

Belmont MA
Monday Aug 7 2006

Dear Benj.

Thank you for your happy letter that we found in this morning's mail. Jochee brought it to me, saying "This is a very good letter!" You have answered my most important questions. I am pleased that my placement of the camp geographically was successful. As I now realize, it's not on the larger lake where we got into such a wind squall. That must be farther north. I am especially pleased to hear about the clear water, the sandy bottom on which you can stand comfortably and even run. In Pocono, in the Pennsylvania mountains, we had a muddy bottom, the water was brown because much of it flowed from cedar swamps. The lake had been created by damming a stream. An ice company did this. In winter, especially long ago when winters were colder, the ice company cut big blocks of ice from the lake, hauled the ice to the ice house at one end of the lake.

Several times on a hot summer day,
my Papa, your great grandfather, Maurice
McPhedrae, took us to the Ice House to
buy a block of ice so that we had an
~~an~~ ample supply for the ice cream freezer.
The ice house was immense, mostly
empty, because most of the ice had
been sent away to towns & cities. The
blocks that remained in storage ~~were~~
rested on layers of sawdust, were
partially covered with sawdust. It was
a lovely cool place! Our refrigerators
were all "ice boxes". At home in ^{Germany} ~~Germany~~
a suburb of Philadelphia, the ice man came
two or three times a week. You put
a sign in the window when you needed
another block. The ice man lifted a
big piece ^{out} of the truck with his hoop,
set it on his shoulder, resting on a pad of
leather and carried it up the walk to
the back door, dripping ice water on
the way. We kept the big jawed
bulldog shut indoors. He was gentle but

(3)
looked ferocious. This is the story Mother told me (your great-grandmother Jane McPhedran). I don't remember that dog because he was run over by a car when I was little. But I remember the ice man and the milkman. And the milkman's horse! Life was in some ways simpler; things, events, did not rush by so fast. The arrival of the delivery men: milkmen, vegetable wagons, icemen, were important events to a little child. No UPS deliveries. We bought clothes rarely, went to a store and "tried on" shoes, pants, dresses. The laundry day was Monday, not every day. I don't remember thinking that anyone smelled or looked dirty. Of course, my (doctor) Papa's shirts went to ~~the~~ the laundry, came back starched, ironed; a week's supply.

Sorry for all these housekeeping details. They just spilled out of memory.

Next time I'll tell you about some of the places I've been in canoes. And why I especially love that kind of travel.

I have been told that Indians
(Native Americans) lived on Nantucket
before the rest of us (all us tourists) arrived.
How did they get there? By canoe?
I guess there are some theories. But
no reliable records. Perhaps
they followed schools of fish -
or even whales!

Love from us both.

Tomorrow's Stockton goes to Nantucket
by "fast ferry".

Grandma Margaret
I don't remember thinking that anyone
was coming to Nantucket.

Small or large boats
(boats) that come to Nantucket
from the mainland.

Some of the boats
are very small.

Next time I'll tell you about
the boats that come to Nantucket.

Some of the boats
are very small.

Dear Margot,

Sunday

8-18-06

We are getting near our Greenville motel. I've misplaced my pen, but perhaps my writing won't be that illegible.

I am still surprised, a little shocked to find myself on the way to Kinnear's. I hope that it will not be too exhausting for him. I am so tired - so sleep deprived - by my own bad habits, especially mental & emotional habits - that I think I must improve, sleep better.

The children, Rebekah, Nathaniel and Leah depart for GTSO camp in Maine on a GTSO bus Tuesday. On Wednesday, Klem and/or Lana drive to New Hampshire to bring Benjamin back from his 3 weeks at Camp Mossburne - no musical activity involved. I guess he will throw himself into the late summer baseball practice, perhaps even Soccer; his focus may have enlarged during this camp, - where the boy seems to have been urged, propelled forward from one activity to another.

