

## *MM Summer Blue Sheet #5 from Puget Sound — August 25, 2014*

I took off my watch for the summer back in June. It's an obsolete item when everyone carries a cell phone. Time didn't stop, of course. In fact, as usual, it seemed to accelerate. It's been an unusual summer of camp maintenance activities. Days have gone by without checking email or Facebook. I have had fewer sailing days than any summer since we've had a sailboat. My reading list is embarrassingly short. We are into our last month of this summer season. Yet, it's been a memorable summer of times with friends, families, relatives, most of our grandchildren and both great-grandchildren. We're expecting others before we close camp.

Through it all we've been in touch, finding time to catch up on email and even scan out-of-date Facebook entries. Jean has been in daily contact with many via texting. She also has people on her personal phone and note list. Though it may not seem so, we are committed to the priority of "presence" in relationships that come our way. While I've been remiss in getting MM pages sent, I have scribbled pages from time to time. I have whole unsent pages about the three names I mention here. The only thing they have in common besides being our friends is that they were all 90 and beyond.

**One of the names is Jack Allen.** He died at age 93.

I think of him quite often whenever we walk past our cabin driveway (which is at the end of the county road) along a narrow lane that leads to a very steep incline. I cringe at the memory of Jack and Ginnie driving their trailer beyond our driveway down that steep incline. Hours later AAA got their trailer turned around and pulled out.

A second big time memory is of our need of rescue on 9/11. We were stranded near Los Angeles Airport. There would be no 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary trip to Switzerland for us. For a long few days we were stuck with no way to get back to Oregon. We happened to discover that Jack and Ginnie, who lived south of Los Angeles were driving to Ashland to celebrate mutual anniversaries with Ken and Marilyn Salter. In fact they were driving right past the off ramp leading to our motel. It added two minutes to their trip.

We ended up celebrating over 150 years of wedding anniversaries in Ashland with the Salters.

Did I mention that Jack was a sailor? What more needs to be said? Probably pages and pages.

**Another name is Mildred Whitworth.**

Mildred responded to every blue sheet mailing, often with a beautifully hand written note. She also kept every blue sheet I ever mailed. One of a very select few who did such a thing.

She started calling Jean several weeks ago — *"I am just calling to say 'Goodbye'"* she would say. She seemed alert and witty for the most part.

Some on this list will remember her from the Disciples Seminary Foundation at the School of Theology at Claremont where she was office manager and secretary to the Dean. You can't get a degree without becoming well acquainted with the Dean's Secretary.

On one of her final goodbye calls to Jean Mildred instructed her to *"Tell that blue sheet man to keep writing."*

She prayed that she could die but kept putting it off. Finally at age 97 her prayer was answered

Now it's our turn to say *"good bye,"* the shorthand prayer that means *"God be with ye."*

Goodbye, Mildred. And yes, I'll try to keep writing.

**Grandpa "El" - The Other Grandpa**

Eldon Ellis' Memorial Service was August 7 in Redwood City. Under most circumstances we would have been there as we were for the service of Grandma Cil, the other grandma.

These two were the other grandparents of our first grandchild, Aram Michael-John Morgan, more than 30 years ago. Sharon remains a beloved daughter-in-law and grandmother to our two great-grand-daughters.

We met Grandpa El when they came to Corvallis for Sharon's wedding to our son, Dave.

We personally owe more to Eldon than I can possibly say for what he did for Sharon and Aram to help make possible the achievements by both of them since we "Grandpa's" shared early years in their lives.

I am proud to have been "the other grandpa" in the life of our first grandchild. I admired his life. I regret his death.

**Now, as I promised Jean this morning,** I'm sending this right off...now!

*For the Moment... Art Morgan*