

This is a brief resume of Lyn's life. It is in telegraphic style right now, written in first person. It is written for the sake of my children and grandchildren's sake. After Betty is finished with this first draft, I hope that I will look at it and make necessary changes.

I was born Evelyn Clara Johnston, born on June 29, 1912. My parents liked the name Evelyn. The Clara comes from my maternal grandmother. I was the first child born to Caroline Myrtle Wilson Johnston and Samuel Howard Johnston. Caroline has one brother, Arthur, who is still living (July 5, 1994). and two sisters, Sadie Myrtle and Mabel. The Wilsons, members of the Methodist Church, were gospel singers. They were invited to various churches to sing.

My father, Samuel, was a foreman in a Round House for the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was one of seven children, all red headed. One brother, Norman, was killed in World War I. One brother was Ralph. His mother's name was Lenora; his father's name was Harry. I do not know what they did.

My grandmother Johnston ended up in a wheelchair when I was young. I rode a trolley to my grandma's house to clean her house every Sat. I washed the baseboards every Saturday. Grandma was meticulous housekeeper. I never was fond of her. I loved my grandfather Johnston.

We lived in a house on Washington Street in Wilmington, Delaware, which my mother and father had moved in to after their marriage. Then when I was two we moved to Elsmen, Delaware in a big house. My father's sister, Edith, and Uncle Arthur and my two cousins, Arthur Jr. and Dorothy lived on the second floor. We lived on the first floor. Next door, Uncle Ralph lived with his son Barkley. Dorothy Barkley and I played together. They had a grape arbor in their back yard, and an outdoor toilet. Next to the grape arbor was a tent. We played for hours in that back yard.

Our house had a huge apple tree, which we climbed. In the side yard was a cherry tree and a pear tree. My most vivid memory was a big flight of steps to the porch. I remember it so well, for when I was very young, maybe around three, I pushed the baby coach off the porch with Cousin Dorothy in it. It was a traumatic time for me.

My favorite indoor activity was taking a Sear's catalog and cutting out houses, etc, and pasting them on a large piece of brown paper. Next to Uncle Ralph's house was a huge lot filled with trees. We used to make houses out of leaves, with boundaries of leaves in between the houses.

We lived in that house during my first schooling years. I started to school when I was six. It was a long walk to school--at least a mile. My mother packed by lunch. I don't remember many playmates except two cousins. Then we moved to Wilmington with my maternal grandparents, at 2901 Tatmall Street, so my mother could

take care of grandma. My tenth year birthday party was in that house. At that party were 50 children. We played "spin the plates" and "post office".

My playmate was Harold Clauser, across the street. Next door, Mr. & Mrs. Hammond lived. They had no children. She wore beautiful clothes. When she was finished wearing them she gave them to my mother, who remade them for me.

I was close to my cousins Ethel and Edna, who were the children of Aunt Mabel (my mother's sister) and Uncle Irwin. They lived across town. Ethel, who was eight years old, used to come on weekends. There was a big alley between the houses; we used to sit in the alley and play.

I remember a green linene dress my mother made for me for a Sunday School picnic. It had a v neck, no sleeves, and two box pleats in the front. Mother sent it out to have hemstitching done around the neck.

That is the Harold East Lake Methodist Episcopal Church. It was down the block and across the street. Elizabeth Show in the Sunday School Class sat behind me and called me a "goody goody". It made me mad.

Ethel and Harold were a part of the "team" I belonged to. There was also Charles "Sonny" Kanworthy, who brought bracelets to me which he had made from reeds at camp. My mother was afraid for me to play with him for he was Catholic. Charles' mother invited me to go with her and Charles to the Hotel DuPont for dinner. My mother made a blue organdy dress with petticoats underneath. I wore a big blue pique hat with a floppy brim. I wore white gloves. After we were finished eating I put my white gloves back on, and THEN they served the finger bowls. I was embarrassed.

I don't remember my Grandma's death. I do remember that we later bought a house and moved to 31st Street across from the Cemetery. I was scared.

During the early 30's was a depression. We had Elinor by then. She was six years younger than I. I was thrilled with the house, for we children had our own bedroom, and we were at last together as one family. I remember Easter Sunday when I was 14 years old. We walked to church and I remember wearing a turquoise blue dress and straw hat, and wore high heels for the first time. I started to Warner Jr. Hi School, which was a long walk--at least 1 1/2 miles. I was there in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades.

