

Margaret Meyer

April. 2003

Notes / June
2003

Letters
incl.

Copies of
Letters

Some to
Buckingham
Alumnae

also
Bay



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look up words. poignant troops ③

Dear Rebekah

Is this possible? Is it possible
to write a letter to a person whom you
have known for a long time to say
what she is now, what her
relationship is to the writer

Glimpsed from window at 7²⁵, ~~almost~~ leaving a
little forward heavy backpack of school books
violin over l. shoulder. ^(her!) ~~dark~~ ^{dark} hair very neat

I think ^{remember} of what you once told me about

School: they ^{see} some of your peers ~~there~~ are horned heads
~~to be~~ Since so much time is wasted in schools, and
they want more time to practice their instruments

Structure (I see that it is) sometimes difficult for you
to begin yr. practice, but ^(as you say) once you
get started you are carried forward by ^{musical sheet, truly} the m.s.c.

I enjoy sitting in the same room with you, watching &
listening. This means more to me than attending ~~one~~
of the orchestral performance. Then you are a public
person, impressive in yr ~~poet~~ grace, poised as you
function as part of well ~~less~~ trained organization
a member of ~~at~~ a disciplined team, but I'd prefer
to sit w. you, hearing you try, repeat, try again
before you find the best time and phrasing.

How is the musical aptitude and discipline
related to your mathematical aptitude? ~~I see for~~
~~In the~~ The ^{private} practice of ^{this} skill also knits
you into a math "team", another interesting social
organization.

Your membership in the original basic social
organization, where challenges to one's are the
most trying. As the eldest of a family of 4
children living in close quarters you ~~are~~
manage very well, sometimes doing your best
of practicing one of your 2 major interests and
beginning supper preparation in the absence of
both of your busy parents.

Left gas station Cambelle 6:40. Left Fishville 11:30 (4)

Addendum to notes to Margot. ^{between Beggs} ~~most~~ ^{Turnpike} 10

* Refrig freezer. Experiment by Leah & W.
To make an ice cube out of ^{thick} chunky choc Syrup.
consistency tested frequently with finger tip.

as a battle geige
Pachanga of bacon which W. Flung down a
counter, asking if anyone wanted some.

Items here

I had intended to ^{inappropriate} remove several items
from the upstairs refrig/freezer. ~~which reflects~~
~~survivors of cherting~~ In one cup of an
ice cube Tray is a viscous pool of chocolate
Syrup, the work of W. & Leah. who supposed
that they wd produce a chocolate ice cube.
For several days they made frequent finger
tests. The shifting parameters of the
Prisoner Jack made created discomfort.
On Thurs arrival, oatmeal was permitted, but
no other breakfast cereal. Later Leann sd her
Cheerios were O.K., but R. disagreed. R. said
wanted a bit of chur main and would not
get a pedreg.

(5)

Dear Bob. Thank you very much for taking
the time to show us your collection of
Indian ^{stone} arrowheads, axes, ^{shrapnel} ~~etc.~~ ~~I was~~
~~I believe~~ - Once before you showed me (some of)
your recent little display cases each piece. I like best
the one in which ^{you placed} the dark flints ~~was arranged in~~
a swirl pattern
~~at~~ I like the

I mislaid these
notes, sent almost
illegible copy to
Margrit.

4-25-03 Friday

Food Supply and Housekeeping Notes for Margaret
Klemens & family left Kinnarook abt 10³⁰
this morning. We left about 12³⁰.

I turned down the thermostat in refrigerator
(at back of top shelf left) from high setting of
(7) to normal summer use of (5). You may
need to move it higher or lower. It is
difficult for me to see. Sometimes I use
the magnifying glass.

Food in refrigerator: left over salad and $\frac{1}{2}$
vegetables, mostly in ~~lower~~ refing drawers: a bag
of prepared coleslaw (dry, not dressed) a little
Cauliflower, lettuce, cucumbers ($1\frac{1}{2}$). In veg
drawers under counter, many ^{good Yukon Gold} potatoes [I
intended to bring some back.] also one
sweet onion. In refing: $\frac{1}{3}$ of a yogurt
container: tomato soup, whipped cream cheese &
B & B margarine. 2 eggs, no milk, no o.j.
some Ken's salad ^{resp. walnut} vinaigrette (too sweet, might
be improved with vinegar or lemon juice.

In refing freezer: four water bottles +
regular & instant coffee. On pantry shelf:
tuna fish, soups. $\frac{1}{4}$ box Honey-Nut cheerios

4/25/03 Panty shelf also may have some jam, certainly more in freezer room. We have far too much ketchup, which I doubt you use much. I can take some back next time. There is also an (unopened) jar of Prego Sauce (Traditional).

I don't think that we left any cheese except for grated Parmesan in ref. and the whipped cream cheese (one unopened).

In the freezer there is certainly some new ground beef and a couple of frozen meals unfamiliar to me, Larri's purchases. Help yourself. Also frozen veg. that Jochen bought.

Laura, and I took Rebekah, stripped the beds. We put all the sheets & pillow cases in TV room. Most towels because damp remained in bathrooms.

→ If we get back to Kennarock before you can cope with the laundry, I'll take care of it.

I asked Laura to wrap up blankets. I assume that this was done. did not have time to look

4.25.03 ⁽³⁾ Kurnenoch House keeping, etc

Aside from getting the furnace started (a problem in electrical circuit) Tochen spent little time on repairs. He did purchase and install a new Toilet seat in blue bathroom. At the last big dish-washing the sink stopper came apart, completely occluding the drains. He took the stopper from the right, sink where ~~the~~ ~~the~~ the dishdrainer is. You may want to cover the hole in right sink until we ~~get a~~ get a new basket/stopper.

