# *TERRY'S LIFE STORY*

## *PART III. OF SUBURBAN ODYSSEY*

## *FROM OCTOBER 2, 1940-2016 MECCA FLY FISHING TRIP TO FABLED BEAVERKILL RIVER, ROSCOE, NY IN 2016 and beyond; additional events are largely in diary like updates.*



***This pretty "Marie Rose" was named for my neighbor Bill McGrath's wife, visible from our living room window at #7 Bay Edge Drive in Worcester, during our stay next door from 1995-2014 and portrays Spring better than words!***

***Includes such events as my birth, childhood, early schooling, high school, college, and much detail about career decisions and their results in my overall life development from 1940 to retirement in 2003, from Northeastern University, Boston, MA. Also addresses personal concerns, issues, and since recreation has been a substantial part of my life; a wide array of sports, games, and hobbies will be interspersed with more factual portray of my life.***

***The narrative moves on to a variety of jobs and careers—notably US federal government; recreation based jobs, broadly speaking, and finally: adult education, as a teacher, counselor, trainer, and career coach for many persons from about 1980 and on into my retirement. As of 2017, I still offer career help to anyone who asks, but the volume has lessened considerably since about 2010. Reason? Most of those who know me best and let me help them or their children or young adults, are now firmly ensconced into older age: they no longer need my services, except as father, father in law, or friend. This is the normal progression; and I accept it as such. My hope is certainly, that in my time, I have helped many folks deal with life/career issues in a positive, persistent way, and pray they have led productive, happy lives!***

***Finally, though I do talk about my passions for books, music, celebrities, and performers, as my life story unfolds, these will receive fuller discussion in IV. Terry's Lists. And though I may speak to issues of the day, i.e. abortion, war and peace, etc., you will find more than 60 essays written by me, covering "abortion" to "civility" to "fishing books" to "immortality". You should be able to find at least one of interest to you; I hope they stimulate your mind and spirit and that you write your own essays, coming out of your life experiences. Writing these essays, has stimulated my own thinking and in some instances; I am delving further into the topics. Learning never ends!***

## SPRING: YOUTH: 1940-1958

**Eugene Field**

**Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night**
**Sailed off in a wooden shoe, -**
**Sailed on a river of crystal light**
**Into a sea of dew.**
**"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"**
**The old moon asked the three.**
**"We have come to fish for the herring-fish**
**That live in this beautiful sea;**
**Nets of silver and gold have we,"**
**Said Wynken,**
**Blynken,**
**And Nod.**

**The musical piece I'd like to hear for "Youth" is "Somewhere over the Rainbow" because that was the first song I truly loved to hear; the melody and the words and the optimistic thoughts! Second choice would be: You'll never walk alone!**



***Image of my "youth" with lots of playing!***

***"I, of course, had no idea, what a rich and blessed childhood I would have, thanks to my mother and father and brother Ronnie. Childhood gives one, if privileged, a chance to move "slowly" into being an adult: growing, experiencing, and developing into the person God intended you to be. The process includes plenty of trial and error; ups and downs, but if one holds on dearly to a sense of adventure and a sense of humor, before you know it—you are fully grown, and all that follows, is what you make of it!"***

***I am a spiritually oriented, not religiously oriented, individual who tends to link spirituality with Nature in all of its splendor, challenges, adventures, and gut wrenching experiences. Native Americans lived their spirituality and I have tried, in a humble fashion, to live mine.***

***Native American Prayer***



***Now talking God***
***With your feet I walk***
***I walk with your limbs***
***I carry forth your body***
***For me your mind thinks***
***Your voice speaks for me***
***And beauty is behind me***
***Above and below me hovers the beautiful***
***I am surrounded by it***
***I am immersed in it***
***In my youth I am aware of it***

***And in my old age I shall walk quietly***
***the beautiful trail.***



**Mercy Hospital, Urbana, Illinois: my official birth place!**

**"Although this is not a memory, strictly speaking, I should tell you that I was born on October 2, 1940 at Mercy Hospital in Urbana, Illinois, where my father worked as the Director of Recreation for the University of Illinois, in the last few years before WWII.**

**Years later in 1983 I dropped by Mercy Hospital and was given a brief tour of where I first appeared on Planet Earth and the facility was very small though the staff persons were friendly and happy to have a "return customer" appear! Was it my mother who used to say, Terry you were born in Champaign (twin town of Urbana, IL) and have been bubbling ever since!"**



