO, "Last In First Out," and the intricacies of inventory control.

Many classmates came to MTP from jobs and went back to better ones. Others had landed jobs by June, but I was still unemployed. I had decided, however, that I wanted to stay in Boston. My brother Charlie and I spent the summer. He took a course at Harvard, and I did clerical work for a professor in the School of Public Administration. We had a fine time. We had an apartment on Prentiss Street. I was paid on Friday afternoon and we would head out for an evening on the town. By Wednesday the next week we were eating rice and whatever was in the refrigerator. One evening we planned to double date. Charlie and my date went off to play golf and had not returned by evening. The evening grew later and later until I began to be not only angry, but worried. I called the police and asked about accidents. The policeman said, "Aw, don't worry, Lady. They are just having a good time." Yes, indeed.

By late August, I had a job working in personnel at Polaroid Corporation. I moved with three roommates to an apartment near Central Square in Cambridge. Polaroid was located on Cambridge Street between Central Square and Kendall Square. It seemed to me that my primary function for the first month was calling other manufacturing companies in the area to see if they were letting their employees go home early because the temperature was ninety-five degrees with humidity the same. There was no air conditioning and working conditions were uncomfortable.

Dr. Edwin Land, President of Polaroid Corporation

I settled into interviewing employees for the camera division and for the start up instant film manufacturing section. Polaroid was a remarkable company under the direction of Dr. Edward S. Land, who left Harvard as an undergraduate to work on polarizing lenses. He was a Bill Gates genius of his time. He believed that employees should be skilled and treated well. It did not feel like a hierarchical organization. There were in-house classes in mathematics,

physics, and management. He wrote a paper published in 1963 called, "The Second Great Product of Industry: The Rewarding Working Life." From my position in personnel, I knew the whole company well. I went home every Friday with a check for ninety-five dollars; checks tended to accumulate uncashed in my bag.

That year's annual Christmas Party was the last held for the entire company. Future parties would split into several by location—never as satisfactory. I went to Bonwit Teller and bought a Ceil Chapman silk/satin "little black dress" for $117. It had a barely-on-the-shoulder neckline, little cap sleeves with a slit and finished with a small bow, a fitted waist with a bow above a bell-shaped skirt to the knees. Mother had been very interested in clothes. She bought some on sale, but more often bought Vogue Magazine and stitched up a copy. I had never considered spending that much for a dress, but it was money well spent. At the party, a vice-president came over, took a cigarette out of one hand and a drink out of the other and led me to the dance floor. He gave me a ride home in his nice little Porsche. I thanked him and that was that. He barely nodded to me in the cafeteria the next day.

When Polaroid opened the film division on Route 128 in Waltham a year later, I was transferred there to help hire eight hundred machine operators, inspectors, machinists, and tool and die makers to manufacture Polaroid's hot new product—film that developed pictures in one minute. One day, an applicant for a job as a machinist from South Boston said, "Where y'all from, Honey Chile?" I was a twenty-three-year-old young woman from the South. My southern drawl along with being a young woman belied my interviewing competence. Something needed to be done. I began working on my business voice, which I thought changed—at least until I talked to someone from the South.

The next summer, three roommates and I rented a ramshackle wooden house out toward the end of Marblehead Neck, around the sailboat-filled harbor from the old town of Marblehead. A little rocky beach fronted our house, and a sandy one ran along the ocean side across the road. The Marblehead Yacht Club held down the end of the neck. Mother decided to visit for a week or so. We all left during the day

to go into Boston to work. I drove every day through the little towns strung together by Route 128, a kind of Silicon Valley, filled with new high technology plants and offices. Mother thought she had never been in such a lonely place. The fog settled in for the morning, and no one was around in the afternoon. The kitchen, however, was stacked to the ceiling with cases of beer. JoAnn's brother was pleased that we had a place on the beach and wanted to be sure we did not run out. Daddy came and we had a lobster feed on the neck's ocean-side beach. Lobsters were one dollar apiece for live chicken lobsters. We got a big metal container, made a fire on the beach, and threw the lobsters into the boiling water. Voilà! Gorgeously orange and delicious. Daddy had never eaten a lobster before. I have never seen anyone before or since devour a lobster down to the shell the way he did, complete with appropriate slurping noises.

My Cambridge life was a nomadic existence. I do not remember changing addresses with the post office. Most apartments were furnished for the large student population, so moving was a simple matter of packing up clothes and the old Royal portable typewriter. If supplementary pots and pans were needed, they could be bought at a second hand store. In my third year at Polaroid, I was back in Cambridge, living again in an apartment at the corner of Harvard Street and Trowbridge, but this time at 370 Harvard Street. This corner seemed to be the center for fire trucks and ambulances. The sirens would sound and everyone—mostly students—would pour out into the street to comment on the excitement. Roommates changed a little from year to year. This year included Carolyn Williamson and her sister Ellie. Carolyn also worked in personnel for Polaroid and went on to have quite a career in Boston in wage and salary administration for several companies and as a private consultant.

Two winters before, I had dated a resident at Boston City Hospital. We had frequently spent evenings playing bridge with Don and Peggy Sutherland in their appalling basement apartment on the Fens, where their runny nosed children were annoyingly in evidence. Peggy was red eyed and weary. The resident and I parted company when I declined to join him in bed. This was before the era of the pill and I was quite

clear that I did not want the inconvenience of an unplanned pregnancy. The fall of 1958, I got a call from Don, a resident at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He said he had looked for me for a year to introduce me to a friend, John Singleton.

John called and made a date to go to dinner. He arrived and I looked at this tall, thin man with a crew cut and a shy smile. My roommates came to say hello as I got my coat. We went to Ida's, a small Italian restaurant in the north end of Boston near Mass General Hospital where John was a first year resident. I found a worm in my salad. John said:

There was an old man from Kew
Who found a mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
And wave it about
All the others will want one too."

I invited John to Thanksgiving dinner at our apartment. I heard nothing further until New Years Eve Day when he called to ask me out for that evening. I already had a date. I heard nothing more. I sent him a valentine and the rest is history. House officers live a tough life, making courting difficult. He was on call all night every other night and half asleep when we went out, but it was a beautiful spring and he found time enough for us to go canoeing, on picnics, and to dinner. At work, my desk faced into the wall

John Weir Singleton, MD

behind a glass partition. I would sometimes prop my chin on my hand, pencil in hand, looking very busy while I was half asleep.

John was a dream come true. A gentle-man who was quiet spoken, a little shy, he had excelled at academics, held down a prestigious training spot at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and seemed to know all about things like theater, books, and the big city. We were engaged in June before John joined the Public Health Service to fulfill his draft obligation and went to the National Institutes of Health (NIH) in Bethesda, Maryland on July 1, 1959—change day for those in the medical world. He would work with Dr. Len Laster, a gastroenterologist, doing research that involved a lot of shaking stool in paint cans.

Jack and Isabelle Singleton, John and me, Mother and Daddy

We were married October 3, 1959 on a beautiful Saturday afternoon in Covenant Presbyterian Church—the closest thing Charlotte had to a cathedral. I did not meet John's family until the weekend of the wedding, and more importantly, they did not meet me. John was an only child, and I am sure they were happy but concerned about this southern woman he had chosen. As for Mother, she was delighted. I often felt like my wedding was Mother's wedding. I was her only daughter and she intended to make the most of the opportunity, seeing to the details with care and enthusiasm, and probably relief. When I was twenty-five, she said she didn't think I was ever going to get married. I'm sure she knew I would never return to Charlotte or to the South. Cinderella had married the handsome prince. Denver, John's hometown, would be our home when he finished his military service and residency.

We set up housekeeping at 9010 Ewing Drive in Bethesda, down the hill from the National Institutes of Health, backed up to a junior high school playground. This was an unfurnished rental house that no one had lived in for a while. I decided to paint the walls. At the end of the day my wool socks were covered with fleas. Large black spiders were legion and there was a termite problem, but we settled in and thought it a fine place to live. Half of John's Mass General class of residents had moved to Bethesda: Hank Edmunds, John Potts, the Remensnyders, Tashjians, Alttrochis, Martins, and Lewises. The women formed the Jolly Girls Art Club and went a morning a week to do plein air painting. Theater in Washington at the Arena Stage was excellent and we enjoyed being in the capitol during the beginning of the Kennedy Camelot.

Robby was born September 19, 1960 at the Bethesda Naval Hospital. Rob took his sweet time appearing on the scene—about three days and two false alarm trips to the hospital. I had a fine Navy doctor who thought I would enjoy watching the delivery from a mirror on the wall. Babies in the Navy hospital were wrapped tightly in white sailcloth and put in a long cart with dividers between each baby. I was supposed to go out in the hall and get my baby for feeding. We were told not to unwrap the baby. How could I not take a look to see this remarkable creature? I carefully unwrapped Robby, inspected him closely, admired

Robby did not seem particularly pleased with his parents.

his fingers and toes, and tried to put him back together again. No one commented. Having a baby at that time required a week in the hospital. A week after I was home, I began to run a fever and went back in to have an egg-sized hematoma evacuated. I had no idea my discomfort had not been the normal result of delivering a baby. Fortunately, Mother had come to help me with the new baby and was there while I left my beautiful new son and went back in the hospital for a couple of days. My care involved pumping breast milk every four hours, a mildly successful endeavor at best.

The next year we were back in Boston for John's second year of residency at Mass General Hospital. We lived in Brookline at 90 Summit Avenue, up the hill from the streetcar line on Brookline Avenue in half of a two-family house. I heard strange noises one afternoon when Rob was taking a nap. I went in to check. He was having a seizure. I picked him up and ran to our upstairs neighbors, who fortunately were home. They took me to Mass General. On the way, driving along Storrow Drive, Rob became very still and quiet. I was sure he had died. No one ever, before or since, has looked as good to me as John did that day waiting for us in the hospital entrance.

Proud Grandparents

Grandpa Jack, Rob, and John

Grandmother Isabelle

Granddaddy Charles

Grandma Mildred

Martha was born November 23, 1961 at Boston Lying-In Hospital (BLH). My doctor was the chief of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Harvard Medical School. He was old school. The common practice at the BLH was to have a baby with anesthesia or scopolamine, which keeps you from remembering. I told him I wanted to be awake and alert, as I had been in Bethesda. He said, "You had trouble with your last delivery, didn't you? Maybe that is why."

Martha was born the night before Thanksgiving Day. I counted minutes between labor pains on Wednesday as I fixed a turkey and made pie, while Robby pulled the pans out of the cupboards, and the news reported concern about nuclear threats from Russia. The Cuban Missile Crisis had been averted the year before, but there was still a great uneasiness in the world. I thought about what would happen if there were an attack when John was at the hospital and I was at home with one small child and about to have another. The wonder was that the baby was a beautiful girl. BLH served champagne with Thanksgiving dinner, but it was not appealing at the time. John came in looking beat. He had been invited with Robby to Thanksgiving dinner but had found keeping up with a fourteen-month-old to be a challenge. I never asked what happened to the Thanksgiving dinner I had prepared.

It was a long, hard winter. Robby had more seizures and a hernia operation. Martha spent half the winter in a steam tent with croup. John worked all the time. I would sit down at naptime to read to the children, and I was the one who slept. I had a stroller for Martha and a harness and leash for Robby. We would set off on walks down the long hill to pick up things at the grocery store or stop in Best and Company at the bottom of the hill on Brookline Avenue, then trudge back up the hill. Most of our friends were back in Boston including Hank and Martha Mel Edmunds. We talked on the phone, but there was no easy getting together to walk the children in the park.

By the following June, I was thoroughly ready to give up Boston and move to John's hometown of Denver. He planned to do a fellowship in gastroenterology at the University of Colorado with Fred Kern and then go into practice. We moved to 769 Gaylord Street, owned by Bill and Marriot Black, friends of Isabelle and Jack's. The arrangements were

made over the bridge table, when young Bill and Kathy Black decided to locate in Albuquerque rather than Denver as the Blacks had hoped. We were there two years. I was parked in front of the house, ready to take two children up the walk and in the door, when the radio program was interrupted to say that John Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. It still makes me tear up.

I was a different person from the twenty-one-year-old who couldn't get enough of looking at all the big buildings in New York and Boston. I had found that I could competently hold a job and thrive working and playing with a diversity of people. The formalities of southern small town life, surrounded by cousins and aunts and uncles, shifted to the new expectations of urban living with family far away. Denver would become my new home. I could make my own way. My horizons had broadened. Still, I did what I always expected: I married and had children. My husband would be the breadwinner; I would stay home and be a mother, which I learned was a challenging proposition in itself. My expectations about my life's work outside the home would not change for a long time.

Reading a pre-nap story with Martha and Robby

What's in a name?

John Robinson, September 19, 1960. Robinson is my maiden name.

Martha Weir, November 23, 1961. Weir is John's mother's maiden name.

David Randolph, March 18, 1966. His namesake is said to have had one of the first marriage licenses issued in New Jersey, May 25, 1740.

William Reynolds, April 3, 1968. A Virginia landowner whose Boston fiancé refused to marry him until he sold his slaves.

Home Base

128 Eudora Street
Denver, Colorado

For thirty-five years I looked across the street at Mrs. Clark's house. On a nice day in spring of 1999, it was a large hole in the ground with concrete forms poured to build a new home. The remains of the life Mr. and Mrs. Clark put into that house were sold in old pots and pictures and porch furniture at a garage sale just after Mrs. Clark moved to a senior residence late in 1998.

I was never fond of that house, a one-story brick ranch, which for most of its years, was painted a limp shade of green. Then, after it was spruced up with white paint and a new red roof, the aluminum front door was still bent. The front curtains were always drawn. In 1970, the Clarks objected to our plans to enlarge our house, because the proposed addition would not fit into the neighborhood—an irony since the house now under construction would be 5,000 square feet, the home of a young couple with five-year-old twins, Aaron and Anna. We made our case to the zoning board, and it permitted our addition—the first pop-top in the neighborhood. After that, we were courteous, but not really neighborly with the Clarks.

When we moved into our house at 128 Eudora Street in June of 1964, we were the beginning of a new generation for the block—the

128 Eudora, 1964, with locust tree

only young family. Next door to our south were Dr. and Mrs. McKenna. Dr. McKenna was retired and Mrs. McKenna was a slight, bird-like woman who was friendly enough but seemed to have very little to do after Dr. McKenna died. Mrs. McKenna's first greeting to us was, "Why don't you cut down that locust tree?" It cluttered their driveway with rake-resistant tiny leaves in the fall. To our north were the Chatlain's. They had two teenage children and moved to Cherry Hills not long after we moved in. The other residents were widows.

It was a strange stay-at-arms-length block, but I had grown up in a household where you were courteous to neighbors but did not necessarily seek them out as friends. My mother believed in brick walls. I would have liked it better if there had been more children and fewer single women. Once, I stood in the middle of the street and thought if we could get Mrs. Clark, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Mainett, and Mrs. Combs into a group house, we could free up three houses for families.

As I think back to February 1964, when we bought 128 Eudora Street, I do not remember why we bought this particular house. John and I had come back to Denver—his home—from Boston in July 1962

with Rob, twenty-two months and Martha, eight months old. Jack and Isabelle Singleton, John's parents, welcomed us enthusiastically. For two years, we rented a house at 769 Gaylord Street. It was a good house but not a permanent solution to our housing problem.

Dorothy Schomburg, a long-time family friend, was a realtor and found this house for us. It was a Writer Brothers house, two-story brick with wood siding on the second floor and garage, built in 1949 during Denver's post-war development boom. John had grown up in Park Hill, a well-established Denver neighborhood north of Seventeenth Avenue; but this neighborhood was reclaimed from prairie dogs and called Hilltop because it sits somewhat higher than the Cherry Creek basin. It is safely north of Alameda, which Isabelle considered the southern limits of where it was appropriate to live in Denver unless you lived in Cherry Hills. Hilltop includes Cranmer Park to the west of us and Robinson Park to the east. There are trees planted to socialize the prairie and narrow inadequate sidewalks that do not encourage sociability.

I remember my first walk through the house. There was still furniture in it. Walls were dark gray-blue with matching drapes. Depressing colors, but the house itself had ample, sunny windows with wide tile sills, perfect for plants. Entering the front door, there was a small hall and a living room on the right with a fireplace at the end of the room. Behind the living room, a dining room, with almost floor to ceiling windows, joined a kitchen and back around to the front hall with a small powder room—a perfect circle for small children to race around. The stairway to the upstairs was to the left of the front hall, with three bedrooms and two baths upstairs. There was a full basement with two large paneled rooms, a bathroom, laundry, and furnace room. I can only conclude that the builder thought it unnecessary to hang on to anything beyond everyday usage, because there was no storage.

We had been married for five years and had lived in three rental homes. We were buying our first home, but I cannot have thought the house "perfect." I had grown up in my mother's Georgian house with all the architectural detail that was common in good houses in the South. I grew up knowing that beautiful woodwork, painted with satiny oil-based enamel, requiring constant attention to wipe off messy

fingerprints, was essential to a presentable house. My new Denver house had hollow, not paneled, doors and very plain molding in the living room and dining room. Mostly there was no molding at all. I sometimes thought that people who came west probably didn't care much for such niceties, or they would have stayed in the East. The seventy-five by hundred-fifty-foot lot was very typical of Denver, but I had grown up in a yard with a garden like a park, large enough to accommodate the neighborhood baseball game.

The other unspoken worrisome thing was that the wife of the previous owner had committed suicide. I did not know why or where and vaguely wondered if there were bad vibes that would follow us in the house. But I was impressed and encouraged by the quality of Mrs. Catherwood's drapes and furnishings, although the depressing blue-grey colors seemed consistent with an unhappy end.

We bought the house for $37,500 and had a $25,000 mortgage at five and a quarter percent for twenty years. Payments for principal and interest were $172 per month. We rented the house for the spring to a friend who had just separated from her husband, while we laid our renovation and redecorating plans. We would live in that house forty-four years.

In June we began work. It was hot. I don't remember weather being that hot in Denver since then. The job seemed immense. Most shocking were the walls. There was a line of holes drilled behind every picture, where the picture hanger had tried to find the stud. This had not been evident with pictures on the wall, but now the house felt abused. Mr. Catherwood had a handy man whose makeshift style of work could still be found in unexpected places, despite our efforts that summer and over the years to exorcise his contributions. One example was the back porch, which had originally been a small concrete slab. Flagstones set in concrete had been added to enlarge the slab, but the floor was mismatched and uneven. A low wall topped with flower boxes enclosed the resulting floor, very nice with petunias in the boxes and an awning put up every spring.

Another hidden weakness was in the basement. When we bought the house, wallpaper stretched horizontally on the center wall from the floor to about thirty-six inches high. I thought that was an interesting decorating idea. When it began to peel off, we realized that the center wall acted like a wick for water pooling on top of the layer of shale that stretched beneath the topsoil in the region. It was not until neighbors on either side of us installed sump pumps after the rains flooded Cherry Creek, that we ceased to have water in our basement whenever there was a hard rain.

We gutted the kitchen and started over. The biggest innovation was to have two sinks, each with a disposal. I decided that the most efficient place for the dishwashing sink and dishwasher was on an interior wall under china and glass storage cabinets—not under the traditional kitchen window. Leonard Bell of Bell Plumbing, who undertook the renovation conceded, "I'll put it in the attic, if that's where you want it." Jack Singleton was in the hardware wholesale business and had a sample stainless steel sink that had never found its way to become a bar sink in their house. It went under the kitchen window for food preparation, next to the refrigerator and around the corner from the stove. I was delighted with the efficiency of the layout. The kitchen had yellow vinyl flooring, light yellow Formica counter tops, and subtly striped yellow wallpaper. The cabinets were built to fit with a fruitwood finish. Between Leonard Bell and me, we produced an excellent kitchen.

The outstanding decorating choice was the dining room wallpaper. We put in a chair rail and above it an elegant hand-blocked paper called Put-In-Bay, with cream background and various fruits in green, rose, gold, and blue. The regular paperhanger refused to hang it and insisted that a specialist be hired. Watching the expert's progress, I noticed that the figures did not match well at the seams. Having hung paper, I knew matching was a high value. I brought this to his attention. He said, "Lady, do you want to hang this?" The paper remained, its seams artistically unmatched, until my minimalist period some thirty years later. From its background we took the paint color for most of the rest of the house and woodwork, affectionately called "the universal color."

Rob and Martha each had a room. There was a playroom and a study for John in the basement. When we were buying the house, I remember sitting

in the bathtub at the Gaylord Street house, thinking that as soon as we had another child, this house would be too small. David was born in 1966 and Will in 1968. Two bedrooms for four children: the house was indeed too small.

Davie, Martha, Will, and Robby, 1968

There were many things tying us to east Denver. John had decided in 1968 to leave his practice with Paul Hamilton and work full time at the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center ten minutes away. More importantly, Jack and Isabelle Singleton lived at 1737 Glencoe Street, where John grew up. They were both enthusiastic grandparents. Jack died in January 1967 when David was less than a year old. He never knew Will. But Will and his grandmother developed a very special relationship. As the youngest, she took him on as her special care package. We all enjoyed dinners—especially birthday dinners—at her house. She was an enthusiastic bridge player and that carried over into competitive game playing, especially with Robby. He often won and she accused him of cheating. She belonged to the Denver Country Club (DCC), a resource for swimming, ice-skating, and Cotillion. Robby and David played on DCC ice hockey teams. July Fourth fireworks events were the best in town. A year or so after we moved to Denver, we were sitting in their living room and she asked me about joining the Junior League. I had no interest in joining the Junior League. She asked how John's nascent medical practice would thrive if I didn't. John was appalled that might even be a consideration.

Again in 1969, Dorothy Schomburg and I began looking at houses. We went out once a week for about a year, usually with a child or two in tow. Dorothy had a bad hip and this was not an easy task for her, but we both loved it and each other. In many ways she became my mother in Denver. She was always interested in my stories and relaxed about my life in ways that mothers and mothers-in-law were not. We made an offer on a house in Cherry Hills, west of University and north of Belleview, but the owners backed out. I sometimes wonder how our life would be different if we had moved out of east Denver. Unfortunately, we did not buy a house from Dorothy.

We decided to build an addition that would make this house more livable than any we had found on the market within our price range or even above it. By then, John was working full-time at the Medical School and the ability to ride a bicycle to work was a powerful incentive to stay in this location. And east Denver had become the center of our lives, our friends, and our activities.

In 1969 we hired a young architect named Ron Rinker, who designed an addition that made good use of the stairway on the left side of the house next to the garage. We extended what had been the garage forward and back, put a large upstairs bedroom above the garage off the stair landing, and fitted a high ceilinged family room behind the garage that opened into the kitchen. The family room walls extended to the back with windows reaching the ten-foot high ceiling facing south and east. The room had brick walls painted white and an L-shaped natural brick floor that served the eating area and led from the kitchen and garage entrance to the sliding door to the back yard. Inside the L was carpeted for a seating area.

Construction by Ralph Petrie and Ken Fortner took five or six months in the summer of 1970. There was grit everywhere. Four small children played in sand, picked up nails, and built forts of scraps of wood. Every night I checked what had been done that day against the plans. Sometimes I discovered errors, as in the framing for the addition where it joined the landing. The height was not right; changes were made.

We demolished the awkward porch and put in a ground-level brick patio that joined the family room across the back to the dining

Dave and Will enjoy sunshine on the steps of our new addition.

room. It was a family project. Robby tamped down the layer of sand on the leveled ground with a coffee can filled with cement wielded by an inserted broomstick handle. John laid the bricks in the sand and they were tight and even, connecting the house to the garden and lawn shaded by the most beautiful ash tree in Denver. John also laid the brick floor in the family room on sand on a concrete base. When he finished, I went to Robinson Brick and Tile and hand cut pieces of brick measured the right depth to finish every course. That, plus shims, produced a tight and perfectly even floor—an ideal surface for living. When the addition was complete, I used to pass buildings under construction in booming downtown Denver and wonder how they could build them without me.

As I look back, I am appalled by the early 1970s decorating. The Karastan carpet was burnt orange with two soft and comfy orange vinyl chairs with burlap sides. A long brown sofa from John's father's office flanked by two Danish-style end tables defined the carpet's edge along the brick, forming a passage to the sliding door to the patio. On the white brick walls was a striped cotton Indian rug and primitive indigenous artwork. A blond wooden door with legs John built for

a desk in our first rental house in Bethesda and black Danish-style chairs furnished the dining area. The yellow wallpaper in the kitchen gave way to jazzy orange paper with striped-arrow design. I thought it was stunning.

We had added about 1,000 square feet that cost more than the original house. But we had a large room upstairs for two little boys, and a marvelous open room for handstands and wrestling, or meetings, launching backpacking expeditions, or hosting Christmas parties. The new addition complemented the original traditional house. It had a contemporary feeling with large, light open rooms and high ceilings—a place to stretch out and live. I no longer felt the house lacked character. It had become ours. And it was ours for a long time.

We all grew up in that house. For me, and probably for all of us, the major shift happened in 1976 when I changed roles from full-time mother and went to work. Roy Romer was Dick Lamm's Chief of Staff his first term. We had been in the Pioneers group at church and he had frequently said, "We should have people like you working for state government." He called one day and said there was a job opening in the Governor's Office for someone to manage public participation in

I was a pretty fair barber.

planning for implementation of the new non-point source regulations of the Clean Water Act. I talked to Jim Monaghan who was conducting interviews for the job. It sounded like a technical job to me, so I said, "Thanks, but I don't think I can do that." I got home and said, "Louise, you are crazy to turn that down." I called back and said that I thought I would like to do the job. Jim said, "Fine, be here Monday morning." That began my career working for the State of Colorado in a variety of jobs. The water quality job took me to rural areas of the state to organize meetings to talk about feedlot and irrigation run-off, as well as urban storm runoff. I remember going to a meeting in Durango, where the cowboy hats were lined up on the hat rack brim to crown, and thinking that I loved this new world.

Rob was sixteen and Will was eight. It was not easy to have a mother working part-time and often out of town at meetings in the evening. The first summer, John thought that someone needed to fix lunch for the children. I thought children were perfectly capable of fixing their own lunch. So for several days he came home from work to fix lunch, even though he was holding down three jobs at the Medical School, Dean of Faculty, researcher, physician, and professor.

This was a wrench to our previous roles. At that time, we did not know many women with a full complement of children who abandoned the household for hours, sometimes days at a time. I loved working. I would have eagerly paid for the privilege. Gradually everyone adapted and the household moved on. Rob usually did the grocery shopping. David agreed during half time at a soccer game to make spaghetti for supper. Martha made the first preparations for dinner before going to dance class every afternoon and Saturday mornings. We all did laundry and washed the kitchen floor. The boys played soccer, backpacked, or skied on the weekend. Will, however, was still young enough to wish his Mother were there with milk and cookies after school. And most importantly, John supported my working outside our home. I doubt that he had anticipated that his wife would divide her time and interests, making it necessary for him to sometimes cook dinner and drive the carpool. I am still grateful.

Everyone was learning and growing

Robby played hockey on the country club team.

Martha danced every day and performed in "The Nutcracker."

David played soccer in Cranmer Park.

Will cared for his mice, Ping and Pong.

During these hectic and fulfilling years, Mother was visiting me in Denver on her semi-annual visit, when we usually rearranged the furniture and made a slipcover or two. She looked pensively out the upstairs bedroom window at the garden below and said, "I can't believe I would ever see you keep house like this." I didn't think I was a recalcitrant housekeeper. Thanks to an occasional cleaning lady and a list of chores on the refrigerator, things looked pretty good. But she could see that my attention was divided. My reply was, "Mother, you did that. I need to do something else." It was a declaration that the world was very big and I would not be contained in four walls, a garden, and a fence.

A lively bunch

I was not much interested in politics, although I was a strong supporter of John Kennedy and admired the civil rights legislation passed by the Johnson administration. Usually, I went to elections unenthusiastic about the choices before me. After the Nixon debacle in 1974, I thought that nobody would choose to be a Republican anymore and it would be bad for the country to have only one party. I attended our neighborhood Republican caucus and volunteered to be a delegate

to the county convention, which was held at the East High School auditorium. I sat there all day while one thing after another came out of the back room to be rubberstamped by the delegates. The next day, I read that the Democrats had a scrappy time at their county convention. On Monday, I went down and changed my registration.

I worked on Dick Lamm's campaign for governor after we returned from John's six-month sabbatical in Oxford in 1978. I found that my job in water quality planning had been moved from the Governor's Office and was no longer an exempt contract job. The job I had created and managed for a couple of years had been put in the state system, and I no longer qualified for it. It now required a journalism degree. Governor Lamm was enthusiastically re-elected.

I went back to work in the Governor's Office in 1979—this time for the Front Range Project. Colorado's thirteen counties east of the Rocky Mountains were experiencing a high rate of growth, with the population expected to grow by over fifty percent by the Year 2000. Lamm was a Democratic governor with a Republican business-oriented legislature. The question was how to manage and conserve resources of land, water, and energy in a way that maintained Colorado's high quality of life while accommodating the coming population pressures. Citizens needed to help think the problem through and be advocates to the legislature. One person commenting on the project said that it was as important to demonstrate a process of information sharing, vision development, and consensus building, as for the recommendations that resulted.

Over 2,000 people were involved over two years. The first year I worked with committees in El Paso and Pueblo Counties to the south, the mountain counties of Clear Creek and Gilpin to the west, and Weld County to the north. This meant many evening meetings working with task forces in each county to describe present and future desirable visions, problems, and recommendations. The second year of the project, I worked on the Water Task Force. I found conservation and water use in Colorado, where water is owned and its use is determined by legal rights and beneficial use, to be a fascinating issue. I often said I was going to come back in my next life, not as a water lawyer, but as an architect of water systems.

These two years familiarized me not only with issues such as inadequate housing stock, over-crowded transportation, water shortage, boom energy development, deteriorating air quality, fragmented governmental relations, and desirable preservation of agricultural and open land, but I also met and worked with leaders in both government and business in the thirteen Front Range counties. I built on my facilitation skills learned from the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA) and adapted them to methods used by other staff to organize meetings, develop procedures to bring about decisions, and assemble reports that reflected the thinking of participants.

I learned to drive day and night in all kinds of weather. One night coming home from a meeting in Greeley ninety miles away, the fog was so thick I could hardly see the front of the car. I found an eighteen-wheeler and followed his dim rear lights all the way into Denver. I wondered if he knew he was my beacon of safety. As I left Denver (usually too late) to get to an evening meeting, it came through to me that there was no "Beam me up, Scotty." You cannot get there by imagining yourself there; travel is done in real time. The same was true of running our household. Rob and Martha both left home the same year, in 1979: Martha to complete high school, studying dance at the North Carolina School of the Arts, and Rob to go to Davidson College. David was thirteen and Will was eleven. The house felt almost empty. Without John's help and the boys' growing independence, the job would have been very difficult, if not impossible. It did not occur to me at the time that I was balancing home and career. That had not yet become an issue of popular discussion.

It was a while until I claimed Martha's room for my office, although she never came home again except for short periods of time. The children were growing up. Martha decided not to go to New York to dance after graduating from the School of the Arts. She went to Georgetown University and studied Chinese in the School of Foreign Service. As a junior, Martha studied for a year in a Chinese language program at East China Normal University in Shanghai, followed by a year of university course work with regular Chinese students. The following summer, Rob joined her, and they traveled ten thousand miles

hard bed on the railroad to Xinjiang Province in the far northwest. Most tourists were required to have Chinese International Travel Service guides at that time, but Martha had a student visa and language skills.

David decided to transfer from Boston University, where he did not like living in a locked eighteen-story dormitory, to Reed College in Portland, Oregon. In between, he took a year off and went to Kenya to work in an ICA project, building VIP (ventilated improved pit) toilets. Will spent a semester of his junior year at Davidson in India. I was delighted. After my experience in India, Malaysia and Indonesia while we were in Oxford in 1978, one of my desires for my children was that they experience life in a developing country before deciding on their life's work. My experience in developing countries had joyously enriched my life and would be an important influence on my future working life.

In 1984, David Carlson asked me to work for the Colorado Agricultural Leadership Program (CALP), which was a two-year program for a class of thirty farmers and ranchers to learn leadership skills and about the world beyond the tractor and cattle barn. David had received a Kellogg grant to start a program in the Colorado Department of Agriculture. I had just returned from the ICA International Exposition of Human Development in Bombay. When I reported for work, he pointed me to a quiet room and asked me to draft a curriculum for a new two-year program. It was a heady time working with him and others to decide what needed to be included in a comprehensive program—my first attempt at curriculum development.

I sometimes thought, as an urban woman, I helped prepare the Fellows—mostly men, from Limon, Last Chance, or Palisade—to live in the bigger world. But my own horizon was expanded far more as I grasped the competence and bravery of people who live with the vagaries of the weather and the commodities market. I learned about the dynamics of Denver, Colorado, and national politics, the geography of all regions of the state, water and natural resource supply and use, international trade and culture, how a man should dress to ask for a loan on Seventeenth Street, how to prepare and deliver a speech, and how the Myers Briggs Personality Test can be a tool if you are trying to make a team or marriage work. The first class went to Japan and China

Work: a learning experience

Senator Bob Dole helped Ag Leadership Fellows learn how Washington worked.

CALP learned about growing wheat in China.

Farmworkers picking spinach in the San Luis Valley live with environmental hazards.