Yesterday (Saturday) I took time out from
packing to take my library walk before the
1:00 pm closing. Then I sat in that little
park adjacent to the little hexagonal picture
building on Concord Avenue — and in the
shadow of the church, I wrote again to
Ben on a card depicting a great
blue heron standing in a meditative
pose in a grassy lake. — a very
striking card, one of the many I have
acquired from your collection. I wrote
to Ben that the heron was a sort
of symbol or metaphor for an experience
of the outdoors that could have no
place in the programmed life of
Camp Massillon — but I said that
softwooded closeness in the natural world was
what I loved: under a tree, in a corner,
Sudbury, on a trail. I did not explicitly
say so, but I hope to find such quiet in
Kennebec. I know that you have told me of
seeking & finding that peace at the seashore
and also in Kennebec. More tomorrow. Still en
route. Love Margaret

Original to Janet Written Aug 14 while John drove to H&K

Memories of Summer at Point Pleasant, N Jersey
See photographs in Mother & Papa's photograph album at Readfield, Maine.

It is my understanding that Point Pleasant a moderately large estate on Toms River (?) was owned by Arthur Brisbane, who was I believe a boyhood friend of our grandfather, Lee Ashley Grace. Mr. Brisbane loaned, (perhaps accepted low rental payments) to the Graces both in summer and winter. Even in winter, anyway in fall or spring, the Grace family left NY city to spend weekends at Point Pleasant. There Mother and Aunt Martha rode horseback (until Aunt Martha became lame - just prior (?) Mother also rode horseback occasionally in NY city. She was to be sure allergic to horse dander, sneezed a lot)

There are several impressive photographs of a painting by Bryan Brougher showing her mounted in a handsome costume. Papa is shown mounted on horseback while in military duty, a base camp physician WWI in England. I never heard him mention an interest in horses.

SAT to Janet written en route to KO Aug 14, 2006

F.M. McPhedran family
Where are members of

The wedding of Janet Fitzgerald
Grace to Fredene Maurice McPhedran was performed
at Point Pleasant on Sept 1, 1921 (?)
I don't remember seeing ^{photographs of} any members of
Papier's family at the ceremony. Where are
Jean (Fletcher) McPhedran and Dr Alexander
McPhedran? Grandpa Grace had his
reservations about this marriage (because of Papier's
Canadian origin? because of his medical
history of tuberculosis? because he was his
favorite first born (first surviving) child?
There is no ^{first in line at the wedding} ~~one~~ to ask, only each other
to find out ^{1 stories} any dropped hints) Did the
McPhedran family stay at home in Toronto? Or
did the ^{professional} ~~photographer~~ just take photographs of
the family member whom he or she knew
I believe that it was a photographer from
Point Pleasant neighborhood. The ceremony was
performed under "The Wedding Oak." I don't
know who else was married there. I believe
that the wedding trip was to Saranac Lake
where Papa had an appt as physician. Had
the use of a small cottage, very cold in winter
See photo of Papa pouring kettle of water ^{hot} to get car start

Written on note to to
8-14.

Mother's housekeeping and cooking was
simple. (Did they take some meals at a
central dining hall?) Grandmother Melbourn sent
them packages, some her own home-canned
foods, some from Eatons (see letter about
Jen that broke in transit)

I don't know when Papa took the
position at the Henry Phipps Institute, but

I infer it was ~~the~~ shortly before my birth.

→ July 29, 1924 at Chestnut Hill Hosp. They
occupied an apartment on Boyer St which
occupied by landlady, little to which was left

Very clean when they moved with infant Margaret
to 536 Locust Ave., where they remained until
Sept. Oct.

19

Original

Sent to

Janet

2006?
Wednesday, August 16, 2006

Kearnsrock Virginia

Dear Leah,
When you and your parents Benjamin and Jack Lawrie, were here with us in April. I got up early (but not this early 6:30 am) to help with the porridge breakfast.

Now I am here in the kitchen because I want to send you a note. I am reminded of you by the colorful dyed coffee filter that Aunt Margrit keeps, your handiwork, attached to the refrigerator door. And I remember our walk down to visit Mrs. Eva Blom on her porch, not to mention Jeanne Wall in her garden or with her cat, Allie. I have not yet seen these ladies on this trip because Eva has a very sore knee and Jeanne has been busy repairing a porch and taking care of two house bound patients both relatives.

I guess you know that Jeanne is a nurse and has often worked for elderly patients. She is good at this difficult

To Leah 8.16.06

Work, energetic and cheerful. When I walk around her garden she wants to take my arm and guide me to prevent me from stumbling - the way you do.