When we left the house last fall, I did not notice that two bags of rags / cleaning cloths were on the floor beside that table immediately to your right as you enter the freezer room. When we arrived ^{April 16th}, that area was very wet, evidently, had been flooded for a while or repeatedly. The rags had a powerful odor of mildew. I washed all of the rags two times, dried and sorted ~~the~~ ~~them~~ them. They seem O.K. I had no time to do any cleaning.

4/25/03 ④

Klemens swept the Kitchen and mopped the half where the table is. Laura used the Vacuum cleaner upstairs. Sorry that we could not do more cleaning. It was a strenuous week ^{for me}. The Coceper Trail was not the great success we had hoped for. The boys said that they hated it. Benjamin said that there was nothing to do except to eat — and he did.

There were some good moments, but, in general, Konnaroch was "boring". Only Klemens found real meaning in the few days despite abrasions. Do you know the wind in the Willows? He said that as they bicycled down to Damascus, near the Knoll, he felt like Mole sniffing his old home when he returned after his adventures with Ratty. Laura behaved very well, but her feelings were probably reflected in her recommendation to Nathaniel of a shopping trip as "a change of scene."

I gave Margrit copy of pages 1-4. ^{where is original?} (6)

Addenda Notes to Margrit abt Ko Supplies, etc

Also in refrig: large amount of watermelons, smaller amt of cantaloupe. Please use or throw away as well as any other perishables.

Take to Gueguo or throw away potatoes.

Refrig storage is not successful. Also there may be an onion there.

I had intended to remove from refrig/freezer pool of viscous choc. ~~syrup~~ syrup from one section of freezer tray: an experiment by N & L which gave them excuse to finger and taste. test several times a day. Also in freezer of refrig. a package of bacon which I refused to prepare when Nathaniel flung it down onto kitchen counter. I had just gotten Benj through a not-too-high calorie breakfast and was totally exhausted.

Draft of note to Jeanne

4/27/03 (7)

By cutting the last $\frac{1}{2}$ of the applicake into small squares ~~to~~ I make it last until the last 4 hrs of our return trip to Belmont. John & I don't say much to each other ^{on these long trips}, he listens to music on a compact disk, I listen, read a little, write a little and watch the wonderful changing landscape. ~~Every~~ ^o from time to time I wd ask "Is there any more of Frances cake? Thank you for such a delicious party gift!"

I tried to write a note to you many weeks ago ~~after you told~~ I learned of yr brother's death. I couldn't make ~~my~~ express my thoughts ~~to you~~ in a way that seemed adequate. ~~Here is one~~ ^{Perhaps now} I can after this strenuous ^{but I'll do better} ~~by~~ satisfactory trip.

I think of you often ~~and this week~~. This week my thoughts will be directed toward next weekend's ceremony ^{at} ~~for~~ the burial of yr brother's ashes.

I was moved by your description of his final hours, that he was interrupted by pain

as he began work on his ⁸ Cherished
Garden. I remember your distress that
he had left no instructions that would
allow ~~for~~ hospital personnel to ~~remove~~
take him off life support when recovery was
impossible, that this decision had to be made
by his ~~at~~ wife. I remember what you said
about those exhausting trips back & forth to
Roanoke. What a hard time it was for
you. ~~at~~ I hope that next weekend
will be sunny and peaceful.

Through a difficult passage

Such as you played one evening in Feb
when ~~I was~~ your parents were out. The younger
children were asleep ^{Not to disturb them} ~~and to be quiet~~ we
sat in the ~~basement~~ ^{midst} complex basement surrounded
by the paraphernalia of sewing in progress. Shelves of
~~storage~~ ^{books} of mag & documents, playthings,
food staples ^{dry cleaning} & it was not the formal
glamorous setting of a GYBSO performance.
You were not elegantly dressed ^{glamorous as above the par heads.} ~~your hair~~
but what I ~~saw~~ ^{understood} ~~understood~~ witnessed was
the concentrated energy which I believe is
the core of all your ~~excellent~~ ^{best} work. ^{Just} As you
found your way into the ~~team~~ intricacy of
the musical composition, you found ~~the~~ ways
to master other problems, ~~perhaps~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{certain}
mathematics, science, perhaps even in ~~the~~ ^{some}
aspects of literary composition.

(41) We spend very little time together,
surprisingly little considering that we have
lived next door to each other all of your
life. ~~Every day~~ ^{for 34 yrs.} if I look at the wonder
at the right moment. I ~~can~~ ^{may}

catch a glimpse of you. At 7²⁰^{as}
you stride along under a much too heavy ^{back}
pack, your violin coched on one shoulder. ~~on my mind~~ ~~as I climb the unclimbed stairs~~ I see you
Occasionally ~~at~~ ^{face inclined} the dining room table, ^{back smiling}
your head coched and an ingratiating smile
As you listen to your Hebrew teacher
reexplain a text. Sometimes ^{or as I pass a late in the day} at the stove ^{perhaps back in named} ^{Randy}
you ^{are} ^{very busy} ^{helping up with advanced math. Hebrew, piano & V.} ^{I may see} ^{table to you briefly} ^{on the}
As we prepare a meal on one of your Melior
working days. There is not ~~much~~ time to
talk about anything exchange ideas, impression
of Luke so its quite appropriate ^{that}
I should write you a letter ^{to say how much I appreciate you} ^{after that} ^{to me}
~~Aside~~ ^{from what I have learned about you} ^{respect and love}
~~for. Beyond~~ Now that I have you as my
"Capture" audience, ^{when you may be listening} ^{more than I could as a member of} ^{your concert} ^{audience,}
what should ^{more} ^{I say?} ~~you tell me that I say.~~ You are
not a paragon. ~~There are aspects of your life~~
~~that I would hope with~~ Your subtle brother
Nathaniel with an inspiring word or the
Generous notes of his trumpet can ^{often} ~~scatter~~ ^{disrupt} you
Composure and ~~drive you with~~