***Franklin Delano Roosevelt was President of the United States and America had lived peacefully since 1918 and the end of WWI. But Europe was in turmoil with Hitler much in command of the world's future. No one in my family and indeed the world knew what lay ahead but our world would never be the same.***

***My father would serve in the United States Naval Reserves in WWII but that comes later in my odyssey. In many ways, these war years ushered in the "modern era" in America; industry***

***and business flourished despite the terrible sacrifices endured by our people in wartime deaths, injuries, and lost dreams. But many returned from military service and pitched in to build great cities, suburbs like where I grew up, vast highway systems and bridges and innumerable small towns which reflected home town America at its finest!***

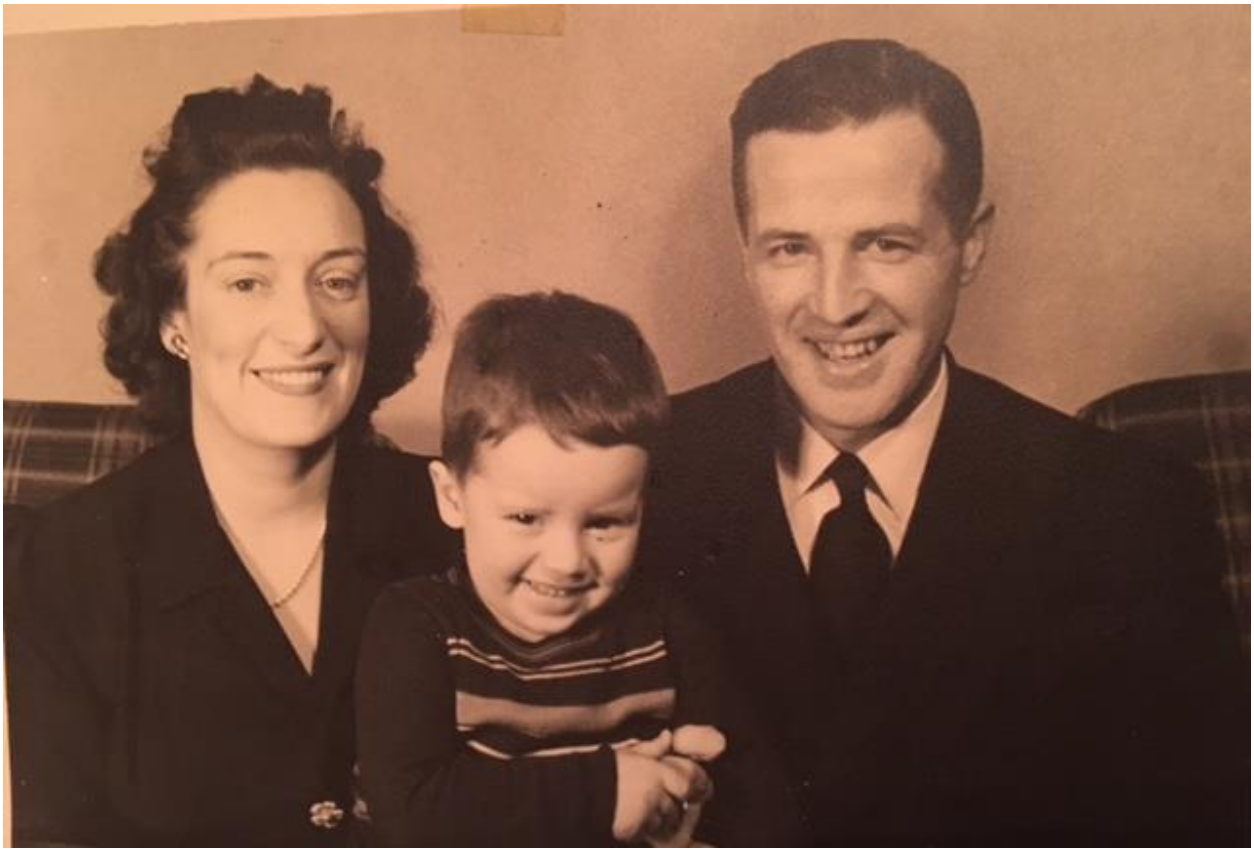
***"Mother told me I displayed a substantial birth weight; 8.5 pounds comes to mind, but was of normal length. Damn it, that's why I didn't reach 6 feet tall plus my short, stocky French-Canadian ancestors on her side. We lived in a modest row of houses near the University and Mother stayed at home to raise me to the "housebroken" level. I'm sure her warm loving manner permeated our home and helped make me a generally loving person. And I'm also sure that my father was already playing with me and generally making me his pal. That relationship with both of my parents never changed."***