I wonder whether the cosmos seeds that we planted have had a chance to grow. Of course we started too late, and then draught scorched some seedlings. Would you like to plant some bulbs this fall? Ask your mother what she would like to see some early spring flowers. Of course we should have some more snow drops. I should place an order soon and will talk to you about this on the telephone.

Do you remember Gertie and Bernd Strangfeld? who visited us two springs ago? They will return on Sept 13 for ten days. I think an important reason that they are coming to visit us now Rehnt is to see you and the rest of your family - not just walk through the woods and mow wild flowers. Grandma Margarete

from Fennersock, Virginia

August 16, 2006

Dear Rebekah,

If it had not been for the conflict of an invitation to the Flanders celebration in Canaan, NY, we would have seen you, Emily and Darya in concert at Apple Hill on August 5th or 6th. Then there was the interesting, even compelling impulse to go to Tanglewood with Nathaniel. He came along with us; Tachen and I went along with him. I think that the compromises and ^(adjustments) accommodations were meaningful for us all. I try to imagine how our visit in Canaan might have been without Nathaniel's presence, but I'm not that good a short story writer. Some day I'll try to tell you how it was, one snapshot at a time. And that, I think, is what a big party is like. You talk to one person, then another; you observe individuals and sample a bit of salad, of cake, and listen to a nice, big man tell how his thirteen-year-old daughter became a singer.

to Deborah

And, to be sure, the concert at the
Flinders/Ziff house was astonishing.
Within two or three days a diverse cast
had got together, costumed, rehearsed, performing
a short version of The Pirates of Penzance
by Gilbert & Sullivan. Well, I have told

you this before, but I take pleasure in
writing about it too.

I hope that when we see each other
again - perhaps not until early September -
you will have stories to tell. I'm sure of
some of the other colleges you have
visited. Did you learn anything important from
the girl at Apple Hill about Swarthmore?

I doubt that those visits, the stories
you hear, are of decisive value. Your
experiences will be shaped much more
by the person you are now, you the person
you are becoming. Whom I am happy
to know. Save me a piece.

Love, Candice. Margaret

Wednesday August 16 2006
N was at GBYSO camp

Copy
Dear Nathaniel,

We think of you daily, even many times a day. When will ~~we~~^{we} see you or just hear your trumpet again? Perhaps not for two weeks. We hope to stay in Kennarock until almost the end of August, to enjoy the tall trees, the late summer flowers, such as the Joe Pye weed I pointed out to you in Jane Ziffer's garden. Here, in this damp mountain climate, the pale violet pink blossoms may grow up to 6 to 10 feet along the streams. And there are butterflies. Most of the birds are pretty quiet. Overhead are soaring hawks and turkey vultures. I am looking for the mother bear and her cubs, but I expect to see some of the interesting people sooner.

I wonder when you practice your Trumpet at GBYSO camp. Outdoors? Are there practice rooms?

to February

And, to be sure, the concert at the
Flinders/Ziff house was astonishing.

Within two or three days a diverse cast
had got together, costumed, rehearsed, performing
a short version of The Pirates of Penzance
by Gilbert & Sullivan. Well, I have told

you this before, but I take pleasure in
writing about it too.

I hope that when we see each other
again - perhaps not until early September -
you will have stories to tell. Impressions of
some of the other colleges you have
visited. Did you learn anything important from
the girl at Apple Hill about Swarthmore?

I doubt that these visits, the stories
you hear, are of decisive value. Your
experiences will be shaped much more
by the person you are now, you the person
you are becoming. When I am happy
to know save me a piece.

Love, Candace Marguerite

② Caps 8-16-06 to Nathaniel

I am glad that you came with us
to the party at Canaan; and I revisit
in memory the concert at Tanglewood
— and the ~~Sunday afternoon~~ ^{day after} when

you played the C.D.s of the
Mahler Symphony and practiced
your own instruments in our
practice room, your practice room

whenever it suits your schedule.

Now I will put on shoes and
walk to the nearest mailbox at
Whet. I am sure that the letter

carrier will stop. He doesn't know

that Jack and I also live ^{at this house} so that

will be half-way down Coolgreen

Road over the hot sunny stretch to

the hemlock woods where idyllic

really is Cool & Green.

caps I did 200

the Carolina Magazine

I wonder when you will

from 1982 to 1987

As I write now

Dear Cindy.

