

Meadowood Anthology



A publication by and for the residents
of Meadowood Retirement Community

Vol. V, No. 5 ❖ Fall 2010

In this Issue:

The Color of Persimmons by Virginia Gest	3
Two Anecdotes by William F. Christiansen	4
Adventure in Fatehpur Sikri by Jean Hermann	4
Before Breakfast by Ledford Carter	6
After Bedtime Snack by Ledford Carter	6
A Brush with Royalty by Robert Letsinger	7
My Spirit Moves by Beth Van Vorst Gray	8
Dinner with the General by Thea Hosek	9
Memories of Banff by Ruth Houdeshel	10
My Hilltown in Italy by Nancy Martin	11
The End of the Rainbow by Wanda Pyburn	13
Contributors	14

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The *Meadowood Anthology* is a quarterly publication by and for the residents of Meadowood Retirement Community in Bloomington, Indiana, and is made possible by the Meadowood Memorial Fund.

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All about Us

We are pleased to introduce our Editorial Board. Our project manager is Beth Van Vorst Gray. New to the board is Gene Merrell – welcome! And continuing on the Board are Ella Fox, Henry Gray, and Miriam Rosenzweig - who coordinates our editing. Our staff member is Alexandra (Sandy) Lynch. Each board member takes part in the review and editing of submissions. We discuss each piece and determine which will be in the upcoming issue of *Meadowood Anthology*. A draft of the formatted issue is reviewed, and everyone decides when we go to press. That's how it works!

The Numbers Game

The volume numbers of the *Anthology* have typically changed in the fall, so to adhere to the publishing standard of starting a new volume at the beginning of a calendar year, we are making this issue Volume V, Number 5. That way we'll begin Volume VI early in 2011. We will, of course, continue to publish four editions per year.

Finally...

Our mission is to showcase the many talents of Meadowood residents. Each issue reflects the variety and quality of YOUR work. We especially treasure writers and artists new to the *Anthology*. If you need encouragement or have questions, just contact a Board member. Thank You!

- The Editorial Board

The Color of Persimmons

By Virginia Gest

Many years ago I flew to Duluth, Minnesota, a few days before Thanksgiving. I wanted to help my working-girl daughter with preparations for the feast. I was carrying a quart of frozen persimmon mash, the fruit gathered from our back yard and laboriously seeded. I planned to make persimmon pudding, my daughter's favorite dessert. I had grabbed the box from the freezer just before I left home.

The plane from Louisville was small, and we had to hop through Chicago and Wausau, Wisconsin, on our way north. As I boarded I noticed that one of the students was wearing summer clothes and sandals. When we stopped in Wausau, it was snowing. The pilot said, "We can't go any further – there's a blizzard up north." We waited for a van to take us to a motel for the night. It was snowing harder the next morning. As we waited in the terminal my thoughts turned to the quart of persimmon mash that I had grabbed from the freezer just before I left home. To keep it cold during this delay, I placed it outside in the snow where I could keep an eye on it. We spent the entire day in the terminal hoping for word that we could continue. It was not to be, and it was the day before Thanksgiving.

Meanwhile the passengers got acquainted – grandmothers, students going home, even a Great Lakes sailor who took a shine to me. (I declined his offers to join him at the bar.) The businessmen kept trying to rent cars so they could mush on by themselves. No luck. The roads were at least as bad as the snow-filled skies. Duluth airport was closed!

In friendly conversation I found that all of the older women were carrying food to their family feasts: "my son's favorite sausage," a box of cookies, cheeses. There were suitcases of food! My contribution was sitting outside in the snow.

Our departure was postponed all through the day, so we stayed a second night at the motel. Thanksgiving Day dawned. The snow had stopped, and soon we were able to lift off into clear blue skies. An hour later we landed in Duluth, which looked like a white fairyland of deep snow. Snowmobiles were buzzing around everywhere.

My daughter met me at the airport and took me home. I gave her the package of persimmon mash and went to hang up my coat. "Mother!" I heard her call out. "This has carrots in it!" I had grabbed the wrong plastic box from the freezer. It was full of beef stew – just the color of persimmons.

Later, after a wonderful turkey dinner, the guests leaned back in contentment. We had *ice cream* for dessert.



Two Anecdotes

By William F. Christiansen

Discouraging Words

At church, one Sunday, I could tell by the topic of the sermon and the minister's demeanor that he had something particularly profound to say that day.