My best friend was a Jewish girl named Zelda Kruger. She lived on McCabe Avenue where the rich people lived. I used to walk home to Zelda's house. They had a cook who made streudel, you know with thin pastry. She had it on the counter and I was so impressed. The cook gave me some. I played field hockey. My gym teacher was cute. I belonged to the Leader Corps, a special group you could

belong to if you passed athletic tests. I thought if you were anybody, you made the Leader corps. One of the things you had to do was work on leather horses. I injured my pelvis very badly on it. Those were also by thespian days--I went into drama and belonged to the Thespian Club, and was chosen to direct a play. I remember that during a critical moment someone rushed in from the side and had to do something with a newspaper. The problem was that one of the characters, a girl, happened to be SITTING on the newspaper, which should have been on the table. It brought the house down.

I had a boyfriend, George Jones, who lived on Washington Street. I lived around the corner on 31st Street. He walked me to school. He was into all the athletics, and was good looking. He was a real catch.

In Wilmington High School, in the 10th grade, I had the hardest course, Solid Geometry, under Mr. Lehmann, who was good looking. I just couldn't get it, so I cheated. I put crib notes in my stockings in order to get through. Finally I did make it to the Honor Society. I was Vice President of my Senior Class. Bill Morton was the President. He had a car for the Senior Prom, got drunk and killed himself in an auto accident. I was voted the Most Popular Girl in the Class, and of course took George Jones to the Prom. I had a pink satin dress with spaghetti straps of rhinestones, with a deep cut back in it. The Prom was held in the Hotel DuPont Ballroom, with a live orchestra. I was awarded a scholarship to Wilson Collage in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a small liberal arts college.

My father was chronically ill with heart trouble. We were in a financial crunch with health bills. I remember that as I turned the corner to go home, I would pray, "Don't let there be an ambulance at my house". He lost his leg and an eye from heart trouble. He was a good-natured man. If somebody told mother to do anything she would do it. My father's condition was accompanied by convulsions. Elinor was wonderful with all this. She and mom would put a spoon on dad's tongue so he would not choke. I would flee. I couldn't stand it. I was close to my father. Elinor was close to my mother. Because of our financial condition, Dad said I had better go someplace where I could learn how to make a living. I went to Beacoms Business College for two years. I took accounting, shorthand, and typing.

I got my first job at the Wilmington Trust Col, a DuPont Bank. My Uncle Arthur was Vice President, who wrote the tax laws for the state of Delaware. I lost my first paycheck from the bank. My new colleagues at work took up a collection and made it up for me. I took the money, went to a gift store and bought a teddy bear and had my fingernails done with my first paycheck.

I left the church and joined Grace Methodist Church, there in town. It was a beautiful church, of Gothic architecture. The minister was Dr. Benjamein Johns. I went to the young adult class and met

Elizabeth Mathews McClary. She and Ray, her husband, were leaders of the young adult class. Ray worked for DuPont Chemical Co. The McClarys invited me to dinner. There I met Joe and Jim Mathews who were going to Drew Seminary. On holidays they stayed with Elizabeth and Ray. The McClarys used to invite all the young adults in their class to come to their home for dinner.

I was first attracted to Jim, but Joe was the interesting one to me. He was a rogue. Dr. Johns asked me to be his secretary. It was a wonderful job. I loved it. Also I helped Judy with religious education. Dr. Johns was like Dr. Bradley here in Chicago. They lived in a huge parsonage next to the church. His wife was an aristocrat, the first one I had ever met. I went to their home to take dictation. He told me that the crises in life are easy to cope with because you always find a way to rise to the occasion. But in things like marriage it is the everyday things that are hard to take. I became "Lyn" when I met Joe. He nicknamed me. Joe told me I had to get out of Wilmington, for it was not a good role model. The mink coats and tennis shoes were not the way to go.

We had a strange courtship. Joe took me somewhere when he came at holidays. After graduation he took a church in Sharon, Connecticut. There, Joe's older sister, Margaret, and his folks lived. Margaret was married to Arthur Hotaling who had a deformed arm. Arthur was quite a catch, for his family was part of the upper crust, the landed gentry. They bought a beautiful stone home. Joe kidded Margaret, and called her "Waggie". I should have written down her language. It was so wonderful. She was fun to be around--a large woman.