**Mother and Dad had formerly lived in Knoxville, Tennessee right after their marriage in Boston, MA in 1937, Mother and Dad had met at a resort on the NH coast; Dad having just completed his summer counselor job at Camp Pemigewasset in New Hampshire. Thank goodness for that meeting, without which, I would have never seen the light of day!**

**Dad taught physical education courses and they both acted in campus plays and musicals while in Tennessee. The move to the University of Illinois was an upward career move for Dad and I suppose a little more money. Plus, he could do all the things he liked: sports, recreation and games, and coach and generally mentor the students. Dad taught by example and the occasional bon mot and he was decidedly not didactic in his style. He got you involved by his enthusiasm for a good game or sport and then you became his friend.**

***We lived in North Carolina until 1943 when Dad joined the US Naval Reserves as a Lt. Junior Grade, and because of his exemplary physical education record, was trained to teach hand-to-hand combat to naval pilots, but we moved to Chapel Hill, North Carolina where I do have a vague recollection of trying to run through the obstacle course which Dad used to train the Navy recruits for naval aviation. Even then I was totally absorbed in such noble physical pursuits and this aspect of my personality would persist for a lifetime.***

***My Dad was sent to El Centro, CA to the US Naval Air Base to begin his tour of duty with new naval aviators. I have distinct memories of living at that young age of 5 years old!***



*This is a treasured early photo, one of few I now own, of me and Mother and Dad, Charlotte Hughes and Max Josselyn Chapman, in 1943; I am 3 years old; in Chapel, N. Carolina before Dad was stationed in El Centro, California Naval Air Base.*

**Brother Ronnie was born in Chapel Hill on October 30, 1943, while we were stationed there and as a little toddler, went all the way to El Centro Marine (now Naval) Air Station in California. From that point on, my Brother Ronnie and I were almost inseparable until he left our immediate care in 1958."**




**Navy "furies" in flight over El Centro, California, WWII era—our Quonset Hut home may be somewhere in the foreground of this photo!**

**Now, let's pick up the narrative of my life memories in El Centro, California, in the middle of an extremely hot, if dry, summer day during WWII years, the first vivid memory I have of my life, aged 4: SUMMER, 1944**

## *My first remembered adventure!*

***"It had finally rained hard following a long period of extreme dryness and heat in the desert near El Centro, California, with water puddling up in isolated patches. I am running across a patch of muddy earth and then sliding maybe 10 feet almost out of control in the wet sticky ground, getting up and doing it all over again. There are several boys with me and we are all beside ourselves exuding pure animal glee! Oh yes, I cut my knee on a stone or piece of glass though I kept sliding, and have a small scar to prove that my physicality and enthusiasm for life won out over my fear of pain!" This facet of my personality has continued "unbroken" up to***

***this editing in November 2016. Yes, I'm "touchy feely" and proud of it! Hah!***

***This was my first vivid memory of life, in a desert in El Centro, California when I was about 5 years old. The year was 1944, during WWII, and I remember a great feeling of physical joy and release. I had discovered the joys of "having a body"! This visceral joy and the sheer***



***Young kid like me playing in a large puddle like the one in my story!***

***physicality of life would never leave me! And most of my hobbies and interests relate in some way to this early adventure. <u>Even my choice of career counseling is related to my desire for everyone to live more fully in the present moment—both physically, mentally, socially, and</u>* <u>spiritually.</u>**

**My parents, Max and Charlotte Chapman, lived in El Centro, California where my father was a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Naval Reserve, stationed at the Naval Reserve Pilot Training Station. He taught hand-to-hand combat to Navy pilots and we had lived in the desert since 1944 in a park for military personnel and families in some type of small pre-fab houses.**



**Entrance to El Centro Naval Air Base, California**
**"This place gave new meaning to hot & Dry!**

**We had moved there from Chapel Hill, NC, where my brother Ronnie was born in 1943 and also where my Dad trained to bolster and develop his physical conditioning before assuming the demanding role of Hand to Hand Instructor for the US Navy. I have a vague but tantalizing memory of trying to get over a post in the ground and my Dad helping me do it! Yes, physicality quickly became my raison d'etre.**