Wall chart from an EACH/RPCH health network meeting. With only five people per square mile, rural health care in Colorado needs help.

for their international seminar. Although working with David to design a two-year curriculum had been my first task, my day-to-day job was organizing the logistics necessary to make seminars work. There was so much to keep track of, I sometimes found my mind would just block and I couldn't think of anything. I adopted a large calendar on the wall behind my desk with Post-Its. I learned to deal with what was needed in the near future and not be overwhelmed by the big picture. As we would pack up from a seminar and get in the car to head home exhausted, David would say, "Now, let's talk about next seminar. What if...?"

I worked with the Ag Leadership Program for six years. I was a good generalist, but I felt I needed a specialized area of expertise. Jan Dodds and I made a five-day trip to New Mexico while I was trying to figure out what that might be. She was an ICA colleague who had been Martha's "mother" for four weeks in 1971 and my colleague on a trip to a community development project in India. She was on the faculty of public health at the University of North Carolina and suggested public health. Because of volunteer work with the Institute of Cultural Affairs and travel to development projects, I was interested in international health and felt public health would be a good basis for interesting work.

I applied to the University of Colorado School of Public Health, housed at the Medical School, and began studying for my GRE's. I was not worried about verbal skills, but math skills were another matter. Tom Schomburg, the son of our oldest friends in Denver, Ted and Ann Schomburg and grandson of Dorothy, was teaching math at Kent Country Day School and became my tutor. I passed. I was turned down in early summer, but received a call the week Martha was to be married that someone had dropped out and I was accepted. Classes started the following Monday. It was 1988 and I was fifty-five years old. Martha was establishing her own home in Atlanta and David and Will were in college—David at Reed and Will at Davidson. Rob was back living at home going to medical school. He became my math tutor for statistics for which I never missed a class or extra session. It was the beginning of the time when I remember computers being useful to me. Exams were on your honor, and often, open book. I would begin an answer by writing a sentence, and then add another

before or after until I had answered the question. I am not sure I could have passed my courses taking exams first draft by long hand.

With my degree in hand, I was hired by the Colorado Department of Health and Environment to work for the Migrant Health Program, working with farmers and ranchers to improve living and working conditions for migrant farm workers. It was probably my work with the Ag Leadership Program, not my new MSPH, which got me the job. I worked primarily in the Arkansas Valley, the San Luis Valley, and the orchard country around Grand Junction in western Colorado. Most of my local health department colleagues were Hispanic and a little skeptical about this Anglo woman from the city. Farmers and ranchers in general were very little impressed by their responsibility for their agricultural workers.

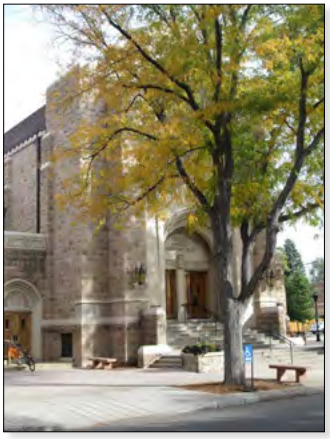
When that grant ended, I became project director for the Colorado EACH/PCH Project—a federal pilot in eight states designed to test the feasibility of improved reimbursement for Medicare patients and referral health care networks to help keep very small rural hospitals open and viable. Thirty-four of Colorado's sixty-four counties had less than six people per square mile. It is difficult to provide access to emergency care for the crucial "golden hour" under those conditions. There were eight primary care hospitals (PCH) in the pilot in Colorado. The new reimbursement facilities had specifications. A PCH was limited to fifteen beds and performed only minor surgery. They took care of simpler illnesses, stabilized patients, and worked with larger regional and city hospitals to obtain care for local residents in an Essential Access Community Hospital (EACH) network. I put in a lot of miles traveling to these hospitals and working with other providers and the communities to set up the networks. Again, I loved going to these communities—several out on the prairie, as well as in the western mountains. Because seven other states were also assessing the EACH/PCH model, there was the added pleasure of working across state lines with others who were also evaluating what worked and what needed changing. In this job I was fortunate to have a budget to hire two facilitators to work with me—Sunny Walker and Reesa Webb. Sunny was an excellent facilitator and Reesa knew health systems. We greatly

enjoyed working together and learning from each other. This project was complete in 1999 and was passed into law.

I did not use my MSPH to work for a salary again. Within a year, I began almost full time volunteer work, first as coordinator of the 2000 ICA International Conference held in Denver. The work of that conference pointed the way to a new project, the ICA African HIV/AIDS Prevention Project. I created curriculum to train peer educators in villages in eight African countries. We initiated the project in Ghana in 2002, and it was my work for the next twelve years.

Who wants to be tested?

Montview Boulevard Presbyterian Church was one of our primary communities. It is located in Park Hill at Montview and Dahlia, a few blocks from Isabelle's house. In the 1960s, Dr. Arthur Miller was the greatly loved senior minister. Isabelle was happy to babysit young ones for several hours on Sunday morning, and it became a time to visit, admire the rose garden, and sometimes have lunch with her after church. Older children went to Sunday school; John and I went to adult education and then church. Both John and I were active: as elders, choir members, and committee



Montview Boulevard Presbyterian Church

members. I was the first woman chair of the executive committee of the Session. It mostly required signing a lot of checks. David and Will went to Montview Community Preschool, which became the British Primary School under Carolyn Hambidge's leadership. I was chair of the preschool board reporting to the Session. In later years, Montview supported the HIV/AIDS project in Africa as a mission of the church.

Ken Barley was called to Montview in the early 1970s. He and Zoe had been part of the Order of the Ecumenical Institute. He took over leadership of a group called the Pioneers, which had as its task, along with three other congregations in the Denver and Boulder area, the renewal of the local church. We were part of that group, many of whose members became long-lasting friends and colleagues. Ken led the church through the process of changing from a senior ministry to a corporate ministry model in which the four ministers at Montview each led separate but equal arenas of responsibilities and rotated preaching. Some members of the congregation longed for the days of Arthur Miller; others thought it a breath of fresh air. Ken left in 1989 to lead a church in Kalamazoo, Michigan. He and Zoe returned to Denver when he retired. He was the minister for Rob and Estelle's wedding in 1991 in

Ken Barley married Will and Doug in 2012.

a hay field in Aspen—comfortably combining Presbyterian and Jewish liturgy. In 2012 he married Will and his long-time partner Doug Tracey at Great Camp Sagamore Lodge in upper New York State, after New York passed legislation legalizing same-sex marriage. Ken took great pleasure as celebrant in that historic and extraordinary event.

We were blessed with good friends. When we moved to Denver, John returned home. John was an only child and his parents were his only family in Denver. However, the Singletons had many devoted friends. Mr. (Mac) McClellan and Isabelle Rust were his godparents. Mac was a retired civil engineer who built dams. He and his family had lived next to the Singletons on Glencoe Street in Park Hill when he was growing up. Mac's daughter Betty was married to Bob Hawley, a Wyoming rancher turned Denver lawyer. Every Christmas, Mac and Betty would drive up in her big white Cadillac and deliver the absolutely most perfect present for each child, all beautifully wrapped. There was no better Santa. They lived several blocks away from us across Cranmer Park and we were frequent guests in their home. Betty was chairman of the Denver Debutante Committee and suggested Martha make her debut. The Christmas of her freshman year at Georgetown, Martha joined fifteen other young women at the Brown Palace to take her place in Denver society. (The same lobby would host the grand champion steer from the National Western Stock Show and Rodeo in January. Such is Denver.) Her grandmother was very proud. Martha took it in stride.

The Schomburg family were also longtime family friends. Tom and Dorothy Schomburg and son Ted moved to Denver from Cimmaron, New Mexico, where Tom managed the family lumber business. Ted was a couple years younger than John and also went to Yale. Ted and Ann had four children the same ages as ours—Tom, Susan, Karl, and Judy. We spent Christmas Eves with them, which included dinner and a hilarious white elephant game which involved bringing the most ridiculous things you could find in your household to get rid of and then discovering what your new treasure would be when it was your time to choose. One year, Isabelle Singleton chose a very small package

Family friends

Mr. McClellan, Martha, Isabelle Rust, Betty Hawley, and Isabelle at our house for a Christmas gathering.

Martha is presented to Denver society.

Christmas Eve at the Schomburgs—Rob, Judy, Tom, Will, David, and Karl

Ted, Susan, and Ann Schomburg

thinking she would get home free. She found a note in the box and Carl and Tom hauled in an exercise bike with a pair of cross-country skis attached that the Schomburgs were trying to get rid of. The Schomburg family suffered as much tragedy in their lives as the Singletons enjoyed good fortune. Two children, Karl and Judy, died; Ted had a stroke at a soccer game in his late forties and later a heart attack when they lived in Houston. Ann became a PhD physical therapist and taught in several schools in the country, the last being Regis College in Denver. They live in west Denver and are still the most fun of anyone we know. Ted, John's oldest friend, died on November 6, 2014, after a long illness.

For fifty years and counting, eight of my friends still meet every month for lunch and conversation. Lunch is always prepared by the hostess and delicious. It has been a remarkably stable group with few changes. We started out playing bridge when we had small children, switched to tennis, and then, when everyone went to work, we settled for lunch and catching up. Every Christmas there is a party

The Bridge Club
This variation in 1995 included in the front row, left to right, Betsy Carey, Nancy Farley, Mary Holleman, and Marianne Woodward. Behind are Barbara McLean, Sandy Goodman, and Joan Wohlgenant. Betsy Carey died in 2008. Myra Isenhart is missing from this picture, but has been a regular over most of the fifty years.

for our families—husbands, children and their spouses, and now, grandchildren. For us, the Bridge Club became a substitute family. My family lived in Charlotte and John's father died when David was eight months old. His mother died in 1988. We had no family in Denver—none of the comfort of aunts, uncles, and cousins I had grown up with. Some of the Bridge Club kids were friends of our children. The Carey family lined up with ours child by child. When our children were in high school, they acted as if forced to attend the annual Bridge Club party and resisted the inevitable questions adults ask, "What have you been doing? Where do you think you will go to college?" But as they went away to college, the Christmas Party was an event everyone looked forward to. As they married and had children, it was like going to a family reunion. There were weddings, and each child received the bridge club gift: a piece of Nambe Ware engraved with the initials of the bride and groom, the date of the wedding, and initials of members. Betsy Carey died in 2008 and Mary Holleman's husband Paul more recently. Every member of the second generation within range came to services to pay their respects and support their Bridge Club siblings.

We enjoyed being part of other groups. I belonged to Zodiak, a most excellent book group, and John and I belonged to a couple's book group that read Great Books. We were included in various expeditions, largely organized by Tom and Lucy Creighton and Erik and Frannie Taylor: we walked down into Havasu Canyon; went rafting and looking at ancient ruins in the four corners area and visited Chaco Canyon; enjoyed backpacking in the Pecos Wilderness Area, east of Santa Fe; and after we moved to Santa Fe, we rode Amtrak from Lamy to Winslow, Arizona to stay in a newly refurbished Harvey House. I asked Frannie what we would do there for three nights and two days. She said, "Watch the trains." Hundreds go through right in front of the hotel every twenty-four hours. Lawn chairs are in place to make viewing comfortable. In later years, John joined the Cactus Club, a men's lunch club downtown. They had fine events to which they kindly invited women. It was the closest we ever came to joining a social club, although when I was working downtown, Dick Wohlgenant asked me if I wanted to join the University Club, which had just decided to admit women. I joined, but it didn't take.

Fellow travelers

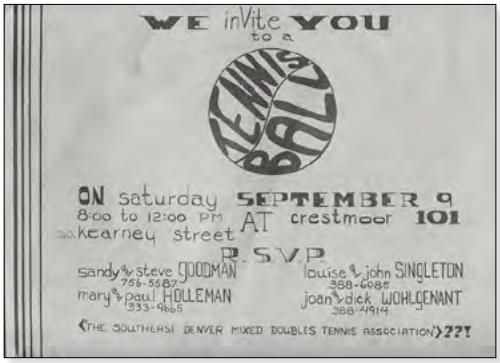
Led by Erik and Frannie Taylor and Tom and Lucy Creighton, we hiked down into Havasu Canyon in Arizona.

The Santa Fe Opera Group always had lunch on La Veta pass on the way to Santa Fe.

We sailed for a week with Richard and Jane Farrar (and a captain) in the San Juan Islands.

Trips with John's Yale roommates were home-based: Nancy and Otis Pearsall in New York City and Bill Ward in Solana Beach, California. We hosted in Denver or Silverthorne. Here we're in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

We made fun



Invitation to The Tennis Ball, 1968, a big summer party at Crestmoor Community Association hosted by Goodmans, Wohlgenants, Hollemans, and us. I was just pregnant with Will.

The Bridge Club rehearsed and performed "The Music Man" to great hilarity one Saturday afternoon and evening, with thanks to our in-house pianist, Nancy Farley.

Ken Barley and I were leads in "Anna and the King of Siam," a production of the Pioneers.

The Singletons had a small cabin four or five miles above Idaho Springs, Colorado. Built on Forest Service land, Jack Singleton bought it in 1932. Made of pine logs with a green tarpaper roof, it sat up the hill and across a wooden bridge over West Chicago Creek. You crossed the creek, parked, and wandered uphill on a path to the side door, which opened onto a small screened back porch with an old icebox and into the kitchen with an iron wooden stove and a sink that drained but had no running water. There was a living room with a big fireplace and several cots with pillows for sitting and sleeping, a screened-in front porch, and a small room with two bunk beds. The facilities were further up the hill. Isabelle and her cleaning lady, Olga, went up every spring to clean out the dead mice and accumulated dust, making it ready to take her friends up in the summer to enjoy a day in the mountains. We often went up, carrying gallons of drinking water with us. There was electricity, but water had to be hauled from the creek. The kitchen, alone, was an adventure: iron fire tools, cooking implements long out of fashion, and ancient pots and pans. The stuffed heads of a deer and bobcat were hung over the mantle, and good Navajo rugs hung on the wall. Life Magazines from 1939 were piled on the library table. The children loved running up and down the hill and playing in the creek. I loved sitting on the cool porch and reading or taking a nap.

When John and I got zip-together down sleeping bags for Christmas, we decided to go to the cabin to test them out. Jack Singleton went up to help us get settled in the winter cold. Robby and Martha happily went to sleep in the bunkroom. We put David in a crib in front of the fireplace. The logs would pop and wake David up. He was cold, so we took him into the sleeping bags with us, and he settled right in. We left after breakfast to go back to town. The cabin was not so welcoming in the winter cold.

Only one hundred yards from the road, but screened by enormous Engleman spruce trees, the cabin became increasingly vulnerable to break-ins. As the children got older, we began looking for a place that was comfortable year round and that offered access to skiing, both cross-country and downhill.

In 1991 we bought a condo in Wildernest above Silverthorne in Summit County, Colorado. The year before, we had rented the condo

of one of John's colleagues at the medical school while they were out of the country. We watched Watch Hill being built next door, and the following September, we bought a unit with three bedrooms, two baths, big windows and a small porch facing the Ten Mile Range. Buffalo Mountain hunkered above it. After furnishing it from scratch in condo style, we thought maybe we would find three other couples to share it with us. Several came and looked, but nobody bought. My guess is that by then, the condo was too much ours. One day, John said, "Let's just own it." It was an excellent decision. It became the place for launching backpacking trips, for gathering family, for welcoming friends from here and abroad, and for our own quiet space to enjoy the joys of the path down Salt Lick Creek and back up through the woods on the other side in every season. After David and Rochelle moved to nearby Frisco and had Rena and then Jacob, we tried to go up a day a week to babysit with them. Both John and I had been enthusiastic about buying it, but I worried that it would distract us from participating in life in Denver. And it may have, but we probably never made a better investment for the enjoyment of all.

Grandchildren have delighted us with their energy and provided impetus for more adventures. When each child turns twelve we go on a Road Scholar Intergenerational Trip of his or her choosing. Charlie surprised us by choosing to go to a week of Shakespeare at Southern Oregon University, where the boys staged a revolt and insisted that they not be split up when the larger group was divided into two. The lively group of boys learned about moving on stage, including sword fighting, costuming, makeup, and saw a lot of Shakespeare. On his afternoon off, Charlie chose to go see *Richard III* with Jamie Newcomb of Denver fame. Spectacular. West went to the Pacific Northwest to learn about the environment, from the tundra of the Olympic Mountains to the Oregon shore. We saw huge old trees and he tried his hand at testing water quality in a creek. Sam decided to go to South Dakota, the site of Mount Rushmore. There we learned about native Indian life and saw Crazy Horse, visited a giant sinkhole where ancient mammoths had

Mountain home

The tall windows let in the high mountain wilderness and the sky.

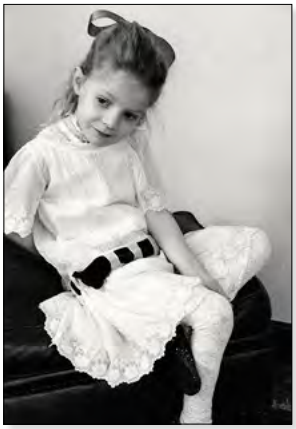
There were birds in all seasons.

Sometimes exuberance took hold—Rob, Martha, Will, Estelle, and Dave showing off.

Sometimes it's good just to lie around on the floor.

Grandchildren visited

Grandson Charlie and our golden retriever Indy enjoy reading time.



Emma in her great grandmother Mildred's dress

Charlie and Sam climb a ponderosa.

A children's talent show. Sam demonstrates how he touches his nose with his tongue. Sam, West, Charlie, and Emma.

Jacob plays a lively game.

Rena likes to string rings in the right order.

fallen in a million years ago and were still being excavated, and toured a shop that reproduced and assembled dinosaur bones for shipment to museums around the world. Emma decided on the big city of San Francisco where she found a happy gaggle of sub-teen girls and visited Alcatraz, China Town, and Fisherman's Wharf.

On each of these adventures, we roomed with our grandchild for a week, participated with them in their activities, and got to know each other "up close and personal." Rena and Jacob, the younger crop of grandchildren, were born in 2004 and 2006. In 2015, we will go with Rena and Jacob, aged eleven and nine to Wallops Island a barrier Island in Virginia to Chinoteague Bay Field Station and Refuge to study marine science. We think they are attracted to collecting and examining critters found in the mud.

Our children have their own homes now. Martha and Mark Pennell, Charles, and Sam, moved from the inner city of Atlanta to the northern suburbs for the good schools and real estate values. Rob and Estelle, West, and Emma took up residence in a good older neighborhood in Salt Lake City, close to the University of Utah Medical School where Rob and Estelle are both on the faculty. David lives in Breckenridge in Summit County, where he and Rochelle share the care for Rena and Jacob after a divorce in March 2013. Will owned a renovated four-story town house near DuPont Circle in Washington, D.C., when he worked for Conservation International. Will and Doug bought a fine old house on Pearl Street in Capitol Hill after they moved to Denver in 2003. They have recently moved again and split their time between New York City and Provincetown, Massachusetts. We enjoy visiting our children, seeing how they choose to organize their lives. We slept on the couch or futon and noted the items—pictures, books, rugs, and pieces of furniture that had made their way from 128 Eudora to their homes. All sons are equal partners in domestic life, and all are excellent cooks. We did our job well.

One Christmas, five-year old West said, "You know, Grandma, we are a two-religion family." West and I were sitting on the couch in the living room waiting for Rob and John to find the saw and cut off the trunk and bottom branches of the Christmas tree, secure it in the stand,

and position it in the corner of the living room next to the fireplace ready for decorations. At least I was sitting. In his excitement, West was in perpetual motion, hanging off the back and arms of the sofa. His mother Estelle, Jewish and a physician, had volunteered to be on call to free those who celebrated Christmas to be with their families. Rob had brought West and Emma to Denver to spend Christmas with us. "Grandma, tell me about the baby born in the hotel." Using the most colorful language I could think of, I told him the Christmas story. When I finished, he looked at me and said, "Now, tell me about Easter." "West, that is a little harder." How many times had I pulled the colored lights and cherished ornaments out of the closet under the stairs ready to trim the tree, and carefully wrapped and put them away in January? This new generation was here to hear our stories and tell us theirs.

Our family is a remarkable assemblage. We welcomed two Jewish daughters-in-law, and our son-in-law, Doug, married to Will, is an Irish Catholic from Queens. Sometimes it takes conversation and patience to sort through how everyone feels about things. Our world has been enormously expanded and enriched by the different traditions that are part of our family. A Danish wood table with two end leaves that extend replaced the old door with legs on the brick floor in the family room. It regularly welcomes ten or twelve to holiday breakfasts and birthday celebrations.

John and Louise having dinner, 2005. We were the sag wagon for Rob and Estelle in the LOTAJE bicycle ride from Logan, Utah to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, 160 miles.

128 Eudora Street changed with our changing needs. The large, airy boys' room became our master bedroom. Former children's rooms were

home to computers, a FAX machine, file drawers, and bookcases. We replaced the ancient yellow kitchen counter tops with modern Corion, bull-nosed on the edge, and a tile back splash. A hard wood floor finally got rid of the tyranny of the yellow vinyl floor that required continual washing. Taupe was the new universal color. We tore out the below-code electrical wiring in the basement and replaced the fifty-year-old furnace. We carpeted and painted the basement's wood paneling off-white, making comfortable space for children and grandchildren to visit. And we built storage. It was a companionable house.

The bench by the front door was a good place to greet neighbors and watch the evening sunset.

My ideas about houses have changed since my formative years living at 1114 Belgrave Place, now shaped by the informality and spareness of the western landscape. Style is important, but elegance seems beside the point. Clean lines, light and sun, a view to the horizon, natural surfaces, casual comfort, bringing the outside in—these would move me to seek another living environment one day. Some days I think I'd like to build a house, one that I could design and nurture, a daily delight to the senses, where I would live with nothing that is not beautiful. Perhaps that is what replaces the robust activity and wonder of a house whose function is to grow up a family. For many years, doing was more compelling than the quietness of being. Now, I find I am beckoned by a different kind of creativity. And the quality of space inspires a difference in the expansiveness and quality of my imagination. My eyes seek the horizon.

In 2007 we sold 128 Eudora and bought another in Santa Fe, New Mexico. As I walked our Denver neighborhood, I saw that about one out of three houses had been drastically renovated or scraped off and

rebuilt. Each of these houses was the medium for a family's life. Now, each new home accommodates a new generation of families. Children are abundant. From my office window, I often watched a passel of boys play soccer across two lawns, dashing into the street and then our yard to retrieve a ball. There are elaborate jumps on driveways for bicycles and skateboards. Girls walk by arm-in-arm while their mothers chat. It is a neighborhood that enjoys each other. The future of this house was not bulldozers and new concrete forms. It was bought by a family who used to live across the street, moved away for more space, and wanted to return to live on this block.

Forty-four years of living in the same house is a long time. Sometimes I was restless and wondered if different spaces would bring different responses. I remember sitting in Paul and Anne Hamilton's house in Dillon one January day in 1968, while everyone was skiing. I was pregnant with Will, and as I looked around for something to read, I picked up a book on the table called the *Feminine Mystique*. I settled in to read and became more and more dismayed by what the times, my southern upbringing, and my own collusion had brought me to. As I used to say, "What had been perpetrated upon me." Yes, I did settle into the expected and anticipated role of wife and mother. But along with everyone else, I also grew up and out. As I look back at how the world has opened its richness and adventures and meaningful work to me, I know that I am a different woman than that woman expecting her fourth child, contentedly settled into my role of wife and mother.

For forty-four years, 128 Eudora was home base, a place for our family to discover and grow individually and as a family, a place to welcome our expanding adult family and grandchildren—a comfortable setting to create family traditions and memories. There was room to be hospitable, to gather in friends from Denver and welcome new friends from all over the world, to visit and be part of our lives and work. 128 Eudora was home. It filled that role admirably. But almost half a century may be long enough. A different kind of energy was calling to me. John stopped working, even part-time. We began to look for what our next home might be.

Rob and David trim the Christmas tree.

Dinner at the Denver Country Club several months before Isabelle died in 1988. Front row: Rob, Grandmother Isabelle, Martha; Back row: David, John, me, Will

The Tree's Gift

Our Christmas tree stands straight and sturdy
A piñon, fresh cut from mountain forest
And carefully sited so the fullness
That stretched toward the sun reaches
Fragrantly into the room's warmth.

Instead of snow, it spreads its cone-covered branches
To receive the merry profusion
Of fifty years of Christmas memories
Captured and treasured from
Childhood and gifts and careful collecting.

Unwrapped one by one from aging tissue
The loneliness of January dismantling
Is forgotten in expectation of advent discovery.
"Oh, look! I remember this one.
Put it near the top."

Given festive form in fragile glass
Santas in chimneys and riding on rockets
Clowns, tall red-coated soldier, miniature houses
Birds and bells, angels and stars
Violins, drums, and trumpets
Myriad spheres, breath-shaped bright painted

Reflecting colored twinkling lights
To transform the earthy realities
Of a winter tree not living, but alive
And simple elements made magical by many hands
Into a miracle in our midst.

LRS, 1982

John Weir Singleton, M.D.

I was born in St. Luke's Hospital, Denver, Colorado, on May 29, 1931, to John Henry (Jack) Singleton and Isabelle Douglas Weir Singleton. Jack and Isabelle had grown up in the suburbs of St. Louis, Missouri, in Kirkwood and Webster Groves, respectively. Jack was born June 6, 1887 and was too old to volunteer for World War I, so he joined the American Field Service (Quaker) and drove an ambulance in the last year of the war and afterwards in France, Italy and Germany. He did not attend college but graduated from St. Louis University Law School and passed the Missouri Bar. Isabelle, born December 29, 1897, graduated from teacher's college in St. Louis and taught for a short time. They were married in 1921 and moved to Kansas City, where Jack worked for Wheeling Corrugating Company as a salesman. They moved to Denver for him to take a job heading a small wholesale steel and hardware business, C.A. Crosta, Inc., where he assumed it's management and worked for the rest of his life.

I walked three blocks from our house at 1737 Glencoe Street in Park Hill, a middle class area of Denver, to Park Hill Elementary School. I rode my bike to Smiley Junior High School and took the streetcar to East High School, where I graduated at the head of my class in 1949. I sang in the East High a cappella choir and played the role of Doctor Gibbs in "Our Town," the senior class play. I was a Cub Scout and an Eagle Scout. I was taller than most of my peers, but my only attempt at team sports, basketball, was an abject failure. I became a fairly good skier as a charter member of the Eskimo Ski Club, which was a long-lived and successful enterprise of veterans of the Tenth Mountain Division. My father took me duck hunting and fly fishing beginning at age ten. Along with many of my East High classmates, I applied to Ivy League schools and chose Yale.

At Yale I was introduced to crew by my freshman dorm counselor and rowed on the "garbage boat" of the freshman crew, then on the Berkeley College (dormitory) crew until I graduated. Under threat of being drafted for the Korean War, I took a full load of science courses so that, if necessary, I could go to medical school after two years. But the draft board continued to defer me, so I ended up an English major.

I graduated in 1951 "with high honors," the Yale equivalent of magna cum laude, and was accepted to Harvard Medical School.

At medical school I was chosen, along with three classmates, for an experimental program learning basic science for a year with PhD students. I graduated third in my class and received the Henry Christian Prize for scholarship. I was fortunate to be chosen as medical house staff at the Massachusetts General Hospital, under Dr. Walter Bauer, Chairman of the Department of Medicine. Following my second year of house staff training, I spent two years as a clinical associate in the nascent Gastroenterology (GI) Section of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases in Bethesda, Maryland, with Dr. Leonard Laster.

I met Louise Robinson in Boston during my second house staff year. We were married in October 1959, and Louise joined me in Bethesda. In retrospect, the time in Bethesda was halcyon, with many friends at the NIH and the National Naval Hospital, all in the same stage of our careers and family building. Louise and I and Rob, born in September of our second year in Bethesda, returned to Boston in 1961 for my third year of house staff training.

In 1962, now a family of four, (Martha was born in November 1961) we moved to Denver where Dr. Fred Kern had accepted me as a GI trainee. On the basis of my lab work at NIH studying bile pigment metabolism, I had a NIH research grant to study the effect of corticosteroids on bilirubin metabolism. I soon found that even though I had spent the month of January, 1963 at Oak Ridge National Laboratory learning radioisotope technique, bile pigments were very labile and isolating them using radiochromatography was more difficult than I had anticipated. I needed to spend a year or two in an established laboratory to learn techniques and plan a feasible project. But like most GI trainees, I was most interested in learning clinical GI. After two years, Fred Kern went to Sweden for a year to learn bile salt metabolism, leaving Jack Struthers, a junior faculty colleague, and me as the GI Division. We had good support from volunteer Denver gastroenterologists and a series of one-week visits from nationally prominent GI figures, including Hans Ingelfinger, John Sessions, and

Bill Summerskill; however the research project suffered and died.

My father had always had in mind private practice for me, and I was intrigued with whether I could make a living in practice. Several Denver internists and gastroenterologists told me that I would have to do both internal medicine and GI to survive. So I joined Paul Hamilton, practicing half-time while still at the medical school. After three years, I had proven that I could make it doing only GI, but it wasn't as much fun or as challenging as working full-time at the medical school, so I returned to Fred's GI division. A very good decision.

The standard model of academic gastroenterology is tripartite: research, teaching and clinical care, with some administration on the side. I led the medical school course on Physical Diagnosis and taught clinical GI to trainees and house staff. I took care of patients in the hospital and the clinic, alongside our trainees. I published a paper on Zollinger-Ellison syndrome when it was a hot topic. I did numerous liver biopsies on patients with what was then called serum hepatitis, documenting its progression to chronic hepatitis.

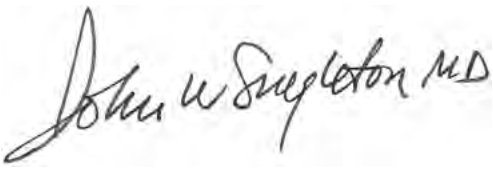
In 1969, there was great uncertainty about the proper treatment of Crohn's Disease, recently identified as autoimmune. With guidance from Fred and his many friends in the top rank of American gastroenterology, I became the coordinator of the National Cooperative Crohn's Disease Study (NCCDS), which was my research project for the next ten years. The study enrolled over 600 patients at fourteen cooperating centers in a prospective double-blind controlled trial comparing three drugs in patients with active disease. During our sabbatical in England in 1979, I edited and wrote much of the six-paper report of the study in *Gastroenterology,* published in 1980. The "Crohn's Disease Activity Index," invented by Dr. William Best and validated by the NCCDS, is still a standard way of assessing therapy in Crohn's disease.

In my last twenty years at the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center, I worked as Associate Dean for Faculty Affairs for several years under several deans, most notably Harry Ward and Norm Weiner. I continued to teach trainees and house staff on the wards and in the clinic. I cared for patients with Crohn's Disease and ulcerative colitis as a consultant and primary physician. I led the GI Division's

participation in several multicenter controlled trials in Crohn's disease and ulcerative colitis. Since 1962 when I began at UCHSC, the field of inflammatory bowel disease (IBD) has moved from confusion and uncertainty about cause and treatment to increasing understanding of the genetic and immune system abnormalities that underlie susceptibility and to much more effective medical treatment of these diseases. My automobile license plate reads XIBD: stamp out inflammatory bowel disease.

After my retirement from the full-time faculty in 1999, I worked part-time at the Denver Veterans Administration Hospital supervising endoscopy and outpatient clinical care by GI trainees and house staff. When I was no longer needed at the VA to supplement the full-time staff, the Denver city hospital, Denver Health, asked me to work there in the same capacity. I had a good time at both places working with bright and effective colleagues. And I was pleased to keep up my clinical skills and knowledge of the rapidly advancing field of inflammatory bowel disease.

Once I was no longer working all day every day, I had time to learn to fly. So at age sixty-nine I soloed and, on my second try, passed the check ride for my private pilot license. To date I have accumulated almost 500 hours in the air, flying old Cessnas rented from Aspen Flying Club in Denver and Sierra Aviation in Santa Fe.



John's first eighty-three years

John's father, Jack, and mother, Isabelle

Beadle, a Scottish terrier, was a jaunty companion.

The dissection room at Harvard Medical School

John introduces his first grandson, Charlie, to hospital colleagues.

Waxing skis at the Jackal Hut, one of many Tenth Mountain Huts he called home for trips of mountain skiing

These oil portraits of John's forbears, each twenty-five by thirty inches, have graced our dining room walls for forty years. Henry Singleton, John's great, great grandfather, was born in April 1793 in Norfolk, Virginia and died in St. Louis, Missouri in 1863. He drew the original plans for the courthouse in Saint Louis, which was built by a second architect, Robert S. Mitchell, between 1851 and 1855. We visited the courthouse in 1976 and I was impressed by the gracefulness of the two oval courtrooms at either end. The courthouse can be seen through the window in his portrait and he holds a compass. John thinks the other portrait must be of Henry's second wife, Marsena Robb Singleton, because his first wife, Mary Ann Waldron Reynolds, died in 1836, long before the courthouse was completed. Her portrait shows a view of the gentle countryside through her parlor window.

Henry and Marsena Singleton

The Thomas Weir family, John's mother's family. The Weir sisters: Isabelle and Agnes (standing), and Dorothy in front; John's grandmother Agnes and grandfather Thomas, and young Tom, about 1918.

The John and Louise Singleton Family

John Weir Singleton (b. May 29, 1931)
Married **Louise Randolph Robinson** (b. July 1, 1933)
on October 3, 1959.

John Robinson Singleton (b. September 19, 1960)
Married Estelle Susan Harris (b. August 20, 1962)
on September 1, 1991.

- Andrew West Singleton (b. June 10, 1995)
- Emma Weir Singleton (b. November 27, 1997)

Martha Weir Singleton (b. November 23, 1961)
Married Mark Charles Pennell (b. December 4, 1961) on August 27, 1988.