The sermon evolved and, as it was reaching its climax, he posed the question: "Do you know what the three most discouraging words in the English language are?" Without missing a beat, a male voice responded from the congregation: "Some assembly required!" I cannot recall what the minister's three words were. ❖

Marigolds and What?

As I was leaving home one morning, I noticed two teenagers planting flowers around the sign that marked the entry to our condominium village. I stopped and asked them what they were planting.

The young man in charge told me that, on the lower level of the garden, they were planting Marigolds but he didn't know the name of the flowers they were planting above. He went over and picked the plastic marker from the flat of plants and announced, happily, that they were planting Saliva! ❖

Adventure in Fatehpur Sikri

By Jean Hermann

Fifty-nine years ago my husband and I, along with George age five, and Bill age three, were bouncing along a dusty, bad road in Pakistan to visit Fatehpur Sikri, a fabled city built in 1570 by the Mughal Emperor, Akbar. Our family followed my husband to many foreign ports and remote places for his work, and, luckily, his parents were missionaries and he was accustomed to some of the strange sights, sounds, and smells we encountered.

On this trip, bouncing and bumping away on a rocky road, we saw an uncommon sight – trees. But no human beings were in evidence. Where was everybody? Suddenly we heard a loud thud on the roof of our car. This brought cries of fear from our boys, and my husband shouted, "Don't open the windows!" The loud thud was followed by the appearance of the black and white hairy face of a huge white gibbon hanging upside down outside our window. Soon, we felt some little thuds and tiny black-faced monkeys joined the grinning monster. A loud protracted blast from our car's horn surprised them, and we took the opportunity to speed away.

Looming just ahead of us was a large fortress that looked much like Jerusalem. Its height was impressive. Two geysers cascaded from the incredible height of the wall into a small pool below. A black speck in the stream became a young boy

diver who had aced the hole and climbed out just before another diver arrived. Some tourists were throwing coins into the water to encourage the divers.

An old man, apparently the guide to the city, led us into the limestone fortress where we entered into near darkness and proceeded to march upward through narrow stairways and over occasional bridges which spanned unknown depth. All of the stone work was neat. Caves were hollowed out and, in some cases, decorated with low relief floral designs. Access to these spaces was knee-high above the floor because they were probably meant for merchants' displays. The merchants and their families probably slept there too but nowhere did we see much living space for many occupants.

My husband spoke Hindustani very well and the old guide was delighted. He agreed to show us the king's bedroom, not usually open to the public. It was built over a stream of water. Children collected flowers, bruised them, and tossed them by the basketful into the conduit where a perforated covering resembling lattice work allowed the aroma of the flowers to penetrate the cave and mask the odor of mold.

When we arrived at the upper level of the great wall, there was a vast expanse, filled with twelve majestic sandstone buildings in the Indian style of architecture. If there had been logos in those days, the symbol of Fatehpur Sikri would surely have been the *Anup Talao*, or *Open Court*, which dealt with serious

crimes. The structure was a tank with a platform around it and four bridges leading up to it. Four jurors—one for every section of the city—determined the fate of the prisoner, shackled and lying at the bottom of the tank. Each juror ascended by his own stairway to a platform surrounding the ominous round tank where he could lean on a waist-high ledge surrounding the tank below to see the prisoner.

If declared innocent, the prisoner was free to go wherever he wished or to remain with his family. If declared guilty, his captors led him from the chamber, crossed a bridge to a nearby hill, where the executioner waited. A huge tree trunk had been pared to lie flat on the ground and an old gray elephant was shackled beside the worn path surrounding the headrest. The prisoner was spread-eagled, his hands and feet were attached to pegs in the ground. The elephant was led around the condemned man several times for warm-up exercise and finally stepped on the man's head with his unshackled foot. So was justice administered.

We collected our family, paid the old guide, and continued our odyssey still wondering why there weren't more people here in such a great city. Further research revealed that, built on the banks of a lake that dried up, there was not sufficient water to support a community of 29,000 people. It was a ghost town by 1585 – a magnificent but short life of 14 years.

Next stop: Agra and the Taj Mahal. ❖

Before Breakfast

(August 5, 2010)

By Ledford Carter

Words, Scholars' bread and butter;
My magazines' clutter.

Words, My correspondence
instigator;
My computer's ink-ubator.