**Among those he served with was Johnny Pesky, later to be the star Boston Red Sox Hall of Famer, and whom I met in about 1986 when I took son Dan to a card swapping event near Boston. Johnny remembered Dad which pleased Dan and me immensely. He said that "Max was a great athlete!" When Johnny died in 2012, as millions remembered him as a Boston Red Sox great, I remember him as my Dad's friend, fellow Navy guy, and part of a wonderful generation who served in WWII; came home and continued to give their best to the US, their families, their communities and to sons like me!**

***"My only other memories of El Centro are of going to a shower and finding large insects on the tile floor. I don't think I minded much but my mother sure did and would try to remove them before my shower. I also remember the constant drone of fans which kept it livable with no air conditioning. It was just plain hot—all the time."***



I also remember visiting Uncle Erie, my Dad's older brother, and wife Molly in L.A. Uncle Erie was Executive Director of the Hollywood YMCA and knew Johnny Weissmuller (first Tarzan)





**Johhny Weismueller, Tarzan!**

and lots of the stars worked out at his YMCA. I remember walking near their house in the hot west coast sunshine, while Ann and Chip did other things. Erie was good friends with Art Linkletter of "Kids say the Darndest things" fame. These memories, age 4 going on 5 are diffuse and fleeting but meaningful to me. I knew my Dad loved his brother.

Uncle Erie was later in life elected to the United States Volleyball Hall of Fame for his superb referring over many years. He was an excellent gymnast, perhaps even better than my Dad, a good handball player, although he almost died after crashing into a wall playing handball at about age 50; and never smoked or drank alcohol, except for a little wine later in life. This often irritated my father's other brother Thayer, who had been a WWI sailor, loved to socialize late

into the night and usually with liquid spirits! My Dad smoked cigarettes until the 1964 surgeon's report. Uncle Thayer smoked cigarettes and later smoked a pipe.

**"We moved to Brawley, California in late 1944 and I went to kindergarten there. My only memory is having an altercation with a classmate involving a phonograph record and I can picture myself running with the record out behind the school and jumping up on a long slanted, fallen tree trunk and moving up to its top to escape my classmate's effort to catch me. Again, my constant physicality was displayed. My mother had been called to come and take me home, a trip I was very ready to make!"**




***View of downtown Brawley, CA in the 1950's***

***"This "failure to follow instructions" may have been a precursor for the years to come. My strong sense of independence has caused me some problems over the years but has also led me down some fascinating trails! Yes, I am very independent in my actions, though generally sensitive to what others think. I have never liked being told what to do and this trait has continued up to the present time. But I successfully masked this trait in many career and personal situations though those who knew and know me best would attest to this fact."***

Maybe I broke that record, I'm not sure, but my mother later told me that she had picked me up from school on another of those days at that school because an earthquake was predicted in the area. Oh, one other memory, I recall is walking down the block from our rented house and passing a construction equipment store. I know I wanted to get up into the rigs but I think my

father told me not to. But Brother Ronnie ignored “no”! I tell that story later on. I also associate a small rubber toy pistol with that time in my life and can still conjure up the smell of the rubber! I carried it with me everywhere I went. It’s amazing just how much our sense of smell is connected with our memories. From toy pistols to salt-tinged air to perfume to cooking smells, our nose leads us both into the past and also into a sensually directed future.

**My Brother Ronald Thayer Chapman--tree climber extraordinaire! About age 25 in 1968**



**Ronnie always enjoyed good balance and coordination and had plenty of energy though his build was only average. He could run only a bit slower than me, so I could catch him in about 25 yards, fortunately. Many times, growing up in suburban Maryland, he would try and dash off from our front yard, toward a somewhat busy main street nearby but I would stop him and tell him he would be struck (showing by hard gestures) by a car and knocked down. He got the idea and as he grew older, he seldom took off, except for one sad time which ended in a terrible accident. I write of this later on in my life story. Keep on reading!**

**As I remember now, Ronnie joined us at all our meals at home and ate normally what we ate, and always loved lots of salt, a family tendency, which results in elevated blood pressures and other issues over time. But hey, no family or person is perfect, right?**

***And thank the Lord, Mother was far ahead of her time in planning and choosing healthy meals for all of us to consume. She always served at least one or two veggies with any meat and starch filled meal and on weekends, made us a pie or a cake, which my Dad truly loved!***

My younger brother Ronnie, three years my junior, was also there in California and I do have one memory to share. One day, in about 1945 my mother and father acted worried and told me Ronnie had left the yard and headed down the street. Mother caught just a glimpse of him, watching from the kitchen window, where he was playing with me. Ronnie was always a risker who thrived on physical adventures much to our dismay. On one occasion Ronnie disappeared I believe when we were playing outside our humble home in Brawley, California. When my father heard, he dashed down the street and I followed as best I could. When we got to the end of the block we paused for a breath, right in front of an earth mover sales store and my father noticed motion to his left and when he looked up, saw Ronnie, sitting in the driver's seat of a large earth mover! Dad was able to climb up and bring Ronnie down, much to Ronnie's displeasure.