- Charles Singleton Pennell (b. December 15, 1992)
- Samuel Mark Pennell (b. March 6, 1996)

David Randolph Singleton (b. March 18, 1966)
Married Rochelle Sarah Bernstein (b. September 5, 1968) on July 13, 1997. Divorced March 2013

- Rena Rebecca Singleton (b. July 28, 2004)
- Jacob Randolph Singleton (b. April 27, 2006)

William Reynolds Singleton (b. April 3, 1968)
Married Douglas Daniel Tracey (b. January 9, 1969)
on August 18, 2012.

Summer Squash Casserole

- A generous pound of fresh summer squash, ends removed, cut in ¼ inch slices
- 1 medium yellow onion, sliced
- Salt to taste
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sharp cheddar cheese

Boil squash and onion in an inch or so of salted water until just soft. Drain off ALL the water. Break an egg directly into the squash in the pan and whip with a fork until frothy. Pour into buttered casserole dish. Top with pepper and grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for half hour. Serves 6.

- For extra flavor, add chopped roasted green chilies.

Delectable Meatloaf

Put out a four by eight inch Pyrex loaf pan and two strips of bacon.

In a medium bowl, put in and mix by hand:

- 1 pound lean hamburger
- 1 large chopped onion
- 1-cup breadcrumbs
- ¼ cup ketchup
- Salt and pepper
- 1 egg

Place the mixture in the loaf pan; top with two slices of bacon. Dribble with ketchup.

Now, you can wash your hands and put the meatloaf in the oven at 350 degrees for one hour. Serves 6 to 8. Leftovers make an excellent sandwich, especially warm.

You've never eaten a better meat loaf.

Let's try it, 1968.

The World on My Back

Missouri Lakes Basin, the Colorado Rockies

Backpacking is a learned skill and an acquired taste. It is an activity in which I learned to walk, cook, wash dishes, care for daily needs, and sleep blissfully in the wilderness for days at a time, assisted only with what I could carry on my back. It never occurred to me when I was a barefoot kid playing in the woods in North Carolina that I would be interested in such sport. My brothers used to go out to the "farm" and camp out and sleep in old army hammocks with mosquito netting for days at a time, but I was a girl. It was not for me.

In the spring of 1968, just after the birth of our fourth child, John came home one night and said, "Do you want to go along?" He had signed on to be the trip doctor for a weeklong Wilderness Society backpacking trip in the Gore Range. We had been on hikes and done a little station wagon camping since moving to Denver. Colorado was quite an improvement over the chiggers and poison ivy of my forays into nature as a child in the South, but backpacking, I didn't know. What about bears and lightning and endless forced marches and gruel for dinner? I did know, however, that if I didn't go, I would be left at home with four small children, and that didn't sound like a bargain. So began forty years of joyful close encounters with the wilderness that is now well established in the experience of the third generation of Singletons.

Ironically, that first trip in the jagged peaked Gore Range was one

of the most challenging we ever took. To survive, and enjoy it, was to become a convert for life. Bert and Jean Nauman, mountain folks who taught skiing at Vail, were our guides. We started west of Vail in East Meadow Creek, climbed up Mount Meridian, went along the west side of the Gore Range to Piney Creek, up to Piney Lake—under the Spider and the Fly—and came out Booth Creek east of Vail. The names on the topographical map translated concretely into hours of climbing over downed timber as Bert searched for the trail, camping in the flowers next to Meadow Creek, slogging through soggy tundra above timberline where the snow had just melted, trudging the switchbacks of a rocky pass, catching trout in Piney Lake, which sunk to insignificance beneath the power of the craggy granite cirque below the sharply peaked Spider and Fly, and walking interminably out Booth Creek in the rain. Our gear was soggy and we were as dirty as you can only be dirty near a wet campfire. But we learned we could carry our packs; there was magic in the secluded cocoon of your own tent at the end of an exhausting day; the food was not only edible, but given our appetites, it was delicious; conversation on the trail was lively; and the wilderness spoke its own quiet language.

It rained for two days straight. If the sun doesn't dry us out tomorrow, we'll have to walk out early.

Bert and Jean were masters, and we learned a lot on that trip. So much so, that the next year, we decided to lead our own trip. We advertised to people attending a conference for gastroenterologists in Aspen and had ten people sign up for a week's trip following the conference. On Monday, the Mellow Yellow Taxi Company delivered the group and our gear from Aspen to Lead King Basin. We went

over Trailrider, Buckskin, and Willow Passes, ending at the TLazy7 on Saturday. Minnehaha Gulch was a spectacular campsite, where our tent overlooked the Maroon Bells. There were huge slabs of rock for lazy sunbathing, and a rock basin in the creek for bathing. The TLazy7 packed in steaks, baking potatoes, and cantaloupe mid trip, an unheard of luxury. We had two teenage boys on the trip who were never filled up. They would stand around the cooking fire with a lean look of supplication. It was just a warm-up for backpacking through the years with three sons and a daughter of our own. We rented equipment for those who needed it and charged a fee large enough to equip our camp kitchen and pay our babysitter—a financial success.

In the early 1970s, we went to the San Juans, got off the narrow gauge train in Needleton, walked up into Chicago Basin, over Columbine Pass, and out Vallecito Creek to Vallecito Reservoir. That year, with Rob and Martha ages nine and eleven, we included a bearer, Phil Showalter—a young man who also knew where to find delicious apricot colored chanterelles in abundance. Bountiful trout and the wild raspberries, blueberries, and mushrooms of August made backpacking eating a delight.

Careys and Singletons help with cooking—Martha, Ann, Julie, Mark, and Jeff.

The Singletons and the Careys combined our two families on trips to Cross Creek and Lost Man Creek, carrying along teddy bears in small packs. Five-day trips each summer became the rule rather than the exception. As the children became older, they went off with the Climbing Smiths, Colvig Silver Camps, and Outward Bound to expand their skills and responsibilities. As our children have their children, they want them in a

tent within the first year of life. Usually one night is sufficient.

In 1996 we mounted a trip into the Missouri Lakes. The group included our grandson, West, then thirteen months and barely walking, and his parents, Rob and Estelle; David and his fiancée; Will and a friend who grew up in Alabama and had never been in the western mountains; and Sun Ji, a young man from China who had never been backpacking. We left the trailhead late after lunch in Minturn. It rained walking in and it was cold. West slept on his mother's back with water dripping down his face. We put a tent up and got West and Estelle into a sleeping bag to dry out and warm up. Will had a new tent he had never put up, and he reported that there was an inch of water in the bottom. Sun Ji carried his own tent, had altitude sickness, inadequate rain gear, and Chinese grit. My hands were so cold, despite gloves (wet), that I could hardly make my fingers work. Everyone finally got into a tent about six o'clock, and I was worried that hypothermia was a threat and dinner unlikely. Quiet descended as everyone fell sleep and tried to recover. About eight o'clock I heard noises and looked out of the tent. The rain had stopped. A huge full moon was coming up over the ridge. David and Rob had made a fire and were cooking fajitas with all the trimmings. Three perfect flower days followed in the high mountain

West enjoyed his afternoon nap.

David boot-skiing snow patches

meadows, with climbing along the ridge and boot skiing down the snow patches caught in the shadowy cirques of Missouri Basin.

Backpacking is a balancing act between hard physical work and a sense of accomplishment, frustrated chaos and well-organized efficiency, unreasonable weight to carry and adequate tasty food and comfort, exposure to the elements and the wonder of solitary, unreconstructed wilderness. What tips the scales is a tenuous matter. Good equipment and savvy practical know-how help when conditions are good and may be essential in bad weather.

How much to carry is a shrewd calculation involving how long we will be out, the capacity of the carriers, how far we plan to walk, and tolerance for pain. Recently, as young children needed to be carried, we lost strong carriers, occasionally resulting in resorting to pack horses to carry gear in and out making it much easier to accommodate luxuries like margarita mixings. The amount to be carried takes into consideration individual needs—tents, clothes, sleeping bag and foam pad, and group requirements—food, cooking and water purification equipment, and tents. Originally we had Kelty packs, with a large center bag and four side pockets, perfect for water bottles and gorp. John's pack had a two-foot extension. Now there are internal frame packs that seem to me heavier and less convenient. The secret of a backpack is that weight is carried on hipbones rather than shoulders.

Will had a fine time at the top of Cross Creek, going over "Fifth Class Grass Pass," Outward Bound's name for it.

An essential item for the backpacker is sturdy waterproof boots.

We usually walk a long way, over rocks and rough terrain carrying weight, often in the rain. Blisters and wet socks do not improve the comfort level. As one who grew up barefoot and moved on to three-inch heels, boots were a new phase in my evolution. Hans the boot maker, at Colorado Shoe Company on East Colfax in Denver, fit my first pair. The first time I wore them, I walked eight miles without a blister. I grieved when I left them beside the car in Summit County one afternoon when I changed shoes after a hike.

Choices of tent, sleeping bag, and clothes reflect both minimal weight and maximum efficiency. Rain gear and "layering" help accommodate walking in the heat by day, surviving the late afternoon thunderstorms, and being comfortable in the cool evening around the campfire. We have upgraded our Holubar two-man tent—with water proof fly and ground cloth—to one much more commodious, but we still have our Holubar zip-together down sleeping bags. New therma-rest pads are a major improvement over the old hip-length open-cell foam pads, but heavier. Now there are "chairs" for sitting around the fire and lightweight stoves for when the wood is wet or we aren't permitted to make a fire.

Martha introduced Charlie to backpacking very early.

Food preparation is a challenge and preoccupation of the back packer. The good news-bad news is that everyone is famished; food tastes delicious. Organization makes the awkwardness of cooking on a fire or stove on the ground easier. We select food that is lightweight—freeze dried if possible—and durable. Pre-packaged freeze dried meals are okay for a couple, but expensive

and unwieldy for a larger group. And half the creativity is in thinking up our own dishes. Spaghetti, chicken curry, and stews are staples of our backpacking diet. There is no refrigeration, but pre-frozen meat will last two days. Because food is being cooked under less than efficient circumstances—over a fire or on a small stove at high elevations—ingredients need to cook quickly. We don't even think about regular rice or new potatoes. Spices liven up bland food. There is no such thing as too much, and no one will starve.

Because food is a group activity, organization is important. It is very difficult to go from tent to tent saying, "I have the pasta, who has the sausage?" First, we make out menus for the trip with the resulting shopping list. Packing up the food is a ritual. We gather around the dining room table and lay out a small plastic garbage bag identified for each meal—Sunday lunch, Sunday dinner, Monday breakfast, etc. Everything for that meal is measured, repackaged efficiently, and put in the bag. Zip lock bags are a miracle. In addition to a bag for each meal, there is a condiment bag with salt and pepper, sugar, coffee, oil, powdered milk, and a plastic lemon for hoped-for trout. A cooking utensils bag, a dishwashing bag, a small stove, pans, bowls, cups, eating utensils, a water-purifying unit, and a collapsible gallon container complete the kitchen equipment. At the trailhead or when the group packs up, these bags are distributed and then delivered to the camp "kitchen" as needed.

Gorp is a category all its own—sustenance and entertainment. We like raisins, apricots, nuts, hard candy, M&Ms, and Hershey miniatures. Packed in the breakfast bag is a new little individual baggie filled with gorp for each person each day—a day's companion on the trail, staving off starvation. A market develops as the more desirable items are traded for others. Some people like apricots, some dark chocolate, and some Krackel bars, and the exchange rate is not necessarily one for one. But beware: in the aggregate these are heavy items.

"Okay," you say, "so eating and sleeping and walking can be managed, but what about no shower for five days? And I am accustomed to tidy tile bathrooms with indoor plumbing." It must be some throwback to childhood, but there is pleasure in not worrying about whether you are

dirty or not, and in finding creative ways to clean those parts of you that seem most essential: washing hands in the leftover warm dishwater, or finding a beautiful spot by a creek for morning ablutions, with the crisp feeling of cold water on my face, while parry primrose adorn the rocky edge. Brushing teeth out of a teacup to conserve drinking water takes on a feeling of simplicity and earthy conservation. And there is nothing like the postponed gratification of a good hot shower that rewards the forbearing backpacker.

Latrines are a work of recovered low technology, using a log, a foot-deep straight-sided hole, dirt to cover, and the seclusion of foliage. The covering sod is removed intact; dirt from the hole is piled up near by; a trowel is stuck in the pile with toilet paper pegged on the handle and covered with a plastic bag against the rain. With use, the dirt is troweled into the hole as needed. To close up the latrine, the remaining dirt is piled in the hole, and sod is neatly replaced leaving the latrine, like the just vacated wilderness campsite, almost unidentifiable.

What could be more glorious for a dog? Soren rests at the top of Fifth Class Grass Pass.

Backpacking is clearly not a read-by-the-swimming-pool vacation; it is challenging and it is work. But the rewards are not just an enhancement of our urban lives. Backpacking intervenes in our experience and delivers us to new dimensions of ourselves and of our world. Time

slows down and watches are superfluous. None of the usual limits and opportunities of urban civilization apply. The sun comes up and goes down. There is no traffic and no motor noise. Schedules and activities are determined by the distance to be covered and the unpredictability of weather, or by whether we prefer to see over the next ridge or seek out the wildflowers, mushrooms, or fishing closer to camp. There is solitude and quiet. Needs are basic and insistent. Even though we are insulated by modern equipment technology from the worst of the discomforts and hazards nature is quite capable of—both routinely and in extreme occurrences—I can imagine this is the way it was when the world began. My being expands to fill the space and time. The simple acts of gathering wood and stirring oatmeal over a fire connect me to the work of people through time. All of human accomplishment is put in perspective.

A great lunch spot near our campsite a few miles out of Marble, Colorado. Estelle, Emma, David, Jacob, West, Rena, Rob, Sam, Charlie, and Indy

And there is incomparable beauty everywhere the eyes turn. I learn to see not only the spectacular—the shape of the jagged ridge line against the darkening clouds in a blue sky—but the tiny and insignificant, the patterns of lichen on a rock nestled between moss campion and a clump of columbine. The beauty is neither created by us, nor will it be destroyed by us. Walking with a pack on my back teaches me to walk patiently and expectantly through the world and to pack lightly.

A Walk in Early July

I've been out to inspect my estate bounded
By Buffalo, Red Mountain, Peak One and Baldy.
My mind and spirit
Expand to fill the space.

Although it's mid-summer
Snow outlines ridge tops
Buffalo Mountain looks like
An obese crouching zebra
Creeks spill in boggy marshland
Beaver ponds are impassable.

Cool damp reluctant
It's the week for blue flowers.
Gathering earth, rain and sky
To swell in leafy abundance,
Blooms are understated, colors muted.

Purple-blue parry larkspur, flax, penstemon
Lupine, wild iris, forget-me-nots in sage meadows
Clumps of columbine in aspens
Chiming bells clinging to bottoms of willows.

Snow-on-the-mountains spreads
Like snow on the mountains
Prairie smoke nods in dusky pink patches
New growth on sage makes blue haze on hills
Dandelions have done well, scraggly now
Their feathered heads welcome buttercups.

Summer's vivid brightness
Fuchsia, red, and gold of
Paint brush, daisies, arnica, sunflowers
Waits for the sun's insistent heat.

The sun warms my back
I spread my arms like wings
And glide into the welcoming wind.
How do humans remember what is real
Or invent what is new
Without quiet, sky, and growing things?

LRS, Wildernest, 1995

Chicken Curry Dinner—Backpacking Style

The Menu

- Chicken curry with rice, stewed fruit, and gingerbread

Packing up in the Home Kitchen

- Stew 1 pound chicken breast or thighs. Pour off broth. Tear or cut meat into small pieces, package in Ziploc bag and freeze well.
- Package a 6-serving box of Minute Rice in a small bag with 1 tablespoon onion flakes, ½ teaspoon salt and pepper, 3 chicken bouillon cubes, and 2 to 3 teaspoons curry powder. Include the directions for the amount of water needed for cooking the rice. (Don't even think about cooking regular rice. It will never get done.)
- 16-ounce bag of dried mixed fruit.
- Gingerbread mix, repackaged with required dry ingredients (adjusted for high altitude) and directions for mixing in water.
- Pack together in small kitchen garbage bag and mark "DINNER" and the day you intend to eat it.
- Don't forget to add the frozen chicken as you pack up to leave!

Cooking by the Campfire

- In a small pan add 2 cups water to the dried fruit. Cook gently to stew the fruit and set aside.
- Mix gingerbread according to directions. Pour into a frying pan (or pan for baking), cover well with oiled foil, and place over coals. When it is almost done, turn over carefully to cook topside. Set aside.
- In large pan, dissolve bouillon cubes from small bag with rice in 2 cups of water. Chop and add chicken (probably defrosted by now.) Heat and add other spices from the bag. Adjust water as needed.
- In separate pan, mix rice with water as directed. Heat until fluffy.
- To serve, put a spoon of rice in each bowl. Spoon curry over rice and fruit on the side. Serve a slice of gingerbread on the side or for dessert. Serves 6.
- If available, add freeze-dried vegetables to the curry, or take very thin sliced fresh beans or carrots if weight is not an issue.
- You may never eat a meal with more gusto.

Oxford is renowned for its elegant limestone university buildings with spires that are golden in the sunlight. This is the round dome of the Bodleian Library.

At Home with Golden Spires

Seven Oaks, 10 Lincombe Lane
Boars Hill, Oxford, England

The first of our adventures overseas began in January 1978. I had never been out of the country. John decided to take his first academic sabbatical for eight months in Oxford. John would work at the Radcliffe Infirmary and in the Department of Social Medicine at the Oxford University Medical School and go into London to take courses in epidemiology and statistics at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. The children would go to English schools, and I would figure out how to make us at home.

Rob, Martha, Will, and I arrived in Oxford after the first semester of school was completed in Denver in late January. John and David went in early January and were already well settled into Seven Oaks at 10 Lincombe Lane on Boar's Hill in Oxford. When we knew that we were going, John found an advertisement in The Oxford University Gazette for a house available from Mr. Broadhurst, who wanted to try out life in Devon for his new retirement. For us it was a coup—a two-story house with four bedrooms and a yard like a park.

Boars Hill is a small village outside the ring road and higher than the city of Oxford, the "City of Spires." From the downs near our house you could sit on a bench and study the golden towers of the colleges along The

High gleaming in the afternoon sun. The High bisected the University and crossed the Cherwell River near Magdalen College School, where in spring, punters poled flat-bottomed boats in the tentative sun.

Our Volkswagen bus in the driveway at Seven Oaks, Lincombe Lane

The house, Seven Oaks, had a long gravel driveway. There was a living room with an electric fireplace, a dining room for meals, entertaining, and homework and a good-sized kitchen. Upstairs were four bedrooms and one bathroom with towel racks heated by the hot water pipes that carried water to your bath. The garden had a raspberry patch covered with netting to discourage the rabbits. The house came equipped with a housekeeper who came weekly and Eddie, the gardener, a retired navy man who always came to work dressed in coat and tie. The housekeeper told me, when I was going off to Southeast Asia for three weeks in March, that she had never been more than thirty-five miles from home. That is about how far Oxford is from London.

Seven Oaks was comfortable, large enough, well equipped, and very plain. I did not expect to ever be too warm there, but the heat was adequate. The downstairs powder room did not participate in the heating system and was always freezing. Hot water was available

from seven to nine in the morning and five to eight in the evening. It was basically a very orderly house we could move right into with only occasional quirks in the way things were organized. The worst thing in the house: lavender flowered shades in the kitchen. The best thing: electric sheets (under the bottom cotton sheets) and down coverlets or duvets on the beds. Will was delighted to have his own space and showed surprising ingenuity about organizing his belongings. In January it was damp, drab, and bone chilling. We were amused at the announcements on the radio that today would have "brighter intervals."

Our first challenge was to get everyone into school. We had made plans ahead for Rob to attend the sixth form (eleventh grade) and David the second form (sixth grade) at Magdalen College School, which has as its ancient primary purpose to educate the boys in the Magdalen College Boys' Choir. Martha was enrolled in the fifth form at Headington School for girls. She would join her class in taking the O Level exams to see if she qualified to go on with her education or stop then and go to work. Everyone had uniforms. Rob and David wore jackets. David's was black with red felt binding. These were rounded out with striped school ties, and white shirts. Martha's was less impressive—a grey-blue skirt and sweater and white blouse. David loved wearing his uniform. I did not see that uniforms were any hindrance to full participation in boyhood activities of the most vigorous kind.

David and Rob dressed for school

Will, who would turn ten while we were in Oxford, was not yet settled. The day after our arrival, while John was at work and the other kids had gone to school, I got in our newly purchased used Volkswagen bus to drive Will to The Dragon School for an interview. I had no idea where I was going and it was my first experience driving on the left side of the road from the right side of a strange vehicle. Everything is backward. Boston had roundabouts, so I was used to entering them, but suddenly this indignant man pulled me over, came to my window, and called me "inexperienced." I was almost in tears. I said, "Wait, wait," and explained to him what I was trying to do. He looked hard at me, asked where I was going, and proceeded to lead me there.

I don't remember whether Will started school there or not, but my journal said that Will did not want to go there; that the boys asked him "dirty questions." Instead, he started at Sunningwell School, the village school for our area. It was down the lane, over the stile, across a field with cows, and into the little village of Sunningwell, where I later went to do pottery at the local church, with clay called St. Thomas's Body. We did not realize that children from Boar's Hill did not go to Sunningwell. They went to "public" schools. The teacher looked fine and there were all those fresh-faced English children in the sunny classroom. But I learned that class distinctions are very sharp in England. Will made a friend named David, who lived in Council Housing. He was a bright, energetic little boy who was as glad to find Will, as Will was to find him. He had an active imagination developed from a distinct lack of toys. He had several siblings, and his father was a landscape gardener who had been injured and was not working. As spring progressed, suddenly David was no longer available to play. Other children in the class had let David know that he could be Will's friend or he could be their friend. Our other children fared better, although they were glad to get back to integrated Manual High School in Denver.

Our David had had some difficulty with school in Denver and had worked with a therapist on sequencing and getting his thoughts on paper. David loved going to school at Magdalen and we knew that the work was going to be academically challenging. If he succeeded, it would be a great boost. So we had a campaign: Rob worked with

him in Maths, John in Physics, and I in English and History. To our amazement, David also received both diagnostic and therapeutic care for learning disabilities in England as part of the English health care system, as free and available to us as it was to everyone else. David loved castles and English coats of arms. For his school project he did a scrapbook about Oxford Colleges and their coats of arms, with photographs, drawings, and text. He received a first on it—one of his prize accomplishments.

For me, living in Oxford with four children, ages seventeen to ten, was about how to make the situation home. I often said that home is where you and the situation finally manage to adapt to each other. One of my challenges was shopping. In Denver, I shopped once a week. English women seem to shop every day or so. We would have laughed to call the markets super markets. There were no grocery bags. You had to bring your own string bags to carry things home. One day I decided to go into Oxford town to Sainsbury's to really stock up. The store was on an upper level with a long ramp that rounded a corner going up to the door from the parking garage. After filling two shopping baskets with groceries, I started down the ramp to my VW bus—pushing one cart and pulling the other. I lost my grip on the front basket, and it rolled away and crashed at the turn. No one offered to help. In fact, no one even seemed to notice that this American was trying not to be ordered by English ways of proceeding.

Catching the bus every morning into The High in Oxford

We adapted. Baths or washing were available only morning and evening when the water heater was set to turn on. In Denver we put

out two to four large trash cans every week. In Oxford we put out a scant one. There was no packaging and Eddie liked the garbage for composting the garden. Food was plain, bread was delicious, and cream, settled out at the top of the milk, could be spooned from the bottle. Winter vegetables tended to carrots, onions, and potatoes; fruit came from Spain; "puddings" were cake; and Scotch, made a few hundred miles north, was ridiculously expensive.

Susan Reynolds, who lived down the lane, came to call, her polite English form interlaced with a healthy dose of curiosity about this American family who had taken up a lively residence nearby. We soon got to know the whole Reynolds family. Leighton was a classics professor at Brasenose College at Oxford; Susan was an eye therapist; Lucy was Martha's age and also went to Headington; and William was Will's age, but they never seemed to see eye to eye. Another daughter, Elizabeth, was in between. Susan seemed glad to have American friends as neighbors and introduced us to a number of people and activities. Martha began to take ballet from Katherine Graham-Smith at the end of the lane and also went into London on the train on Saturdays to take classes. I joined Susan for a little tennis but did not prove good enough to become a regular.

Thanks to the Reynolds, we had several amazing experiences. Leighton invited us to dine at the high table at Brasenose College. From my journal:

> Dinner At Table is an elegant occasion. We had drinks in Leighton's lodgings (his Brasenose College office) at 7 p.m. Then we formed up in the anteroom outside the great hall for men to put on gowns and establish seniority to determine first, second, and third hosts. We sat at the high table in the college dining room where students were having their regular Tuesday evening dinner. The menus was asparagus with hollandaise sauce, chicken in curried sour cream sauce, saffron rice, braised zucchini, and Peach Melba. It was accompanied by silver, linen, crystal, wine, and formal service.
>
> After dinner we went to the Senior Common Room, taking our napkins with us. There we had port or Madeira and fruit, followed by snuff from a little silver box. I did not know how to use it so did not get the full effect, causing great amounts of sneezing to the

amusement of the old hands. During the fruit course, I sat next to Robert Shackleton, head of Bodleian Library. It was his duty to start the port by serving the person on his right and then passing to the left. At one point he got up to pull a bell cord to order more port. It was served in a crystal decanter with elegant silver holder. He was very distinguished, but mostly said "harrumph" in stoic English fashion.

Then we moved to the smoking lounge for coffee and brandy. Total process involved four hours. It was amazing that people still spend a night or two a week that way. Wives are not invited to dine in. Susan says she is accustomed to it.

Leighton invited us to attend Encaenia, Oxford's graduation celebration. Everyone wore gowns and hoods and the proceedings were conducted in Latin. That did not seem too surprising in that place, but the amazing thing was that people laughed at the speaker's stories.

Gradually, we became comfortable in Oxford and began to enjoy its offerings. Best were Shakespeare plays held outside on summer evenings at various colleges. We saw *Twelfth Night*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *King Lear*. With an English accent, Shakespeare truly sounded like Shakespeare. We rode the train into London and went to museums and sightseeing. One weekend we went with the Reynolds to Stratford-on-Avon to see *The Taming of the Shrew*. After we were seated on the main floor, we noticed a skirmish down at the front row where a couple of ushers were trying to politely show an obstreperous member of the audience out of the theater. Suddenly there was a shot and all the lights went out. It was terrifying. After a substantial

A Saturday picnic near church ruins

amount of time, the lights on the stage came up and the play began. It had been a bit of "theater," a prelude to the play, which was also in modern dress with a motorcycle on stage. It was clear to me how much I depend on the assumption that what happens on stage is not real but a story from which to walk away.

In April, we spent spring break in France, camping in our Volkswagen bus. The kids slept in a tent. John and I slept in a fold down bed in the back and Will on the front seat. It was cold. The bus had very limited cooking capacity, but we could manage breakfast. We stopped in campgrounds in towns along the Loire. Bathrooms were almost uniformly appalling. It was hard to even get your face washed and teeth brushed. I would get very tired of it and say, "We have to stay at a hotel." John would say as we pulled into a campground, "Now, it won't be so bad." The next night we seemed to reverse roles.

Our habit was to stop and eat lunch in a town square. It seemed to be difficult to start our traveling early in the morning, so when we reached a town where we wanted to stop, the shops were often closed for lunch. When we did find lunch, it was often too chilly for a picnic. I learned that the way to buy wine was to follow a boy into the shop and pick up the same bottle he was sent to buy by his mother. "Patisserie!" became the cry as we stopped often for afternoon snacks. Thus fortified, we made it through the chateaus along the Loire Valley and all the way to Paris.

John parked by the Seine and we waited while he went looking for a hotel for our week's visit. Today, we would have a nice apartment all arranged on Craig's List, but not then. John walked up the hill to a bar and talked to a redheaded woman standing at the bar having her afternoon drink. She told him of a nearby small hotel. He checked and came back for us. Parking was almost impossible, so we left our bus where it was for the week and trudged our way up the hill with our luggage and back down a week later when we left. It was spitting snow in April in Paris. Camping did not sound like a good plan.

The children rapidly became proficient on the Parisian transportation system and frequently set out on their own. We saw the city—the

cathedrals, museums, markets, and people—all bustling, all speaking another language. Rob, Martha, and John knew a little French. I tried a few words, but was always booed by my family for poor pronunciation.

After school was over in June, we set out again in our bus, this time to Anglesey, Wales. From my journal:

> We moved our campsite yesterday morning from a crowded low spot overlooking the sewer with appropriate smell, to high in a field all by ourselves, overlooking the ocean. We cannot understand why our fellow travelers go to a campsite to crowd themselves and their camper/trailers as close together as possible. The weather is deteriorating and we will probably go see castles this afternoon. As I look out across the bay at Holy Head, it is covered with fog. Just the top of a hill is sticking up.
>
> I have liked this spot—quiet, with our own little private rock beach. The sunset last night was beautiful—pearly streaks of soft pink, white, and blue. The children skipped large flat smooth rocks across the water. Robby is quite good. His will skip eight to ten times, seeming to glide along the top of the water, setting up a trail of circles that grow progressively smaller and curving off to the right or left.
>
> Yesterday the children spent all day building a sandcastle. It was large and impressive with a keep, moats, and side towers, gates, a town with a cathedral—a creation made with diligence and craftsmanship. As the tide began coming in about 5 pm, quite a crowd gathered—especially little boys—to watch the castle give way to the onslaught of the incoming tide. As each part fell or cracked, a cheer went up. It was a community event that for a short time joined us to others on the beach. When it was gone, dissipated under the ocean—the crowd fell apart too, and we went off to eat our dinner.

That beach in Wales was the beginning of our family's sandcastle-building tradition. We had visited a lot of castles and they particularly fascinated David. We would go on to build sandcastles whenever we gathered at the beach.

I managed to crunch the fender of the VW bus, trying to squeeze into a spot by a stonewall on the left side of the road. A problem: we had

Our family's first sandcastle

already contracted to sell it upon our return to Oxford.

The summer was glorious. We had a Fourth of July party in the garden of Seven Oaks for our friends. We served American style hamburgers, ran relay races, and blew up balloons. Our English friends came with a few remarks about upstart Americans on Independence Day. The weather had more "brighter intervals;" Eddie kept us supplied with fresh raspberries from the garden; the hill above the downs in Oxford was lush and green—a prime place for playing frisbee golf and sitting on the old wooden bench that had a superb view of the golden towers of Oxford.

To go home, we rented a truck to get all of our belongings to Heathrow. Mr. Watfa at Blue Bird Travel, who had made my reservations to go from London to Indonesia, Malaysia, and India in March, arranged our flight. He said we had reserved standby tickets on Air India. We arrived and piled our luggage, including four footlockers and two bicycles, in front of the Air India desk. It turned out we had no tickets and no seats. In addition, there was a British Airways strike and everything was jammed up. We called Mr. Watfa. He did not know what had happened but

would send someone out with money. We did not have six tickets worth and VISA had not been invented yet. Air India looked discouraging but promised to see what they could do. There was no way to go back to Oxford; the truck was long gone. John and I talked about who should go and who should stay if we could not get all of us on the plane. The kids continued to sit on top of the luggage, which covered most of the space in front of the Air India desk. Finally, they found six seats scattered throughout the plane. I am convinced we would not have made it onto the plane if they hadn't needed to move all our belongings away from the Air India counter.

Susan and Leighton Reynolds remained very good friends. Leighton died of colon cancer in 2008, a couple of years after we traveled with them to Greece. Leighton, a classics scholar, spoke and read Greek and he knew the country like the back of his hand. They had their favorite places and were happy to introduce us to them. When I went back and forth to Africa in later years, I stopped in London and spent a few days with Susan and she has come to visit us in Santa Fe.

Susan and Leighton Reynolds with John in front of Brasenose College

Rob and Martha came home and returned to Manual High School; David entered Kent Denver Country Day School for junior high school. Will went to Graland for several years,

where he suffered under Madame Giberto, the French teacher. David interviewed at Graland also. In the interview they asked him a question about what he had done in the summer. He was speechless. At Kent, the interviewer asked him what he liked and he said, "castles." That resulted in a twenty minute detailed conversation about the ins and outs of castles and admittance to Kent.

For our family, our experience in Oxford was an adventure. It called on all of us to meet our neighbors and new friends where they live. Everyday we got up, went into their world. We rode the public bus, walked down The High, learned that less was, if not more, at least very adequate. We learned the rules and folkways of a different culture and came to appreciate English reticence and formality. No one was going to beat the bandwagon for us; we were on our own to settle in and go quietly about our daily business, making new friends and enjoying opportunities as they arose. We learned that it was not necessary for the sun to shine every day; that you could get used to being bone cold a lot of the time. We appreciated the gentle countryside, walking on paths, climbing over stiles, tromping through other people's pastures, and exploring ancient churches and castles. There is no doubt about it, the English are civilized, gracious, and in both their private and public life, amazingly generous. We were at home—sometimes like the pleasure of a scratchy sweater when it is cold—but we were at home.

The Reading

Inhuman space to house a gentle art
Spare six-sided walls imprison passion
Released line by line
In trembling shyness or practiced drama.

Bare neon tubes stare down, merciless,
Undraping the Muse
Invited to display
Her fresh and cunning contours.

Rhythm, metered or free, communicating
Form to yearning silence
Is deadened by thudding, mindless, background beats
And stifled by oppressive, enveloping heat.