We started to meet in New York City, and spent weekends together. They were always exciting. We rode in a horse drawn carriage around Central Park. At Radio City Theatre we sat in the top balcony. In that balcony at the far end were two seats. We always sat in those two seats. We went to Connecticut a couple of times. One day he called and said. "I have something special to ask you". I told my mother that I thought he was going to ask me to marry him. I wore a muskrat coat, a brown crepe dress that had a turquoise panel down the front, and a big hat with a veil. We got into the horse drawn carriage, and he asked me to marry him. I said yes. My family liked Joe. He was a character. He used to look right through people. Our wedding was a big event. It was held at Grace Methodist Church at 12 noon so the bells would ring 12 times just before the wedding.

Joe arrived before the wedding and went to our home to visit. My mother had gotten a room ready for the gifts. She had a jeweler put black velvet all around for the gifts. Joe walked in and said, "This looks terrible". My mother was very upset and declared I should not marry him. But we did. The family had dinner at Naomin's Corner at Naomins Inn. When we left, my father came out to the car, and said, "Let's let by-gones be by-gones". We went to Mexico to Saltillo Ranch for one month and rode horses. It was run

by a Mexican woman and a German man. The Saltillo games is one we played in one of our courses. It was the forerunner of the Machokos game. While we were going together Joe kept talking about how beautiful Lake Ponchatrain was in Louisiana. It is one of the largest inland lake in the Country. We decided to drive over there because I wanted to see it so badly. In the car, riding, I fell asleep, which I so often do. After a while I said I was eager to see Lake Ponchetrain, and Joe said, "We went past it". I said, "Let me out of the car". He left my standing on a corner for a hour. Pretty soon he drove by, and asked, "You wanna get in?" So I did and we continued on our way. I was 24 years old then. We went back to Sharon after the honeymoon, and the church gave us a big party. We received more pyrex dishes than you could ever imagine.

I remember one embarrassing moment at that church. The Women's Society at the Parsonage had a tea one afternoon. I was to pour, and I spilled hot tea on Minnie DeVaux, who was a little off. Minnie ended up screaming.

Three months after that Joe want to war. He was assigned to Palo Alto. I joined him. He was a Chapain, doing great things. We had a one room studio apartment in a home of a German Professor at Stanford University. When Joe shipped we they decided that I would go to college to Maryville in Tennessee where Alice and Ailleene were in school. The German Professor suggested, "Why not Stanford?". I told him I could not afford it. He suggested I try for a scholarship. When Joe left we agreed that Joe would not take any leaves. He would stay put until the War was over. At Stanford Dean Mary Yost, Dean of Women had had Joe come to the campus for a talk. During the war patriotism wa strong. She thought Joe was wonderful. So I had an "in" at Stanford. She suggested that they make me a resident assistant. I could live in a dorm and care for the floor of girls. That was the first time I encountered a lesbian. All the girls where were wealthy. I got through school in 3 1/2 years. Joe cam home in Novemenber. We went out and stayed in a room white I finished my papers in December.

Then we headed out. The world had gone to pieces. Joe was bitter. He was anxious to help the returning soldiers. We lived in a home with an elderly couple near the University. I worked for Mr. Cooker of Gumbart, Corbin, Tyuler and Cooper. All were very wealthy men. Mr. Cooper came to work with frayed shirts.. Joe decided he would go back to school He decided on Yale. After Joe Jr. was born we moved to quanset huts. It was a wonderful community. They were returning G.I's. Our next door neighbor took care of Joe, Jr. while I worked for the Spencer Co. that made corsets. I was secretary to Mr. Adams, the Vice President.

We were at Yale two years. Joe was finishing his work. He had started his dissertation on Wesley, but got the possibility of teaching religion and philosophy at Colgate in Hamilton, New York. It was an all-boys school in a beautiful town. He began working on a core course which was essentially the beginning of RSI. We

were were there four years. Jim and John were both born at Colgate. I went to the hospital at Oneida New York, for there were no hospitals in Hamilton. Joe was popular at Colgate. The Jewish boys loved Joe. John was born the last year we were there. Joe Jr. went to a pre school at the Espiscopal Church. We lived in a student community for returning G.I's. We had a peer group and they were wonderful people.