See following pages ↓

Jochen is still very tired from the trip to Kimmernack - and perhaps ^{also exhausted by} the trips to Mauthuset, these days that begin at 3¹⁵ am and ^{sometimes} continue ~~for~~ ~~about~~ until almost midnight, ~~they have~~ sapped his ~~energy~~. He naps a lot, ~~and~~ says it's his old altitude sickness. My sleep schedule is also ~~sleep~~ irregular, but that's an old story going back to adolescence (and perhaps a ~~sort~~ reflection of my father's erratic sleep patterns ~~He~~ ~~Especially~~ He would often awake suddenly during the night, like one of Robt Browning's personages "Strung by the Splendour of a Sudden thought". If he wrote ^{some words into} it down in his little notebook, he might go back to sleep ~~again~~ - or he did not.

~~The~~ ~~thought~~ My 2 am flashes of inspiration may ~~also~~ generate a letter, but often they dissipate.

Dear Cindy → Sent by Email 8.17
I have already written you a
long ^{unimpressed} letter - ~~but~~ some days before the
visit in Canada. It answered - at
great length - your question: "What's wrong
with Margaret?" Jochen abbreviated my reply
to "When you see two Scarecrows,
you'll know that (the Meyers) ^{they} have arrived."

And ~~then~~ in the end, we took ^{unfair} advantage
of your invitation and brought ^{along our grandsons} Nathaniel Meyer.
But he ^{certainly} was, ~~to be~~ ^a ~~sort of~~ ^{unfair} distraction.
He was a sort of "stalking horse" and diverted
^{attention} ~~conversations~~ from Jochen. ~~But~~

But we felt that ~~he~~ ^{Nathaniel} had to
come along ^{Jochen} made a bargain with this
15 year old ^{musical prodigy} ~~musician~~, who had been trying
to get to Tanglewood ^{for months} and ~~finally~~
~~to~~ In the absence of ^{Laura, Nathaniel's} brother/manager
they ^{he} found ^{another} way.

~~Nathaniel~~ got a We all three
got a lot from the trip. ~~and~~ ^{and} he
weekend together ^{including} in the rediscovery of ^{space} ~~our~~ Belmont
~~rooms~~ in our Belmont house as practice rooms

Draft of E-mail to Cindy Dehman
has freed the trumpet from ^{Sent by E-mail 8:17}
some distraction and ^{initiated} ~~established~~ we hope a
new connection with ~~them~~ ^{us} a
network of new intra family connections.

Nahman spent some of the day Sunday
after his trip playing Mahler C.D.'s for
me, and explaining to me what I should listen
for. More important ~~has~~ played ~~the~~ trumpet
Mahler "Serenades" on his trumpet.

~~By~~ I was reminded of a story
read & reread with all four grandchildren
"Harry & the Lady Next Door" by Gene Zuen
Ask your friendly Childrens Room
Librarian for it. Like Harry "the dirty dog"
I like hearing the "big horn" play
"Soft & low."

Now, ~~the~~ one should be
realistic and realize that even
without the distraction of Nahman, a big
party - even many a small party - is no
place to learn about ~~people~~ another person.
Party Parties are theater, more theatrical
than our ordinary doings, ^{during} which we
~~we~~ may wear masks, not always of our choosing.

Among my ^{draft of E-mail to Emily} the
~~my~~ marks rise or ~~came~~ and the lurching
gait. My awkward ~~persona~~ ^{persona} demands
inv. to a helping hand, a chair, even
though it's better for me to walk around;
to renew acquaintance with Joe Pye Weed
or Marty Ziff, ^{and} to find out from 'Mabel's
Papa' when she started singing (age 6).

"Pirates" performance was
The ~~Gilbert & Sullivan~~ ^{per} was
a renewal. It ^{connected} ~~seemed~~ me with the
people present in Canaan, ^{and the past:} with my Papa,
who sang and quoted G.O.S.; with ~~GFC~~
productions ranging from D'Ogby Cart to
Carmantain Friends School ~~and~~ to Nahmaniel
for whom it was a new musical &
Theatrical experience.