How like the English to sit in careful rows
Intent, obedient, not outraged, shouting
That it is all wrong, out of place,
But go smilingly on—"A jolly good show."

LRS
February, 1978

Poetry Reading, Old Gaol in Abingdon, near Oxford

The Ground Shifts

The task before us now, if we would not perish, is to shake off our ancient prejudices and build the earth.

Teilhard de Chardin

The Social Process Triangles
A framework for understanding the dynamics that occur in any society

Source: The Institute of Cultural Affairs

What Is My Life About?

South House, Blue Island Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

I am not sure what I expected when John and I and three others from Montview Presbyterian Church, drove to Chicago to attend the Summer Research Assembly at the Ecumenical Institute (EI). It was July 1971. John and I left our four children, aged eleven to three, in the care of the Denver Religious House at 1741 Gaylord Street, a big old house that was the home and office of those who worked for the Ecumenical Institute in Denver. John, Paul Hamilton, and Don Elliott planned to return to Denver after a short time, but Freda, Don's wife, and I intended to stay four weeks. I had never been to Chicago, I knew essentially nothing about this organization or what I would be doing, and my children would spend those four weeks in a Religious House. What could I have been thinking?

The Kent State Massacre had shocked the world on May 4, 1970. The *New York Times* began publishing the "Pentagon Papers" in mid-June, 1971. Protests against the Viet Nam War were strident. I had missed the up-endedness of the 1960s—the rebellion against authority, free-form lifestyle, rejection of materialism, and discontented individualism. I had had four children in the 1960s, and to say that I was busy, distracted, and disconnected from the larger world is to understate the coziness of

my cocoon. I read Betty Friedan and *The Feminine Mystique* in 1968 when I was pregnant with Will. I got a glimpse of how my wife and mother role had been meticulously nurtured into me in my Southern upbringing. Yes, I had gone to Boston to business school and happily worked for Polaroid for three years, but still I had no idea that I would want a career, work of my own in the world. I did not feel much responsibility for the world beyond my family and close community.

John and I had encountered the Ecumenical Institute at a weekend seminar called RS-1—Religious Studies I. Its intention was to confront unexamined religious literalism with an intellectual and experiential grounding that would have powerful ramifications for how you live your life. The course focused on four major symbols of the Christian faith: God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Church. It used the writings of four Twentieth Century theologians, Rudolph Bultman, Paul Tillich, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and H. Richard Niebuhr, to blow open these well worn church concepts, the words that name them, and the stories that hold them, ground them in ordinary human experience, and then re-symbolize them again. To me, who had grown up in the unquestioned and unquestioning environment of the southern Presbyterian Church, this was radical and exciting stuff. The calling was to live an intentional life of service—not to some reduced god, but to the whole world. This was not a "Jesus Loves You, Y'all Come" kind of theology. It was insistent and demanding. Stop worrying about yourself and your soul. Get out there and bring new life to the world. Live your life. I had no idea what a month in Chicago would bring, but I was clear there was an interesting world beyond my kitchen sink and my unexamined life role.

We arrived in Chicago at the Ecumenical Institute offices, located in an old seminary on West Congress Parkway in the middle of a poor, black, angry, rioting community. John and I were instructed not go on the street, not because we might come to harm, but because there might be an incident which would damage the Ecumenical Institute's work in Fifth City. The Institute was working with the community to offer paths to change and a sense of hope where very little existed.

The first shock was that those of us from Denver were split up and assigned to three different locations. A thousand people were expected

to attend, so other buildings were co-opted. John and I were sent to what had been an abandoned hotel on Blue Island Parkway, a four story wooden building with rooms around a central shaft and stairway. I have little idea where in Chicago it was because I only left the building once a week to go to assemblies of the whole body, and I never walked outside the building. John was assigned to a men's dorm and I was assigned to a women's dorm on the fourth floor.

The building looked like a firetrap. My room contained bunk beds for six and opened onto a hall at the top of the open shaft. John and I were out on the falling-off-the-wall back porch trying to decide what to do. I was in tears because there was no way that a responsible mother of four would put herself in such danger. And, I was beginning to understand about assignment—it equaled obedience. Charles Moore came along and asked what the problem was. I let him have it—the danger, the negligence, etc, etc. He listened quietly and said wait. In a few minutes he was back with a new room assignment. John and I were assigned together to a small room off the porch on the second floor above the kitchen. I learned later it was his and Pat's room. Living in a room with five other women would not have been easy, but I might have been less lonely than returning every evening to this small room off the second floor porch, facing the tenements behind.

John stayed for a week and returned to Denver. I knew no one—no one to help make sense of the strange, continuously objectionable expectations in which the rules of engagement were different than any I had ever encountered. The Ecumenical Institute was staffed by a secular order of individuals and families who had decided to live a life of committed service. Those who decided to join the Order Ecumenical lived by the ancient monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Poverty meant receiving a stipend equal to the poverty level wherever one worked. In India, that could be $10 a month. Some people worked outside and their income supported those who staffed the work of the Institute. Chastity had to do with the Kierkegaardian idea of willing one thing. Your life was about the immediate work and intention of the larger group. Obedience was about accepting assignments. These three disciplines—seriously observed—came to me continually as a shock

and an affront. And yet, all these extremely bright, well-organized, compelling people had agreed to live like this. They seemed to think it the most important thing they had ever done. And the most important thing I might do.

The task for the month was to describe the Social Process Triangles framework as a rational tool for creating the New Social Vehicle. The Ecumenical Institute expected nothing less than to participate in transforming the world. Banners hanging across the front of the assembly hall read,

> All the earth belongs to all the people.
> All the wisdom belongs to all the people.
> All the goods belong to all the people.
> All the decisions belong to all the people.

To me, these were revolutionary ideas.

I wondered if this would show up in my FBI file, although it seemed unlikely I had an FBI file. It had not been so long since the days of the McCarthy hearings. I could believe association with this organization might be hazardous. I also felt an underlying implication that my usual role of wife and mother was inadequate. I needed to commit myself to renewing the local church and re-creating the institutions of society to care for all.

The day began with a Daily Office about 6 a.m. Wake up call was someone with a gong outside the door shouting, "Praise the Lord;

Christ is Risen!" to which we were to respond, "He is risen indeed!" as we rolled joyfully out of bed. I was assigned to a working group of about thirty people, which would be my center of activities for the four weeks. We met morning and afternoon, breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The Research Assembly of a thousand people gathered staff from all over the country and a few from overseas, plus volunteers and new recruits like us. The purpose of the summer's research was to figure out what was needed to transform civil society and to create the practical programs to foster that change. During the working year, the staff would implement the thinking and programs wherever they were assigned. They would return the next summer for another assembly to assess what had worked and to create the organization's work for the following year. It was a kind of practical research. It was an astounding operation, better seen from a bird's eye view than from a hard chair in a working group in the steamy summer heat of Chicago. My bottom developed blisters.

The task for Summer '71 was to define the dynamics that occur in any society. It would be used as a tool to understand those social forces that were tyrannizing and those that were in collapse. When economic, political, and cultural dynamics are in balance, the New Social Vehicle can emerge. To prepare for the assembly, staff had methodically read a thousand current and classic books over the last year, trying to discern what was happening in communities in the chaotic time of the 1960s and beginning of the 1970s.

Typical of ICA methodology, the total task of the assembly was divided among three locations, each defining one third of the Social Process: economic, political, and cultural. The job of South House was to define the cultural aspects, called the Cultural Commonality. We were asked to figure out and describe what concretely was meant by and went on in the subheadings of Communal Wisdom, Communal Styles, and Communal Symbols. (See the Social Process diagram on page 152.) My working group was assigned Final Meanings under Communal Wisdom. This task required a great deal of brainstorming, discussion, and corporate writing. It is difficult to explain and define the very medium in which you live and move and have your being. As someone said, "Does a fish know what water is?" Corporate writing was a new experience.

Three or four people work together to write, getting their ideas on paper in a process of suggestion and negotiation that can be both long and infuriatingly difficult, particularly if you are defining something called Final Meanings. The day's work was sent to Room E, where assembly leadership studied it and decided what the next step in the research would be for the following day. This was an evolving process.

I was totally disconnected from home, seeming to forget my children for days at a time. I was trying to survive and to contribute. There were no computers, cell phones, newspapers, or even telephones for general use. Someone reported the news of the day at breakfast. At quiet time after lunch, I took my journal and incense to an assigned place and thought deep thoughts. Singing and Psalm conversations were intended to keep spirits up and intention focused on the task. Weekly planned activities, or "discontinuity," provided a break from work. Again, I was astonished when an evening celebration of skits and songs was planned, assembled, enjoyed, and disassembled in an evening, ready for work the next morning.

Weekly gatherings of all three parts of the assembly, held at Malcolm X College, heard reports on work. Singing by the whole body when they gathered a thousand strong in assembly was without accompaniment—and earthmoving. The primary songs I enjoyed were the hymns "For I Know Whom I have Believed," "Amazing Grace," "The Lord of the Dance," "Why O Lord, Hast Thou Quite Forsaken Me," and "Those Who Wait on the Lord," and secular songs like "Blue Skies" and "I Don't Know Why I Love You Like I Do." People wrote visionary words to popular tunes such as "On a Clear Day" and the "Sound of Silence." Documents of the assembly's work were printed at the print shop and then collated by laying out stacks of each page in order for the entire body of people to pass by in a line assembling their document—usually while singing.

The nuts and bolts of the assembly were directed by staff and carried out by participants as assigned—to the kitchen, cleaning, print shop, and typing. John worked in the boiler room in the grungy basement. To stoke the boiler, he had to load coal into a wheelbarrow and push it up a six-inch plank to reach the boiler. One night on breakfast prep, I broke

three hundred eggs to prepare scrambled eggs. I was instructed to break them two at a time—one in each hand; this was just the beginning of breakfast prep. Showers and toilet facilities were barely adequate and tended to verge on collapse.

I anticipated that Bill Hudson, who had left the Order and was a minister at Montview Church, would arrive for the second two weeks. He had gotten me into this, and maybe he could help me understand this strange world and why it was important for me to be there. I was in a school gymnasium as part of a typing crew on Friday night when the phone rang. I heard the person who answered say that it was too bad that someone had died. I found out that Bill had had a heart attack and died the day before. He would not be coming to Chicago, to South House. Bill had left the Order; people did not leave the Order. No one knew at that point how the Order should deal with an ex-Order member who died, so his death was mostly ignored: he had left the Order; he had refused to live his life. I am not overly given to tears, but I think that summer I cried about every day.

I still do not know why I did not go home. I expect a few people thought up a good reason why they were required to be someplace else. My prior (as in the head of a monastery), the leader of my working group, was that same Charles Moore who rescued us from our dilemma on the back porch. It is hard to describe Charles. Like many other people in the Order, he was a preacher who decided that this was a far more interesting and significant thing to do with his life than work in the desert of the local parish. He lived in the depth of the spirit—

Charles Moore was the prior of my working group for the month.

close to the Dark Night of the Soul. And he could make you believe you belonged there too. I could not imagine telling him this work was not important and I would not be part of it. That's what priors do: they keep you pointed in the direction you choose for your life, willing one thing and being obedient. I had chosen to be there. I was also intrigued.

When Summer '71 ended, Paul Hamilton's son Cap and I drove home from Chicago to Denver. We talked all night. By the time we drove in I-70 out of Limon into the Denver morning, I understood a lot more about what had happened to me. I could think about it and not just respond emotionally. I would not just go home, pick up my abandoned children, and return to life as usual. I understood that I had now assumed Care for the World—a burden that would never leave me.

I did not join the Order Ecumenical, although I often thought about it. I had a husband with little interest and four children. And I am not sure I could have been sufficiently obedient, willing-one-thing, and detached from this world's goods to have been a satisfactory member of the Order.

Research and work in local communities was also changing the organization. At the 1972 Summer Research Assembly, they emerged from the Dark Night and waltzed. I couldn't believe the reports of what a fine time people had. The Institute also decided to make the "Turn to the World." The assessment was made that major change in our time would not happen through the local church, but through secular society. Soon after, the Ecumenical Institute became the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA), because the organization determined that major change in the world would come through change in the cultural dimension of society, not through the local church.

Human Development Projects were born and established on every continent in every time zone. Local people learned skills to "develop" their community—human development. As ICA worked in communities with other religions, the intent was not to convert people but to find the transparent life-giving word in their religious tradition. I particularly appreciated the EI/ICA intention to create

and define frameworks to use in thinking about things. My favorite is Knowing, Doing, and Being. Although I wrote many history exams on the economic, political, and cultural backgrounds of an issue, how those interacted with each other were not as clear until I worked with the Social Process Triangles. The Global Grid gives a new way to imagine the world. And, of course, there is Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

Over the years, I volunteered in many activities, beckoned by the opportunity to work with unusually committed people, who could see past the immediacy of the moment to the possibility of actually changing the world to one in which people—particularly the poorest of the poor—took hold of what they wanted for their future and worked to make that happen. The work opened my life to the world.

Dick Alton leads a lively meeting in Chicago. Note Don Elliott in the back.

John and I were part of a "cadre" called the Pioneers at Montview Church, one of four churches in the Denver/Boulder area involved in the Local Church Experiment to renew our churches and our communities. This group was instrumental in hiring Ken Barley, who along with his wife Zoe had just left the Order, to replace Bill Hudson.

He took the leadership role in changing Montview from a senior ministry to a corporate ministry model of church organization.

In 1976, I assisted with town meetings in the nationwide Town Meeting Project. It was a massive project—at least one town meeting was organized in every county across the country—intended to raise the consciousness of residents to the possibility of new life in their community. I visited development projects in India, Malaysia, and Indonesia while we were on sabbatical in Oxford, glimpsing first hand the enormity, richness, and need of the world. I helped organize people in local development projects in Colorado to attend the International Exposition of Rural Development in New Delhi in 1984, and spent four weeks there, setting up the conference, leading a group on a field trip to northern India, and traveling for a week after the conference ended.

The Order Ecumenical went out of existence in 1986, and the Institute of Cultural Affairs became a professional not-for-profit organization working with organizations and communities in the United States and abroad. They developed, taught, and used facilitation and planning methods called the Technology of Participation®, trademarked as ToP®. I joined the ICA board in 1995, became president in 1998, and coordinated the 2000 ICA International Conference, called The Millennium Connection. It was held at the University of Denver and attended by six hundred fifty people, one-third of whom came from outside the U.S. More would have attended, but visas were often not forthcoming, especially for young men from Africa.

ICA's Chicago office also has been home for me. Forty years ago, the Kemper Insurance Company sold their office building to ICA for one dollar. An eight-story building at North Sheridan Road and Lawrence Avenue, it is located in Uptown, north of downtown Chicago, between the commuter rail and Lake Michigan. Uptown is a low-income area with a very diverse population. The Kemper Building became ICA USA headquarters and a center for Uptown community services. There are ICA offices on the sixth floor, a conference center on the seventh floor, and community residences and guest rooms on the eighth floor. The rest of the building is leased to community service organizations, including a health clinic, Chicago Social Services, and various immigrant and other

ICA USA has its home at 4750 North Sheridan Road in Chicago.

support services. On Sunday, music from an African congregation's service fills the second floor. Particularly during the years I was on the board, I was there frequently, staying in a guest room with the bathroom down the hall, eating meals in the dining room on the sixth floor, and listening to the traffic and sirens that filled the night.

I would fly into O'Hare, take the train to Jefferson and catch the Lawrence Avenue bus that stopped on the corner of Sheridan. It was about a half hour ride through neighborhood after neighborhood, each a different nationality with its own ethnic flavor. That eye-opening ride was preparation for entering that building and the work of the organization. For many ICA people now retired, it is a place to return to, renew collegial relationships, work on projects, maintain archives, and touch base. It was a home I shared with many others.

Over the last few years, the Kemper Building is being transformed into a green building modeling energy conservation and sustainability. In 2012, ICA participated in and was an organizing leader in Chicago's Accelerate 77, which stands for Accelerating Green Initiatives in Chicago's 77 Community Areas. The building also has a new name: the GreenRise Building.

At the ICA International Conference in Denver in 2000, there was concern about the threat of HIV/AIDS to development in Africa. Staff members from Africa were overwhelmed by their experience of HIV. People were dying, and AIDS was decimating communities. At that time, the HIV rate in Zimbabwe was 26% and 16.2% in Zambia. Every family had at least one person sick and dying. In 2001, I joined several colleagues to develop and implement the African HIV/AIDS Prevention Initiative. That work called on everything I had learned in public health and my years of ICA and life experience. I had the opportunity to work with colleagues in the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom, but most importantly I worked in Africa with African staff and on the ground with rural villagers. I experienced the great pleasure of working with colleagues in a common and significant enterprise.

What had often seemed like living my life in parallel universes finally came together. In the previous thirty years, I had many friends and colleagues in Denver who knew and worked with ICA. Denver had had a Religious House with ICA staff, and many in Montview Church were active or aware of ICA. But most people in my day-to-day life were not involved. I often felt ICA was too strange to be understood by my "normal" establishment friends and family. If you hadn't been there, how would it make sense? ICA always claimed that it was not dis-establishment but trans-establishment—"between the no longer and the not yet". I felt my experience was far outside that of most people, hard to explain, and hard for friends and family to grasp.

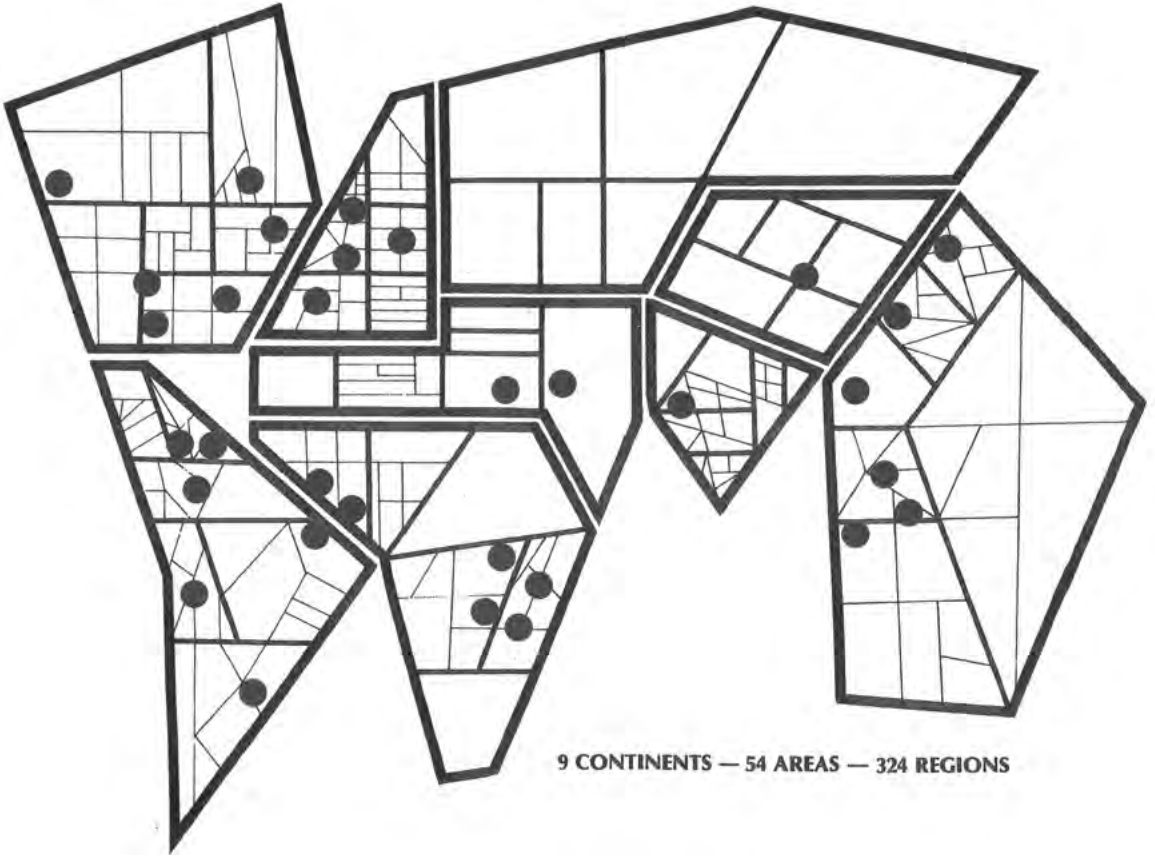
The ICA African HIV/AIDS Prevention Initiative was launched in eight African countries with ICA offices. This small working group in Nabuganye, Uganda, is learning to see their community with new eyes. They are training to be peer educators.

The ICA African HIV/AIDS Prevention Initiative was something everyone could understand and support. Without funding from Denver friends, Montview Church, and several Denver and Boulder Rotary Clubs, we would have had a difficult time launching the Initiative in eight countries in Africa. Working in eight countries was possible only because of the network of self-governing country ICAs with local staff trained to lead Human Development Projects since the early 1970s. They were local community revolutionaries in their countries. Our goal was to assist ICA African staff to address HIV prevention and management as an integral part of their ongoing development work. This would become my work for the next decade and beyond.

Still a trans-establishment organization, ICA is working as a professional not-for-profit organization in an establishment world and it is not easy. It has not yet learned to be a reliable beneficiary of funding organizations. The commitment of those from the next generation is needed to continue vigorous work as those involved since the 1970s retire and die. It is difficult to inspire young people to take up poverty, chastity, and obedience—but I know from experience that is what will be required to move to the New Social Vehicle, which seems less attainable and more essential with every newspaper report.

The ICA celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 2012. Looking at the world through the dynamics of the Social Process Triangles, it is clear that the economic process is the tyrannizing force with the political as ally. The cultural dimension is collapsed, divided into sides, each unwilling to even talk about common values—those final meanings. The Arab Spring and spreading distress in the Middle East bring the cultural dimension into sharper conflict. The Occupy Movement had a glimpse of economic tyranny, but did not know how to build that new social vehicle. It is the task for the next twenty years to figure out how to live in the wider community that has changed radically at every level—local, national, and global—since 1971. The world has changed but still seeks the same benefits of human community. I am one of the people who want to make that happen. The blessings upon my life from my work, my colleagues, and my association with this remarkable organization—this global home—have been immeasurable.

Louise's Global Home



The ICA Global Grid — Nine Continents
Dots represent places I have worked, lived, or traveled. Where have you traveled and worked?

The Vision

Tune: The Sound of Silence (Simon & Garfunkel)
Lyrics written by ICA member

We heard the cry from the past, we heard the cry set forth at last;
Our ancestors plead to live our time,
The crimson line their only awesome sign.
Now all the earth cries out within our hearts: agony.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Beyond the wanderings of time, beyond the race of all Mankind;
I see living bodies torn and crushed,
Life emerging from the arid dust.
Now the face I see is dark beyond all hope: mystery.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Pain and joy and hope unfold, pain and joy and hope untold;
We cannot contain ascending life,
Nor escape the chaos and the strife.
Now the wonder of our God is struggle and love: eternally.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Lightning moment blazing spark, lightning moment in our dark;
The birth and death of every star and tree,
The dread assault of spirit within me.
Then God confronts me with terror and with love: ecstasy.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Burning flame and life is born, burning flame and all is gone;
Trembling and afraid above the abyss,
Grasping now that only nothing exists.
Then I plumb the abyss, my life becomes new birth, ceaselessly.
Comes the dawn of silence.

Three village musicians played for events and celebrations.

The Green Lizard with the Curled Tail

Pandur, India

Two American colleagues, Jan Dodds and David Scott, and I were on our way from Bombay (now Mumbai), India, to Pandur, a poor village in southern Maharashtra State, to attend a week-long village planning Consult. We were invited to join the young Indian Institute of Cultural Affairs development staff who would help the village improve its life and prospects. This consultation would initiate a two-year project. It was 1978 and I had left my family in Oxford for a three-week trip to Indonesia, Malaysia, and India to observe and participate in Human Development Projects (HDPs) initiated by ICA, which was mounting demonstration projects in all twenty-four time zones of the globe. I wanted to experience firsthand the project launch in Pandur.

While in Bombay for a week, I had walked every day early in the morning and late in the evening from the ICA office to the Methodist Guest House at the other end of Sangli Street. It was a street of poor shops with goods that spilled out onto the sidewalk. The shopkeepers and their families slept on cots at night and brushed their teeth from cups at the gutter. Ragged children ran playing. Mothers in well-worn saris cooked meals on the sidewalk. The smells were of spice and an indestructible aroma of living that I have rarely smelled since, but have always associated with Bombay.

We rode all Friday night on a crowded Indian bus, three to a seat. There was a full moon and from what we could see out the window, the countryside was mountainous and wild, like a landscape from another planet. The bus bumped and careened and we jostled against each other. The Indian passengers talked or snored. I was too excited to sleep.

The bus arrived by mid-morning in Ratnagari, a market town two miles from Pandur. Luggage, burlap sacks, crates of chickens, and bicycles were unstrapped from the top of the bus. How to get to the village? I had on a pair of sturdy looking sandals with wide bands and substantial heels. Luggage was not a problem. I had packed one sheet, a towel, a long skirt, and a couple of shirts. Walking appeared to be the only option. It was hot and dusty, and the road was rough. In the heat of the day the glue gave out and one of my sandals fell apart. I do not remember what I wore on my feet for the rest of the week. How to get there was not clear, but we finally found our way to Pandur.

It was a long, crowded bus ride from Bombay.

A set-up team had preceded us to prepare for the Consult. There was a core staff of young Indian villagers recently trained in human development methods at an International Training Institute, and one American ICA staff. Arrangements had been made for Jan and me to stay in the house of one of the village leaders. Water had been provided in a large container by the door. Bottled water was not available at that time, so I had my trusty little one-cup water purifier and iodine pills. A latrine had been strategically dug not far away on an open hillside between two major cross-village paths. The two-by-two-by-three-foot straight-sided hole was equipped with two planks across the top, but

there was no screen or cover. We suggested this was not acceptable. Poles were brought; large banana leaves were skewered and a makeshift green wall was strung together to provide cover. The problem was that the ground was so dry and hard that the poles would not stand up. We preferred to use the latrine under cover of darkness, but discovered that it was possible in an emergency to balance on the two planks and hold up the screen with our elbows. The village children loved to race up and down the paths, pointing at us, and shouting to each other.

Saturday afternoon, Jan and I set up our meager accommodations on the floor of the kitchen, which seemed to be the highest and driest place in the house provided for our use. But our host was dismayed because his household gods lived in the kitchen. There was a brief negotiation. When we agreed to respectfully remove our shoes, he reluctantly approved the arrangement. As twilight came, we went off to dinner cooked by project staff. It consisted of gritty rice, vegetable dal (lentils), and hot chai. When we returned to the house for the night, the owner proudly pointed out that the electric light had come on. It was just light enough to see that the mud walls were crawling with inch-long black ants, which lived in the mud-brick cracks and had come out to bask in the glow. We looked at each other and decided that the cow dung veranda attached to the house looked like a more hospitable alternative. We made up pallets with our belongings, half under us and the other half on top, and stretched out for the night. The

Our host was a village elder.

veranda was surrounded by palm trees standing guard in the moonlight. It was cool, quiet, and promisingly peaceful. We settled in for a week of village living.

From my 1978 notes:

When you think about global poverty, it is overwhelming, but eliminating poverty community by community, that is possible to contemplate: local economics rather than global economics. The basic principles of HDPs are:

- Treat the community as an isolated entity.
- Introduce capital into the community: loans, government programs, investment.
- Keep money in the community.
- Turn money over many times before it leaves the community.
- Develop relationships to the broader community, but maintain self-sufficiency.

Even though the economic is key, all aspects of the life of a community and its residents are important, including religion, health, education, culture. A village's development plan must be comprehensive and go on in all areas of life from the beginning. For instance, installing a water pump will not accomplish major change.

(*This was written almost forty years ago, before the World Wide Web, before globalization. It leads me to wonder what reconstruction and development programs have been like in Iraq and Afghanistan*.)

On Sunday morning the village prepared for the weeklong consultation. Meetings would be held in the Hindu temple, a large structure, open on three sides with a clay floor and a roof, but without furnishings. Because the event was to be a sign of new possibilities, our colleagues decided that everyone should sit at tables. Since there were no municipal tables and chairs, we went door to door to persuade residents to lend tables and chairs from their homes and help carry them to the temple.

In the meantime, the floor of the temple was being prepared. A young girl arrived with a fragrant mixture of cow manure and water in a large bucket. She used a mop to apply the pungent mixture with enthusiastic, sweeping strokes. I wandered into an enclosed room behind the main temple floor. In the semi-dark I found a mysterious large concrete, block-like lingam, the Hindu symbol of fertility. By evening the floor was dry with a surface like a clay tennis court, the tables and chairs were arranged, the blackboard was positioned, and all was ready to begin.

Early Monday morning the village participants arrived. There were about seventy-five eager people sitting at the tables, most of them young women dressed in colorful saris with flowers in their shiny hair. Most of the men were in the city because there was no work in the village. A few elderly men sat cross-legged on tables around the back of the temple, watching but seldom participating in the discussion.

Women farmers were the primary source of income in the village.

On Monday and Tuesday the villagers talked about their village and what they wanted and needed. The discussions were conducted in Marathi and English and recorded on the blackboard for all to see. Many of the young women had some schooling and could read. Gradually, a picture began to emerge. Crops, farmed by the women, were the only source of income for the village. Men were absent for months at a time, sending what income they could back to their families. There were no shops and villagers went to the nearby town for all their supplies, failing to turn

over any income within the village. We suspected that there was a kind of barter system, but so far as we could tell, residents could not buy (or sell) so much as an egg near home. When we tried to augment our too-simple diet, we could find nothing to buy, unless someone was going to town and would bring back a loaf of bread. One such loaf I put in a pocket of my cloth bag in our "kitchen," only to have the cloth and bread eaten by mice or rats.

Daramuthi thanked me with flowers for my hair.

On Wednesday, teams fanned out into the village to gather information that would help people find ways to improve their lives. One section of the village, reached by the upper path near our latrine, was the home of the Harijan community—the untouchable caste—so named by Gandhi. Harijan means Child of God. A Harijan woman named Daramuthi showed me her finger. It was cut, covered with black mud, and badly swollen. She said that at one time, a doctor had come to the village from a nearby clinic, but had stopped coming. Clearly, the finger was infected and needed attention. We arranged to get her to the clinic in one of the few vehicles in the village.

On Thursday and Friday, several businessmen and government officials came to offer their expertise and assistance to the village. Jan and David stayed on the next week to document the consultation and help get the work started.

During the week I tried my hand at threshing beans from the chaff; consulted with a grower about why his coconut palms were

not producing; inspected the irrigation system; joined a wedding celebration; and watched a small green lizard with a curling tail make itself at home on my foot one night. On Saturday, the village celebrated their week of work with music made by three local musicians, a parade, food, and colored streamers.

Leaving the country, I stopped overnight in Bombay, where once again I walked early in the morning and late in the evening along Sankli Street. When I arrived back in Oxford, where we were spending eight months, John had an American visitor he was showing the sights of Oxford. In contrast to the chaotic, sensuous color and smells of Bombay and Pandur, Oxford in March was gray and coldly rational, strange, forbidding. My interior had been altered by new rhythms and images, by the villagers' graciousness and by my glimpse into the struggles of their daily lives. The difference between my world and the reality of the village was striking and intense. I could no longer dismiss people in the wider world as abstractions. I would never forget the beautiful Harijan woman with the flower in her hair, who helped tuck a flower in mine in thanks for her healing finger. I'm sure the villagers will remember the week of the meeting in the temple with the foreignness of its tables, chairs, and blackboard, with its discussion and hopeful dreaming and planning about what they wanted for the life of their village. I would always wish to see the green lizard with the curling tail once again.

Village children went to school while adults attended the consult.

The green lizard with the curled tail

Indian Love Affair

I loved the death defying pace
Of Bombay traffic, incessant horns
Bewildering variety of goods
Workmen, children, buildings, smells
Colors, ramshackle chaos held
Bit by bit by the eye, ear, nose
While the mind and heart
Struggle with the offense.

I loved the countryside's quiet
Rhythms, the seasonless flow
Of village life exotic
Mysterious, not-Western
The rawness of being.
The flowers, fruit, sensuous
Tropical lushness. Glittering
Cracking sunbaked plateaus.

I loved the women
Elegant on the way to the field
Or touching the dingy streets
With colorful grace of saris
Crumpled women feeding babes
Beside their worldly possessions
Exposed on the street.

I loved the old men with umbrellas
A slow shamble and wisdom
Of the ages in their eyes,
The young men with bounding energy
Their hope, their despair.
And the children—always the children.

LRS, 1978

Ipongo Madonna

Dust in My Eyes

Ipongo, Zambia

It was eight o'clock, already dark, and I was uneasy. We had been standing outside a fast food chicken shop on a busy street in downtown Lusaka for an hour waiting for Rita, the director of the Institute of Cultural Affairs Zambia, to round up people and supplies, so we could head 180 kilometers into the bush to a village named Ipongo. It was 1999, twenty years after my visits to Human Development Projects in Indonesia, Malaysia, and India in 1978, and it was my first trip to Africa. The loudspeaker music blared and there was no place to escape. We had planned to leave about five o'clock after our day's appointments, but we were on African time—everything takes longer. John and I had spent the day in meetings with development agencies in the city, and this was our chance to go on-site to learn first-hand about a village development project managed by ICA Zambia.