To Rebekah

Hi! How much there is to say because we have so little opportunity to talk - ~~in~~ in spite of proximity - so little time, her time. ~~at~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~schedule~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~schedule~~. In addition to advanced math - ~~no time~~ extracurricular studies & tennis ~~and~~ performances

I'm not sure that you understood why I ~~did~~ ~~attend~~ ~~so~~ ~~few~~ ~~of~~ ~~yr~~ ~~concerts~~ ~~so~~ ~~often~~ ~~the~~ ~~recent~~ ~~quarter~~.

5/01/03

Dear Jeane.

~~Draft Note sent shorter way~~
I think of you often and in my mind are sentences for a letter to be written when I return from a walk, finish my housework. Unfortunately I don't write down anything that seems worth sending to you.

But I want you to know that I am thinking of you with affection and sympathy this week on the occasion of the burial of your brother's ashes in the churchyard at Agen.

I did not know Brucletayco except through what you told me about ~~your feelings~~ for him. ~~The story that you told me in a telephone conversation~~ I learned of ~~you told me~~ how ~~about~~ his final illness! ~~which~~ overcame him just as he began work on his cherished spring garden. ~~If you told me about~~ your exhausting week of travel betw. Roazhe or Kimmarch, the vigil at his bedside. I understood a little about this ~~difficult~~ painful time. ~~unrealistically~~ ^{weeks} ago I found this little card and hoped to ~~see you~~ look for such little ^{in ed flowers} with you in Co.

Love ~~from us both~~
Margaret

Kennarock
Sunday afternoon 5/18/03

Dear Margrit,

Thank you for Telephoning us about the total eclipse of the moon Thursday(?) night. Actually some of it was visible, but I did not bother to walk down the road to see whether the re-emerging disc was fully visible. If, like you, I had been at the seashore with more open space, it might have been worth some effort. We used to go to a lot of trouble for the few solar eclipses that we have witnessed. Once, during Jackson's Eye & Ear Residency as I remember, ^{with Klemm} we drove for several hours and climbed Bigelow Mountain in Maine, arriving above tree line quite breathless just a few minutes before the mysterious twilight began and the birds started to twitter their evening songs. The magic of a lunar eclipse is of a different quality. perhaps a pastoral setting would be the most dramatic, since the stars would, in Coleridge words, "rush out".

This afternoon I have been sitting for a while at your picnic table near the lavender shrub, now a deep raspberry or cream color.

To inquest (2) on 5/18/03

Last spring at just about this point a killing frost turned the pink blossoms to a tan shade and also nipped tulip poplars and other trees. (Here I fell asleep.)

I have spent a little time sorting through some of my things here, an hour or so putting the kitchen "junk" drawer in order after the frustration of not being able to find that excellent magnifying glass, which I often need for the dictionary. Now it sits with other tools, like pliers, scissors, a ruler, at the front of the drawer; but I have placed it in a sleeve, a sock, to keep it clean, preserve it from scratches, and make it easy to find by touch. At the back of the drawer I ~~found~~ ^{found} Mutt's Gessinghuch, considered reinforcing the binding but finally just slipped it into a plastic bag to protect it when it might be shared around.

There's a lot of history in that drawer! I threw away only a few broken rubber bands, placed a few pictures & notes in the drawer to the left and bits of string with the other string in deep bottom drawer.

To Margit (3) on 5/18/03

After about an hour, the sun was again covered by heavy clouds so I am back at the Kitchen Table. We may both go out, if it doesn't start raining again, to gather up Tochen's trimmings of the new growth on the Vast hemlock hedge. Herman's twelve foot ladder, which Tochen always borrows for this job, is leaning against the hedge, the top of the ladder at about the level of some of the feathery branches of the hedge. It is beautiful, formidable, invincible.

I've been concentrating on William Faulkner's writing for the first time in my life. The assignment for the June 13th meeting of my book group is a long story, "Old Man." I've also read a good deal of "The Bear" and critical essays about this story and its place in the Yoknapatawpha World. I'm sure that Faulkner could have found a place for our hedge in the fantastic world that he dreamed and wrote. The story would include the disappearance and rediscovery of the septic tank. How Papa worried about the formation of that tank!

5.18.03 (4) (Mgt)

I have also read John Berger's essay about an English country doctor, A Fortunate Man. I might take it back to Belmont so that Klemens can read it. There's a lot in it, including references to Joseph Conrad, Sartre and the meaning of being a "good doctor."

Jane showed me around her flower beds last evening. Jeff, Kelly and the children will visit for about a week (next weekend). Herman came out to say hello. As we sat on the front porch, Ralph Blevins rolled past us perched on a Tremendous backhoe. I don't know where he took it, could not see it as we drove past the house. Ralph's expression was very much that of a small boy. I've haven't made any social creatures.

As I stood at the sink washing dishes, I watched a lovely Thrush. They like to perch on that stump. Under the Spruce tree a busy towhee was at work, running forward then scratching vigorously to unearth what? seeds?