But, ^{Europe} "Reverend's a nos mortis".
If we had the magic carpet ^{of the} ~~of the~~
Arabian Nights, of ^{desire} ~~carve~~ we'd promise to
come. But it's a long way for the one lone
driver. Meanwhile, I read your letters
and keep in my book bag ^{your recommendation:} ~~your~~ ^{that} new
clean copy of C. Roate's Shirley that I must
finish Mrs. Gaskell, reread ~~for Robert's~~ Shadows on the Rock

and resist some of the plants and
creatures that ^{scent} them and fly around
in these mountains;

We do hope to see you, but know
that there is more to living ^{and} than
understanding than an evening's conversation.
for Embos no matter how soul-
searching, - for Embos.

Affectionately

Jochen,
edited these notes
put them into F mark
which was dispatched 8-17-06
To C. S. J. Behrman

11 pm
Thursday 8/17/06
from Konarock VA

Dear Janet,

After I had spoken to you by telephone late this afternoon. I found and re-read the enclosed notes. ^(from another note) Written ① En route to Canaan NY for Flanders reunion on Aug 5th & with Nathaniel along - en route to Tanglewood. ② En route to Konarock Aug 13 or 14 written as Jackson drove us; I keep myself out of an uncomfortable stupor by writing.

Sorry that the notes are so messy. I keep an even messier (pencil/carbon) copy so that I can distinguish between my inner musings & what I actually write.

But I am afraid that much of what I am writing and thinking about is irrelevant to our present lives - that it is im-pertinent in the literal sense of the word. I'm not sure that I can just turn it all off now - all this delving into the distant past. but I need your thoughts on the matter. Does it make you cross? Or what?

When I telephoned you this afternoon

Copy of note to Janel 8/17/06 (p 2)

You had been washing and rehanging
Curtains, and you were hurrying to get
ready for a walk in the woods with Annie
and one or more dogs.

Here on our hilltop, everything is very
quiet. Unless I walk down the road the distance
of half a city block, I can't even see the
mountains because the surrounding hedges
and trees have grown so tall in the
past 50 years. Tonight one hears the
pulsing sound of crickets. This morning
on NPR I listened for 20 minutes
to a lovely early Mozart quartet, all
strings, should have written down its number
to tell Rebekah. No calls at all today
except from some salesman who hung up
on Janel when I requested the name of the caller.
I cooked and ate Summer Squash which I
would not do until now. It was a gift from
a neighbor. How do you prepare it? I enclose
labels on which you should - at your convenience
write addresses for ^{Cousin} Eliz. Gibson, Tom Oskauer
Love to you and Anne and friendly regard
to the boys, whether or not they raise Margaret

Notes on note cards to Nat'sent

Vincent Perb, 8/19/06. Dear Vincent. We
are here ^{at the Meyer family house} on the hill top in Kennarock, just
the two of us. My sister-in-law Margrit
is still/again in Detroit for weddings
and to be with her friends ^{and} former students,
~~lead not to mention the work.~~

Kennarock is very quiet at this time.
B Except for the towhee speaking from
the high hemlock hedge I scarcely hear a
peep. ~~I am amazed~~ To be sure
there is the ~~late~~ afternoon hum of large
riding mowers and then the buzz of the
cicadas. Neighbors have reported seeing
earlier in the summer a ^{limping} mother bear (sow?)
with three cubs, but we have seen nothing
wilder than a doe and fawn. Contrary
to the pretty picture on this card by a
neighbor, I see ~~no cows~~ ^{no cows} but occasionally
slender white goats. Nowadays the
agricultural cash crop is Christmas Trees
— no longer tobacco — The regular runs are
Very handsome.

I have been re-reading a
~~novel~~ novel

Not sent
by Charles D. Chens + contemporaries
Mo Eliz. Gaskell and am
just starting on Willa Cather
Shadows on the Rock. It is quite short
Rebekah ^{will probably} be reaching it
soon for her major Senior paper
She has chosen to write about Willa Cather

Naylor he just found out about Mr McDonald's
son & wife to Nevada & back ^{passing}

2nd computer. Operating 2 computers in question
but E-mail crossed because ^{have to change it}
M/W/Th. Boss works on ^{Tu/ on} Th
must work 30 hrs ^{take up} for health insurance

Sprinkler over deck

On August 7th death of

McDonald Robert

~~McDonald~~ McDonald

(Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchest.)