We were going to "annual day," a celebration in the village to mark a good harvest and award prizes to the best farmers' clubs in the area. ICA Zambia worked with thirty agricultural clubs in fifty villages in an area fifty kilometers in diameter. Farmers were trained to improve production and food storage. A 2005 UNDP Development Report said that in Zambia in 2000, forty-six percent of the population was undernourished. Food security is a term used to talk about inadequate

food supply. In Ipongo there may not ever be enough, but availability is especially dire in the months before the next harvest. Farmers' clubs were the organizing structure for this training. Each did its own planning. The farmers had done well, and this was a celebration of good work accomplished.

I understood that the roads were rough and dangerous—about sixty kilometers of notoriously dangerous highway and then a hundred twenty kilometers of dirt road. Rita had hired a van with a driver to help get the staff and us there. The driver's name was Rueben Zulu, and I knew from earlier in the day that he was a competent but fast driver. He had never been to the village, so he did not know the road. After a look at the van, I could not help but wonder what would happen if we broke down. I imagined young black toughs hauling John and me out of the vehicle without concern that we were accompanied by a dozen of their countrymen.

Rita finally arrived in the ubiquitous Toyota pickup with Genesis Shanzi, president of the ICA Zambia Board, in the cab and his sizeable piece of luggage in the back. John and I had a small knapsack and my briefcase to carry what we thought we would need for a day and two nights in the village. I hesitantly suggested that we wait until early morning to start off. Genesis, in his dark suit, bright white shirt, and red bow tie, smiled his wide smile and said, "It is important to be there in the morning. And don't worry, we will have two vehicles." So we set off, John and I in the front seat with Rueben, and Genesis sitting behind with a large refrigerator chest and eight or nine staff crowded behind him. Rita—tall, thin, and important—jumped in the pickup with a staff member and quickly left us behind.

The highway from Zambia to Tanzania is ruled by convoys of trucks—huge, double, stretched-out semi-trailers that shake the road when they pass. Driving on the left hand side of the road, they came at us in the darkness with their headlights up and their right turn blinker going, as if to say, "Move over, I'm coming through." Each time one passed, it felt like the van was being sucked into an energy force. Police barricades stopped traffic every twenty to thirty kilometers. A flare gave notice that the lane in each direction was blocked with a small s-shaped

single-file passage. Rueben dutifully waited our turn to be inspected. A policeman with an automatic rifle glanced in the window and waved us on our way, as if it were perfectly regular to find two white faces in a van of a dozen black citizens.

I was relieved to turn onto a dirt road that was totally without vehicles. Occasionally we saw pedestrians or bicyclists along the side of the road. They would scatter to let us roar through. The road was as wide as the vehicle and severely rutted and potholed. The van lights showed the bumps in relief, but the depth of holes was guesswork. Rueben picked his way skillfully, but always with a heavy foot on the accelerator. We weaved and bounced and jolted, often to a Zimbabwean rumba on the tape recorder. It had chaotic rhythms and harsh voices. When it would get to be too much, I would ask him to turn it down or off. He did so, but usually not for long. I wondered if the young staff in the back liked it, and I was interested that the next night when everyone was gathered around, he turned it on and no one paid any attention. Then, someone in the village plugged in their boom box playing music closer to rock, and the group burst into dance—from Genesis on down.

We finally stopped in a dark, silent little town. Everyone got out and seemed delighted because there were only forty kilometers left to go. I never knew where they got it, but beer appeared in the back of the van. So to jokes in Bemba and growing hilarity, we headed into black-dark Africa. As a kid when we went really far out in the country, we used to laugh about having to go the last miles by grapevine. In this case, that seemed preferable. Now it was not a road, but a track; bushes scraped the van on each side. An occasional, solitary dim light through the bush relieved the darkness. When we reached a little fork in the road, someone would say, "Go that way." We were jolting through nothingness.

I have always regarded my tendency to motion sickness as an unfortunate condition to live with. It became clear that I was going to have to live with it in nauseous particularity. Rueben stopped the van and I got out, scraping my face on a piece of brush. Bless him, he turned off the lights and I stood alone in the brush near the van. The stars lit the blackness as I have seldom seen them. In sympathy, all conversation stopped in the van and the silence was absolute.

After several such interruptions, we arrived at the project center about midnight. I was not well. Several ICA staff had gone out earlier in the week, and our arrival was eagerly anticipated. I was the president of the ICA USA Board of Directors, making what was clearly a ceremonial visit of great importance. But this honored guest could barely smile as we were introduced and then shown to our room in the flickering candlelight. They hastened to turn on a portable generator outside the window, providing electricity to a hanging light bulb in our room along with throbbing noise and diesel fumes.

The project center had been a farmer's house made of concrete blocks with a corrugated metal roof and concrete floor. There was a main room with bedrolls tossed on the floor, two bedrooms, a small kitchen/food storage room and a partially enclosed bathroom for bathing. The VIP (ventilated pit toilet) toilet was outside and up the path. Our room was equipped with two cots pushed together, sheets and pillows, and a candle on the table. The walls went up seven feet and stopped five or six feet short of the metal roof, leaving the space open. I gratefully stretched out on the bed and covered my nose with the pillowcase to filter out the generator's diesel fumes. There was not much to do about the generator's pumping vibrations or the noisy dinner preparations that accompanied a party until three in the morning. It made little difference; I was grateful—all motion had stopped.

A cock crowed early, and people began to move around. I felt fine and gathered my toothbrush, some bottled water and a washcloth to see if I could re-enter the human race. Florence, a middle-aged staff member with pigtails sticking out, a lopsided face, warm smile, lively eyes and a well-cut cotton dress covered with a wrap of cotton fabric, greeted me and said there was water in the bathroom. (She had known David when he was building VIP toilets in Zambia and Kenya a few years before.) Sure enough, there was a small tin tub and several basins of warm water. But no stool to sit on or hook to hang clothes on and the floor was wet. It was a juggling act to take off clothes, wring out the cloth, soap and wash down, and hold on to all the necessary equipment and clothes. I went around the side of the house and brushed my teeth; walked up the hill to the immaculate hole-in-the-floor toilet; brushed the red dust

from the trip off our knapsack pulled out a denim skirt, white shirt, and sandals; and was ready for the day. As I came out the kitchen door, Genesis went into the bath in his red silk dressing gown.

And what a day it was. Miles from urban civilization, we joined a very human community in a day of celebration.

We went off to several villages eight to ten kilometers away to inspect new brick grain storage units. Because these units are locked and secure from fungus, rodents, and humans, villagers can store excess maize after harvest to sell during the lean season or provide two meals a day instead of one while waiting for the next harvest. This was innovation—and this in a world where, in many places, people buy and sell their crops by email. The teams' names and plans for the next season were posted on butcher paper on the wall of the storage unit, a sign that the staff had been busy.

Nearby, a young boy peered out of the door of a round mud hut with a thatched roof. Two young mothers sat by a doorstep with several children. One of the women had twin babies; she nursed one baby held in a sling, while her friend held the other. A mud hut was in progress, and we could see the construction: round rolled mud bricks stacked up row on row in a circle on cleared ground, then plastered with mud inside and out. The door lintels and supports for the thatched roof were made of wood. Finished huts were painted ochre or gray, often with African designs in black.

As it began to get hot in late morning, we assembled with many villagers at the village soccer field for the exhibition game between teams from competing agricultural clubs. Goal posts were made of poles from small trees, and the field seemed too long. The mid-day sun was straight overhead, and people sought out the shade of nearby trees. The ICA pickup truck delivered chairs to a spot under a tree on the sidelines. The tall, imposing captain of one team had on the only complete uniform—red and white shirt and shorts with green knee socks. He also had shoes, which most others did not. Teams lined up with the referees in the center for the kick off. One team played shirtless, and their skin shone with sweat as they ran and dodged, kicking and passing the ball with cool moves and passionate force,

unconcerned about the pain to bare feet. At the end of the game the score was one to one. In overtime, the team with the shirts won by one kick. Every overtime free kick was cause for exuberant cheering and lifting the hero on shoulders and carrying him around. Either he had made a successful kick, or the goalie had made a miraculous save.

We won!

Edward Mutiso from Kenya, the vice-president of ICA International, Genesis, and I understood that we were to say a few words when prizes were given out at a gathering later in the afternoon. But as we discovered, explanations about what to expect did not prepare me for the event. About four o'clock, we piled back in the van and drove to a grove of trees near the soccer field and across from the school. It was quiet. There was no one on the road or standing around. A grove of trees surrounded a large open space. The late afternoon golden light filtered through the trees, lighting the dust stirred up by hundreds of feet. Circling the space were three or four hundred African faces, sitting almost on top of each other on chairs or benches, children on

the ground, men standing behind. The women wore their best brightly colored prints and the men their print shirts. Women carried babies in slings, and little kids still had on their tan and green school uniforms. Their faces were expectant and they fell silent. I caught my breath, stunned by the honor of the occasion, as we walked across the open circle to a table and chairs on the far side.

The master of ceremonies stood up. A tall man of about forty, he had on a brown suit and heavy rimmed sunglasses, even though the shadows were already stretching long through the trees. I still wore my same denim skirt and sandals and felt underdressed for the occasion. But there was little time to worry. I was introduced and on my feet to speak. Voice Vingo, the project director, would translate. We moved into the circle and I looked around, trying to grasp what I was seeing.

I greeted them on behalf of the ICA Board of Directors and the United States. Somehow I knew that in that exuberant culture, I needed to move as well as speak. And I needed to speak to what they knew. I said that I would like to tell them what I had observed during that day of celebration. I saw strong young men living and working in the village—unusual in a country where many go to the city. They played a passionate game of soccer with cool moves. Children there looked like they had a better time than anywhere, children who walk with heads up, holding hands and playing with delight. Women dressed in bright print dresses with cover cloths tucked into their waists, often carrying a baby in a sling around their neck, were straight backed and elegant. Old people worked and lived side by side—a community. I picked up a one-year-old in a black sweat suit with white stripes, a handsome little boy who had sat on my lap at the soccer game. I held him in front of me while he clapped his hands. I claimed he was the future of Africa, this strong and healthy, beautiful child. They had, right there in their community, what they needed for the future.

Even as I said they had what they needed, I knew the health clinic did not operate and it was miles to a hospital. The schools had little in the way of teaching tools, although students carried large book bags. There was no TV or telephone. Some villages had wells, but many hauled water from the same stream where the cattle drank. Travel was

limited by the range of the bicycle and a new miracle, the motorbike. There was no industrial capacity. Subsistence farming was likely to result in one meal a day in the lean season. Women's work was hard, usually accompanied by this year's child in a sling at the chest. But I could see it and feel it: the village was a strong community. It was clean and quiet with community space at its center. People were comfortable with themselves and each other. They stood tall and participated with passionate enthusiasm. Civilization—our kind of civilization—was coming toward them like a tidal wave, and we were an early incursion into their centuries-old way of life. What will survive of their lives? How can we learn from each other?

After dances and songs by several women and a skit about the bad results of misspending the harvest income, it was time to give out prizes to the winners of the games and the competition between agricultural clubs. Names were called and winners came up in groups. Voice handed out envelopes with prize money, and standing in a line with him and Edward, I shook hands, African style, with about fifty people. African style is a handclasp as usual, then a twist to grasp thumbs and back to hand clasp. Their excitement bubbled over with smiles that lit up their faces and eyes.

People poured into the open circle, milling around, greeting each other. Dust rose like smoke from a prairie fire. John and I decided to walk back to the project office in the cool of the beautiful early evening. Several little girls joined us for the walk. One left her gaggle of friends and slipped her hand into mine. It was cool and dry and comfortable. A sliver of a new moon was bright in the western sky.

A Passion for Work

What is it that you want to do with the one, wild, precious thing called your life?

Mary Oliver

When I try to separate anything out by itself, I find it is hitched to everything else in the universe.

John Muir

The Beijing Trash Lady. John took this picture out of the back window of our van when we visited China in 1983. It has been an iconic image for me, representing the daily struggle to survive by many women in the world.

Learning more than Public Health

Hunan Medical University
Changsha, People's Republic of China

On Monday, June 5, 1989, we went to the airport to leave Denver for six months at Hunan Medical University (HMU) in Changsha in Hunan Province in the People's Republic of China. John was on sabbatical from the medical school and would teach Chinese medical students. I planned to do research for a master's thesis in public health. Over the weekend as we packed, we watched the TV with horror as the student uprising in Tiananmen Square was silenced by tanks and guns. At the airport, we bought a copy of the *New York Times* and decided that the situation was

Changsha, Hunan Province, the People's Republic of China. Changsha is on the rail line from Guangzhou in the south to Beijing in the north.

too volatile to go. The airlines said they would refund or reschedule our tickets and we went home.

History had intruded into our well-laid plans. John had given up his office at the medical school, and our son, Rob, and Tom Schomburg had installed themselves in our house. I went to the garden to pull weeds, feeling very sad for China and for us. Over the next week we tried to find another place to go, but we had been building the foundations for that trip for several years and it was not easy to replace. Both of us had traveled to China on business and pleasure. Our daughter had spent two years in China learning Chinese. The medical school had an exchange agreement with Hunan Medical University, and we knew many Chinese doctors who had come to the medical school—several who had stayed in our home. As part of my study for a master's degree in public health, I wanted to do research for a thesis on China's rural health care system to understand why China's health outcomes were similar to those of industrialized countries, while its per capita income was similar to that of developing countries such as India, which had much poorer outcomes.

After two weeks the situation seemed to have quieted down. We decided to go ahead with our plans, although Changsha in Hunan Province, the home of Mao Zedong, was one of the centers for the uprising. When we checked in with the American Embassy in Hong Kong on our way over, we were told, "We have no consulate in Changsha. If you get into trouble, we can't help you." We went by train from Hong Kong to Guangzhou, where we met Mr. Zhou, from the Foreign Affairs Office of Hunan Medical University. He escorted us by train overnight to Changsha, which is on the main line from Guangzhou to Beijing. It is essentially a rural province and I often said that Changsha is like going to Iowa City.

At dinnertime, we went to the dining car and settled into a table with a tablecloth that had not been changed for days. Mr. Zhou gave our order to the rather pompous attendant. While we waited, a soldier went down the aisle to the kitchen. Shortly, he emerged with food in a container and headed back the way he had come. The attendant stopped him; loud words were exchanged. The soldier pushed past, throwing his dish of food to the floor. Welcome to China.

Several of our Chinese friends met us in the cavernous Changsha train station. They were happy we had decided to come in spite of the disruption. Noisily, they carried our belongings up five flights of stairs to our apartment in faculty housing near the back of the shady Hunan Medical School campus, close to the railroad tracks. It would be our home for the next five months. Our apartment had a living-dining room, one bedroom with a double bed, and one with a single bed and a desk. The kitchen was tiny with a two-burner gas stove, a very small refrigerator, and a sink with running water. The bathroom was even smaller, with a toilet and a shower with a ten-gallon water heater. You could sit on the toilet and take a shower. The front balcony looked out on a large gingko tree and the back porch overlooked the railroad. The walls were plaster, painted the ubiquitous green found in most Chinese buildings. Ceiling lights were standard issue fluorescent. The floors were polished terra cotta. By Chinese standards, it was a very commodious apartment—probably used by visiting scholars before us.

Meeting and greeting Hunan Medical School leadership. The President is on the far left. Yan Zhongshu is to John's right. Meetings are very formal with tea and fruit.

It was grimy dirty. Not only did the railroad engines spew out smoke, the factory which made the round pressed soft coal bricks used for fuel by every household, adjoined the railroad yard. We scrubbed. Dr. Sun Ming, head of the Department of Medicine, sent some furniture for the living room—rattan sofa, table and chairs, and a straw mat for the floor—and several medical students to help get us settled. He was also a friend of the head of the campus nursery, who sent pots of flowers and green plants. Slowly we got a kettle for boiling water, a pot for rice, and a wok for everything else—standard Chinese cooking equipment. There was no oven. All drinking water had to be boiled. Most residents went every morning to fill containers of water from a central location on campus, but we chose to boil our own. I spent a lot of the summer boiling water, cooling it, and putting it in a tiny ice tray to make a few small cubes of ice, a holdover from our Denver life. Day by day we felt more at home.

Hunan Medical University is one of twelve key medical schools in China and teaches twenty-five percent of its students in English, the international scientific language. The Yale-China Association had a program there for many years in which Yale graduates, called Yale Bachelors, spent a year on campus as English teachers. They lived in a separate guesthouse with the services of a cook. After Tiananmen Square, Yale called the Bachelors back to the States and their unemployed cook, Lao (old) Yang, became our cook. She cooked our lunch every weekday and did our shopping at the nearby farmer's market. We had a list in both Chinese and English that I used to request our grocery needs in addition to the food she bought for lunches. We reheated her ample lunches for dinner and often for breakfast. A shop on campus made bread that was available at three o'clock every weekday. We liked to buy it, but if we were not in line promptly at three, the clerk would toss her head and say, "Mei you," Don't have.

Lao Yang cooked fabulous food, tending, as Hunanese food does, toward the very spicy. She taught me to make Chinese pork and cabbage with peppers, beef and string beans with fresh ginger, and fresh whole fish with peppers, garlic, ginger, and green onions. At first I thought that it would be easy to make food I was used to making at home, but there was no ground beef for hamburgers, chickens came on the foot,

bread was scarce, and cereal was unheard of. In season, there was plenty of whatever was ripe—watermelons were everywhere in July, cabbages and eggplants stacked up in August, and oranges were plentiful in September. We ate well with the help of our friends who invited us to ten-dish dinners they turned out of closet-sized, one-burner kitchens.

In the last months of our time in Changsha, we began asking our friends to come for dinner. They enjoyed nothing more than coming into our tiny kitchen and advising me on how to cook Chinese food. I grew up with fried eggplant well laced with ketchup, an American import available in China. Eggplant cooked this way was new to the Chinese and they loved it. My favorite dish to cook was a whole fresh fish cooked in a wok as Lao Yang instructed. It is daunting to have a large, live, yellow fish swimming in a basin of water in your kitchen.

Friends came for dinner.

The heat in Changsha in the summer was challenging—in the high nineties with high humidity to match—while the winter is cold and damp with no central heat. In the summer, men commonly wore pants or shorts and undershirts. Women wore dresses and nice shoes. Our fashionable friend, Zhou Haiying, had been part of the exchange in Denver. She

was a physician at the Second Affiliated Hospital of HMU across town. She decided that I did not have clothes that were appropriately cool and took me to a shop to buy cloth, and to a dressmaker to have two dresses made. Both dresses reflected that the dressmaker thought I was shorter and wider than I was. I wore them, but I never felt comfortable in them—too Chinese. At that time, air conditioners were reserved for new babies and high tech equipment like computers. We had one, but it was in the room with our computer and a single bed. The room with the double bed had no air conditioner. Every night it was a hard choice: whether to sleep together in a single bed with air conditioning or in a double bed with no air conditioning.

Dr. Zhou Haiying

We wanted to get right to our work. John taught intestinal pathophysiology to medical students and made clinical rounds. I taught two English conversation classes to faculty of the School of Public Health—one to old faculty and one to young faculty. I also taught a class of fifty shy, giggling young nurses. Most scientifically trained Chinese knew English, but they had little opportunity to speak it. I asked faculty to bring in stories from the newspaper to read and discuss, and the nurses to tell Chinese stories in English. The old faculty often stayed for the class with the young faculty. I had difficulty remembering the names of the nurses. One class, I lined them up and asked them to choose an English name. After that I had a fighting chance. I also learned how often I use common sayings that may not be in the English-Chinese dictionary. Meanwhile Yan Xiangdong, the son of Yan Zhongshu, a faculty surgeon and head of the Foreign Affairs Office, was coming in the evening to help us learn a little Mandarin. I learned only a few words and phrases, but

John made rounds on sick patients.

I did learn Pinyin anglicized pronunciation, which helped me pronounce Chinese names.

In the summer, it was common to have a three-hour lunch break because of the heat. That summer, everything closed down all afternoon for political education. Workgroups met with their unit party secretary to discuss Tiananmen Square and to receive political instruction. No westerners were allowed. Even the library was closed, leaving us with slow, hot afternoons.

When we realized that we never saw another western face on Chinese streets, we began to understand that we were indeed strangers dropped in the middle of a difficult time. And Chinese had a long history since the Cultural Revolution of being discouraged from talking with westerners. And now they were trying to understand a new revolution. Fortunately, the Chinese friends we knew before we went, and the very good friends we made while we were there, helped us to understand the fragile boundaries of their lives and the uncertainty produced by the current political dilemma. I once noted that from the time of Sun Yat-sen in the beginning of the twentieth century, China had had a major disruption about every fifteen years. This was another fifteenth year. Deng Xiaoping was no Mao, but most Chinese had seen enough chaos in their lives to be wary of stirring the pot.

Professor Zhu Tierong (Sophie Zhu) had studied sociology at Yale before World War II. Her husband committed suicide during the Cultural Revolution and she was incarcerated in the university and

made to scrub toilets. Now, rehabilitated, she was the head of the English program in Hunan Medical University, working closely with the Yale Bachelors. A warm but proper, slightly rotund woman, she invited us to her flat to make dumplings, advised us on our activities, and gave us background on what was happening. She played the piano and painted very small watercolors. We often received letters from her in Denver forwarded by her other friends in the States. Overseas mail was expensive, so she piggybacked, asking one recipient to forward an enclosed letter to another address. Mail seemed vulnerable. Stamps were applied with glue from a messy pot in the post office to the back of the envelope. Would it even get there?

Professor Sophie Zhu

Two young men, Sun Ji and Ouyang Ming, talked to us at length about their lives and about Tiananmen Square. Sun Ji, Professor Sun Ming's son, was a medical student who got up every morning at five o'clock, studied English for an hour, ran for an hour, went to class for the day, studied at night, and then started all over the next day. Ming was a handsome young chemistry student who had gone to Beijing during the uprising without his parents' knowledge. He looked forward to greater freedoms, but he was clear that China was unlikely to ever have democracy in the U.S. model. It would be Chinese democracy. All of these friends took some risk to befriend us even though we were invited guests of the university. It was our privilege to live in the midst of that troubled time among people who had the same aspirations for

themselves and their children we had, who worked hard, and were hospitable and unfailingly kind to us.

One of my goals in China was to collect data on the Chinese rural health care system for my thesis for a masters degree in Public Health. Our friend Yan Zhongshu, a surgeon, had spent the Cultural Revolution in a small village in northern China. He had been educated in mission schools and his English was good enough to laugh at my jokes. He was head of the Office of Foreign Affairs for the University and was responsible for us. He knew I wanted to go to villages in the countryside to gather data. He also knew that it was very difficult to get permission from the Provincial Health Bureau to let me go. He would say, "Why don't you choose something in this University? You can study anything here; I will arrange it."

We traveled with Yan Zhongshu to Xishuangbanna in southwest China.

I had the help and encouragement of Dr. Xiao Shuyuan, one of the young faculty of the Department of Public Health. He helped me design a study that would provide data to describe the three-tiered rural health system. Each county is divided into xiangs or townships and they are divided into cun or villages. He helped me select two counties—one richer and one poorer— each with two xiangs and each xiang with four cun. We developed a questionnaire, which was translated into Chinese and typed in English and Chinese by Yan Xiangdong. Every week we

went to the Provincial Health Bureau to ask permission to travel for my study, but they would not see us, even though Zhongshu had gone to school with the director—which seemed to me a minimum requirement for getting permission for anything.

The summer dragged on into fall and no permission was forthcoming. I was getting more and more worried, because my degree in public health was resting on completing research for a master's thesis. Finally, one Saturday morning in September, there was a meeting with Zhongshu, Dr. Xiao, and a couple of officials from the Provincial Health Bureau. While I sat there, they shouted over my head in Chinese. I wanted to say, "Wait, it is my work. Why don't you talk to me?" The upshot was that I was allowed to go. Several questions on my questionnaire, considered too delicate, were disallowed and I was to be accompanied by a "watcher" from the Provincial Health Bureau, who would assure that I did not ask questions that were not permitted. I would support the price of a car and driver and accommodations for all four of us on the weeklong trip to each county. I would have agreed to almost anything. Fortunately, accommodations in rural areas were inexpensive for me and cost even less for my Chinese entourage.

Our hotshot driver on my research travels

This hesitancy to allow me to go to the countryside was not surprising. At that time, tourists in China were required to have a guide and were pointed in the direction of well-rehearsed and properly prepared presentations of Chinese culture and accomplishments. After Tiananmen Square the Chinese were defensive and distracted. Talking with westerners was still somewhat problematic—a holdover from the days of the Cultural Revolution. Officials did not know me, or what I might say about the Chinese health care system, in praise or criticism. I was also an anomaly in China: a

woman in her fifties, a student with very good connections but no public health career history, who wanted to do a study. I posed a problem in that closed political environment and they just wished I would go away.

Our research trips—one to Heng Dong County (poorer) and one to Yuan Jiang County (richer)—were fascinating, beginning with the young woman who was our driver. She would have made an excellent candidate for a slalom ski racer, driving at top speed, dodging people, water buffalo, pigs, and rice drying on the highway. Dr. Xiao sat in front beside her; the provincial health bureau "watcher" and I sat silently in the back. If he spoke English, he never spoke to me.

In each county we did interviews with public health officials and village rural doctors. With my questionnaire in hand, I would ask a question in English, Dr. Xiao would translate to Chinese, the interviewee would answer in Chinese, Dr. Xiao would translate to English, and I would write down the answer. The watcher made distracting comments in Chinese and indicated that this was all rubbish. One thing I noticed was that the Chinese use the term "ten thousand" in the casual way we use "a thousand". I wondered about the numbers I received. But I was impressed that every health facility—from hospital to rural village clinic—had their outcomes on the wall: how many children had been vaccinated; how many women had received pre-natal care. These figures had both numerators and denominators, and the percentages were compared to the county goals for the year. Clinics in the United States do not do that.

Rural clinics posted how outcomes met health goals on clinic walls.

I thought emphasis on prevention and training for rural village doctors (the famous barefoot doctors)

accounted for favorable health statistics. For instance, the rural doctor was responsible for the health of those in his or her cun (village.) He went to the xiang (district) hospital one day a week for training. While there, he gathered vaccines for the children in his village who were due, put the meds in a cold box on the back of his bicycle, and promptly immunized the children when he returned: simple and effective. The immunization rate there was ninety-eight percent.

Back at the University of Colorado School of Public Health, my thesis committee decided that describing the system was not adequate. Every article I had read in preparation from journals about the Chinese health care system had been descriptive. Fortunately, I had collected data in a richer and a poorer county not with intent, but because I thought that would be interesting. Voilá, a comparison: a worthy subject for a master's thesis. A hardbound copy of *Comparison of the Three Tier Rural Health Care Systems in Two Counties in China* was the result. I understand that a copy made its way to the minister of health, another classmate of Zhongshu's. I was not invited to consult on their system. I have touted it as an excellent model for health care in needy African countries—at least before moneymaking "modern" medicine began to erode the system.

There are many stories of our adventures there, but the famous Chinese chicken story is one of my favorites. Our son Will came to China to spend a few weeks with us during the summer of 1989, before his senior year in college when he expected to spend the fall semester in India. We met him in August in bustling Shanghai and went on to see picture-perfect Guilin and the Li River before returning on a Friday to Changsha. Lao Yang, our Chinese cook, would not be back until Monday, and there was nothing in the kitchen to cook except twenty kilos of rice. We had to go to the market.

We walked three or four blocks to the market down Xiangya Lu, the street clogged with bicycles that runs in front of Hunan Medical School toward the Xiang Jiang River. The market is a large covered open space. Farmers, usually women, bring their goods to town. They lounge behind

long tables with their wares arranged in neat piles in front of them. As we walked by, they smiled and jumped up to call out their price, trying to catch our attention and capture a few kuai.

There is an area of the market for everything. The live fish swim in tubs, freshwater shrimp and long, gray slippery eels are together. The vegetables are grouped by kind—peas, beans, carrots, purple eggplant, and red tomatoes—next to piles of hot peppers spread in shallow baskets. On the next table, brown, white, and speckled eggs—chicken, duck, quail, and thousand-year-old eggs—are piled in round baskets with handles. Meat hangs from hooks waiting to be sliced off, as flies drone lazily. Customers argue about the cost of goods, often in loud disbelief at how they are being cheated. The floor is littered with debris, most of which you would rather not step in. The smell is heavy in the heat, pungent with over-ripe fruit and the smell of blood and fresh meat. Along the back of the market there are chickens for sale. I can cook a chicken. Put it in the pot and boil it and there you are—dinner, sandwiches, and soup. We'll make it until Monday when Lao Yang will once more provide a delicious lunch and restock our kitchen.

Will and I surveyed the chicken sellers. About fifteen motley-looking men were lined up smoking and talking, each behind a large wicker basket with a lid. The baskets were full of live chickens. I had never been in the uncomfortable position of buying a live chicken before, and the chicken sellers eyed me as I eyed them. I finally selected a chicken seller, a tall, loose-jointed man with a moustache and a wide smile. He nodded toward the basket and raised the lid. He indicated that I should select a chicken. There were white, red, and brown chickens, all sitting quietly, one on top of the other in the basket.

Chicken sellers at the local Changsha market

I didn't have any idea what kind of chicken to select, but I remembered that my friend Zhou Haiying had said that white chickens were what Chinese liked and the red ones were more like American chickens—tasteless. I thought I would go for a red chicken. I also remembered that when buying a chicken, it was good to buy one with a plump breast. I poked a red chicken in the breast and was repelled by the squishy feathery feel.

"Duo shao kuai?" How much? The chicken seller leered at me and said "Shi ba kuai." Eighteen kuai. I had no idea how much a chicken should cost, nor could I tell what he said. It is one thing to ask the question; it is quite another to understand the answer. I noticed that, as amused onlookers gathered to watch the proceedings, Will retreated to the far side of the market, hoping no one would notice that he was with me.

I indicated to the chicken seller that I would take this one. He picked it up by the feet and thrust it into my hand. When I took the upside-down chicken by the legs, it began squawking and pecking furiously at my arm to the great amusement of the line of chicken sellers and the crowd of onlookers. I almost threw it back at him. He laughed and carried it over to the chicken slaughter service to be killed and dressed for cooking. I paid the chicken seller his eighteen kuai, about $2.50, plus a small amount to prepare the chicken. My daughter Martha, who had studied Chinese in Shanghai for two years, laughed when she heard how much I paid for the chicken. "Mom, every chicken seller in Changsha will be knocking on your door."

Will and I went off to buy vegetables and fruit and came back to the slaughtering service. The chicken was laid out on a dirty, bloody table, stretched out in a long skinny white line, head at one end and feet sticking out the other. It was dead and plucked but not cleaned of its innards. Plus, it still had the head and those feet. I twisted my hand next to the stomach and made a chopping motion below the neck and above the feet. Laughing, the man gutted the chicken, cut off the head and feet, and displayed it for our inspection. Will said, "Mom, that's beginning to look like a chicken." I declined to take the head and feet. The chicken cleaner probably took them home to his mother for a delicacy—boiled chicken feet with gravy.

Ignoring the fact that we had been the unannounced entertainment at the Saturday morning market, we triumphantly took that chicken home, up to our kitchen on the fifth floor, put it in a pot, and boiled it for three hours. I kept sticking a fork in it, and it would practically pick the chicken up when I tried to pull the fork out. That chicken was so tough and stringy, it was hard even to slice it. I began to see why when you order a chicken dish in China, it is whopped into dozens of little bony pieces. That way, you are so busy trying to keep from choking on the sharp ends of bones that you don't notice that the meat is not chewable and that it definitely does not taste like chicken from Safeway.

We enjoyed sharing our Chinese connection with two Chinese friends in Denver. Xuiwei Wang and Yingbei Zhang have been friends since before we went to Changsha. (When Chinese come to the United States they tend to put their family name last rather than first, which is common in China.) Xuiwei was a burn surgeon and Yingbei an obstetrician, both from Beijing. He came to work in the burn unit at the medical school where he could work without a Colorado license.

Yingbei and Xuiwei (on the right) helped us welcome Dr. Sun Ming, Chief of Surgery at HMU to our home.

Yingbei could not practice obstetrics. They lived near us and she and I walked frequently and talked about our lives as she worked to become proficient in English. She took many jobs, from caring for elderly to working in Chinese restaurants. First, I heard that she had gotten her driver's license, then she had a car. They rented an apartment further south, then bought a house. Slowly they settled in and became the center of the Chinese community in Denver. Their son Wen went to East High School and then Colorado School of Mines. They were wonderful Chinese cooks and we were frequently in their home when they gathered in their Chinese friends.

We have returned to China several times since 1989, and many friends have come to Denver to visit the medical school and our home. Some young friends came and stayed. Sun Ji came to the United States and finished college requirements so that he could enter graduate school. He now has a PhD in molecular pharmacology from the University of Maryland, lives in Queens, and makes his living operating a philatelic web site. Ming Ouyang, who had joined the Tiananmen Square protesters, has a PhD in chemistry from Central South University, Changsha, and lives and works in San Francisco. He has become a committed Christian. Xiangdong Yan, who typed my questionnaire, works in immunologic research at Colorado Medical School. He and his wife, also from Changsha, have two little boys. She has earned a PhD in public health. Their parents come to visit and we see them with some frequency. Dr. Xiao, who helped me with my research, has been to Denver and has worked at Harvard. He became head of the Department of Public Health at Hunan Medical University.

During the time we were there in 1989, young people wanted to leave because the future was highly uncertain. Someone knocked on our door about every day asking how he or she could come to the United States. I felt that it was terrible for the cream of this new generation to leave the country; China needed them so badly. Those we know are comfortably settled here and unlikely to return, but young people ten years younger, who grew up in a more settled and prosperous time, find they can stay, enjoy significant work, and assist China to become a global citizen.