Next Sunday we'll probably be back in Belmont. I must make every minute here count. So out for a walk and some raking of hedge debris. We must

Sunday, May 18, 2003

Kannarock, VA

Dear Leah,

Papa Jochen and I felt as if we were almost there at the edge of the Claypit Pond when we saw the photograph of you which your Papa sent to the computer screen in Kannarock. Jochen was even able to enlarge the writing on your clipboard so that we could read what you had written about the birds. It is good that you are making some notes on what you see.

Late yesterday afternoon Jochen took me down to visit Jeanne. We walked around her house and saw her plants. There were some beautiful irises and two plants called bleeding heart. Your mother has one in her garden. The flowers that I liked the best

were pink Clematis blossoms
on a vine supported by a trellis.
The flowers were similar to
ones which we have seen on
the fence at the corner of
Gaden Street, very large and pink.

I hope that you have
picked a few of the daffodils
and tulips that will fade
before we return. When I
come back I want to plant
some seeds. Will you help me?

Love,

Grandma Margaret

Monday May 19, 2003

Dear Rebekah,

Jochen brought Aunt Margrit's old picnic table out from winter storage in the basement onto the lawn near the kitchen door. I am sitting in brilliant sunshine, enjoying the warmth, the contrasts of color after several mostly overcast, and sometimes rainy days. — Stopped here to go grocery-shopping in Chilhowie.

Wed. 5/21, about 12 noon

Yesterday was sunny, dry and warm, but nowhere near the 80° which you mentioned when I telephoned last night. This morning and afternoon a steady rain has been falling. I have been going thru the bound notebook of Notes on Reading which I have kept rather untidily since the autumn of 2000. It includes quotations ~~and~~ from the books read, my own comments and occasionally what other members of the reading group said.

There are also a few notes on books that I read with you. Such as Lagerlöf's The Wonderful Adventures of Nils and books I chose for other grandchildren, many of them not accepted. It's surprising to me to realize how little I remember when only the title and author are noted, how much a quotation recalls. It's rather like a photograph or journal note, ^{which} ~~that~~ seems to summon up more than the brief sketch.

This afternoon the mountain laurel is opening a few of its complex flowers, which resembles one of your geometric constructs. As I walked around the house and half way down to the shed where the missionary bus is usually stalled (empty since our arrival), I could smell a very fragrant flower. Looking upward I could see a locust tree with white clusters of white flowers like wisteria. In the gully I see brilliant yellow tall stemmed wildflowers
tiny ~~yellow~~ ^{pinkish} with many fringed petals.
~~squabbs~~ ~~Baker's~~ plantain.

Many years ago Papa Jochens' father had a "rose garden" in the triangle which extends from the screened porch toward the road & mailbox. When it got to be too much trouble for him to care for ~~them~~ ^{the flowers}, they were dug up and given away. Now the only remains of formal flower plantings are three peony clumps & a smaller group of irises. They take care of themselves. A very large peony picked yesterday is fully open, perfuming the kitchen.

I enjoy it very much, should probably try to sketch it in my Reading Notebook.

Why all this attention to flowers?

(Long interval for all sorts of things including sitting on lawn between showers to keep company with laurel bush). Somehow a long forgotten French expression swims to the surface of my meditations: *Revenons à nos moutons*: Let's return to our sheep. After such an interval the sheep might have fallen into the ravine or been devoured by wolves. But flowers do not stray. Many of my childhood

are framed by plants, trees, flowers. At age 3 or 4 I stand beside a shallow pond filled with water lilies in the shade of a weeping willow tree. I am waiting for my father to come from Philadelphia to this estate near Point Pleasant, New Jersey, where my mother's family had always spent several weeks (?? months?) each summer as guests of their much wealthier friend, Arthur Brisbane. Sometimes I walk down paths between very tall flowers planted in formal rows. They smell very sweet, probably phlox, mostly white and pink. A gardener, Pat Synatz, tends them and drives a car for my grandmother and other guests.

More intimate, later memories are of the flowers at our house in Germantown, Suburb of Philadelphia. Every spring I helped my mother plant a row of pansies. There wasn't really room for more than a single row of pansies, but on the fences grew roses, some creamy white, others pink. I cut them and filled many vases & pots. In our neighbor, Landlady's garden we were allowed to wander anywhere.

More about
Miss Kimber's garden.

To Rebekah May 24, 2003
Continued from May 19
We are en route from
Kinnearoch to Belmont.

It was a very large garden, dominated in the center by a very large copper beech, probably bigger with a wider ~~branch~~ branch Sweep than the tree at the corner of School & Garden Streets. In the hottest weather it was cool and secret under branches that touched the bare ground. On one side sunlight filtered through branches onto the brick floor of an old greenhouse, the shattering roof and walls long gone. At one end of this outdoor living room was a sunken basin with a little water trickling into it. A few small goldfish could sometimes be seen. Not always. Perhaps fishing cats got them, though I never remember seeing any. There were always Johnny Jump-up growing around the little pond. These flowers we were allowed to pick, only these. Beside a beautifully moulded compost heap (OK to climb) was a large bleeding heart, the only one I ever noticed until I was grown up. When I was twelve years old we moved away to our own big house, leaving behind many secret places and summer nights filled with fireflies, hide & seek.

That was certainly not the end of my
childhood, but with the birth of Peter
there were many changes in our family
life. I was not so grownup and responsible
in most ways than you were at age 12,
but I had some housekeeping and childcare
duties which for the most part I liked. I
missed the gardens of early childhood. Physically
they are all gone, turned into sites for
multiple housing developments or otherwise
removed, now visited only in memory.

love

Grandma Margaret

5/24/03

On Massachusetts Turnpike
traveling home to Belmont.