Music Camp

New England Music Camp → 8 Goldenrod ME

Sidney Maine 04330

Kennarock, VA

Sunday, Aug 20, 2006

Dear Rebekah,

I am not even sure whether this note will reach you before you leave your GRYSO music camp next Sunday. Even then it will be another week or more until we will see each other again, unless John and I go to Waretlet on his Madaket business while you are there.

We have had hot sunny weather in Kennarock until today when it had rained a good deal. This afternoon, between Shavers Jeanne Wallis arrived with tomatoes, cucumbers, a handful of cress and a delicious dessert, full of ground nuts, green grapes, and thick cream. Fortunately it is a small sample.

On our ride down to Kennarock John played several CDs including some of Don. Fran. Tuti. I remembered with pleasure attending the performance with you and your Papa — a much better more elegant and civilized occasion than our recent evening on the Boston Common for

To Rebekah at GBLSO music camp 8/20 from tamarade
page 2
(copy)

The Turning of the Screw; about which I
should get some better account for having
presented to you.

I have already finished reading the long
novel ~~about~~ by Elizabeth Gaskell called North &
South. It is a complex story set chiefly

in a large English city, Manchester under
another name, during a time of strife between
labor men & women and the textile mill

owners. There are vivid incidents of
family misunderstanding, illness, death and the
~~difficult~~ shame of being caught in a lie.

Charles Dickens, Mr. Gaskell's contemporary -

Sometimes his publisher - wrote on labor -

management problems too, but less

convincingly - more caricatures. I have also
read Willa Cather's Shadows on the Rock

about growing up in Quebec in 1697

I like it very much - as I did when I was
about 16 or 17 years old - but I don't think

that you need to add it to your reading list
for ~~the~~ I picked it up ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~very~~ ~~important~~ ~~can~~ ~~stand~~ ~~alone~~

this afternoon. Good night

Copy of Shadows. Come to tea in a month or so.

not important

Sunday August 25, 2016

September 14

Dear Waldmire,

Joanne Walter was here this afternoon, bringing Tuck and the tomatoes and cucumbers from her garden, a handful of Cosmos blossoms and a cleaver which you might like: of green grapes, ^{thick} cream and nuts.

A few leaves are turning on a big maple tree, but generally we live in a very green world and keep a mostly vegetarian table. Cucc, squash, cucumber salad, baked potatoes, etc. A large brown rabbit sits in the light rain eating his salad. I'm trying to think ahead to the visit of Arthur & Bernd Strangfeld: Must make some lists of foods to have in my cabinets, freezer refrigerator. Please make some suggestions. I hope that you are getting enough to eat at your camp.

This afternoon, while Joanne sat with us on the screened porch, Tuck

showed her some of the old Kodachrome
slide photographs that are stored in our
computer files. Among them were
recent pictures of the Nantux's, including the soil evaluation; big holes,
pieces of rock and a bunch here and the health department
men making official gestures. There were
also the pictures you made of the
horizon (with waves) taken from the
top of the van. Compared to the
tall trees and feathery hedge that
surround us here on this Keanah
hilltop, it looks dark and quiet.

It is a little past midnight.
Joel is pecking away at his keyboard. He
has turned on very bright lights so that
I can see what I am writing. On the
outside of the porch windows small nocturnal
moths cling to the glass, attracted to
the blazing light. I hope that you are
so glad to be in a quiet, restful place.

Love,
Gordon Margot

This Week Sunday Sept 10 - Sunday Sept 17

Sunday 9/10/06

Letters from Margaret to Alex, Peter, Janet
handwritten → E. Mail

Telephone calls instead

30 min or more

Walk: in morning or early afternoon

Bedroom + closet cleanup - Laundry

✓ Supper preparation: Thomas Maylor at 6 pm

✓ Food etc for Jack's trip.

Sept 11th

Monday 4 am Jack to Middlebrough & Nantucket
for survey at Head of the Ptarm with Jorge De Sousa
Klemens will spend most of day with Margaret

I need walk to L. brary if possible

?? Would it be possible to visit Janet?