When you leave, Chinese friends always bring gifts to the train or airport to see you off. Luggage is already bursting, but there you are. Thank you. One friend brought a liter of Maotai, the fearsome Chinese liquor used for enthusiastic toasts, gan-bei's, at banquets. John put it in his backpack. The Hong Kong taxi driver thumped it on the ground. The bottle broke, and we regaled plane passengers with the overwhelming smell of Maotai all the way to Denver.

Sometimes far-flung parts of your life come together in a remarkable way. Our good friend Jane Spalding had moved from Denver to Seattle, divorced, and decided to adopt a Chinese daughter. Following is their story in her words.

In the early 1990s I attended several gatherings at the Singletons' home in honor of Chinese doctors from Hunan Medical School in Changsha, China, part of a partnership with the University of Colorado Medical School. Most memorable was a Thanksgiving dinner that was a cultural awakening. John and Louise explained a traditional American Thanksgiving and why we celebrate as we do: The pilgrims had survived their first winter, the summer's harvest had been abundant, and the native Indians had brought turkeys. It was a day to rejoice and give thanks. The Chinese doctors politely nodded their heads, ate what must have seemed like strange food, and probably understood this as another example of a crazy American tradition. Going to China to adopt a baby had not yet occurred to me.

In 1995, after many changes in my life, I made plans for another: to bring a Chinese daughter into my life. I filled out forms, wrote checks to the numerous agencies that made up the complex international adoption process, and waited. In June I received a call from the agency and learned that I would be going to an orphanage in Zhuzhou in Hunan Province. Changsha would be our home base for several days. John and Louise, and the Chinese doctor network went into action.

My travel companion Suzanne Merriman, who also adopted a baby, and I arrived at the Changsha train station on a hot day in August 1995,

a few days before the rest of the adoptive parents in our group. What a relief it was to find Dr. Yan Zhongshu holding a sign that said Spalding. He maneuvered us through a maze of Chinese taxi drivers, negotiated a fair rate, and took us to our hotel. Later that day, he took us to the home of Sophie Zhu and we had a delightful afternoon. I asked their help in selecting a Chinese middle name for the daughter I would be adopting in a few days. After great consideration I chose Mei Xia, which they translated as beautiful sunrise or a new beginning. "Oh that's so ordinary," said Sophie Zhu. Not in Seattle, I thought.

The next day Dr. Yan introduced us to his daughter Grace and to Ming Ouyang the son of Dr.Ouyang Ke, who had spent several months in Denver. Ming spoke very good English and agreed to accompany us to the orphanage. What a blessing that was! Katie's foster mother brought her to the orphanage, and because Ming was with us, I was able to communicate with her. He took some amazing photos and seemed to totally enjoy the experience. His parents were among the Chinese visitors who came to call during our days in Changsha. Dr. Zhou Haiying, who was also at the Thanksgiving dinner, came to visit and brought gifts for Katie.

Jane with her new Chinese daughter, Katie

I'm so grateful to John and Louise for the connections they made crossing international boundaries and cultures to link numerous people to celebrate the creation of a new family. The warmth, love, and support of the doctors in Changsha and their families and colleagues blessed Katherine Mei Xia Spalding and me in a special way.

John and I went back to Changsha a year or so later and Yan Zhongshu took us to meet Katie's foster mother who had been very attached to her. She was glad to see us and tell us about Katie as a baby. Katie is now an eighteen year-old college freshman, a very American Chinese teenager.

Yan Zhongshu died of leukemia October 4, 2014. He read the draft about our time in Changsha in September and sent corrections and clarifications before he died. I am grateful.

Hengshan Pilgrimage

Miracle mists soothe summer hell's heat
The midnight moon is mute
Dawn light has not yet spoken.
I climb in silence.

Suddenly descending
From the circling solitary ridge
I face the pilgrim throng.
It surges by.

Hundreds of glowing incense reeds
Envelop bearers with sacred sweetness.
Swept along the narrow, holy mountain way
I too, am indistinct, unknown

Part of the human yearning
That does not make words, only streams
From the spring center of the earth
Toward the western sky.

Grotesque abject beggars along the path
Call their plaintive minor song,
"All Life is Suffering."
Their cups fill with mystery.

Each pilgrim bears in his crimson bag
Reason enough to climb through the dark night
To petition at the temple peak
At dawn's first light.

LRS
China, 1989

Chinese Pork and Cabbage

- 1 cup lean pork cut in very thin one by two inch strips. (Almost-frozen tenderloin works very well.)
- 1 jalapeno pepper, chopped
- Small head of Chinese cabbage (sometimes called Napa cabbage). Cut head in halves lengthwise, wash, then cut halves in halves or thirds again. Holding half a head together, cut across the quarters in slices about 3/8 inches wide.
- Small amount of vegetable oil, preferably peanut oil
- Salt and pepper as desired

Brown pork and peppers in a little oil in a wok until pork is cooked through. Push to side of wok and add cabbage. Cook until just tender. Mix together with the pork. Serve with rice and Shanghai vinegar, available at any good shop that sells Chinese groceries.

Hunan Chinese Fish

- 1½ pound live white fish, kept in water until time to cook. Kill and clean. Leave whole.
- Small amount of vegetable or peanut oil
- Garlic cloves, smashed
- Green onions chopped with tops
- Jalapeno peppers, chopped

Lightly brown vegetables in oil in a wok. Slip fish into wok and brown on one side. Carefully turn and brown on second side. Cover and cook until fish is done through and remove to platter.

Cooking Rice the Chinese Way

- Wash 1 cup rice three times to remove excess rice flour. Check for bugs and small rocks
- Add 1½ cup water
- Cover and bring to a boil. Lower heat and cook covered, without stirring, for twenty minutes.

The resulting rice has fluffy separate grains and is marvelously comforting and hot when you are cold.

The Chief and his elders attended the Ghana HIV Project launch with full pomp and ceremony.

HIV/AIDS: Confronting an African Challenge

Ve Golokuate, Ghana

HIV/AIDS. In 2001 I knew nothing about it. People in Africa knew little about it either, except that people got sick and died: their neighbors, the local school teacher, a sister, children. Most people in countries such as Zambia, Zimbabwe, and South Africa, where the infection rate was in double digits, knew people who were infected or had been lost to this modern plague. They were terrified. Ghana, Kenya, and Tanzania were on the back end of the epidemic and had experienced less trauma. Uganda had turned its epidemic around from an infection rate near thirty percent to close to five percent. The president learned when he sent soldiers to Cuba for training that half of them had HIV. He started a top-to-bottom campaign to combat the disease and he talked about it. In the U.S., the disease was considered a homosexual disease. In Africa, it was clearly a heterosexual, equal-opportunity epidemic affecting men, women, and children. The 2000 UNAIDS Report noted that seven out of every ten people infected worldwide with HIV lived in Africa.

At the 2000 International Conference of the Institute of Cultural Affairs held in Denver, ICA representatives from African countries said it was useless to work in human development unless they also addressed the very present threat of AIDS. They had no idea how to do that. Their

local health clinics had no idea what to do. Many people were not even clear what caused the disease or how people became infected. Worse than that, there was a lot of wrong information. Many believed that if you had sex with a virgin you would be cured.

In 2001, Dick Alton, Secretary General of ICA International stationed in Brussels, went to a meeting of African staff to develop a strategy for combating the disease. Dick insisted that those at the meeting have the opportunity to be tested to see if they were HIV positive. Most declined. No one wanted to know. Why would they? There was no treatment. There was only stigma for anyone whose status was known to be positive.

Dick asked me if I would help. I certainly knew nothing about the disease, but we both began to read everything we could find. The Hesperian Foundation, which had published the famous manual *Where There is No Doctor*, had just published a book called *HIV, Health, and Your Community: A Guide for Action* by Reuben Granich, MD, MPH, and Jonathan Mermin, MD, MPH. It became my textbook and my bible. Dick proposed that two staff from ICAs in each of eight African countries come to a three-week consult and training to create a week-long course to train village peer educators and a larger plan for village mobilization. ICA Ghana would host the gathering.

My role was to make information about HIV/AIDS, its causes, symptoms, prevention, and management, accessible to village volunteers who might know English, but probably had a ninth grade education and might not know "medical" English. The role of peer educators was to teach their neighbors about prevention and management of HIV and be an active core of project volunteers. Using *HIV, Health, and Your Community*, I designed a one-week HIV training curriculum for peer educators to learn and use when they talked with their neighbors. The big breakthrough for me in writing curriculum was realizing they didn't need to just understand the information themselves, they had to know how to teach others.

Some twenty-five people arrived from Accra by a giant bus at Ve Golokuate, a village in Hohoe District of Ghana, on a Sunday afternoon in July 2002. Church was still in session, with people sitting

in a circle singing. The training was housed in a new compound built by a Ghanaian doctor as his village retirement home. Built of cinder blocks, two rows of four or five rooms faced each other across open, bare ground planted with a hopeful six-foot papaya tree protected from the goats by a chicken wire fence.

The first room to the west was our meeting room, with tables and the ubiquitous African white plastic chairs. The first room to the east was the kitchen, the largely bare floor piled with vegetables and fruit, a few big pots, and a two-burner stove sitting on the floor. After watching the cooks bent over double stirring kettles on the floor, several women on the team insisted that a table was required. African men were not impressed, but a suitable table was found.

Sandra True, Lisa Butler, and I were assigned to the last room on the east. Others stayed in the compound or in other homes in the village. Our living space was divided into a living room and three small bedrooms. There were a couple of pieces of new grey velour overstuffed furniture in the living room, a bed in my room, and ample floor to hold my suitcase. There was electricity. Each evening, a spectacular grey hairy spider emerged from under the molding below the ceiling. One day, Sandra and I were talking. I looked down and on the sofa cushion beside me was one of those spiders. I started to swat it and Sandra shouted at me, "Don't kill spiders!" The spider and I became uneasy roommates. I found, however, that the spider did not do its job of eating unwanted insects. My traveling clothes were burdened with fleas from sitting on the floor and I was covered with bites on my return trip to Denver.

My window looked out over a neighborhood village dump. I watched the morning rituals of a dozen families living in the houses beyond as they washed, bathed children, and cooked their breakfast. It seemed to be the children's chore to bring garbage to the dump. They would come to the edge with a shallow plastic pail on their heads, give a thrust with their head, and the garbage would arrive neatly on the pile. Chicken and goats followed to keep organic material in the dump to a minimum.

The first morning I decided it was time to figure out the bath situation. I applied at the kitchen for water. The cook put a dipper of hot water in a bucket of water and nodded me toward the bath area. It

was constructed of concrete blocks painted white, about seven feet high, with a concrete floor with a drain. I took off my sarong, soaped up, and began sluicing water over me. Chilly, but under a spectacular palm tree reflecting the rising sun, I had never had a more beautiful shower. The single toilet had already seen good use. It was in another small building nearby with a cistern on top. Women carried water on their heads and filled it on a regular basis, so that water could fill the tank of the western-style toilet, set over a hole in the ground, and flush. An unlikely luxury. As was not surprising, sometimes the need overwhelmed the accommodations provided.

A water pump was a hundred yards away at the village end of the compound and always busy with women and children pumping the handle vigorously to fill plastic buckets of water. Bottled water had recently become available and was highly valued for uninitiated stomachs. I cannot remember how all this group was fed three meals a day, but goat meat stew, vegetables, and cassava figured high on the menu. The choir of the Evangelical Presbyterian Church practiced every night to the accompaniment of drumming. Young people frequently danced to boom box music in the evening in the bare courtyard. The staff of ICA Ghana, led by the director Lambert Okrah, had laid the groundwork and prepared well for our needs. We would be there most of three weeks.

Lambert Okrah and his staff were responsible for making the logistics work. I felt like I knew Lambert and Accra fairly well. John and I went to Ghana, Nigeria, Zambia, and Egypt in 1999 to encourage enthusiasm and attendance for the ICA International Conference in Denver in 2000. We met with the staff and enjoyed the simple rooms of Sam's Cottage on the edge of town. We were amused at the local businesses with names like God's Blessing Hair Salon and Made in Heaven Plumbing. We also traveled out of Accra to the coast where we were appalled to

Lambert Okrah, Director of ICA Ghana

see the freshly whitewashed site where prospective slaves had been held, sold, and shipped to the new world, now a tourist site. Lambert is a not very tall, skinny man with an astounding bass voice. Lambert stayed at our house when he came to the conference in Denver. One morning, I came downstairs dressed for a day at the conference to find Lambert carefully ironing a beautiful printed cotton shirt. I had on my trusty blue denim skirt and a white knit shirt. I said, "Lambert, I bet you think I dress pretty plain." He ducked his head, smiled widely, and said, "Yes."

I had returned to Ghana at Thanksgiving, 2000, to meet Dick and follow up on the Denver conference in Ghana, Nigeria, and Kenya. The Bush-Gore election was still undecided because of unclear results in Florida. (Remember the hanging chad?) I spent a lot of time talking civics lessons with the ICA Ghana staff, because Ghana had a presidential election scheduled for December 7th. They were very interested in our 2000 election and wanted to understand how our elections worked.

On that trip, I developed severe heart palpitations on Friday night and spent Saturday night in the Trust Hospital in Accra. Dr. Garty, a wonderful young woman who had trained in England, saw me in the hospital outpatient clinic, gave me an excellent physical and said, "Your heart is jumping all over the place." She said she needed to admit me in order to have a cardiologist come to see me. The room, an "executive room," had no drinking water, towels, or soap. It was strictly bring your own. Dr. Garty and I were unable to thread the EKG machine, and since it was late Saturday, there was no technician.

The cardiologist came about ten that evening, a quiet older man who sat and talked to me, taking my pulse and watching the erratic heart monitor. He prescribed a medicine to regulate my heart rhythm, and I went to his office for an EKG the next morning. The hospital wanted to send me there in an ambulance, but I said an emphatic "no!" and went in the trusty ICA Toyota truck. Apparently, the palpitations were caused by taking Malarone, a malaria prophylaxis. Total cost of care was $300. The VISA machine wouldn't give me more than $30 in cedis—actually, quite a stack of bills in cedis. I asked Lambert why the currency required so many bills. He said, "It doesn't matter. No one has much money anyhow." When I left Ghana to go on to Nigeria, the ICA

staff presented me with a Ghanaian flag and a plaque naming me an ambassador from Ghana to the United States.

In Ve Golokuate in July 2002, during the first week, sixteen people from ICAs in eight countries in Africa and six from the United States set about preparing for the Peer Educator Training scheduled for the second week. Sandra True, RN, MPH, past ICA staff member, designed teaching methods and team-building curriculums to augment the part of the training that gave information about HIV. The sixteen African ICA staff needed to prepare; they would take the up-front roles in the peer educator training. They were experienced teachers, but they also needed to learn about HIV and work through a new curriculum. Their suggestions reflected on-the-ground knowledge of the prospective peer educators.

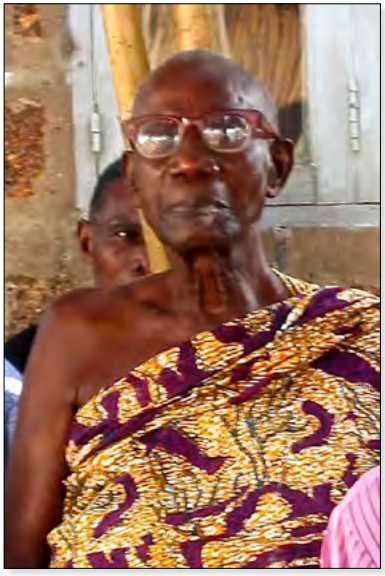
This somber billboard dominated the entrance to the Launch gathering site.

We wanted to meet all the local powers that be. On Monday morning, the team of about twenty-five walked to a ceremony to be introduced by the Ghana staff to the village Chief, the Council of Elders, and the Queen Mother. They formally welcomed us. This consisted of a few speeches, pouring a bottle of gin (which ICA bought) into the ground for the gods, and passing around a container of palm wine for all to take a ceremonial drink.

The first week ended on Saturday with a village celebration to publicly launch the project. Under the trees of the village gathering area there were speeches, singing, drumming and dancing. About eight hundred attended, including local officials and the Chief's retinue, dressed in full regalia. Those selected to be trained the following week as peer educators were "capped" with red caps they would wear in their future role as HIV educators in the community. A billboard near the gathering site pictured ominous rows of graves with the words, "HIV Can Wipe Out Your Community."

Village leaders are as important as government officials in Ghana

The project staff met with village leaders.



The Chief

The Queen Mother

The Peer Educator Training was held the second week. Twenty-three participants were divided into five teams—a team for each "stake" or geographic area of the village. Each team had men, women, and youth. The HIV curriculum was based on "lessons" I had written based on information from HIV, Health and Your Community. As would become usual in future trainings, the highlight was the demonstration of how to use a condom, a very little known device there. In most places bananas would suffice, but in Ve Golokuate they produced twenty-five carved wooden phalluses of assorted sizes and shapes. In addition to information about HIV, trainees learned how to lead group discussions, give presentations, and plan and lead project activities. Each peer educator received a certificate at the end of the training.

Each peer educator received a certificate and proudly wore his or her bright red cap.

In addition to the training, there were other important activities during the second week. John and Don Elliott, both physicians from Denver who had arrived before the launch celebration, visited local health officials, clinics, and the district hospital to explain the project and assess local HIV practices. They learned that HIV services were in the planning and incubation phase. Ghana, with a low HIV rate, was just beginning to get organized. In August 2000, Ghana had drafted a National HIV/AIDS and Sexually Transmitted Infection (STI) Policy Document and had begun implementation. Lisa Butler PhD, MPH, from the Center for AIDS Prevention at the University of California, San Francisco, designed a baseline survey and led a team of village volunteers to conduct interviews with a sample of 140 village residents to collect data about HIV-related knowledge, attitudes, and practices.

The women on the staff decided we should meet with the Queen Mother and her aides to talk about women's issues. The Queen Mother is chosen and educated as a young person to be responsible for the well being of women and girls. She has an important role in the community and her support was essential. She was an ample, handsome woman who ran the local bar. She had been diffident to us and always seemed to have a wait-and-see questioning look on her face. After greetings and songs were sung by the group of village women and then by the staff, we talked about the training and what people were learning. We broached the question of what the Queen Mother thought about the need to use condoms for protection during sex. She said she didn't believe in condoms. "The Bible says, 'flesh to flesh.'" As she watched activities during the three weeks and learned more about HIV prevention, she became a strong supporter of the project.

The third week, Dick, the African staff, and about 125 people gathered for a community planning consult in a barn-sized shed with open sides and a large cinder block front wall. Working in small groups, they considered the question: What do we want for the youth in this village in the next three years? The resulting Community Action Plan named three strategic directions with nine areas of action. It was amazing to see over a hundred people work in small groups to get their ideas together and then see those ideas assembled in a meaningful way on the front wall. We did learn, however, that the question you ask to frame the planning matters. We learned that if you ask an open ended question, such as what do you want for the future of youth in this village, you get everything from repairing the inordinate number of potholes on the road from Ve Golokuate to Hohoe, the district town, to plans for improving water delivery for farmers. Our concern was to focus on prevention and management of HIV. A more targeted question would be used in future community planning sessions as we initiated the project in the remaining seven countries.

Meanwhile, Sandra, Steve Clark, a retired biology teacher and artist from California, Emmanuel Kofi of the ICA Ghana staff, and I, edited the draft I had written, wrote new material to fill gaps, and illustrated the *HIV/AIDS Prevention Guide for African Communities*,

more commonly called the "Field Guide." It is a teaching tool for peer educators to use when talking with their neighbors. Each one-page lesson asks a question people might want to know, such as: What is HIV? What are the symptoms? How can I prevent it? Four simply stated main points, each with four sub-points, answer each question. Each of the four main points has an image or picture to help educators and villagers remember the information and easily find the answers to questions raised in conversations with neighbors. Although the first draft was pretty rough, with hand drawn pictures, we felt fortunate to have enough power for our laptop to produce it. A local print shop made copies for the use of the Peer Educators as they talked with their neighbors. The Field Guide was translated into Ewe, the local language, and was easily and inexpensively copied and bound for use by peer educators and local health practitioners. In 2003, the Field Guide was revised and improved as we launched projects in the next seven countries.

A peer educator talks with her neighbors about HIV/AIDS.

During the third week, we met with the President of Ghana, John Agyekum Kufour, and various ministers. He took this project as an opportunity to publicize the threat of HIV/AIDS on radio and TV. He said, "I believe that in the absence of a cure for HIV/AIDS, a sustained education of the society on the prevention of the pandemic is the best way forward to deal with the problem." Ghana had elected him in a very satisfactory election in December 2000. During our meeting, I commented that the United States goes around the world telling people

how to hold elections, but we had found out in 2000, when the Supreme Court made the final call in the Bush-Gore election, that it was not so easy.

As indicated by the attention given to the initial meeting with the Chief and the public launching of the Ghana project, protocol was important. Both the first copy of the Field Guide and the Community Action Plan were presented to the village leaders on our final Saturday and celebrated with palm wine all around.

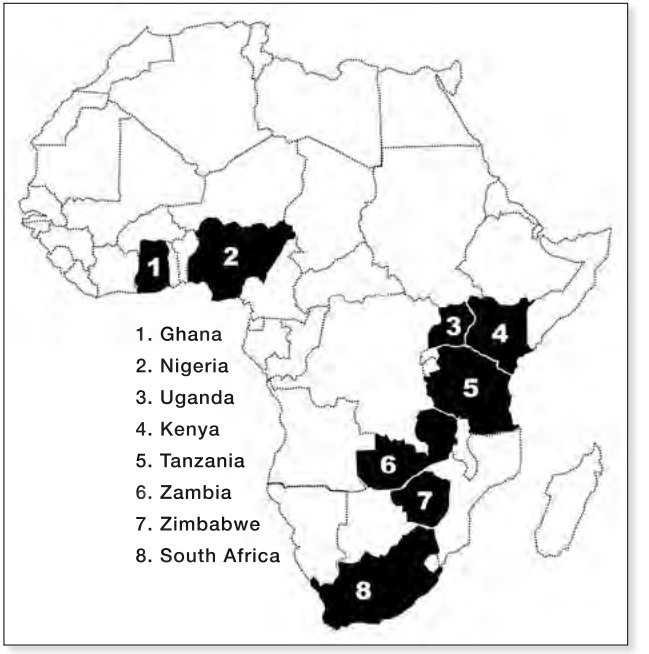
We were honored to meet with President John Kafour.

For me, these three weeks in Ghana were challenging work and high adventure. They launched a decade of work in eight African countries to mobilize communities to understand and prevent HIV. The most important thing we did in those three weeks was engage the staff of the eight ICAs, incorporate their ideas into the training and material, and get them on board and trained to develop the program in their own countries.

In 2003 and early 2004, Dick Alton and I divided the role of team leader to initiate the project in the remaining seven countries. Each would

build on the Ghana model for peer educator training and community mobilization. Dick took Nigeria, Zimbabwe, South Africa, and Tanzania. I worked in Kenya, Zambia, and Uganda. Training teams were made up of local staff, a staff member from another African country, and usually a volunteer from the United States. Follow up consults in 2005 and 2006 evaluated the projects. The Field Guide was updated, improved, and published by PACT (People Acting in Community Together) in 2004 and translated into Swahili as well as French and, by a fluke, into Chinese. With updates, both the Field Guide and the curriculum to train peer educators are still in use today.

As national and local health systems became more adequate, and testing and treatment came on line, management of the disease expanded from primarily providing home-based care, to testing and treatment for those infected who were fortunate enough to have treatment available to them. Country ICAs began to do what we hoped they would do: integrate HIV education and management into their ongoing human development work. Projects began to fit the needs, interests, and resources of each country. In addition to the original eight African countries, Cote d'Ivoire, Togo, Benin, and Nepal implemented projects.

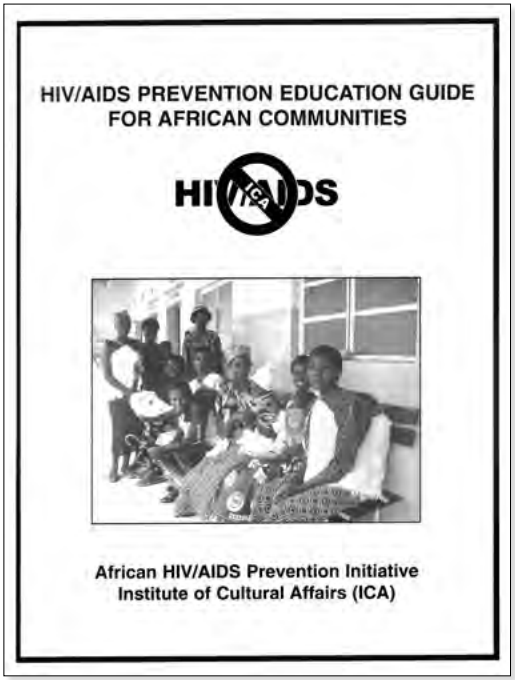


Projects in eight African countries

The HIV/AIDS Prevention Project began in seven other countries

Ugandan peer educators gathered in the Episcopal Church for training.

The Tanzania project worked with Maasai families.



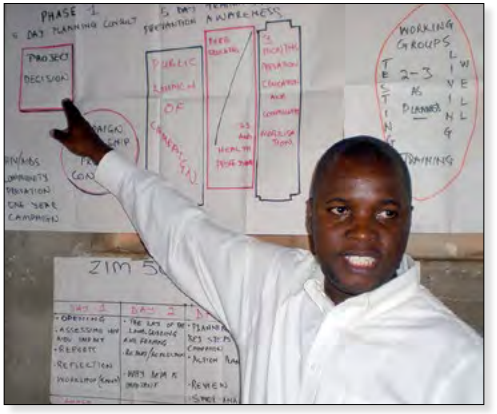
The Field Guide published by PACT Publishing

Zambian peer educators practiced using a condom.

Spirited expectations at the launch of a Zimbabwe50 Community HIV/AIDS Campaign

A 2010 Report on a Decade of Work 2001–2010, estimates that 1,700 peer educators have been trained to discuss reliable information about HIV prevention and AIDS management with their neighbors; 59,000 people have been reached with information about prevention and care; testing campaigns and services have gone local; and, 9,700 people have been counseled and tested. Close relationships with health services facilitate people who are HIV positive to receive testing and treatment. Eight hundred people living with HIV/AIDS have joined Positive Self-Management groups to sit together and learn to take charge of their disease. About 15,000 individuals infected and affected by the disease are in groups to learn improved agricultural and income producing skills. Twenty-eight thousand youth in and out of school are learning the facts about HIV and how to modify their behavior. Stigma toward those with the disease has been greatly reduced. This effort was one small part of an international groundswell to intervene in the runaway course of the HIV pandemic. Over the past decade, HIV rates have been greatly reduced.

In 2009, Bruce Williams, a Chicago colleague who has worked closely with an ICA Canada sponsored HIV program with Maasai in Il Ngwesi, Kenya, came to Santa Fe. We spent several days in my office designing a "one-year model." I have hardly ever had such a good time. We had worked in HIV community prevention and management for a decade. Those projects had been successful, but it took a long time to learn what was needed and how to get it organized, so staff often worked in the same communities for several years. Projects needed to come on line with much greater efficiency. It took until 2012, when Dick Alton and Gerald Gomani of ICA Zimbabwe came to Santa Fe in August, to begin to see how we might actually make it happen. Gerald and his staff were just completing a three-year Rotary International grant and looking for another project to employ his trained staff.



Gerald Gomani, Director of ICA Zimbabwe, explaining the Zim50 campaign process at a five-day community leadership consult.

In 2013, with the blessing of ICA USA, and working with ICA Zimbabwe, Dick Alton, Bruce Williams and I initiated a five-year experiment to test the efficacy and sustainability of one-year HIV prevention and management campaigns, which emphasized testing and getting people who were infected or affected by HIV into treatment and support groups. Communities need to be responsible for and manage their own response to the HIV/AIDS challenge. The health system can't do what the community can do. What the model is testing is a replicable program that is sustainable and financially affordable, adaptable to local needs and culture, and implemented by local people. Called Zimbabwe 50 or ZIM50, ICA Zimbabwe, enthusiastically led by the director Gerald Gomani, will work with fifty urban communities surrounding Harare over five years. My role is architect, adviser, cheerleader, and fundraiser. By the end of that project, I will be eighty-five years old.

One of the gifts of my work in Africa was knowing and working with delightful and accomplished people. I greatly admire African

Women in Uganda wore their best to the Launch.

women. They are gracious, compassionate, practical, serious about their work, skilled, and stylish. The poorest could come up with a length of beautiful print fabric to turn into a dress in traditional style with its own neck and sleeve designs. Dresses usually had a fitted bodice and a long straight skirt, topped off with an extravagantly wrapped head cloth. I tried typical styles from Nigeria, Tanzania, and Uganda. I never looked good in them: I am the wrong color.

I would specifically like to mention three women.

Moddie Siafunda, head of the project in Mwanamainda, Zambia, was a happily rotund woman with a wide smile. Her ICA staff salary was the sole support for a household of nine that included her daughter and her two children, and several of her sisters' children orphaned by HIV. She took training to do Voluntary Counseling and Testing (VCT) so she could do testing in her project. She told a group in Denver that yes, treatment was free, but people might have to sell a goat to pay the costs of travel to the hospital in the district town to get it. She died of meningitis, probably the result of an immune system weakened by HIV.

Mary Wafula, on the staff of ICA Kenya, had put together an effective HIV prevention program in Machakos District that predated the Ghana launch. In 1999, she wore a suit and high heels to a small meeting under a tree near a dry creek bed, where you brought your own chair. The purpose was to demonstrate that you could dig a small hole in the sand of the creek bottom and strain out water. In 2007, the Machakos Health Clinic agreed to bring testing

to the project villages so that people did not have to walk nine kilometers to be tested. Mary died of poorly treated or untreated breast cancer.

Blanche Tumbo, Assistant Public Health Officer of the Kenya Ministry of Health, became a valued colleague I always sought out. We met through a meeting with Charity Ngilu, the Minister of Health, arranged by Simeon Shitemi, a member of the Board of ICA Kenya and past Secretary of the Kenya Minister of Health. When we showed Madame Charity the Field Guide and training manual for peer educators, she said every village in Kenya should have them. That was not accomplished, but Blanche did see that the Field Guide was translated into Swahili. Blanche arranged interviews for us with possible funding sources and sponsored a three-day Consultation on HIV/AIDS Community Prevention Methods for two health officers from every province and more from closer districts. She was part of another consult later in Laikipia District where ICA Canada was working with a Maasai ranch named Il Ngwesi. She retired and is working as a private consultant.

These three women are just a few of the exceptional ordinary people I met and worked with in Africa. I could not have imagined when I enrolled in a masters program in public health in 1986 and did research for a master's degree on China's rural health care system in 1989, that my life's most passionate work would find a home in African villages. Nor that those I was privileged to work with from both the U.S. and Africa would become my most cherished colleagues. I felt welcomed into the lives and concerns of my African colleagues and at home.

On the following page is Lesson 12 from the *HIV/AIDS Prevention Education Guide for African Communities* or the Field Guide. It provides food and nutrition information for caregivers and people with AIDS.

The next generation, Uganda launch

Gifts come in surprising forms. Binny, a newly trained peer educator in Nabuganye, Uganda, presented me with a chicken.

Lesson 12

WHAT SHOULD A PERSON WITH HIV/AIDS EAT?

PEOPLE WITH HIV/AIDS HAVE SPECIAL NUTRITIONAL NEEDS.

- They need extra nutrients to fight the virus and infections.
- They may have a poor appetite.
- They may have trouble with nausea, vomiting or diarrhea.
- They may have sores in the mouth or have trouble swallowing.
- Uncooked and unclean food will make them sick.

EAT A BALANCED DIET EVERY DAY.

- Protein such as meat, fish, eggs, chicken, rice and beans help the body to heal. Eat an egg every day.
- Carbohydrates such as rice, corn, oats, yams, potatoes, cassava and plantain provide energy.
- Fats such as oil, nuts, milk, eggs and coconut help store energy and gain weight.
- Fruits and vegetables such as bananas, pumpkin, matoke and sweet potatoes have vitamins and minerals the body needs.

MAKE EATING A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

- Eat with family or friends.
- Eat favorite foods. Avoid strong smelling and spicy food.
- Keep food available and eat frequently.
- Drink 8 or more glasses of fluids a day. Boil drinking water to avoid infections. Avoid alcohol and caffeine that dull the appetite and interfere with digestion. Avoid strong citrus drinks (orange or lemon) that may irritate the stomach.
- If feeling sick, eat bland foods such as nshima or rice, in small amounts and often.

WAYS TO MANAGE SYMPTOMS OF HIV/AIDS.

- **Diarrhea and vomiting:**
  For rehydration, use Oral Rehydration Salts or make your own:
  - Half a level teaspoon of salt
  - 8 level teaspoons of sugar or molasses
  - Half a cup of fruit juice, coconut milk or mashed ripe banana

  Sip drink every 5 minutes day and night until normal urination returns
- **Sores in mouth or throat:** Try soft, smooth, bland foods such as mashed potatoes. Cook fruits and vegetables to make them easier to eat. Try cold foods.
- **Difficulty swallowing:** Sit up. Eat mashed or pureed foods.
- **Fever:** Drink more fluids that normal. Eat nutritious soups. Drink tea.
- **Weight loss:** Eat 4-5 times a day. Eat even if you are not hungry. If you find something you like, eat it all day.