Words, On Cupid's arrows, woo;
On Satan's tongue, boo. ❖

After Bedtime Snack

By Ledford Carter

My world is spinning fast.
Much longer will it last?
Of all the things I do,
I much prefer the new.
Yet drawing treasures
 from my memory's well
is a favored occupation.
And turning them into stories to tell
 brings me great elation.
When no longer can I write,
I'll just dream day and night. ❖

Got a story to tell...?

If you have a story to tell, but getting it written is a problem, we have journalism interns who can help. For more information, contact Beth Van Vorst at (812) 822-2606.

A Brush with Royalty

By Robert Letsinger



Royalty and chemistry rarely mix. An exception is Professor Doctor Her Royal Highness Princess Chulabhorn Mahidol of Thailand (above). She received a doctoral degree in organic chemistry from Mahidol University in 1985 and spent a few weeks in Germany with Hartmut Seliger, professor at the University at Ulm, to learn how to synthesize sections of genes chemically. Hartmut was a former postdoctoral student in my group at Northwestern University; so in a rough sense I could be considered an academic grandfather of the Princess. Hartmut told me she was diligent in the laboratory but the security surrounding the visit was somewhat of a headache.

To enhance science in Thailand and recognize the Queen's 65th birthday, the Princess sponsored "The First Princess Chulabhorn Science Congress on Natural Products" in December, 1987. About a

thousand scientists from over the world attended. I received an invitation to give a lecture and was pleased to participate. My wife Dorothy and I flew to Bangkok via Hawaii, where we had a three-day vacation with our son and granddaughter.

We were put up in Bangkok in the beautiful new Shangri-La Hotel. Festivities began in the evening with a large dinner in the Oriental Hotel a short way up the river. We went by boat, which was much faster than by taxi in the crowded streets. Soon after entering the dining area Dorothy and I met the Princess. We had a short conversation, including some reference to chemistry. At the end I casually mentioned that if she made a trip to the United States, we would be delighted for her to include Northwestern in her itinerary and to give a seminar.

Then I moved away to find a place to eat at one of the many large tables. I had not gone far when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the personal secretary for the Princess. She invited us to join the Princess at her table for dinner. We did so and had a most interesting evening. Those at the table were: the Princess, her older sister, her brother (an officer in the Army and next in line for the throne), two Nobel Laureates (Herbert Brown from Purdue and Kenichi Fukui from Kyoto) and their wives, Hartmut and his wife and Dorothy and I. At one point Herb Brown's wife asked the Princess whether she was going to visit the United States in the near future. "Oh yes," the Princess

replied. "I'm giving talks at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Northwestern, and Berkeley." She had already accepted my invitation!

The program also included sight-seeing in Bangkok and a large final banquet in a wooded park on the edge of the city. A convenient feature was an Army-escorted trip for the line of cars taking us to the park, with soldiers stationed at every cross street to hold back traffic so that we could breeze through.

After the Congress, Dorothy and I took a side trip to Chiang Mai in northern Thailand to see the countryside and elephants working in the lumbering areas. We found that riding in a big arm chair on an elephant was not too uncomfortable.

The following year the Princess did indeed visit Northwestern and gave a seminar on natural product chemistry in Thailand. Arnold Weber, president of Northwestern, and I escorted the Princess to a large room in the administration building for the talk. There was a sizeable crowd on hand. I saw a number of faces in the audience I had never seen before at a chemistry seminar. She did a good job. Afterwards I rode with the Princess and her personal secretary in a secure limousine to the north section of

the campus for dinner in a private dining room with several of the chemists and biochemists at Northwestern. On the way I pointed out some historic sites on the campus, but soon I realized that she had little interest in such sight-seeing. Her focus was on promoting Thailand. For several years afterwards we kept in contact through cards on the anniversary of the Congress. ❖

My Spirit Moves

By Beth Van Vorst Gray

My Spirit moves

To the Big Band beat
The bluegrass fiddle
And wind chimes.

My Spirit rises

At the sight of Nature
The sound of children
And in God's presence.

My Spirit sings

To the music of the city
The work of an artist
And a touch of love.

My Spirit grows

In the richness of Community
The solitude of silence
And the healing of prayer. ❖

Dinner with the General

By Thea Hosek

As told to Jessica Birthisel

“The General is coming! The General is coming!”

On any military base, that cry means that brass and shoes are shined. Bushes are trimmed and manicured. Lawns are mowed and desks are cleared. All paperwork is brought up to date.

AND...the general is invited to the Commanding Officer’s house for dinner.