***Ronnie was born deaf with communication disorders—aphasia— and brain damage that resulted in severe mental retardation. My mother had a babysitter when pregnant who had German measles and this resulted in Rubella for mother, which causes birth defects. My life and the life of my family would be forever changed by this seemingly mundane babysitting incident! How strange are the ways of fate?***



***This amazingly vivid drawing would have caught my brother Ron's attention and he would have asked my father or me to sign to him what this equipment does! "Ronnie loved mechanical things, a trait that would continue for a lifetime. But of course, worrying about when and where Ronnie would depart kept us on edge from time to time during my entire childhood. Ronnie was easily able to handle daily living skills and ate normally with us as a family but could not communicate in words.***

We talked normally to him but he never returned information except by common sense gestures; i.e. pointing to things and frowning, crying, or smiling on occasion. He tested as "moderately retarded" but was capable of a high score on any mechanical test requiring the assembly of parts from a sample".

**And boy could Ronnie climb trees! In our yard at 2024 Peabody Street, in W. Hyattsville, Maryland, there was a tall strong willow tree that grew to a height of 40 feet and had plenty of supple but secure large limbs that would hold a young boy's body, if he was as fearless as Ronnie.**

**"One day, a neighbor called mother and expressed great concern that she had seen a small boy way up in the tree and she was afraid he would fall. I heard mother tell her, "Don't worry, he won't fall. He is a good climber and has never fallen". I wasn't as confident as**

**mother but he came down in a little while, having surveyed his neighborhood and found it to his liking. Ronnie has always been tremendously observant of details, both inside and outside, and Ronnie and trees just had this good relationship. His balance was superb and my Dad always had Ronnie practice forward rolls when teaching me tumbling and we both jumped and ran and played together most of our early growing up years, thanks to Dad and to mother's endless enthusiasm to promote the few things that Ronnie did well."**

I have two memories of our next move, the trip back East from California. I remember driving every day for a long time and being very hot for most of the trip. I have vague memories of small overnight cabins that we stayed at in those days before abundant hotels. We drove through the desert with heavy canvas water bags strapped to our car with their water evaporating, which was supposed to lower the vehicle interior heat. The car was a Navy Blue 1939 Plymouth with running boards and Ronnie and I had a mattress that filled the back seat and was our domain. Mother named me "Captain of the back seat" and I was responsible for my behavior and Ronnie's, never an easy task.



**Similar to our 1939 Plymouth sedan that**
**We drove from Illinois to California and back again to Illinois**
**And then on to Virginia and finally Maryland, land of**
**my growing up!**

**Ronnie looked very normal physically, and was good looking, which sometimes made it hard when you were in a store with him, since workers expected behavior which he just couldn't give them! This was very frustrating for me. I really didn't understand why Ronnie had such handicaps. Why? And to this day, the question has an eternal place in my heart but I just don't acknowledge it as often as when I was younger. I do realize that "bad things happen to good people" all the time in life; and we were certainly no exception.**

**Did I accept Ronnie's disabilities? No, more an adaptation to the reality and placing emphasis on what Ron has and not what he doesn't have" and also praising and celebrating the full life he has managed to lead. That emphasis has made both Ronnie's life and my family's life a true blessing from God.**

He had great curiosity as a very young child and still does as an older man, and would minutely inspect any item in his vicinity, whether at home, in a store, or outside playing. I loved him dearly and was so upset that he had to deal with his handicaps. I believe he did a marvelous job just "living" with so many obstacles to overcome!

"One time in his residential home, in later years, in Cheverly, MD, he noticed and reported a broken electrical outlet! He kept pointing it out until it got fixed. Ronnie was once again at work, using his God-given gift of acute observation."

***Besides this type of behavior, the classes went well over Ronnie's head. They were pitched for normal deaf children and Ronnie as we learned much later, was multiply handicapped with aphasia and had little ability to develop his communication skills. Functionally Ronnie is retarded at a moderately severe level. He performs his own daily living activities; washing, bathroom needs, eating, and usually conforms appropriately to the situation he is in. Occasionally, he will do some head banging against a wall and may vocalize from deep within his being. Remember, he doesn't speak so these are sounds emitted and not words.***

Mother always bragged about the 23 words he could say like "Mama" and "Dada", and others which he did learn to do. But we went to natural signs for eating, sleeping, driving in the car, and a sign showing the rows of people meaning "movie" and Ronnie readily understood these in our daily interactions and has for the rest of our lives.