Institute of Cultural Affairs, African HIV/AIDS Prevention Initiative

ABSTAIN **BE FAITHFUL** **USE A CONDOM**

A page from the Field Guide

New Explorations

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding"

Daddy and Mother at Southminster, 1990

Endings

Southminster Retirement Residence
Charlotte, North Carolina

"Mother, I can't believe you were in the infirmary seeing some man."

"Well, I was there seeing Harvey Fischer, and he is just recovering from a hip replacement." And that was the first I knew of General Harvey Fischer.

My father died in January 1992 at the age of ninety-one. He had been slowed down by a fractured vertebra and ill with bladder cancer for several years. He practiced medicine until he retired at eighty-four, and when he and Mother moved out of their house to a condominium in 1986 when he was eighty-six, he was still mowing the lawn.

In 1988, after he broke a vertebra turning the mattress on a bed, they moved to Southminster Retirement Residence, initially to a two-bedroom cottage and then to an apartment in the main building, to make it easier to get to dinner in his wheelchair. I was not ready for them to make the move to a retirement home. Mother was only seventy-eight, ten years younger than Daddy, and they were both very active. But they were smart and made moves, each time just before they were needed, to accommodate their changing capacities. At that point, most of my experience with senior residences was visiting people in nursing homes. I had several aunts who lived in Sharon Towers, one of the first

senior residences in Charlotte. They each had a room and a bath, which seemed to me very limiting.

Southminster was brand new and one of the first models in Charlotte of comfortable, almost luxurious, residences for seniors. You bought your accommodation although you could not sell it. There were all levels of care: cottages and apartments for people who were independent, assisted living for those who needed help, an infirmary for those who needed nursing care, and a memory care unit. Residents went to the elegant dining room every evening and ordered from an excellent and varied menu. It was understood that you wore a coat and tie to dinner, which has now been modified with an area that is not so formal. There was an art room with Wednesday morning lessons. Mother began to paint seriously for the first time in her life. There was everything you might need: a little store, beauty parlor, bank, and mailroom. The campus was quite large. When Mother and Daddy moved there, it was raw. The plantings were new and undeveloped, and the North Carolina red clay showed through the grass. But they had room for a garden at the cottage, and when they moved to an apartment on the first floor of the main building, the patio had a small garden area Mother planted with camellias and azaleas, pansies and begonias. A low brick wall separated the patio from a sloping bank that went down to a parking area. A rapidly growing river birch gave shade from the afternoon sun and helped to screen the parking lot from view.

When they moved from the cottage to the apartment, Mother and Daddy took two one-bedroom apartments and put them together. They cut a door between them so that there was a living-room-sized room at either end and two bedrooms and two baths in the middle. One kitchen was used for fixing breakfast and lunch, and the other was used for fixing flowers and doing the ironing. When Daddy was in bed full time and had help around the clock, that back living room became a comfortable place for his hospital bed.

Mother always made her homes beautiful and this was no exception. She put in four-inch cornice molding, paneled doors, and moved a wall to make a small dressing area adjoining her bathroom. The two patios were joined and accessible from both the living room and the large back

room—the room intended at first for sewing, TV, and small children. Paint colors and carpeting were carefully chosen, with one color for the walls and a darker shade for the woodwork. The furniture fit well into the good-sized living room. Most of the oriental rugs were rolled underneath the bed to make walking and wheel chairs work better. It was a gracious and comfortable place to live, and they entered into the community with enthusiasm, enjoying old acquaintances and new people who arrived almost daily. Cocktails had not been part of my parents' life, but they began to invite people for a drink before dinner and to accept invitations to join others. Mother joined the residents' decorating committee and finally put her skills to work on a large scale as they worked with the management to make Southminster beautiful.

Daddy died in the infirmary on January 29, 1992. He did not want to go to the infirmary, and Mother always felt badly that he was there. He had been bedridden for some time and was failing. He had a hired aide around the clock in the infirmary, and as the aide said, she did not have experience with people dying. The doctor gave no indication that

Daddy's grandsons carried his casket.

The Charlotte Observer *interviewed Daddy when he retired from fifty-two years of practice in 1984. He was eighty-four years old.*

MECKLENBURG NEIGHBORS Sunday, November 11, 1984

Downtown's Doctor Wraps Up 52-Year Practice

By PAT BORDEN
Staff Writer

After 52 years of practicing general medicine in downtown Charlotte, Dr. Charles Robinson cleared out his office Oct. 31 and went home to begin retirement at age 84.

"I haven't had enough experience at it (retirement) yet," he said, sitting with his wife, Mildred, at their Dilworth home. "But if going on a long vacation is any indication, I'm not going to like it. We've been on one two-week vacation in our lives."

Until last year, Robinson had been the only doctor working in downtown Charlotte for nearly two decades.

His career is bracketed by the trolley cars of 1932 and the Tryon Street Mall of 1984.

He hung his shingle in the days when most of Charlotte's medicine was downtown — St. Peter's Hospital and the Charlotte Sanitorium, both since closed, and the Nalle Clinic, originally on North Church Street.

"The only doctor locations were downtown," Robinson said. "I remember when one doctor went out and opened an office on Hawthorne Lane. He said he'd probably starve to death."

As downtown medical institutions closed or moved and others opened away from the central business district, other doctors migrated out of downtown — all but Robinson.

"I had a lot of old faithfuls who still came," said Robinson, who describes himself as a "country boy" from Derita, where many of his patients lived. "I thought I'd be moving away from the people I was serving."

Photo By CATHY BAUKNIGHT

Dr. Charles Robinson relaxes in retirement at home

For the first six months of his practice, Robinson had worked on North Graham Street, about 4 miles from Independence Square.

In June 1932, he moved to the Professional Building, at West 7th and North Tryon streets.

"It was hard times," he said. "Office visits cost $2, and home visits were $2.50 — if you got it."

The Robinsons married in September 1932 and scraped through the Depression together.

"At one time, we sat down with a paper and pencil and figured out if we could collect $180 a month, we wouldn't go in the hole," he said.

With about half of Charlotte's doctors gone during the war, Robinson was kept busy, especially trying to make house calls, he said. "Between 1932 and 1942, I had more house calls than I could make."

Robinson stayed in the Professional Building until it was closed for renovations in 1969. Then he moved to 200 W. 7th St., where he remained until he retired.

As a general practitioner, Robinson's schedule revolved around 8 a.m. hospital rounds, followed by office hours from about 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., afternoon hospital rounds and then home. "And then be up half the night, delivering babies," he said.

Robinson eased himself into retirement by degrees. About 12 years ago, he began restricting his work to office visits. Six or seven years ago, he dropped obstetrics and gynecology. For the past few years, he cut his office hours to two or three hours six mornings a week and an hour each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

And now, full-time retirement is upon him. Mildred Robinson, who has juggled her schedule to meet his for these 52 years, is ready.

"It's going to be a new day," she said. "We are moving into a new condo, and with him quitting his practice, we're going to be footloose and fancy-free."

Robinson smiled. "I'm willing to give it a try for a while," he said.

the end was near; we were not summoned to his bedside. He died alone during the night, because even the aide was out in the hall talking and did not call Mother. They had said their "goodbyes" before he went to the infirmary, but she never got over not being with him. They had been married almost seventy years and their marriage had been an unusually close one. In a eulogy at his service, Mike Myers, with whom Daddy carried on a continuing book conversation, said that right now Charlie Robinson and Warner Hall (erudite, deceased preacher at Covenant Church) were having a theological discussion with God and God had better be prepared.

So I was surprised when a man named Harvey Fischer, General Harvey Fischer, entered my Mother's life. That summer Mother mentioned that Harvey had been there to sit on the patio and have a snifter of brandy and smoke his cigar after dinner. Such goings on had never happened in my family before. I said, "Mother, what are you going to do when it is cold and you can't be outside?" She said, "Don't worry, we'll manage."

Harvey was as different from my father as it was possible to be. Daddy was six feet tall and relatively angular. Harvey was five foot eight and built like a small-sized Mack Truck. He had a jaw that jutted out like a bulldog, and though he was always exceptionally cordial to me, I never forgot that he was a general and expected to be in charge. He was a graduate of West Point, a three-star general who had served at Number 10 Downing Street in World War II and was in charge of the army in China later in the war. He had lived everywhere and seen everything. Daddy lived his whole life—except for medical training on a hospital boat in New York Harbor and internship in Bryn Mawr—in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. Daddy had cared for people as a doctor, one person at a time; Harvey had directed large numbers in extensive military operations. Daddy was religious and an intellectual; Harvey had little patience for either. Mother and Harvey spent their evenings together, and Mother confided to me that, "Harvey sure can kiss good."

Harvey introduced Mother to a new world. She learned about Mexican food and margaritas, Chinese food, football, and a new family. And they traveled. Mother and Daddy had rarely traveled, because

Daddy could not leave his practice for long and Mother had difficulty with motion sickness. Somehow, she seemed to overcome it. She told the General that she would have to have her own room when they traveled. He said, "Fine, and you can pay for it too." They took long road trips: one to Texas to see Charlie and Cynthia in San Antonio and some of Harvey's relatives, and one to California, Oregon, and back across the country. Mother made sketches of scenery for her oil painting in Wednesday morning art classes. When she showed the paintings to me, she told me about the places and people they had seen. They built an interesting life as an "item" at Southminster. Mother would like to have married, but Harvey was not interested. They each kept their apartments and went their own way during the day, but met every evening for a drink, dinner, and a little television. At one point, Harvey was president of the resident's association and Mother was chair of the decorating committee.

Mother and the General

We celebrated Mother's eighty-fifth and ninetieth birthdays. Both were big events, with Harvey grinning that she was a babe and teasing that she was an older woman. Mother would just smile. She was a babe and took great care to remain so. She visited his children who lived an hour outside Charlotte and in Charleston. I would hear about going to Harvey's daughter's house for Thanksgiving Dinner, and it always amazed me that my Mother had a life and people close to her that I knew nothing about. My brother Bill and his wife Kate saw them often. They would "double date." Bill said that he never really knew Mother until then. Steve and Cornelia also lived in Charlotte, but Steve was more "religious" than Harvey was comfortable with.

In summer 1994, Will told us that he was gay. It was a surprise to me—and that's another story—but by Mother's eighty-fifth birthday in February 1995, I was comfortable with the news but had not told my family. Will and Mother had been very close since his days spending Sundays with Mother and Daddy when he was at Davidson College. Daddy loved to talk with Will because he could talk about anything and was happy to challenge Daddy. At Mother's eighty-fifth birthday luncheon, Will made a toast to Mother and said that Daddy would go to bed early and then he and Mother would stay up and talk about what was really important.

That evening after everyone but immediate family had left, we went to Steve's for dinner—Mother and Harvey, my three brothers, their wives and I. Cynthia said, "How is Will? He seemed quiet this weekend." I said, "Will is gay." Silence, followed by a few non-committal remarks. Mother and I went home and talked until midnight. She said that Will had always been her favorite grandson and always would be. The next morning, Charlie, the doctor, called and said, "Louise, the important thing is that he has to take care of his health." Later, Bill, the lawyer, called and said, "Louise, he can do what he wants, but he just can't tell anyone." Then Steve, the preacher, called and said, "Louise, we will pray for him." Harvey and I had had previous discussions and I knew his views about gays in the military. That would probably be a subject Mother and Harvey would choose to avoid.

In September 2003 when she was ninety-three, Mother was diagnosed with giant cell arteritis, an inflammation of the arteries of the brain. It was a death sentence because there was not much to do about it. She made us promise that we would not put her in the infirmary. She already had a helper, Pam, whom I called "Mother's Lady-in-Waiting." For several years, Mother had had an essential tremor in her right hand that made putting on make-up and other functions difficult. Pam came every day to help, stayed until Mother was dressed for dinner and then left. Mother would get on her electric cart and meet Harvey in the dining room. As Mother's condition worsened, Bill found two other excellent

women who, along with Pam, provided round-the-clock care for Mother until she died in April. In January I went to help coordinate care between the three women, make sure they had training from a physical therapist about how to move and care for Mother, and get her equipped with what was needed. I also worried that she might not be getting sufficient food; Harvey thought I was meddling.

I went to Charlotte frequently that fall and winter and watched as my beautiful Mother slowly became infantile. On the trip home from Kenya in November, I visited. She had not wanted me to go. I'm sure she was afraid of dying before I returned. On that visit, she and I spent the evening selecting hymns and scripture for her funeral service and talking about how it would be best arranged. She thought it would work most comfortably to have the burial before the church service and a reception following. She did not want anyone to be "hurried" at the reception because the funeral home wanted to get the interment over with. She looked at me with a little half-smile, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "But I guess I won't be there to worry about it, will I?" On that trip I found that a wonderful way to be with Mother then—and until she died—was to get up on the bed and lie beside her. The first time, she said, "Amazing grace." Later she had no words and I am not sure she knew me.

Beginning that January or February, Harvey was in the infirmary with congestive heart failure. For Mother's ninety-fourth birthday on February 20, we had a small party in her apartment. The living room had become her comfortable sick room. Harvey was wheeled in in his wheel chair and Mother was in hers. They sat facing each other holding hands, oblivious of everyone else.

Mother died at ninety-four on April 30, 2004. I was not there. Again, there was no call to the bedside. John and I were in Atlanta visiting Martha, en route to Panama City at the invitation of the Creightons, when Pam called. Harvey died three days later of congestive heart failure. The two families had a reception for them at "the home," Harvey's name for Southminster, and the Southminster community gathered. Mother had told Pam that she wanted her to do her make up in her coffin. For this, like any other occasion, she wanted to look her

best. She had also specified what she wanted to wear. So a couple days after she died, Pam and I went to the funeral home, Pam with Mother's well-worn brown plastic makeup kit. The attendant ushered us into the room where the casket was open. Mother was dressed in her yellow crepe dress. She looked peaceful, but not quite like herself, because her hair was short and straight with bangs. Mother never had bangs or straight hair. Pam did a good job with the make up, and Mother would have been pleased. I commented to the attendant that it was too bad that the caskets for Mother and Harvey were not in the same room. He said that the other family would have to agree, but added, "Don't worry, they were together downstairs."

Like Daddy, Mother's funeral service was at Covenant Presbyterian Church, a gothic cathedral-like space replete with granite, intricately carved cherry wood, and beautiful stained glass windows, where she had occupied a pew on the left, a third of the way from the front. The service was as beautiful as she would have wanted. Her four children and their spouses, ten grandchildren and their spouses, and nineteen great-grandchildren walked together to the front pews on the right. Among them were Will and his partner Doug, both elegantly turned out in navy blue suits. Will was one of the speakers, at my invitation. Somehow, in the course of preparations, the three brothers went off to handle finances and I was left to plan the service. I knew that Will and Mother had a close relationship and that he was a superb speaker. The rub came when he wanted to say how much it meant to him that Mother had accepted that he was gay and continued to love him as she always had. That was not allowed, and he had to change his talk at the last minute. No one was happy. Mother would have settled it in short order and pronounced herself pleased. Will said later that he had said what he wanted to say. And my brothers joined us eight years later when we gathered to celebrate Will and Doug's wedding. Interment had been earlier, on a fine spring day, beside and to the left of Daddy in Woodlawn Cemetery, because as Mother said, "That was the way we slept for sixty-nine years." Harvey was buried with full military honors in Arlington Cemetery with Steve in attendance. I'm sure he looked back from the grave and said to Steve, "Please hold the Alleluia, Amens."

When Daddy died, Mother was eighty-one. I hoped that she would find a vigorous and satisfying next phase of her life. It was so. Even the Charlotte Observer had an article about Harvey and Mother after their deaths—two who brought together the best of their very different lives in one of those new-fangled "homes" for the elderly.

Our family gathered to celebrate Mother's 85th birthday at Southminster in 1995

First row left to right: Shel, Little Shel, Stacy, Me, Kate, Mother, Cornelia, Charlie, Cynthia, Marcie, Peyton, Graham, Steve

Second row left to right: David, Rochelle, Martha, Sam (hidden), Will, Bill, Braxton, Katie, Bill, Rachel, Ashley, Stuart, Stanley

Back row left to right: Mark, Charlie, Cynthia's son Hunter Peyton, John (hidden), Amy, Charles, and Ramsey

Missing the celebration or yet to come: Rob, Estelle, West, Emma (stuck in a snowstorm in Chicago); Rena and Jacob, Charlie V, Ellen and Will Robinson, Charlie, Paige, and Mac (not yet born); Randy and Abby (missed the picture); Wanda, Annette, and Doug (yet to join the clan).

Mother's Coconut Cake

Affectionately known as "The Cake"

Mother continued to make this cake for special events after she moved into Southminster where there was little need for this kind of cooking. It never failed to please those with a sweet tooth, which was just about everyone. Make it a day or two in advance for the most flavorful, luscious cake.

- Mix ahead and refrigerate overnight:
  2 cups sour cream
  2 cups shredded coconut
  2 cups (or less) sugar
- 1 package Duncan Hines Yellow Cake Mix, made as directed. Adjust for altitude if needed. After baking and cooling, cut the layers horizontally into two each.
- Put the refrigerated mixture as filling on three raw edges.
- Mix the remaining filling with 1 package Cool Whip. Ice the cake top and sides.
- Refrigerate.

Heaviness

A bank of clouds hugs the shoulder
Of Peak One obscuring the ridge.
It hangs limply like a grey shroud
Behind, the sky is pale blue
Sunset lights the farther clouds.
How heavy is a bank of clouds?

Heavy and mountainous.
When I sit down and it is quiet,
I feel heavy. A weight presses
My chest and sits on my eyelids.
I sigh as if to lighten the tightness
And welcome fresh air.

So much to do.
On my feet, I move easily
Propelled by the energy of being in motion.
Decisions pile one on top of the other
Making my knees wobbly.
People sing their sadness and search out my eyes.
It is hard to hear what they are saying.
Pictures are out of place,
Furniture moves from room to room,
And Mother is not here.
Mother is not here.

I have no tears.
I'd like to fling myself about and shout
"Where is my Mother?"
My Mother is gone.
She's been my Mother for seventy years and
It is hard to remember.

But there are decisions to make, stories to tell,
My children to hug.
I may never feel anything of sorrow
Except the weight on my chest
And sudden sighs heavy
As a dark gray bank of mountain clouds.

LRS, 2004

Our family gathered to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary, 2009
West, Estelle, Charlie, Rob, Mark, Louise, Rena, John, Rochelle, Emma, Jacob (yes, in the flowered dress), David, Martha, Will, Sam, and Doug.

Bienvenidos a Mi Casa

4 Calle Aguila
Santa Fe, New Mexico

John said, "I'd like to live in that house." I said it too. But he said it more often and with greater certainty than I did. We were talking about buying a house in Santa Fe, New Mexico, of all places.

We went to Santa Fe in early September 2007 to spend ten lovely days housesitting for our friends, Craig and Mikaela Barnes. I had looked forward to it very much. September is a beautiful time of year in Santa Fe and the Barnes have an exceptionally nice house to settle into and watch the sun go down over the southwest patio. But, at the end of August, I was walking to Rainbow Lake in Summit County on a quiet Sunday morning with David and Rena. I was talking over my shoulder to Lambert Okrah who was visiting from Canada, tripped over a root, fell, and broke my wrist—in four places. The hand surgeon said I had two options: I could cast it and hope it knit well. If so, yes, it would be strong. Or, I could have surgery and insert a metal plate to stabilize the bones, which would certainly make it strong. I opted for the cast, primarily so we could follow through with our anticipated trip to Santa Fe.

The Sunday before we were to leave Santa Fe, I asked John if he would like to go look at open houses. He said "Yes, that's fun." We had been looking for a new home in Denver, going out at least once

a week since April. And yes, it had been fun, but it had also been frustrating. We couldn't find the almost radical change we were looking for, a change that would not only be a different and enabling space, but a home that would provide new challenges in living and learning. We liked the idea of high-rise living in downtown Denver best: we could walk to everything, look at the view, live with less. It would be a welcome change from our Hilltop neighborhood, but there were problems: small condos, high prices, and parking on the street for guests. How would it work to have children and grandchildren come for the day or overnight and have to feed the parking meter a block away? And there was about to be an explosion of building in the area. For years we lived through the reconstruction of most of the homes in our block on Eudora Street, and the disruption from cement trucks and roofers' radios got old. I had longed for a new living space for a long time, and we were more than ready to deal with the "stuff" of forty-four years of living at 128 Eudora. But where should we move?

That Sunday afternoon, we noted four or five houses listed in the *Santa Fe New Mexican* that sounded like good possibilities and set out. Adobe style houses had fascinated me since seeing Betsy Carey's house in Taos. It was there that I said to myself, "I want to live only where it is beautiful." In lower downtown Denver, we had been drawn to condos with far-reaching views and clean interior lines.

In Santa Fe, the environment and architecture are simpler and at the same time more complicated. Adobe architecture borrowed from Indian pueblos is everywhere. The multi-leveled flat roofed buildings, with muted sand and clay colored walls are tucked into the scrubby natural growth of piñon and juniper. What is inside is hidden and unpredictable. Corners are soft and rounded, and lines are not straight. When the sun shines on adobe, the edge is shaded, not sharp and clean. The houses we liked looked outward to sit comfortably in the larger environment, but often in a surprisingly unstructured and imperfect way. There is a sense of belonging to the earth.

On our way back from looking at acceptable, but not especially interesting houses, we passed one for sale that had not been open. It had a purple gate and a line of purple Russian sage all the way along the

4 Calle Aguila, Santa Fe

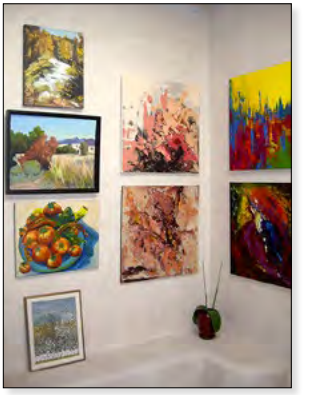
garden wall. We called the realtor and asked her to show us the house the next morning before we went back to Denver. She was more than delighted and we were more than interested.

We talked all the way home to Denver about whether we wanted to live in that house enough to move to Santa Fe. It had typical New Mexican interior architectural details characterized by high ceilings with large round or rectangular vigas supporting flat wooden latillas. Windows faced views to the east, west, and south. Portales (covered porches) with shaped wooden columns faced both east and west. The carved triangular corbelas at the top of the columns supporting the cross beams were shaped like the profiles of Inca warriors. A center hall with a travertine tile floor connected the rooms like a long spine, with the family room and kitchen stretching across the center as one long room. There was an office for John, an office and future studio for me, two guest rooms, twelve-foot ceilings, and nine skylights filling the house with light. Walls in the central house were diamond plaster, a slightly mottled off-white that has been polished so it shines and is never

"I'd like to live in this house."

The kitchen and adjoining family room are the heart of the house.

The fireplace is a delight on winter evenings.



This wide place in the hall would become a gallery.

The west portal faces the sunset.

The long hall has high ceilings and pueblo style detail.

painted. I could stretch my elbows and views out to touch the distant mountain horizons. And there was a garden, full of ornamental grasses, yucca, flowers, and chamiso. It was certainly not downsizing, but, oh my!

When I went back to the hand surgeon and the technician removed the cast to X-ray my wrist, I knew there was a problem. My hand went out at a forty-five degree angle from the wrist. The X-ray showed more displacement than when it was first broken. Surgery was set for Sunday morning, September 15 at ten o'clock. The wrist had been a gamble and I had lost—back to square one. But if I had chosen surgery to begin with, I would not now be typing at my desk looking out at the Jemez Mountains on the western horizon, watching a pair of quail explore the gravel under the bird feeder for leftover seeds, as hawks wheel under a thin layer of clouds, and a pair of house finches sit in the still bare branches of one of our three young ash trees.

When I told our friend Bernie Kern we planned to move to Santa Fe, she said, "Wanting to live in a house is no reason to move out of town and leave all your friends." And I would add, family. Will and his partner lived in Denver, and David and his family, including three-year-old Rena and eighteen-month-old Jacob, lived in Frisco. Leaving them and our comfortable "groups" and forty-four years of associations was a major issue. Yes, we'd like to BE there, but then what? John was ready to fully retire; he did not want to "hang around" the Medical School. I could continue my HIV work from Santa Fe as well as from Denver. I, too, was ready for a new phase. I remembered all the opportunities that John had urged and led us to enjoy: backpacking, sabbaticals in Oxford and China, buying a condo in the mountains. His sense of what would enhance our lives, both as a family and as a couple, had been right on. Perhaps this move would bring that kind of lift to our lives.

But there were other concerns. It was the fall of 2007 and the housing market was beginning to look soft. Could we sell our house? The Santa Fe house had been on the market since April, and when we made the first offer, the owners made a reasonable counter proposal. We had spent one hour in that house. There were condos in downtown Denver we had returned to three or four times and could not decide to take the plunge and buy. This was nutty.

Friday morning, two weeks after surgery, we needed to respond to the counter proposal. I said to John that I didn't see how we could respond on the basis of our one short visit there. Within an hour we were in the car on I-25 driving three hundred eighty-five miles to Santa Fe, with an appointment to see the realtor at six that evening. It was dark when we went in, and I didn't like what I saw very much. The next morning we went back. The house was filled with sunshine and the views were beautiful. We made a counter proposal, which one part of me still hoped would not be accepted, but it was. Unless one of those endless due diligence steps did not pan out, we were into it. I still could not use my right hand, even to sign the multiple series of legal papers, and as Will said, "Mom, you are probably feeling less adventurous than usual." Maybe that was it. John still said, "I want to live in that house."

We closed on 4 Calle Aguila on November 15. Still reluctant as we left Denver to go to Santa Fe, John and I agreed that if we really didn't like living in Santa Fe, we would move back to Denver within two years. I remembered standing on the tennis court when I turned forty-five and saying to myself that I had five more good years. But at this age, we could well be down to five more good years, period. Would this move offer maximum well-being for ourselves and others? Forty-four years of the rich time of raising children, enjoying grandchildren, working, and being part of the community of Denver, was ending by our choice. Much of what was essential about our lives would continue, but the style, associations, and culture would change. Creating a new life was an exciting opportunity. Perhaps my hesitation was a form of grieving as well as reluctance to part with the heart of my life. What we did now felt like it would be an add-on, icing on the cake. Every decision over the next six weeks about what to take and what we no longer needed, was a rehearsal of that over-riding choice—should we move to Santa Fe?

Mikaela said to me when we were in Santa Fe to close, "You just have to be detached from your stuff." I had long been aware that we actively used the top layer of our possessions and underneath was a welter of things we kept tripping over to find what we used every day, so I did not think it would be very hard; I was very willing to part with much that had been part of my life. What I didn't realize was that I had to be

detached not from the items themselves, but from what happened to them. The best endpoint was that one of our children would like to have the item or at least agree to take it. Next, we could sell it for enough money to be worth the trouble. Next, we could give it to someone who needed it, wanted it, and could use it. And then there were the usual last resorts—Goodwill and the dumpster.

A lot of moving was just plain work, slogging through shelves of books, file drawers of saved papers, and the memorabilia of a lifetime. By then my wrist was usable but would bear no weight. We had a few examples of successful results of what happened to problem categories of our unwanted belongings. John sold the Yale China he had given his Mother every birthday and Christmas while at Yale, twelve place settings, never out of the china barrel since she moved out of her house in 1980. A woman from New York bought it through e-bay for $1500. Four elegant old trunks met a similar fate, although much less remunerative.

That was the easy part. Much harder was what was in those trunks—treasures from my family and from John's which had not seen the light of day for years. What do you do with dresses made for your mother when she was eighteen by that clever seamstress, her Aunt Jane, with appliquéd cherries on pink and black organdy? Or 1920s dresses and elegant silk and lace lingerie, which had belonged to John's mother? How about fine linen damask tablecloths and napkins, or worse, a cut-lace cloth used only for wedding receptions? Children did not want them. Antique stores already had too many for sale. Nobody was buying. We were still the reluctant conservators, and we were moving those things farther and farther from their natural habitats—Bryn Mawr and Charlotte—to a part of the country my mother could not have imagined housing the cherished keepsakes of her history and the treasures of her well appointed life.

When I married John and moved across the country to his hometown of Denver, the concern that crystallized that separation from Charlotte, which I considered home, was where would I be buried? I had grown up playing with my cousins in the cemetery of Sugaw Creek Presbyterian Church and I could find gravestones of forebears back to the late eighteenth century. Grandfather Robinson and irascible Uncle Joe, his brother, and Aunt Emma, his gentle sister, were buried there, with assorted

wives, husbands, and children—all people I knew. The connection between their lives and mine was real and unbroken. At the time, I had no reason to think I would not be there too someday. When we moved to Denver I had to face an internal shift. Would my last resting place be there or Denver? I was glad enough to move to Denver, but somehow that question left me feeling unmoored. Now, what would moving to New Mexico mean?

It could not have been more obvious: more had changed than kinship and deep roots in a piece of geography. People do their lives differently: mats and wash-and-dry napkins replace tablecloths; stainless steel replaces well-polished silverware; cotton knit shirts replace lace-trimmed blouses. Ironing and polishing silver have gone out of style. Nothing could have made this clearer than that I could not sell fifteen place settings of Wedgwood Strawberry Hill bone china we had used every meal for forty years. Yes, the gold rim was worn, but there were no chips. The primary problem was that it evoked a different era and style. My father, who was born in 1900 and lived to be ninety-one, used to say that he had lived in a century of remarkable change. Change seemed to be accelerating, or maybe only consolidating, as we entered our new life in 2008. By making this change in our lives, we too were saying that something else was valuable to us besides staying in old patterns and putting our roots deeper into the community we had been part of for many years. We didn't yet know what the shape and form of that change would be.

Our children had grown up at 128 Eudora, and our older grandchildren had spent important family time there. We felt it was important for them to participate in the move and the beginnings of this new phase of our lives. Rob, West, and Emma from Salt Lake City, and Martha and Mark, Charlie and Sam from Atlanta, were willing to help us move, but they could only do it between Christmas and New Years, when children were out of school. Sam said he would come only if we were going to have a Christmas tree. David, Rena, and Jacob, who could not help us make the actual move to Santa Fe, also came for Christmas and helped pack. Rochelle and Estelle were on medical service for Christmas and stayed home and worked. Will and Doug had decided the previous March that this Christmas would be best celebrated in Brazil. At 128 we beat down the anxiety level and dedicated Christmas

Christmas breakfast before the big move

Eve Day and Christmas to celebrating, as we had many times before in that house. There was not much talk of where we would celebrate next year, but we did decide to put the Christmas tree on the truck and put it up in our new house for the rest of the holiday season.

On Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, two packers arrived and began the methodical process of packing up everything we wanted to go, plus quite a few things that somehow had been invisible and that we would just as soon have left behind. We all packed as well, and everyone's help was invaluable. Mark packed and crated our artwork with his professional skill. Martha took on closets. Rob cleaned out the tool shed. Grandchildren sorted and packed games, took down the Christmas tree, and stowed ornaments. Friend Linda Smith brought us dinner, and, as part of her Power of Ritual work, guided us through a dinner conversation that helped each of us remember things about 128 Eudora that had been important to us and name our wishes for the future in our new home.

On the twenty-seventh, the movers arrived to load the truck. It had snowed about eight inches and was very cold. The truck would be on the road Friday and parked overnight until unloading on Saturday. We decided to rent a U-Haul truck to move our six-foot cactus and oversized jade tree to prevent them from freezing. The rental truck was jam-packed with a surprising number of things that we "just couldn't leave behind" when we pulled out of the driveway at noon on the twenty-eighth in silvery winter sunshine. I was worried about driving on icy roads—two cars and a U-Haul, four adults and four children—but for our first lesson in north to south Rocky Mountain weather systems, we learned there had been no snow south of Monument Hill, fifty miles south of Denver. The roads were dry. We arrived to a warm, empty house about 8:00 p.m. Emma immediately decorated a little lighted niche and danced down the hall. The plants came in out of the cold and we all went to supper.

The movers arrived at 9:00 a.m. on Saturday morning, the twenty-ninth. By evening we could see the shape of how the house would be. The kids collected the packing paper, stuffed it eight feet high in a closet, and had a grand time jumping in it and roughhousing. We were all caught up in the excitement of creating a new home for our future lives together and apart.

We sold 128 Eudora to the O'Donnells, who had lived across the street until their house was too small and they had moved to the new Stapleton development. They wanted to return to that block where they were good friends with the young families that now peopled it. Our original contract for the sale of 128 Eudora had a closing date of January 15. That was extended until February 15, but we had planned to return that week in January to finish up all the loose ends we left when we rolled out of our driveway in December. There were a lot of them, more than we remembered: still so much to get rid of, and we wanted to say good-bye and thank you to our Denver friends and neighbors. We decided to have a House Cooling Party.

We had a garage sale on Saturday, January thirteenth and the empty-house, House Cooling Party on Sunday afternoon, the fourteenth. Linda, the garage sale queen, came to help us organize. Her motto was, "Remember, you are trying to move this stuff out the door." We set up

tables of miscellaneous items in the family room, with furniture and large items in the garage. The ad said 10:00 a.m., but people were lined up at the front door at 8:30. When I opened the garage door at ten, one man fell down in the snow in the rush to get across the yard and be first inside to check out the treasures. To my amazement, we moved a lot of things and made $840. We also had a lot left.