The first person I met was Mary Braectigam, wife of Herman Braectigam in the Philosophy Department. We were new faqculy members. She burst into our door and asked, "Are you a democrat?" When I answered that I was, she said. "That's wonderful!". I was very active in the League of Women Voters and continued that activity through Southern Methodist University. Joe was beginning to be asked to do lots of speaking engagements.

In 1956 he was asked to go to SMU to the Perkins School of Theology in the Philosophy and Theological Ethics and Religion Department. He was brought in to be Ethics Professor. He was riding high. He got over his animosity about the church. At Perkins he was excited to teach ministers to be in a position to reconstruct the church. We stayed there four years. I was active in the faculty wives of SMU, raising boys, amd the League of Women Voters. We had a beautiful home for our first house. It was on Carruth Boulevard, which was a new development. There were no tress when we first moved in. Now it would be fun to go back there, for I am sure the trees are enormous. It was similar to Evanston in feel. We were active in the United Methodist Church. Joe begain to hit the speaking tours all over the U.S. We were at Perkins 4 years. It was an exciting seminary. At the time we came there were six vacancies from retirement. One person we met was Cunningham Marriam. We became very good friends with him and his wife "Whitty" (Whittier). It was an exciting time for Joe. His best friend was Hobbs, a new Testament Professor. He was brilliant. We used to get together every Sunday nite with Violet and Ed Hobbs.

At the end of his third year Joe became convinced that his destiny was to renew the chruch. And he decided it would be renewed through the laymen. At the end of his third year he announced that this fourth year would be his last year. During that year Joe had spent a week at the University of Texas, in Austin, where he had been a keynoe spaker. Fred Buss was among the crowd. At the University of Texas the Christian Faith and Life Communbity had started under Jack Lewis. a Presbyterian. He had had the same war experience that Joe had had. Jack had a residence of 40 men, where he needed help. Jack was terrific at fund raising, but was not an academic nor was he practical. He needed someone to do the program. Buss said, "What about Mathews?" Joe and I had long talks and decided to move from Dallas to Austin in July or August of 1956. This was very experimental. After we arrived, Jack, who was a visionary, sent us out the first summer we were there to Europe to look at the Lay Academies. We traveled around Europe on a Vega Scooter. We had landed in Italy and had to wait for a car.

We decided not to wait so decided to get a scooter. So we ended up traveling on a jVega Scooter. I rode in a side car. The Academies would know ahead of time that the Mathews were coming. They were intellectual communities. The whole staff would come out to greet us when we arrived. One community was visibly stunned by our arrival. But it was a wonderful trip. In Austin we bought a wonderful house on Pemberton Parkway. After we had been at the Christian Faith and Life Community one year we opened a women's branch. It was a big old house next door to the C F & L C. This community was on the edge of campus. All this time Joe was building curriculum. During the third year we bought the Laos House, six blocks from campus and started adult work. It was in a beautiful mansion. There we held the first weekend course. Thirty five people came. I was the cook. Friday night was shrimp. We started seminars.

Ministers began to know Joe. Slicker was attracted to our work. Joe had a church in the suburbs. During an interview in the living room of our home we interviewed two possibilities for the one job. Besides Slicker, another young man, attractive, with a magnetic personality, applied. We finally decided on Slicker. We were glad that we did. We appreciated his earnestness, his seriousness, and his commitment. So now there was Jack Lewis, Mathews, and Slicker. Pierce was in Waco, a fund raiser for a Methodist orphanage. He also spent time as a radio announcer. Joe had been gathering a circle of ministers around him and had meetings. Pierce had a yellow station wagon. He said he wanted to join the team. We told him we didn't have the money. Two months later he called and said, "Money or no money. I'm coming" He was married to Joy Pierce. They had kids. They moved into a house 6 or 8 blocks away from our home. We were good friends with them, and had one meal a week with them. Then we took on Bob Bryant and his wife. He was a fireball. He was baptist. Then David McClesky, after graduating from school, joined us. He met Donna at the Women's Branch. When they were married she carried a lily in his hand at their ceremony. I was so impressed. So we ended up with ten on the staff of the C.F. & L.C.

Joe continued with speaking engagements. Also, he and John Silber (who was a Professor on the Texas Campus) began debating. Hundreds would come to hear Silber and Joe debate. My days were filled with boy scouts, PTA, League of Women Voters, and I became a member of the Austin Committee for the United Nations (interested in Education).