Tuesday Sept 12th

Margaret to High School Pool to Swim

8:40 Walk downtown "

9-10 Swim

10:30 Ready to walk or be driven home

2:30 patient office visit
Jean Van Neste

4:00 patient: Charles Mathis

Telephone
Wednesday pks

5-10 house. cleanup - supper, refrigerator. Kitchen

Wednesday Sept 13

9:30 - 3:00 Patients:

James Brickman

10:30 Phyllis Hastings

11: Mrs. Ruth Gelatin

11:00 Martin Bilajac

1- Mrs Mary Gaudet: niece James Flanagan
bring her

2- Miss Agnes McCann and Miss Edna Powers

Jack to airport to meet Gerhardt & Bernd

Supper: Help for Leah? and anyone else

→ To Next Page

Margaret Meyer dob 7.29.24
174 School Street Belmont. MA 02478
Tel 617.484.8109 (with answer machine
husband's office tel.)

< 617.489.1043

Medicare # 205-22.5990-A

Hospital & Medical benefits

otherwise self-insured (no medigap ins.)

Spouse: Ernst J. Meyer, MD
174 School St. Belmont. MA 02478
Tel 617.484.8109

Daily medications

1 tab. Apo-Dipyridamole 75mg t.i.d

morning 1 Atenolol 25 mg

1/2 tablet clonidine = .1mg

1/2 Tablet hydrochlorothiazide 25mg

evening 1/2 clonidine .1mg

Irbesartan 150mg

nifedipine XL 60mg

Thursday Sept 14. 2006

8:40 Margaret to High School to swim 9-10:00
10:30 ^{road returns from "}
walking, or being driven

11:00 Patient visits
Mr. Benny Villanucci

11:30 Mrs. Anneliese Hanan

12:15 Mrs. Benita Shaw (will come by bus)
To be dilated

1:15 Mr. Jeanette Annesse
Mr. Michael Annesse

?? walk to library & Belmont Center
Thursday afternoon: Farmer Market

Friday Sept 15

Klemens returns Wed 9/20
Klemens flies to St. Louis for
Network Forum then to Nashville
Jochen to NEOS all day.

Sat Sept 16th

Sunday Sept 17

Mon. Sept 18

Tues Sept 19 ? Margaret Swins ?

Wed Sept 20 (Tentative appt William Arthur

Dear Alice (Margaret's niece)
Tuesday, Sept 19, 2006
Belmont, Mass.

Your letter was waiting for me when
John and I returned from a trip to Kennarock
- a long absence, it seemed, from 8/13 to 9/01.
Of course the trip itself takes two days with
an overnight stay in a small motel near
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. We have traveled
this same route for many years, from
Cambridge or Belmont to Kennarock, where
the Meyers settled after they came from Germany
in 1938. Our days in the Virginia mountains
- in the house on a hilltop at the end of a
short road - were very still and uneventful.
As I sat looking out the kitchen door
at the tall trees at the lawn's edge,
the slow fall of a single leaf from a
very high tree top seemed an event.
The leaf would pirouette and drift down close
to the tree on the dry lawn that had
been closely trimmed by one of our
neighbors. That quiet time is when
I should have been writing letters!

This note is just a foot on
the door; I will try to respond to
your thoughts soon. We have
visitors from Germany right now, and

I am slowed down by a (2) 9.19.06
change in my vision, a loss of the lower
visual field in my left eye, which occurred
the day after our return from Virginia.
Although I can still read and
write about as well as before, I must
be more cautious as I move around.

I don't find misplaced objects as
quickly. I am not allowed to cross
streets by myself. The visual change
is limited to the left eye. The
right eye has been blind for some
years on account of a cataract.

I am to see the cataract
surgeon on Oct 3rd and will
probably have cataract extraction at
the end of October.

This is just to let you know
that I am a little more disorganized
than usual, but am thinking often
of you - and will write about the
important topics that you mentioned:
matters to which I give a lot of
thought, but doubt that I have
achieved the wisdom that I would
like to have. I am not the fairy-tale
"Wise Woman" but your friend.

Hurst Margaret

Look for this! Ask Jochen

Heard Melodies are Sweet

And those unheard are sweeter still.

Pige to the . . .

207, 27, 77.82

Margaret Meyer

April 2006-

Letters/Notes