Fifty to sixty people came Sunday afternoon to drink wine out of plastic cups and eat mixed nuts. The garage sale leftovers were still on tables in the family room. A large sign on the wall said, "Help the management. Please take something home." For house warmings, you may bring a gift, but for house coolings you take something away. Many things found a home—many of them to Cyndi Kahn and Summer Scholars. The prize success was the sale of a mink jacket that had belonged to Isabelle Singleton, bought for fifty dollars by Tom Brown for a very delighted Claire. The gifts we treasured most were names and contact information for people to look up in Santa Fe or things we should know and do.

An empty house has a strange feeling—especially when it is crammed with memories of what used to be there. I was surprised at how small the living room looked and how big the family room felt. There was the constant reaching for things that the memory at the end of my fingers said would be there. But my mind had already shifted to the spaces in a new house. Carolyn O'Donnell, who was readying the house for their family to enjoy in that wonderful life-filled block, was already there with workmen to measure and plan for painting and refinishing the floors. The house would not suffer the fate of many houses on our block and neighborhood; it would not be scraped or replaced by oversized, overstuffed, overpriced houses. It was the best possible future for this house we had loved well and which had served us abundantly for very good years of our lives.

We have lived in Santa Fe seven years. We can see the patterns of our lives here. The desert suits me. I have never felt so close to the land and connected to the sky. The far horizon beckons my spirit to reach out. I love the way the clouds play on the funny bumps in the Sangre

de Cristo to the east and the different shapes and shades of the Jemez Mountains ridge lines as they stretch beyond the Santa Fe Basin to the evening sunset. We walk our neighborhood roads with Perri, our golden retriever. He checks every culvert for rabbits, while I check to see how high the miner's candles have grown. The stars are bright at night. There are no streetlights and all lights must be covered to the sky. John keeps a diagram of the night sky by his bed to check the names of constellations after his evening walk with Perri. I find my being quiets in anticipation as we round the bend on I-25 west from Las Vegas on the way back from the high energy of Denver visits.

I am amazed at how the plants in the garden thrive under John's care. He has become an expert at drip irrigation engineering. The last two years were bone dry from January to the monsoons of July. The land was scraped red-brown, dusty, and desperate. I found that I was anxious. Is this the future of Santa Fe? The monsoons brought growth and a miracle of yellow flowers in August and September. But the ground was still gasping for water. This year the rains started in May and the landscape is covered with green. There are wild flowers I have not seen before, and the weeds by neighborhood roads are five feet tall. I am surprised by how important this green is to me. It is not the over the top green of Denver or the east coast. It cannot be taken for granted. It is a gift that accompanies the afternoon downpours that cut water gullies along the edges of paths. There is enough rain to replenish the ground and keep the piñon and juniper from dying. Our garden is not tidy, but it is exuberant.

Outside the wall, there are rabbits, coyotes, and snakes. Last week, I saw a three-foot red racer from our guest room window, slithering through the underbrush behind our house. Birds seek the water of our fountain, and mountain bluebirds nest in the bluebird house. Our lot on Calle Aguila, Eagle Street, is about an acre, which is common for houses in this development—Campo Conejos or Rabbit Country. Most of the lot is outside the adobe wall that encloses our house and cultivated garden. Piñon and juniper are the only indigenous trees on the property. Three imported ash trees are planted inside the west walled garden. We have a spot of grass twelve-by-twelve feet put in by the last owner that John mows occasionally with a hand mower. Perri

Our surroundings fascinate us

Above all, the sky

A rock fountain provides water for birds and plants alike.

The yucca makes vigorous blooms.

With rain there are flowers everywhere.

goes out and rolls in it daily. John has put in a twelve-by-six foot raised garden in the "outback" where he grows tomatoes and tries to protect the fruit of his labor from the rabbits with green chicken wire.

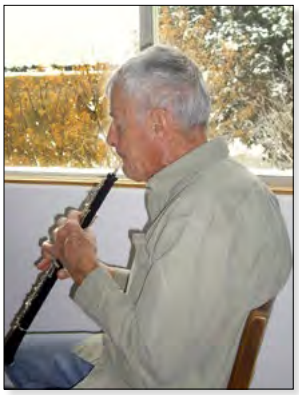
John and I find that our lives are more closely aligned. Part of it is retirement—for both of us. He is delighted not to be going to the hospital, even on a part time basis. Although I am actively engaged in a new HIV Project in Zimbabwe, my role is as advisor and cheerleader-in-chief. I can't believe we go grocery shopping, to exercise, to walk the dog for a third walk of the day—together. We make a point of watching the evening PBS NewsHour with a little Scotch in hand, prelude to dinner conversation about the day and what is happening in the world, a long-cherished pleasure in the company we give each other. This is a home and life we have created for this phase of our lives.

We each have found new interests. I have been surprised by how much I enjoy painting. I have taken classes, learned the basics, and I usually paint in oils, creating abstract shapes and juxtapositions of colors. It frees me to think less about details and respond to the feel of the paint on the canvas. Mark Pennell, Martha's husband who hangs paintings for a living, constructed a simple hanging system, so I can hang my paintings in a bright, wide place in the hall. I can look at them and continue to work on them if needed. I have found that, yes, there is a point at which a painting is "finished." The Back Pew Gallery at First Presbyterian Church has shown five of my paintings. I have sold one.

I love making pottery at Santa Fe Clay, which is not just a place to take classes, but a creative community. There is great pleasure for me in these kinds of right-brained activities that form from the tips of my fingers. It is easy to be absorbed for hours at a time. I might have thought that at this point in our lives, time would not be an object, but there are many competing demands and choices. Deciding to spend time at the easel still has too much of an elective quality. Voices whisper in my ear: have you finished your real work? But Santa Fe beckons one to the experience of creating art. It is a long-term project.

The discipline and conversation of a writing group, two book groups, exercise classes, and yoga, give structure to my weeks. This memoir would not have happened without the monthly encouragement of

We have time to pursue things we love



John practicing the oboe

Louise painting

At a Serenata Christmas Soirée

John ready to fly

Escritores, my writing group. An English major, I have always been a reader and have been part of two book groups for years both in Denver and here. So the way words are put together matters to me. I did a lot of writing for work, but that flowed mostly from the left side of the brain. As in painting, there is excitement in creating, honing, and sharing something new, whether a poem or story. I sit forward in my chair, breathe more quickly, a kind of high. The words come from a different place. Yoga is a similar discipline. Gennie, our instructor, reminds us to "Cultivate steadiness and ease in the practice. Watch the rhythm of your breath and let the love of the earth support you."

John studied the oboe with Elaine Heltman, the first chair of the Santa Fe Symphony. Every day he took up his oboe and warm sounds drifted from his office. He recently set the oboe aside. It requires sturdy breath and strength to play an oboe to his satisfaction. He now sings in Cantu Spiritus, a sixteen person a cappella choir, performing sixteenth century songs in two concerts a season, most recently a William Byrd Mass. For that group he is a baritone. For the church choir he is often the single tenor. He still flies a couple of times a month, an opportunity to learn this hidden and complex landscape and maintain his skills. Here the sky seems endless, usually visible from horizon to horizon. When he flies, he leaves behind the ordinary cares and activities of living and enters another realm, closer to the endless variety of cloud formations we admire every day from the ground.

Music has been one of the gifts of Santa Fe. It is abundant and accessible. It is not so professionalized and elite that you can't be up close and personal with it. It is human-sized. John serves on the board of Pro Musica, a small chamber orchestra, and I am on the board of Serenata, a chamber music group that has fascinated me since we moved here. A half dozen musicians, most of them women, all passionate about their music, organize and present an annual concert series. There is no staff. The music is often unusual and always interesting. I am no stranger to boards, but the challenges of mounting a concert season are new to me.

We have not done much to help the cause of preventing global warming, although living in the high desert reminds us every day that water is a scarce resource and will be negatively affected by climate change

that is projected to make the southwest hotter and drier. We have lived with one car for seven years. It means that we have to look for rides when our activities conflict, and sometimes wait for one of us to finish our business if we are together. We like doing this. It is a concrete attempt to try to do more with less.

We are an integral part of the community at Westminster Presbyterian Church, a small church with a Hispanic history. The congregation is diverse and includes many retired clergy. Chester Topple has been the energetic young minister during most of our tenure. He speaks Spanish fluently, and hymns and scripture are in both Spanish and English for every service. I have been on the Session and chaired the finance committee for three years. John sings in the choir and is a member of Missio Dei, which leads the congregation reaching out to those in need. He recently was on the committee to find a new pastor.

When we joined in 2009, there was a new member's class. As part of our curriculum we were asked to write our "confession of faith." We read them to each other and to the Session when we went before them to join. It is an excellent thing to do. What I wrote is included below. When I read my statement at the Session meeting, a seminary student who was there as a

Westminster Presbyterian Church

El Padre Nuestro
Padre nuestro, que estás en los cielos, santificado sea tu nombre. Venga tu reino. Sea hecha tu voluntad, como en el cielo, así también en la tierra. El pan nuestro de cada día, dánoslo hoy. Y perdónanos nuestras deudas, como también nosotros perdonamos a nuestros deudores. Y no nos dejes caer en tentación, mas líbranos del mal. Porque tuyo es el reino, el poder, y la gloria, por todos los siglos. *Amén*.

The "Our Father"

Confession

All peoples develop a religion and system of beliefs about the meaning of their lives and how to conduct their lives individually and as a people. It becomes the organizing foundation of their lives and the culture they live in. My tradition is Christianity, and more specifically by heritage and temperament, I am Presbyterian. I grew up as part of the Presbyterian Church.

That said, I do not believe in a three-story universe: heaven, earth, and hell. I believe in the reality of what is pointed to by the symbols of God, Jesus the Christ, and the Holy Spirit.

God points to the mystery in life—what I cannot control, and the continuing creative wonder that goes on in all things. I am humbled by and in awe of this mystery. I give thanks and praise.

Jesus was a historical figure, seen by those around him to demonstrate a new way of living and the exemplar of being fully human. As the Christ he points to the continuing love available in the universe and the awakening to our self destructive habits and "separation from the ground of our being" which Dr. Paul Tillich called sin. This facing life as it is both permits and calls for change, which leads to new life. The church calls that confession and absolution. New life happens here and now, not in some future "heaven."

The Holy Spirit is a continual reminder of the other world in this world, the sacred that is a gift to my life every day. And it holds before me the challenge of new life and making decisions and taking actions that work for new life in myself and in others.

I believe in the inherent goodness of the universe. It is and it is good. I believe that each individual and all there is, are my responsibility. I wish to see others and the earth with compassion, seek justice, and contribute to the fullness of life for all. I have one life and one opportunity to use it well.

The Church is the gathered body of those who continually seek the rich and evolving meaning of life, act to help others in their need and seek justice for all. It is inclusive of everyone who seeks to be part of it. It does not see itself as the only way of truth or "salvation."

The Bible, liturgies, art, and music of Christianity and the church developed in response to religious experience over centuries. They assist in the individual and corporate acts of giving thanks for our lives and all of creation, our continuing journey to know and be fully human, and they hold before us that our lives and all that is, are sacred. We do these things in the name of Jesus the Christ.

Louise Robinson Singleton, May 2009

summer intern, commented that she didn't see how I could stand and say the Apostle's Creed. My response was that I had done it for seventy years.

But it is difficult to stand up and say the Apostle's Creed and sing the words of ancient hymns. Much of the traditional language of the church is no longer helpful to me, for instance, "Kingdom of God." In today's world, kingdom is not a helpful concept or metaphor. A term that points to an image more like community would be closer to the reality of peace and justice—for all—that we strive for. Jesus said, "Love your neighbor." My neighbor is now a Muslim jihadist. God must be his God as well. As a faith, we need to become clear about the reality of our beliefs and choose language that is understood in the modern world to express them.

But we have no trouble being part of this congregation and community of faith that reaches out to those in need and always has the commands to love your neighbor and seek peace and justice at the center of its life. We work at the homeless shelter; John goes weekly to provide morning coffee and food for Los Amigos del Parque; and we show up for rallies at the legislature to keep regressive bills at bay. John was on the committee to find a new minister. Our new pastor, Antonio Ajá, was a Cuban refugee in 1967, first going to Spain and then coming to the United States. He has a history of reaching out to those in need and a passion for justice and reconciliation. We look forward to his leadership.

Hosting out of town visitors has given new meaning to home as hospitality. Friends, our children, and their children come and stay several days. Rena and Jacob, now ten and eight, come in the summer for ten days and delight in going to the rodeo, taking the Rail Runner (a local train) to Albuquerque, going to the aquarium (where we saw a road runner in the parking lot), and chasing pigeons on the Plaza. They spend a week learning and building things at Big Sky Build It, a summer camp just up the road. Big Sky has a poster on the wall that has a picture of Thomas Edison and a quote: "To be an inventor you need imagination and a pile of junk." In a week, each child makes something out of junk: an ice cream mixer that actually makes ice cream, a very satisfactory rocket, a hero story with videotape and costumes. They hammer, screw, solder, saw, build, and show. They love it.

Our children and their families live a long way away: Salt Lake City, Atlanta, Provincetown, and Breckenridge. Fortunately, they all like to come to Santa Fe and we like to have them. As grandchildren get older, it is harder to see them. We visit them and we try to gather everyone in for a week at the beach every summer to enjoy relaxed opportunities for talk and play. Nothing gives me more pleasure than watching our teenaged grandsons playing with their uncles, everything from Ultimate Frisbee and sandcastle building to bridge and board games. People advise that if I would just learn to text, grandchildren would immediately be more communicative. It's a whole new world.

Santa Fe is an attractive place to visit. There is much to learn here about the colorful culture, Pueblo dances, Spanish and Mexican food and customs, art in great abundance, the remarkable Bosque del Apache south of Albuquerque—home to thousands of sand hill cranes and snow geese every winter. At Christmas, Rob decided to make chicken molé requiring seven kinds of peppers, several I did not know. We always have green chili in the refrigerator, and every Saturday we have bacon, lettuce, tomato, and green chili sandwiches.

Our dining room table in the winter or the west portal in summer are comfortable places to sit and talk with people. Good friends we have known for forty years who we used to see for several hours every month or so, now come for several days and we talk over breakfast, lunch, dinner, and in between. We explore things we did not seem to have time to talk about: where we grew up, what we liked to do when we were college students, what our families and home towns were like, what is important at this stage of our lives, what has shaped our lives. Ideas about religion and politics develop over several conversations.

But I find that we have a reputation for conversation. A contribution to the collection of remembrances from our 2009 fiftieth wedding anniversary celebration included one from then sixteen-year-old Charles, our oldest grandson:

> But even more important than the food is the conversation. Everyone knows that cocktail hour is at six o'clock. Everyone gets their beverage of choice and sits down to discuss what happened that day, what happened years ago, and what will happen tomorrow. Such a frank

Rena's and Jacob's visits are special

Rena made an ice cream maker.

Jacob explained his project.

Jacob and Rena dyed Easter eggs.

It was Rena's tenth birthday.

We rode the Rail Runner to Albuquerque.

discussion would be hard to find elsewhere. After cocktail hour and when the cold nose at your knee reminds you that dinner is winding down, nothing beats sitting on the patio watching the sunset as the dialogue goes long into the night. Perhaps the most scenic day I can remember was on this Fourth of July, when we saw the orange sunset, then watched the fireworks from the garden wall. We stayed up long after the grand finale, because there is no limit on the after-dinner talks.

An important member of our household is El Perro de la Casa, or Perri for short. Our aging golden retriever, Indy, acquired on July Fourth, 1997, and named Independence by five-year old Charlie, died our first summer here. We quickly adopted Perri through Golden Rescue of Albuquerque. He was found without identification in the mountains south of Albuquerque, skinny, matted, and young. He knows our schedules better than we do and reminds us of our rituals. When we are going for a walk, he runs with great excitement to the closet and gets my walking shoes, then dances around while I put them on, reluctant to actually give them to me. And when we return, we put them away—back in the closet. In the morning, he and I have a little conversation in the sunshine in the kitchen while John fixes breakfast. He reminds John if he is late initiating the evening walk. He itches to chase rabbits, and the geckos drive him crazy, skittering up the wall just above where he can reach. We suspect he is useless as a watchdog, but he is the number one host for guests. He is still young and that is good. I'm not sure we could take on a golden puppy at this point.

We are beginning to think about things like that. Limitations. What will our lives be like in another five years? I celebrated my eightieth birthday almost two years ago. That felt like a notable passage. It jolted me, probably for the first time, into thinking my life will not go on forever. As opposed to that "I have five more good years" I said to myself on the tennis court when I turned forty-five, I am beginning to see a count-the-years-on-the-fingers-of-one-hand horizon for life to continue as I know it. I am not pursuing things I have never done before with

Perri hosts family dogs

Perri rules the house.

Will and Doug's dog Tonka came to visit.

David's dog Scout lived with us almost a year. Loki is on the right.

Martha's dog Jack decided not to make the flight.

that lilt of barely contained curiosity and expectation that has driven me in the past. I am more likely now to spend my time keeping up with old friends, improving my painting and writing skills, enjoying an evening of reading at home. Life does not seem boring; it seems settled.

I am beginning to think: Is this the last time I will do this? I have noticed things I no longer do: wear high heels, sing the right note, go backpacking or cross-country skiing; even a long hike is a rare event. I did have a fabulous time dancing at Will and Doug's wedding. I have not been able to decide to go to Zimbabwe to visit the HIV project's progress, though in the past I would not have hesitated. Both John and I move more slowly.

I was telling someone yesterday that this is a fine house for wheelchairs: no steps. And the southern rooms could comfortably house a live-in assistant or caretaker. Maybe so, maybe no. Our children's lives are changing as well. Will and Doug moved from Denver to New York, so the easy fall-back strategy to return to Denver, our home of almost fifty years, is not so attractive. We watch our friends beginning to position themselves for the next and last stage of their lives—moving closer to children, moving into retirement homes—and we wonder what decision we will make. We do not feel that we are alone here, but we are hours and plane trips away from nearest and dearest. We do not know what our next home will be.

It is hard to imagine that I will gladly give up this beautiful, strange, still foreign environment where my eyes seek the horizon and every evening we pause for a new, astonishing sunset. My life has been a long and marvelous journey from the red clay of North Carolina where I grew up, and still feel the pull of family and history. Denver and Colorado were home for nearly half a century and the generously nurturing ground for our family. Places like Boston, China, and Africa expanded my being and understanding of the world and its people. Every place has had its gifts. But after a short tenure in Santa Fe, I feel like I have found my spirit's home. I can't imagine not having lived here. I can't imagine not having the opportunity to voraciously watch the play of sun and shadow on clouds on the funny knobby hills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. I can't imagine missing new blooms on

yucca in spring, or the clouds of yellow flowers following summer rain, the quiet, the easy solitude, the simplicity of life. I sometimes wonder if I would have liked it so well in other stages of my life, when doing was more important than being. I look forward to the next phase of my life, to exploring the spirit dimension of quietness, the inward search. I am pleased to be here now. And I am grateful.

The Spanish word *casa* means both house and home. We are at home here between earth and sky. In the most essential sense, Mi casa es su casa.

John, Perri, and me on a nice afternoon in March, 2015

Our Family

Rob went to Davidson College and the University of Colorado Medical School, where he met his wife, Estelle Harris. Together, they trained, first at Boston City Hospital and then at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, before taking faculty positions at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. Rob is a Professor of Neurology and Estelle is Professor of Medicine and Director of University Hospital Medical Intensive Care Unit. Their son, West, is taking a year off from the University of Utah, has inherited his father's love for Ultimate Frisbee, and is an avid strategy game player. Emma is a rising senior in highschool and a dedicated dancer. Estelle rides Gideon, her hunter-jumper, and Rob skis (mostly in the back country) when it snows and hikes and plays tennis when it doesn't.

West, Emma, Rob, and Estelle

Martha studied dance at the North Carolina School of the Arts her senior year in high school and then went to Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, concentrating in Chinese. Her junior year she studied Chinese at East China Normal University in Shanghai and remained an additional year to take regular academic courses with her Chinese classmates. She worked in Washington after graduation for a USAID contractor using her Chinese to teach Indonesian furniture makers to design for the American market. She married Mark Pennell, an artist whom she met at the School of the Arts, and they moved to Atlanta. Martha has taught preschool for fourteen years. I would like to have her teaching my children. Mark's "day job" is managing art moving and installation for CV Fine Art Services, including work in museums and special projects. One of his paintings hangs in our family room. Son Charles is a 2015 graduate *magna cum laude* of Davidson College. He majored in political science and is applying for jobs in Washington. Sam is a rising sophomore at Georgia Tech in materials science engineering. He plays the trumpet and mellophone in the Georgia Tech marching band.

Martha, Charles, Sam, and Mark

David went to Boston University for two years, to Kenya to build VIP (Ventilated Improved Pit) toilets in villages with an ICA project for a year, and transferred to Reed College in Portland, Oregon, majoring in English. He taught skiing in Summit County in Colorado in the winter and at one point had a window washing business called "Dad's Old Ladder" in the off-season. He married Rochelle Bernstein while she was in medical school. During her OB/GYN residency in Hartford, David worked for the Globe Pequot Press, managing manuscripts from completed manuscript to press. They returned to Summit County where Rochelle practices OB/GYN in Vail and David was primary care giver for their two children. They divorced. David is a certified Anat Baniel Method practitioner and has started the Summit Movement Center in Frisco. He lives now in Breckenridge with Merrily Talbott and her daughter Saraya, sharing custody of Rena and Jacob with Rochelle. Rena and Jacob go to Dillon Valley Elementary School, where classes are one month in English and the next in Spanish. Rena is crazy about bugs and snakes, and Jacob can build anything.

Merrily's daughter Saraya, Rena, David, Jacob, and Merrily.

Will went to Davidson College majoring in Political Science. After college he worked for Congressman William Lehmann of Florida, followed by positions in government relations with the World Wildlife Fund, Conservation International, and as Executive Director of GLOBE USA, Global Legislators for a Balanced Environment. Will and Douglas Tracey moved to Denver in 2003, Will to work for the Keystone Center and Resolve doing environmental mediation, and Doug to work as Chief Administrative Officer of the Colorado Public Defender's Office. Doug managed the agency's state budget and assured that over four hundred lawyers across the state had a place to sit down. Will established Singleton Strategies, LLC, a consultant in environmental policy working with government and nonprofit organizations to manage emerging risk factors, including the effects of climate change. They married in 2012. Doug grew up in Queens. They now split their time between New York City and Provincetown, Massachusetts. They are training a young Bouvier de Flanders puppy named Jasper who seems to continually find his way into the cold Provincetown Harbor.

Doug, Jasper, and Will

To My Grandchildren

Andrew West Singleton

Emma Weir Singleton

Samuel Mark Pennell

Grandma

Rena Rebecca Singleton

Charles Singleton Pennell

Jacob Randolph Singleton

Writing the Next Chapter

This book of remembering began with a story about my great-grandmother feeding a bear. You are the sixth generation to appear in my life and in this book. Grandma Randolph could not have imagined going to the moon or smart phones that provide immediate communication and information. It is hard for either you or me to imagine where and what your future home or homes will be. My father—your great-grandfather, born in 1900—used to say at ninety that he had lived in a time of astounding change. He had. As a girl, I could not have imagined being instantly connected to people all over the world or spending hours looking and working at a lighted screen a foot wide, never mind three inches wide. The boundaries of my world were close to home, literally and figuratively.

Not so for you. Actual bears and forests have greatly diminished. But the threat of bears, of scary challenges, will be present in your lives. They will be different from those my generation encountered, and I am not sure we did a good job of taming them. Your generation will need to engage ones that are coming on the horizon and make peace with them. The world is connected as never before and there is no tree to climb. You are ready even now to build a new earth—your future home. Your generation will write the next chapter.

I claim the promise that you will
have work you are passionate about
know and be known by family and friends you care for deeply
seek out the amazing variety of people in the world in all their gifts and need
join local and global citizens to be mindful of the consequences of decisions and take wise action
help create a new story about an interdependent, just, and generous world
join a community of faith to reflect on life's meaning
savor daily enjoyment of life's simple pleasures
pause for a sunset every evening
and as a Tantra Sutra says
Be grateful for your life,
every detail of it.

Winter Neighbors

Swooping swales of lusty
piñon jays sweep gray blue
through the garden, perch in trees
scratch the ground
take off, wheel around, land
in noisy chaos unruly
teenagers on Saturday night.

Juncos with black hoods and vests
cling to summer's snow covered
hollyhocks like porcelain birds
long lost on a shelf.
Dropping to the ground, they dance
forward hop back searching
for seeds scattered by finches.

Homely and at home a canyon towhee
in winter grey brown perches
searches down the garden chimney
for a lost fledgling.
A ground feeder, he learned
the swinging roofed feeder
is efficient if not to his liking.

Piercing golden eyes set above
long ominous thrust of beak
the curve-billed thrasher arrives.
He rules the roost, the regulars
dance the branches impatiently
waiting while he drills his fill.

Grown from summer chicks a covey
of quail fat and brown chase
race to be first to find a winter meal
leaving ragged tracks in melting snow.
Our retriever points,
frantic to scatter the flock.

Today grey half-pint bushtits dip and flit
greedily grabbing insects in a cake of cold suet.
Not seen before, a fluttery cluster
a visitation, a breakfast fascination.
Aided by book, glasses, a little grain,
cheap enough for daily entertainment.

LRS
January, 2011

Green Chili Stew

With thanks to Kevin Hart, Margaret Sandoval, and *From Palate to Roof*, a cookbook published to raise funds to replace the roof of Westminster Presbyterian Church.

- 3 tablespoons corn oil
- 2½ pounds cubed pork or chicken
- 2 cups onion, diced
- 1 tablespoon garlic, peeled and minced
- 6 cups chicken or beef broth
- 1 pound red potatoes, cut in ½ to ¾ inch cubes
- 2–3 teaspoons salt to taste
- 1 #3 can diced tomatoes
- 3 cups medium green chili, roasted, peeled and chopped (may be frozen)
- 3 tablespoons red bell pepper, diced
- Cilantro for serving

Heat oil in large pot over high heat and brown the meat in batches; set aside. In the same oil, sauté the onions until golden. Add garlic and sauté for 1 minute. Return meat to pan along with any juices that have accumulated. Add the broth, potatoes and salt and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for one hour or until potatoes are tender. Add canned tomatoes, green chili and red bell pepper. Cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with a sprinkling of chopped cilantro. Serves 10 to 12. Serve with warmed tortillas and honey.

Epilogue

The same stream of life that runs through the
World runs through my veins night and day
And dances in rhythmic measure. It is the same
Life that shoots in joy through the dust of
The earth into numberless blades of grass and
Breaks into tumultuous waves of flowers.

Rabindranath Tagore

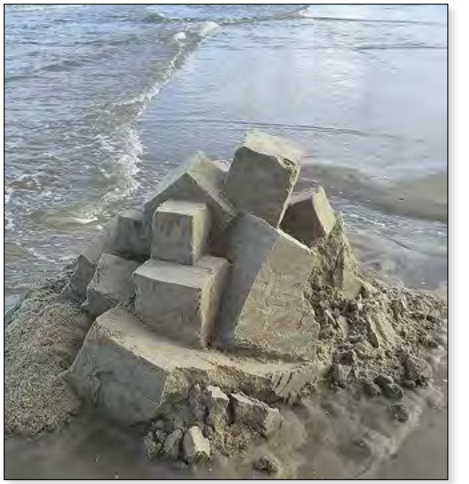
Castles to sculptures

Litchfield Beach, South Carolina, June 2015

Sand bulwark to the sea

Snake in the sand

Sand beetle



Toppling sand shapes

From Nothing of Notice

The sun shines. Afternoon heat
settles on the broad beach
bathers dry off seek shelter
settle into summer reading.
In a few hours the tide wlll be out
in a few more it will reach back.

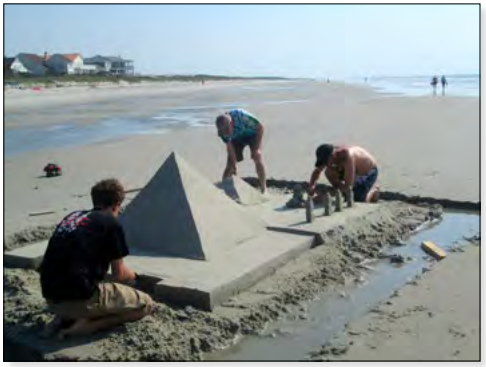
The time is right. A movement joins.
Uncles, grandsons, parents, children leave
quiet of house, head to the beach
carrying shovels, masonry trowels
kitchen knives, and wooden sticks
tools of the sandcastle art.

Sand, endless abundant sand
the craftsman's earthy material
smooth, still damp cool waits ready.
A shoveled chunk hits the beach
splatters, followed by one, another
a growing pile soft and scattered.

Feet big and small gently tamp, compress
shape the squishy pile, tossed shovel by shovel
from the growing moat filling with sea water
hiding below the sandy surface.
Flat sticks pound sand piles thigh high
packed ready. Fortress, cathedral, what will it be?

A grandson takes a trowel, makes a cut.
A long slanted clean plane appears
then another and another. Sculpted
from pointed top to sturdy wide base,
sharp edged, a classic pyramid
rises from the sweep of beach
greeting the summer sky.

Shovel a pile of sand and pack it firmly.



Cut to sculpt.

A plaza raised and walled is
bulwark against the coming tide
broad promenade sweeping steps
statues enliven the classic shape.
Children play in the surrounding moat
drip silly sand in decoration.

The tide has turned, approaches in persistent
measured steps. Water laps the guardian plaza.
How long will it hold, protect the pyramid?
We stand pace watch as the slanting sun
lights planes and sharpens edges.
Gentle ripples roll patiently against the sides.

Strollers stop, question, "Aren't you
sorry to see your work collapse to nothing?"
A shout of delight. The front corner is gone.
Look! A jagged crack splits top to bottom
defacing the perfect shape. The moat
disappears. Waves ripple in and out.

The sand tomorrow will be smooth damp cool.
From nothing of notice once more
there's nothing of notice.
Will we come again to joyfully craft
something of beauty and gladly
return it to the goodness of the earth?

LRS, 2014

Add final touches.

The tide will do its work.

Litchfield Beach, 2005

At Home with

Learning, Growing, Loving, Searching

Growing Up A Southern Woman		Finding My Feet	Enabler-in-Chief
1114 Belgrave Pavement Charlotte, North Carolina		Boston Bethesda	128 Eudora Street—Home Base Denver, Colorado
• Born July 1, 1933 • Family of six • Robinson Family • Gane Family in Bryn Mawr • Sugar Creek Presbyterian Church • Piano • 1951 Central High School	• 1955 Agnes Scott College - English Major - President of Senior Class	• 1956 HRPBS 1956 Work • Polaroid Corporation 1956–1959 • 1959 Married John Singleton	• I was mother while John taught med students • Rob played hockey, carried papers • Martha danced, made debut • David played hockey • Will acted, worked • Everyone skied • 1968 I read *Feminine Mystique*
Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards. Søren Kierkegaard			• 1960 Rob born • 1961 Martha born • 1966 David born • 1968 Will born • 1968 First backpack trip • 1970 Build addition • 1978 Oxford Sabbatical • 1979 Rob to Davidson College, BA '83

1930s	1940s	1950s	1960s	1970s
• Depression • Dust Bowl • Social Security	• World War II • Holocaust • Marshall Plan • UN created	• Suburbia • McCarthy Hearings • Sputnik • Korean War	• Kennedy shot • Vietnam • Civil Rights • The Pill • Woodstock • Peace Corps	• Watergate • OPEC • Cold War • Women's Rights • Roe vs. Wade

My Life Timeline

The Ground Shifts	A Passion for Work	New Explorations
	Finding My Stride And a New Generation	Aging Abundantly
		4 Calle Aguila Santa Fe, New Mexico
• ICA Summer '71, South House, Chicago • 1976 work in Governor's Office • 1978 Pandur, India • 1978 work for Lamm Campaign • 1979 Front Range Project • 1984 IERD, India • 1984 work for CO Ag Leadership Program	• 1988 CU Sch. of Public Health • 1989 Changsha Sabbatical • 1990 MSPH • 1990 Work for Colorado Dept. of Public Health & Environment • 1998 Pres. of ICA Board • 1999 Ipongo, Zambia • 2000 Chair, ICAI Conference • 2002 Ve Golokuate, Ghana • ICA African HIV/AIDS Initiative	• Sharing retirement with John • Close to earth and sky • New and old friends • Grandchildren • Yoga, Writing, Painting • Church Community • The Other World in This World • Zimbabwe50
• 1979 Martha to NCSA Georgetown, BA '85 • 1984 David to BU, 1987 Reed, BA '90 • 1985 Rob to CU Medical School, MD '90 • 1986 Will to Davidson, BA '89 • 1988 Martha married Mark Pennell	• 1991 Rob married Estelle • 1991 Louise's father Charles died • 1992 Charlie born; to Davidson, 2000 • 1995 West born; to University of Utah, 2013 • 1996 Sam born; to Georgia Tech, 2014 • 1997 Emma born	• 1997 David married Rochelle • 2004 Rena born • 2004 Mother Mildred died, Southminster • 2006 Jacob born • 2012 Will married Doug • 2013 David and Rochelle divorced

1980s	1990s	2000s	2010s
• Reagan • Trickle down • OK City Bombing • Fall of Berlin Wall	• Clinton • AIDS • Cold War ends • World Wide Web • Don't Ask/Don't Tell • Columbine	• Millennium • 9/11 • Gay Rights • Iraq War • Obama Elected • Recession	• The 99% • Obamacare • Rise of China • Arab Spring • Social Media • ISIS

"Dancing Warriors"
Oil on canvas on board
LRS, 2013

$19.95

ISBN 978-0-9908895-3-3
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