Dear Benjamin:

Yes, you probably did see a bear in Kinnarock, but I did not. Yesterday while Papa Jochen was packing the car and closing the house, Buck Sheets came up on his riding mower to cut the lawn. He said that you did a very good job when you mowed it. He also said he had ~~seen~~ seen a bear this spring (recently) in his vegetable garden where he will be raising tomatoes, potatoes and corn. Could it be that the bear remembers corn? I don't think they like tomatoes, but might, if very hungry, dig for potatoes. Even though you have probably never dug potatoes I hope that you know how they grow.

Buck also told me that there is a place on the road to Chilhowie where bears cross the road each morning.

and that some people park their cars just in order to see a bear lumber across the highway. Do they look both ways?

I spent some time sitting on the lawn near the kitchen door. Tachen set out Aunt Margrit's old wooden picnic table and benches. Should I have a Granny Smith apple for the bear?

Papa Tachen and I did see a creature almost as remarkable — perhaps even rarer than black bears. One afternoon as I stood at the kitchen sink I saw a very large red-capped Pileated Woodpecker hammering on that old stump. He stayed there for several minutes pandling on the top and then the sides of the stump. Petersen's bird guide gives his length as 17 inches. Look at Mr. Petersen's picture. In real life he is a very fierce looking creature. Buck Sheets told me that he has often seen

to Benj (2) 5/24/13

the Pileated Woodpeckers at a deer-hunting camp in Pennsylvania. He said that the birds make a lot of noise; they fly ahead of the hunters, calling "Kuk-Kuk-Kuk", hammer on the trees and scare away the deer. My father had a saying, an Italian saying which went something like this: "Si non est vero, est ben trovato.", meaning "If it's not true, it's appropriate." In a fairy story. That's certainly what the woodpecker should ~~be~~ do, give the deer fair warning that the hunters are coming.

Your Papa says that you got a high mark on your paper about the Lynx. I hope that you will show it to me and to Papa Jochen.

much love,

Grandma Margaret

--

5.27.03

Dear Janet,

~~Dr. J.~~ Here finally, as promised is the
envelope ^{addressed} ~~written~~ last spring with an enclosure
of stories from a N.Y. ^{Metro Diary} ~~times~~ intended to
amuse you — but not so ~~funny~~ ^{entertaining} ~~much~~ ^{to me}
as I would wish. Broche Aster on the occasion
of her 100th birthday seems to me elegant but
pathetic. The story of the stones in met. diary
the first is certainly the best.

But the enclosed poem by De la Mare,
Far are the shades of Arabia still stirs me as it
did on one of those phonograph records I played over
& over at abt age 13-14. My grandchildren
are too busy ^{too faddish} to listen to ~~the sort of thing~~ ^{poems}.
The magic of the spoken word is lost in
clamor, but I occasionally I try. ~~The~~ few lines.

Yesterday, a day when Liana worked and
it rained all day was ~~pretty~~ ^{of boredom} dismal and
dismal. I tried to help Klemens. ^{washed clothes} ^{sorted laundry} ^{cooking} ^{supper} ^{under a}

~~The~~ This morning I went to Senior Swimming
but could only stay in the water a bare 40 min
rather than 50. Evidently the ~~heat~~ thermostat I
had been turned way down for the weekend. Now
at 7¹⁵ pm I'm still warming up.

Two patients today. 5 tomorrow.

^{Today} A nice black lady today told me again all the details of the break-in at her home in Lexington. ^{The burglar} They did not find her most valuable jewelry nor a "Teddy Bear" ^{filled} shipped with quarters (!) but she feels he ^{scared} afraid and is frightened. She's nice. One of those people who listens, answers what her conversational partner says.

Also about
perceived woodpecker
in KO

5/24/03

On Mass Turnpike

Dear Nathaniel,

We have both thought a lot about you and your mother, especially during the days of your adventure in Texas.

When you have time, please tell us a story.

On this long trip Jochen has played a lot of music on the CD player much of it Bach's choral music including splendid passages of trumpet playing. Every Spring, usually in the second week in May, my father took his family and sometimes friends to Bethlehem Pennsylvania, where in a university chapel a large choir sang the Bach B. minor mass with an orchestra of members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Papa chose seats at the very front of the church. He liked the music to come at him full force and disliked being packed in among strangers. So there we were at the front with only a couple of feet of floor and

tickling decorative ferns between us
and the ^{or} Orchestra players. In one
corner, right against the wall were the
trumpets. I especially remember Saul Caston,
who, before the music began, ~~apparently~~ ^{was} be-
joking with other members of his section.
His demeanor was much more
casual than that of the members
of the GBYSO. ~~member~~ By the time that
it was his turn to play, his behavior was
more professional. He knew the music,
played beautifully. Later I heard of
him as the director of a Symphony
orchestra, perhaps the Houston orchestra.
I was a little surprised.

Grandma Margaret
to thank you all to do
the best of the church
and to see it more at last
in love and peace and joy
and to see it more at last
in love and peace and joy
and to see it more at last
in love and peace and joy

Names to remember
organize in apt book

Swimming 617-489-0659

Renee Orr

Rochanne Good

Mary Molino

Tony ———

Lynne Madigan

Erin found by
Lynne

Bill Morris

Nave Vogel

director of Senior Ctr.