My husband Bob was the Commanding Officer of this U.S. Air Force base – one of several relatively small radar stations across the United States. The Commanding Officer was always host to any visiting “Brass,” and that meant the General was coming to *my* house for dinner. Usually the C.O.’s wife worries about *what* to feed the general. I was wondering *how* to feed the general.

The meal was of no concern to me. By that point I had mastered many a gourmet meal. The space in which I had to serve it presented the problem.

You see, the General had requested that my husband live on base. Our family of five resided in an 800-square-foot, two-bedroom house.

Suffice it to say, it was chummy, even without the general’s large presence. He

was six foot two inches with a big broad chest on which he displayed his many medals.

The problem was that there was no place for us to eat. Our dining room furniture wouldn’t fit into the small place allotted for dining. In fact the furniture was stored in the Bachelor Officers Quarters (BOQ), along with our out-of-season clothing. With three boys under the age of nine, we needed all the living space we could get.

To ready the space for the general’s arrival, Bob concocted a makeshift table by putting a piece of round board atop a card table. To decorate the room I put my prettiest linens on the washer and dryer, along with the candelabra and flowers.

To prepare our boys for the general’s arrival, we told them, “The general is your father’s boss. You must be good.” They had already conquered “Yes, sir!” and “No, ma’am,” – just like all good military boys.

With the space as ready as it would ever be, and our boys equipped with their best manners, the General arrived. We had drinks and dinner, the particulars of which I can’t remember. But I do recall thinking that if the general stuck his hands straight out from his body, he could touch both sides of our house. As I seated the General, I told him if he needed to use the telephone or bathroom, he’d have to leave through the back door, walk around the house and come back in through the front door because there was no getting around our makeshift table.

Just two days after the meal, Bob received permission to move off of the base. If it had anything to do with my dinner, I'll never know, but we went into town and found a 100-year-old house in which to live.

Shortly after Bob's retirement, and after the General's retirement, too, we went to a Strategic Air Command (SAC) reunion in Madison, Wisconsin. When we got there, the General's wife pulled me aside.

"I was hoping you'd be here," she said, and proceeded to tell me a story that she would never have uttered before our husbands retired.

"Back when my husband was your husband's General, he had four or five men he was considering for promotion, but he could only promote one man from his division to Lieutenant Colonel," said the General's wife.

She explained that her husband struggled with this choice, because all of the men were equal in education, in leadership skills, and in military expertise.

"He was just having an awful time determining whom to promote," she told me. "So he came home to me and asked for my advice."

"I told him, 'You'll have to go to the next level of criteria: the wife.' And you won, hands down."

I was overjoyed. In some Air Force circles, the wife is considered to be one rank above her husband. I was so excited to run and tell Bob that *I* (!) had finally made Full Colonel.



Memories of Banff

By Ruth Houdeshel

On a mountain path
There are no strangers.
Up here the clear air
Melts the carapace
Which, in the marketplace
Conceals men's minds
And binds the soul to earth.
Up here, seeker greets seeker
With word or nod
According to the way he is.

Along life's hurried paths
There have been times
When I have been passed by
By one who knew me,
At supermarkets, cocktail parties, church.
And I, enmeshed in time and cares and plans
Have also passed by one I knew.

Up here, where air is clear and
Earth meets sky
Seeker greets seeker, eye to eye.
There are no strangers
On a mountain path.





Civita Di Bagnoregio

My Hill Town in Italy

By Nancy Martin

I have spent magical time each year for 34 years at my house in a hill town in Italy, Civita Di Bagnoregio, about an hour's drive north of Rome. It is in the Lazio region (which for many years was part of the Vatican) and about five miles from Umbria and ten miles from Tuscany. In 1973, my daughter (Carol Watts) was a graduate student in Architecture at the University of Washington and was in a Rome program for the spring semester. Her professor had recently bought some property and was restoring it in Civita. She had an option to buy some adjoining property. She wanted to use her money for her own renovations. However she wanted to control this property so the professor encouraged Carol to buy the adjoining house and write her master's thesis on its restoration. I flew over that summer by myself with the money. I loved Civita and also decided Carol was too

committed to back down or her academic future would suffer.

Vittoria and Luigi Rocchi had lived all their lives in Civita and had inherited this particular property with deeds going back to the 1400s. The site had been continuously inhabited since at least 600 B.C. An upper cantina (cellar) has been identified as Etruscan and a lower cantina as Roman. There is also a Roman cistern. The three-foot thick stone walls of the house were built in the Middle Ages between the 11th and 13th centuries.