After six years we had a blow up at the C F & L C. Joe and I and the group had moved toward the corporate. Jack Lewis became antagonistic about it. Mary, Jack's wife, considered herself a socialite). I believe that Mary was a part of that happening. We decided to leave. Joe was asked to come us to Boston U. (Jim was instrumental in this). He received an invitation--it was a way up job. Joe decided not to follow through. He wanted something experimental. He was still convinced that the laymen were the secret to church renewal. Seven of the ten faculty decided to

leave with us. It was called an "amoebic split". Three stayed behind. We met in the mornings to decide. We met each morning for the Daily Office. All of the women were working, while all the men were scouting around for a place for us. We heard that the Dean of the Ecumenical Institute was planning to leave. So we decided on the E. I. Frank Hilliard stood on the front porch, having a hard time deciding. Finally he decided no to join us, but said he would drive the truck for us. We seven families started out for Chicago in a caravan. We lost the Pierces on the way, but caught up with them in Springfield, Ill. All our possessions were in the big truck. We moved to 1742 Awsbury, which was the Knabe Mansion (Knabe built pianos). Joe and I lived in the basement apartment where the water tank was located. Every nite I wondered if it would burst. The women worked while the men scouted around to see where we could live. We knew that having our seven families live in a one family house was against Evanston codes so we looked around. Greta Cozart and I went to work for American Medical Colleges. Bill Cozart was academically the brightest of our lot. He since has gone to the California Institute of Technology. The men gridded the city and scoured it. That intensive corporate life began as a solution to a problem. Families had debts. We assumed all of them. We ate together to save money. We shopped corporately for the same reason. Slicker did research on a health policy for all of us. Pierce had seen the Bethany Seminary. We decided to go out and explore it. Edgar Chandler at the Church Federation, which had taken E.I. under its wing, was extremely helpful. He hired Joe as the Dean. Joe asked him if he minded if others come. Chandler said we have only one salary of \$10,00. We negotiated and all of us lived on it. The Church was glad for us to move in. Fred and Sarah Buss came with us from Austin where they had just been married. Sarah moved her wedding gifts to the West side. The second nite we were there all the gifts were stolen. Joe and I lived in Faculty East for a while in a corner apartment. The staff grew and we moved to 341 Trumbull with the Wests and the Hilliards. We stayed there until we moved to the Uptown Area. We became very good friends with Aimee and Frank. I started the O.E. Books. We decided to bring in Roxanna Harper. Most of the time I worked in Management Centrum. When I started the books I had two categories: IN and OUR. Roxanna started me with debits and credits. I have always been committed to what we were doing. I was always very proud to be Joe's wife. I thought he was great. I admired and respected Joe as much as one not related to him. We had a good relationship. He talked with me about what he was thinking. I felt a special part of what Joe was doing. I never fought with him about the boys, or complained, "You're never home", etc. I never felt put-upon by Joe. I was very grateful. He enabled me to develop in a way I would never have developed. He always assumed that I could do things I would not have done otherwise. I remember the first time I was to give the Christ lecture. I was so frightened I awakened him in the middle of the night and told him that I could not do it. He said, "Of course you can do it". If left to my own devices I would have been part of the background. When the Panchayat came into being, he said to me, "You have to be on it". I am sure he did not mean I was to be a channel of

information. He just trusted me. I always felt that what the E. I. has done is incredible. Part of doing the archives is that.

I have traveled to SeaPac, Europe, Latin America, Africa and Australia. I never got to the Middle East. There was one big travel event: we went with the Hilliards to Australia and conducted two weeks of courses. It was our first invitation to go outside the U.S. I was on two sessions of the Panchayat Dynamic. We had a rotational system. I took two global trips. I did not go to the IERD.

Joe Jr. was married to Gloria in Colorado. He wore a robe. It was outdoors. Joe officiated. We had a huge conversation on why Joe Jr. would get married. Joe, Jr. went to India, Central America and Latin America. He was divorced soon after the marriage. He met Aricelli in Caracas. They were married in a Catholic Church. I went to the wedding. They had Melisa and Juan. Soon after Juan was born, she went in to have her tubes tied, and she died. They were in the Mexico House at the time.

Jim came to us and announced he had decided to join the Army, for he needed the structure. He was in Germany and met Theresa who was also in the Army. They were married in the early 80s.