Neighbors

Hamburger J & D - 489-2119
46 Orchard St

dir Miriam (age 7-8)

Villars

Paul

35 Orchard

Nancy

I saw

Gannon

Rev Dudne M. Breeze
Orchard Circle

nephew of Frazier Albin

John Welch

— & Paul

Martins on Stone Rd

Ench & Dee Ippin

Angele Trancillo

Joseph Chung

179 SW

→
Renee Orr 22 Lincoln St 617-489-0659

6/14/03

Dear Leah,

Did you bring home the books about rain forests that we took out of the library together on my card? You said that they were at Burbank.

They are now due at the library. Their titles are:

Rain Forests

What Do We Know About Rainforests?

Please tell me about them or bring them over.

P.S. I liked hearing you read about on Wednesday night the story about the bike. You should do more reading aloud.

Love

Grandma Margaret

6/13/03

Dear Benjamin,

Wednesday night you said that you have to give a short speech at school soon. Even if it is only 2 sentences long, practice it! Say it so clearly that the person at the back of the room hears every word distinctly. You will feel good about yourself if you do this. Speak the way a good teacher speaks. Speak as if you were on the baseball field and you are trying to give a message to someone ~~far~~ far away on the other side.

Practice with your Mother, your Papa, with Leah or even with me, your loving grandmother. Margaret

Dear Bay, ^{Draft I} 6/17/03

This letter is long overdue. About a week ~~ago~~ ago I learned from my nephew, Charley McP. that Jim died in mid-February. ~~At~~ I want to say how sorry I am, how often I think back to the few minutes we spent together at mother's memorial service, you and I, Jochen and Jim. I see us standing in bright light, ~~brighter~~ in the Social Room at the Germantown Meeting House.

During the past year ever since I received the 60th reunion photograph I have ~~thought of trying to reach~~ wanted to ~~reach~~ ^{re-establish some communication} with you, to write or to telephone. ~~What a difference~~ But I did not ~~to~~ hesitate to telephone since after such a ^{long silence} lapse of years, it might be ~~rather~~ awkward, intrusive.

If ~~it~~ you. ~~Too~~ When I heard from Kenneth that you had greeted him in meeting, I was pleased but missed that chance.

6/17/03

Dear Bay, 2nd Draft

This ~~note~~ ^{letter} is long overdue. Recently I learned from my nephew Charley McPhodran, whom I rarely see that Jim died in mid-February. I want to tell you how sorry I am and that I long to reach out to you after ~~so~~ many silent years. I have often remembered the short time we spent together at Mother's memorial service in June 1989; you and I, ^{the} Jochen and Jim. I see us standing in a brightly lit Social Room, relaxed, friendly.

Almost a year ago the 60th reunion photograph arrived, and there you stood, almost as I remember you, ~~and~~ seeming to invite a word from me. Then when ~~Belmont~~ told me how you greeted him ^{in the meeting house on} a Sunday in November, ~~to~~ I was about to write - but ^{let the moment slip away} missed ~~a~~ chance.

Is there ~~still~~ a chance that you might welcome a longer letter or a telephone call? ^{Unexpected} ~~Unwanted~~ telephone calls are ^{often} ~~not~~ intrusive, so I want to know how you feel. I am usually at home. Jochen is ~~very~~ busy with home improvements, repairs, ^{and} ~~but~~ still ^{does a few eye exams} sees a few ~~patients~~ ^{patients}. ~~has~~ ^I schedule appts, talk with ~~our~~ ^{our} big house ~~pts~~ ^{pts} and I

marked about 6/17
Spend as much time with my busy
grandchildren as they have time for me,
~~who~~ their occasional cook, and homework
aide, (but ~~not~~ ^{expect in} ~~the~~ ^{rarely} ~~house~~ ^{see} her).

Are Helen & Joe and ^{my} grandchildren
~~close~~ nearby? Do you ~~see~~ visit with Sally
Beagle Wolff? ~~Do you~~ ^{or other} ~~what do~~ ^{club} ~~maybe~~ Tell me,
if you ~~feel~~ wish about your present
life ^{and} your life with Jim.

~~Today~~ ~~at~~ I will telephone
some day, ~~in about~~ ^{about} a week or ten days
the middle of next week, probably in the
~~unless~~ ~~beginning~~ that you will ~~not~~ ^{convenient} ~~mind~~ or
hope to hear from you when it ~~suits~~ ^{is} you
~~lets~~ ~~still~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~ ~~can~~ ~~now~~ ~~we~~ ~~have~~ ~~no~~

^{we have}
~~answer~~ or Joden has an answer machine
on 617 484-8109 to take messages
for pbs ^{-and} other callers when we are at
489-1043 has no ~~the~~ machine attachment.

I do hope to ~~hear from you~~ ^{talk to you soon}
much later.

This is substantially same
as letter copied &
mailed

Renee Orr at 8¹⁰

Call Margrit about sink ~~draw~~ ^{drain} cover
any problems? Did she get the car
unloaded. Did Claude Gable help?

Find P. xie's job for Janet ^{abt adult defect}
Laura will give me schedule. She expects to come home 3 times
Wed. 6/25 ^{diffn Syndrome}

Margrit I told her where drain cover is.
back for a while. Well turn off
water

Margrit returns to
Co. 6/29
Leaves for Becky's wedding in Seattle on 7/1
Friday - 28th She has political project w. Gwynn
and also wants to help Anna w. Mrs Ludwig
abt moving to Methodist home.

Call Renee Orr abt Erin Radley
I shd have her ^{resume} ~~resume~~ ^{in hand}
Ask Laura ^{whether} she knows Erin from Hill Club.

Wd Nava Mir Vogel know of any Senior who
needs live-in help. What her degree qualifies her for.
Ask Erin more abt her ^{experience} ~~experience~~ ^{computer skills}
Call Anne only if I know more.