The Purchase Contract specified that the Rocchis could live in the lower part of the house for their lifetimes. Vittoria is still going strong at 95. Carol restored the upstairs with one entry room below. She duplicated a door found in a cantina where it had been for 20 years when the door had been filled in with masonry. It is forbidden to change any exterior visible from the street but you can replace a door that once existed. She added plumbing and electricity and took off part of the roof for a roof terrace. Carol stayed in Civita for five months, mostly by herself, directing the renovation. All materials were brought up the hill on mules.

The garden on a steep cliff was used at that time for raising chickens and vegetables. An earthquake in 1695 caused part of the town to fall off the cliff. Our garden is on the edge of that cliff where once there were houses, and their exposed basements are in our garden. One had been made into an olive mill.

Over the years this has been transformed into a beautiful flower garden with a grape pergola, marble tables, a loggia (part of the mill) for rain or shade and a fireplace for grilling. The lowest level of the garden is a small vineyard.

Carol and her husband both teach architecture at Kansas State University and spend a lot of time in Civita. They recently converted a hayshed on the top garden level into a modern garden house with a window wall, a fireplace, small kitchen and a bathroom with a magnificent 50-mile view. This garden house is where I have stayed the last two summer visits.

In 1973 Civita was called the city that was dying (Il Paese che Muore) because the only access was impassable for automobiles. The government was encouraging the inhabitants to leave and was threatening to cut off all water and other utilities. Most of the people in the town did not want to leave. In a few years however, the town turned around and outsiders started buying houses and restoring them.

It became a hot jet-set spot for a few years with several millionaires making lavish restorations and bringing staff. Now with the exception of a few old families, it is a second home for most (mostly Italians, especially Romans). My niece and nephew from Virginia enjoyed visiting me so much they both bought houses as did one of their friends. I enjoy family reunions when we are there at the same time. We are the only Americans

except for Carol's professor's husband, also an architect, who has retired there. Carol's professor, Astra Zarina, died a few years ago.

About 20 years ago the Rocchi sons who had moved away became interested in Civita and opened a Bruschettaeria – they take turns each week and their entire families help. Before my husband died we arranged to give our property to Carol – an adventure in itself. We could not give but could sell for any price. There are property taxes on changes of ownership based on an appraisal but very low annual fees. Twelve years ago we realized how important it was to have an Italian presence looking after the property and sold back to the Rocchi sons part of the downstairs of the house (that Vittoria could live in for life) but reserved a bedroom. Carol plans extensive remodeling when it is available.

I have been in Civita every year except for three years since 1973. All of my children and grandchildren and many friends have enjoyed it. My Italian was never great but necessary in the early years. Now many speak English. We are good friends with all the local residents and many of the other outsiders. It has changed because we get so many tourists, perhaps a thousand a day on busy weekends now – a lot of Italian tour groups. Fortunately they are there only between 11:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m., so it's quiet morning and evening. A lot of schoolchildren from Italy come. It is like a "Williamsburg" because it is medieval

and there are no automobiles in the narrow Roman-era streets. There are about 14 residents in the winter and about 100 in the summer. The climb up the hill on foot takes from 10 to 20 minutes. The climb is the equivalent of a 10-story building, about one-quarter mile. Special arrangements can be made for residents to be taken up in a special vehicle. Every year and every season is different. The Festas are fantastic and there are occasional art and music programs in the Piazza. Movie makers love the setting, and of course the wine harvest is great fun.

It's a magical town. It is completely free of any pollution. The view from our terrace and garden is protected by the same historical preservation laws that keep us from changing the exterior of the house. No change can be made in the valley or town and new development is forbidden. The Italians know their main industry is tourism. Each year I'm completely immersed when I am in Civita into an entirely different culture – language, food, wine, and meal times. ❖

The End Of The Rainbow

By Wanda Pyburn

This rainbow story began in 1924 when my parents were in San Antonio, Texas, on their honeymoon. One of my earliest memories was seeing a little pewter pot sitting in the corner of a kitchen shelf. When I asked to hold it and where it

came from, and later when I asked again and again, Mother always smiled and said she and Daddy found it while following a path to the end of a rainbow. When the path ended they discovered a pile of burned household goods and at the top of the pile was this little pot. It still showed some of the silver plate which had survived the fire, but now that it has survived handling by several generations of curious children, the silver is all worn off.