Soon after we had moved into the Kemper Building in Uptown, John came to us, pleading for a new car to use in going to school in California. Finally he won. I refused to write the check, but his father gave in. (This was unusual for me, for John was irresistible. I found I was always ending up saying yes to him.). Tragically, on the way to California, in the Colorado Mountains, he fell asleep at the wheel and was killed instantly as the car went off a cliff. At the time Joe was in Europe at the World Council of Churches Meeting. Upon his return home, we held a funeral service at which time Joe delivered a talk on death and endlessness, which was a groundbreaking event. In John's casket we placed an iron cross.

Joe died in 1977 of cancer of the pancreas. We had a memorial service for him, following a vigil of prayers. He and John were buried at the same site here in Chicago.

After Joe's death I did not think about re-marrying. So marrying Bill was not part of the plan. I was very attracted to him. He was an interesting person to me. He came to us by way of the Academy. I was in the front hall and was introduced to Bill. I was curious about him. He had an obvious cultural bearing and I did not understand his coming from England to go to the Academy. Bill was living on the fourth floor, so occasionally we met. One day I had to go get liquor. Bill was going out the door at the same time. I said, "Do you want to go along?", so our relationship evolved. I called Neil and Ray and said that we had talked of marriage and I needed their council. I did not want to hurt the Institute. Both encouraged me. He had been separated for several years and had never gone through the process of getting a legal divorce. Through David Wood we arranged for him to get divorced.

Bill was deeply religious. He proposed to me in the Guild Suite. Some people never appropriated my marriage. It was a wonderful wedding, held at 7 am in and at 12 noon we boarded a plane to Hong Kong for our year's assignment there. We were there with the Fentons and Liz Caperton. Then we went to Fifth City to close it out, with the Troxels, Spencers and Muellers. Bill was always very supportive of our work. He did not want me to go to Bilbao. In 1986 at Bilbao my foot went dead. It was 2 weeks before I could get a to a doctor. Gangrene had set in. The clot was in the thigh but thru angio plasty, they pushed the clot below the knee.

In January of 1993 we moved to the Admiral. Credit goes to Kay Townly for that. She went out and stayed there for 48 hours. She came back and said that we should look into it. We had been looking for apartments in the community, for Bill wanted a different kind of space. We decided to move in immediately.

Bill said he would die before me. He had two heart attacks in England. He was laid up for two months at that time. He finally died of a stroke. He had a small one when he fell to the floor. They said it was a minor stroke. Was not able to drive for six weeks. The night before Nov. 11 he was to go to England for Kanbay to do legal work. At 10:30 that night he was packing. He was eager to see his grandson. He fell behind the white chair. He never recovered. I called Theresa on Wed. I told the hospital he did not want life support system. Two days later he died. His left brain damage was severe. He died in the hospital. Teresa was there. She was very helpful.

I started the Archives work in 1993. I went through hundreds of books and created a common memory library. Joe's books I kept separate and put them into Joe's library. It took us 6 months to get downstairs from the second floor. They fixed up our area, putting carpeting in, painting the walls, etc. Once down here we started to organize the files.

I am interested in pursuing this project until I decide that it is an appropriate time to turn the files over to some other institution. My personal obligation is Joe's private files of 18 cabinets. These files were turned over to me upon Joe's death, so I am responsible for their existence. I am considering donating them to Drew or to Perkins. We will speak with George Holcomb to see if it was George who indicated that Perkins would like to have them. One of the values inherent is that someone have them who has the same context that Joe had for his work.

As for my own personal life, I do not want to become a vegetable. The reason I went to the Admiral is that if I reach an invalid stage I will be cared for. I want to write the celebration of my death. I am thinking of the Daily Office, for I want to honor the past. I would like singing: 1. How Long, O Lord, 2. Amazing Grace (my favorite), 3. At the Center Tranquil, and 4. Universe Illumination. I do not want a eulogy. Please look at the little

booklet I had made for Bill for his memorial service. I would like something like that. I would like to have the Fra Giovanni poem read. Also Ecclesiastes "There is a time..." I would like to be cremated. We need to check out the space where Joe and John are buried--maybe make an appointment to go out there. I do not want my ashes scattered. I would like a memorial service, not a funeral service. The location for it I am considering the Fifth City Community Center'

I have a will. Fifth City is in it. Avalon Academy is in it, ICAI Brussels is in it. I will add \$500 to the Garden Fund at the Admiral to be in. I will re-do my will.

My words: What would it mean now for us to care for the world and to care for each other?