Jerry Connolly
Eddy Atkins

Tell Renee my judgment abt her paintings
the black one who says he just submerged fantasy.
That is Belmont ~~deluge~~ ^{deluge} ^{Alcoholic}
The white one who ~~was~~ ^{wasn't} speak English
Both men are prob very shrewd.
Having have a painted is traumatic change of color
^{distorts} ^{ones view of reality}
The black one is painting the white house brown

I or Renee shd call Erin. Ask her abt
her employment experience. How she asked any of
former employees for job. Had she consider asking Council

257 Beach St
Erin Radley
617 593
8514

Elder #11

Notes on talk
not letter 6/18/23

Mr. Dickerson 876-3730 Tel conversation

All my conversations with Mr. D get too long. It's exactly one week since Mrs Goodridge's funeral. Mr. Dickerson was "feeling good".

Her middle daughter Jackie, overweight lady with gentle, refined manner, who drives Mr. D. (and Mrs. Goodridge to appts) was ~~this~~ today still sorting through Mrs. Goodridge's, many unworn, she wd not return anything about which she had 2nd thoughts. She smoked all the time, so all clothing, mostly clean, must be washed again before giving it to Big Sister program. Mr. D said that she was even smoking when heart surgery was being planned.

~~Mr. D~~ Emil Dickerson esp remembered with affection the dinner given ^{after} the funeral at restaurant owned by Portuguese lady who is old friend of Mr. Dickerson, friends since early childhood, lives in Haverhill(?)

But eventually Mr. Dickerson worked her way around to her anger at her

Tel. Conversation with Enid Dickenson. 6/18/03
eldest daughter, Sandra Ward, who lives
on top floor with her family. They are
still (after several years) not on
speaking terms despite Sandra's brief
appearance at apt door to ask her mother
if she was O.K.

Mr Dickenson says that she must
have an apology (written? spoken?
I forget) Mr D. told that Mr G left
10,000 bonds to each of Mr D's
grandchildren but Mr D won't tell them ^{grandchildren agree} until dtr & ^{Mr. Dickenson over weight 2nd dtr.}
(Did she leave anything to Jackie?
or other nieces?) Stop here ~~high~~ 6/19

12²⁰ p.m.

Mr D also told me in detail abt ^{Helen Goodridge} sister's
smoking. that she ordered cattons, concealed
their delivery (baked mailman?) from "nosy" residents
in her apt bldg. ~~Mr~~ Enid Dickenson's tones
are as angry abt the smoking as abt her
dtr, Sandra Ward, who does not speak to her.

Dear Janet (Baker Carr)

Thank you for letting me attend
the reunion party of the Birmingham Class
of 1953. ~~Because~~ ^{Delaying on} of the bog sketches
you had given me in our telephone
conversation. I had clues to help me
thread my way through labyrinth of personal
history. When Joan said "we are
a class of survivors" I glimpsed
her meaning.

Just as one replays an
important ~~or~~ ^{or book} theatrical event, ~~re-reads a~~
~~good book~~ I am re-reading the experience
of June 7th and look forward to
~~another meeting in September.~~

I find ~~your book~~ Evening at
Symphony well-written, entertaining.
~~Do you~~ I am also re-reading 2
books for June July book discussion. War
Transit in Summer. Amadeus hard Jim.
Thankfully My ~~commitment~~ duty to Harry Potter
extends only to finding out what my
grandchildren will ~~tell~~ ^{say} ~~me~~ about it.

I enjoy the dramatic photograph
of your cats.

(Baker-Carr) 12/28/53
Dear Janet

Thank you for letting me attend the
reunion luncheon of the Birmingham Class of 1953.
Relying on the biographical sketches you gave
me in our telephone conversations, I had clues
to guide me through labyrinths of personal
histories. When Joan said, "We are a class of
Survivors", I glimpsed her meaning.

Just as one replays in memory an
important theatrical event, I am re-reading
my experience of June 7th. ~~And now comes the~~
~~the photograph that you don't~~
~~lack work for me~~
~~a new focus~~

I find your book Evening at Symphony
very well-written. ~~For the July book died~~
I am also ~~revisiting~~
~~reading again~~

William Trevor's Death in Summer and
Conrad's Lord Jim, the latter after an absence
of more than sixty years. I am ~~pleased~~
~~grateful~~

~~The photograph of your cats is~~
That my obligation to Harry Potter is limited
to inviting my Sam grandchildren to tell me about it.

The photograph of your cats is entertaining,
dramatic. ~~I wonder whether they~~ My sister says her
~~single~~ cat lies on her notepad. With such a distraction
I'd never get a letter written. Affectionately M. M.
~~If an big house, would~~

Dear Margrit

Notes for letter to
Margrit

I'll not try to give you
a summary of all that goes on, but here
are a few interesting, characteristic
notes.

The children are very busy. For about ~~2~~ ¹ week
the elder ^{RNB} 3 attend Harv. Tennis Camps in
Alston, returning on the bus from Harv. Square,
Mumma's cell phone in Rebekah's pocket.
Lewah is at Habitat day camp on
Belmont Hill.

In July ^{beginning 6:30} Res. & IV will participate
in ~~practic~~ practice their instruments &
perform in concerts at their
Music Schools in Cambridge, and, yes,
they are both in the same GYBSO
orchestra ^{the same August camp in Maine} to R's chagrin. I tell
her that his ~~and~~ achievements do
not diminish her, that she is experiencing
emotional sunburn or poisoning, will
recover (esp if she doesn't scratch!) I
have invited her to a teaparty tête-à-tête
but with no talk if she prefers.
She appears in puzzlement to this weekend.