Drawing of Wanda's pot by
Rosemary Messick

Mother and Dad broke up housekeeping and the little memento came to me. When I came to Meadowood it came to light again, and I remembered how it was found and set it on top of my china cabinet, planning to have it repaired and resilvered for my granddaughter. Shortly after moving I saw a rainbow here in our fountain and remembered Mother's story. While I am not superstitious, I will admit to feeling this rainbow foretold good tidings for me; and while my parents were looking for a pot of gold at the end of their rainbow and found only pewter, I feel that mine brought contentment to me here in my little house. ❖

Contributors

Ledford Carter is a retired Indiana University professor, filmmaker, and Army officer. During his 24-year residency at Meadowood, he has been a board director and Residents Council president, and he has served on numerous Meadowood committees.

Bill Christiansen graduated from Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa in 1947, and married Barbara in 1946. He worked for 20 years in the advertising department of Marshall Field. They have two children. Bill retired from Philips Electronics in Evanston, Illinois in 1984. He and Barbara retired to a condo at Eagle Point by Lake Monroe where they lived 21 years, prior to coming to Meadowood.

Virginia Gest came to Meadowood in January 1998 when she married Howard Gest, a long-time friend. Born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, she attended Wellesley College where she majored in English. She moved to Bloomington in 1956. While raising her family of three children, she took occasional courses at Indiana University, but did not get serious about graduating until 1980-82. By then she was drawn to publications. She worked as secretary to the editor of the *Phi Delta Kappan* and also *The American Historical Review*. Virginia

likes to write short pieces and occasionally, poems.

Beth Van Vorst Gray and her husband, Ralph D. Gray, Professor Emeritus of History, Indiana University Purdue University Indianapolis, are both writers. She was born in Harvey, Illinois and moved to Evansville, Indiana during her high school years. She raised her family and established a career in Indianapolis.

Jean Herrman came to Bloomington from Indianapolis at the age of four. She attended Bloomington schools and received an Indiana University degree in sociology in 1941. Scouting was the focus of her life. She married a Foreign Service Officer. With their five children, they lived in Pakistan, Poland, India, Lebanon, Jordan and Greece over a period of 21 years

Thea Hosek's husband Robert was in the U.S. Air Force for 25 years. After moving every year and a half, the couple and their three sons settled in Peru, Indiana. Thea was very active in several community organizations including United Way, Chamber of Commerce and Big Brothers and Big Sisters. One year in Peru, Thea was named Woman of the Year and in another year was named Citizen of the Year.

Contributors, cont'd.

Ruth Houdeshel spent six summers at the Banff School of Arts in Canada, where her husband established the Woodwind Department. She has lived in Bloomington since 1960, when her husband joined the Indiana University music faculty. She is the mother of three grown children.

Robert Letsinger graduated from Indiana University and received a doctoral degree in chemistry from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was Professor of Chemistry at Northwestern University from 1946 to 2002. He was inducted into the National Academies of Sciences and of Arts and Sciences. Letsinger spent a year as a Guggenheim Fellow in Heidelberg, Germany. He and his wife Dorothy have two living children and two grandchildren. He enjoys golf, travel and playing bridge among numerous other leisure activities.

Nancy Martin grew up in Memphis, Tennessee, attended Randolph-Macon Women's College in Virginia and graduated from the University of Texas, Austin. In 1958, Nancy and her husband moved to Bloomington, where David was a professor in Business Economics and Public Policy at Indiana University. Nancy kept busy with their three children and frequently traveled with David whose work took them to numerous foreign countries and Washington, D.C.

Wanda Pyburn graduated from Corsicana (Texas) High School, then attended the University of Texas at Arlington. In addition to being Director of the Volunteer Center at the United Way in Fort Worth, she continued her studies in Spanish. She served as linguist for seven trips to the tropics in Central and South America, where she assisted her husband in his research and publications. Her daughter is a professor at Indiana University and her granddaughter just graduated from Bard College.

The Meadowood Anthology
Welcomes
YOU!

We know you read the *Anthology*, but have you considered contributing your writing or artwork?

We'd love to include you in *The Meadowood Anthology*! Bring copies of your written work or art to the Front Desk. Or you may e-mail them to Beth Van Vorst Gray: bvangray@comcast.net.

Deadline for submissions to the Winter issue is January 7, 2011.



Meadowood Trees by Mary Fielding
Printed in *The Meadowood Anthology*,
Winter 2007