Notes for letter to Margaret

~~Leah~~ ^{last week} N has brought me ~~the~~

his ^{At} ~~his~~ year's written essays but has no time to visit. Ben says he can't ~~find~~ find essay on the hyrax. ~~as usual~~ Leah

Came to spend Sunday night with us.

^{under odd circumstances which I later picked up of her.} Said Mama said she could come

Only if she went to bed at 9pm, ^{Grandma set a 9pm bedtime. and would send her back} returned at 7:10 — well, perhaps 8¹⁰

w'd be o.k. So she came at 8³⁰ pm, had 30 min hot bath. went to bed 9¹⁰.

I read 2 good books until 9³⁰. She

was asleep before 9⁴⁰ and had bath, went home by 8 am. I still don't

know why she wanted to come, but decided to treat the ~~conditions of~~ her visit as matter with ^{good} humor.

Joachim has hammered in ^{pounded} ~~in~~ [^] ~~beautifully~~

down a beautiful new wooden kitchen floor. the boards well matched. Now he is sanding it and applying 4 or more coats of polyurethane.

Klemens is down, oppressed, ^{facing} ¹ a weekend on in hosp service directly ahead. later 2 weeks in which patients

Ksp falls on his shoulders.

It is finally getting hot,

Dear Rose. Perhaps worth re-reading.

~~you sent no song~~
Margot tells me that the Stollen we
recently ate in Kimmord is a gift for
you. ~~We~~ ^{we} ~~trust~~ ^{trust} you and hope to see
you again when we return in Aug.
~~for brief visit last winter~~
^{to my basement}

Thank you for the elegant Linden
Stollen. Margot told us about it some time
ago and we had since while in Co. ~~101~~

I had been thinking of you often
since your brief visit last fall when you can
no see Margot. ~~I~~ ^{In}

6/27, in my basement kitchen your

Dear Rose. ~~ca. 1950~~ for an hour or so
in Belmont last fall

When you were here, too briefly in
Belmont last fall as part of your visit to
Margot, ~~last fall~~ I felt ^{that I owed} quite ~~blessed~~

^{It was a pleasure to sit down at the table in}
you special thanks for coming. ^{our new} ~~made~~ ^{note}

discoveries in my strange underground
Kitchen that I had not explored.

The heating pipes extending from the furnace
to the array of ^{Thermostat} Valves ~~were~~ were warm
enough to dry my dish towels. Even how
that the furnace is cold. I ~~still~~ ^{can} think
of you as I hang up my towels and am warmed by
the memory.

a ~~stallion~~ ^{stallion} ~~to~~
Margaret told me that the stallion we found
in Kinnearock was ~~from you~~ ^{from you} ~~to~~ ^{to} Margaret's
friend, Rose.
Thank you ~~for~~ ^{for} the gift, but even more
for your friendship ~~and~~ over the years.

Jochen is still working quite hard on
house ~~repairs~~ renovation and repairs. In spite
of my lame leg, I have ~~done~~ set out some
new plants, try to ~~get~~ cut back weeds
that have flourished during years of neglect.
The children are very busy in day camps, ^{not really interested in us}
~~and not practicing~~ ^{but} I had a jolly little visit
from Leah Sunday ~~evening~~ ^{night} because she was
"mad at Mama & Papa". I hope to see
you when we return to Kinnearock.
Love ~~you~~ Margaret & Jochen.

Not included in final
note

See Note pad
Labeled June 2003

Keep! Did I send this? Perhaps

6.27.03

Dear Cathy (Park Morley)

Not sent even
need it.

It's three weeks since you greeted me
in such (a challenging) yet disarming way
at the luncheon in celebration of your
^{class} 50th ^{Buckingham} reunion. You came forward, moving
with youthful (elastic) grace and said, "You
won't remember me because I did so badly
in your ~~class~~ class!" But I did
remember you and ^{certainly} because I had
placed you ^{placement} ^{assignment} ^{to a place} on a "sliding
scale." I remembered your ^{humor} ^{realism} ^{courage}
~~and~~ ¹⁹⁵³ ^{academic} ^{probably} a sort of gusto, to which the
~~school~~ curriculum at Buckingham did not provide
enough room for expression. ~~I am not sure whether~~
~~it does now.~~ ^{from early childhood on I think}
I hope that children ^{should} be writing ^{more} ~~as many~~
stories, letters, journal notes as well as
book reports. ~~Recent~~ In recent yrs I have
often thought about this ^{deficit in almost all the schools} and was not surprised
~~at~~ ^{in which I taught} ^{personally} your greeting.

~~I~~ ^I recognized you ^{also} ^{when} ^{luncheon}
* ^{from the other end of the table}, I
heard you ~~tell~~ tell about struggles with the
town of Lexington authorities. You

Said something like this:

"They closed a fire station, fired
(x) number librarians and teachers,
but we got 'em on the tree!
We didn't let them cut down that
tree!" ~~Your political realism~~

I can't remedy past omissions but
from early childhood on, children
should be telling & writing ~~their own~~
stories ^{as well as book reports.} The best that I can do now
is to read ^{my grandchildren's school papers} make suggestions to ~~my~~ them
grandchildren and ~~not~~ ^{cautiously} to offer ~~helpful~~ suggestions and
let some ~~wild~~ expressive metaphors
run wild.

^{as when} I hope to see you again in Sept.
Derek has promised to take me to another mini-Reunion
With affection,

M. Meyer

Margaret Meyer

April -
May 2003 - June 2003

Notes / Letters

617.484.8109

ETM

cell phone

1-617 548 5768