The most important sign was "after a while" done by turning your fingers on one hand like hands on a clock into the palm of your other hand. Whenever Ronnie would ask to something we couldn't do, we would sign "after a while" and it usually calmed him down. He'd sign eating and I would sign "after a while". I bet I did that sign thousands of times growing up with Ronnie. The other commonly used sign was "all right" done by holding one palm face up and running your other hand held rigidly across the upheld palm. This could be repeated for emphasis. I'll bet I signed these one a million times over the years with Ronnie.

I always asked Ronnie if he's all right with the sign when I first see him on a visit and before I leave. He always answers by repeating the sign which I have usually interpreted as "yes, I'm ok." Perhaps wishful thinking but rationalization helps all of us get through our difficult days. We use this with Ronnie on a regular basis on all my visits to his home in Cheverly, Maryland.

When he couldn't live at Kendall, I remember drives through Washington, D.C. with mother driving and Ronnie and me in the back seat. I was Captain of the Back Seat again.
Mother was an excellent driver and negotiated all the back roads in D.C. to get us back and forth efficiently. She would sometimes call out to us, "Quiet down back there" and lean back to take a

swat at us which resulted in our settling down! Our next car was a light green 1950 ford—new—and the same year we bought our first black and white television, Westinghouse I believe.
I was responsible for Ronnie for periods of time during my childhood from about age 10 on though of course My Mother was usually nearby, visiting with neighbors or making a quick run to the store.

As I grew older, I was given greater responsibility for Ronnie which I willingly did, though Ronnie could make me mad and I was very frustrated that he could not speak and was embarrassed in stores in explaining that Ronnie was deaf and didn't mean to take things from time to time. Gradually I became able to "speak" for Ronnie without over reacting to the stares and reactions from other people. I "sat" with Ronnie many, many times from age 12 until 17.

All during those challenging early years of my life in Hyattsville, MD, my mother always took just me with her shopping and she always made sure to stop for lunch, often egg salad sandwiches which we both liked, either in the store's restaurant or at a special stop in another spot. Sometimes she would buy us chunks of candy to munch on as we walked around the stores. In those days, sellers of household goods would put on demos in the stores and it had the quality of a carnival sideshow! Knives, pots and pans, and all manner of devices to "improve your daily living" would be demonstrated as we watched with interest but seldom bought!

**But generally, as a teenager it was difficult to entertain friends at home though Mother and Dad were very hospitable and we all tried to maintain a normal household. I usually met friends elsewhere and in high school developed "2nd set of parents" in the Andersons, parents of Jim Anderson, who I double dated with through days at High Point High School. It just took too much emotional energy to "explain Ronnie" to my teenage friends. Getting away with "normal" families eased the burden of dealing with Ronnie's constant needs.**

I loved him very much but patience has never been one of my gifts from God, so I have always tried to spend quality time with Ronnie and not just long periods of time which would not please Ronnie or me.

**Back to Illinois-briefly!**



**University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois**

**"When the war ended in 1945, we drove back to Urbana, Illinois, where I had been born on October 2, 1940. My Dad tried to get back his University of Illinois position which had been promised to him when he had left the university in 1943 to serve in the US Navy Reserve in WWII. Mother and Dad had been married in Arlington, MA June 19, 1937. From there they drove to the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, where he had a position as a Physical Education Instructor. I believe he accepted the position as Director of Recreation at the University of Illinois in 1938, moving to Urbana, and renting a home.**



***Dad helped design the first Gymkhana programs which later became popular as college events throughout the U.S. He supervised intramural sports and also developed many recreational programs and special events. Although he didn't talk much about it, I think Dad really enjoyed the university community with its youthful outlook, its clubs, and emphasis, in that era, on physical fitness which was dear to Dad's heart."***

**But the university did not save his job and I guess we stayed there in temporary housing for a few months. I know Dad would remain disappointed for a very long time, but never talk about it, that they had not honored their promise to him. Who knows what might have happened to all of us if he had remained at the University of Illinois.** ***Chance plays a larger role in all of our lives than we would like to admit.***



**Lieutenant Max J. Chapman, 1943 in North Carolina.**
**My all-time favorite photo of my Dad!**

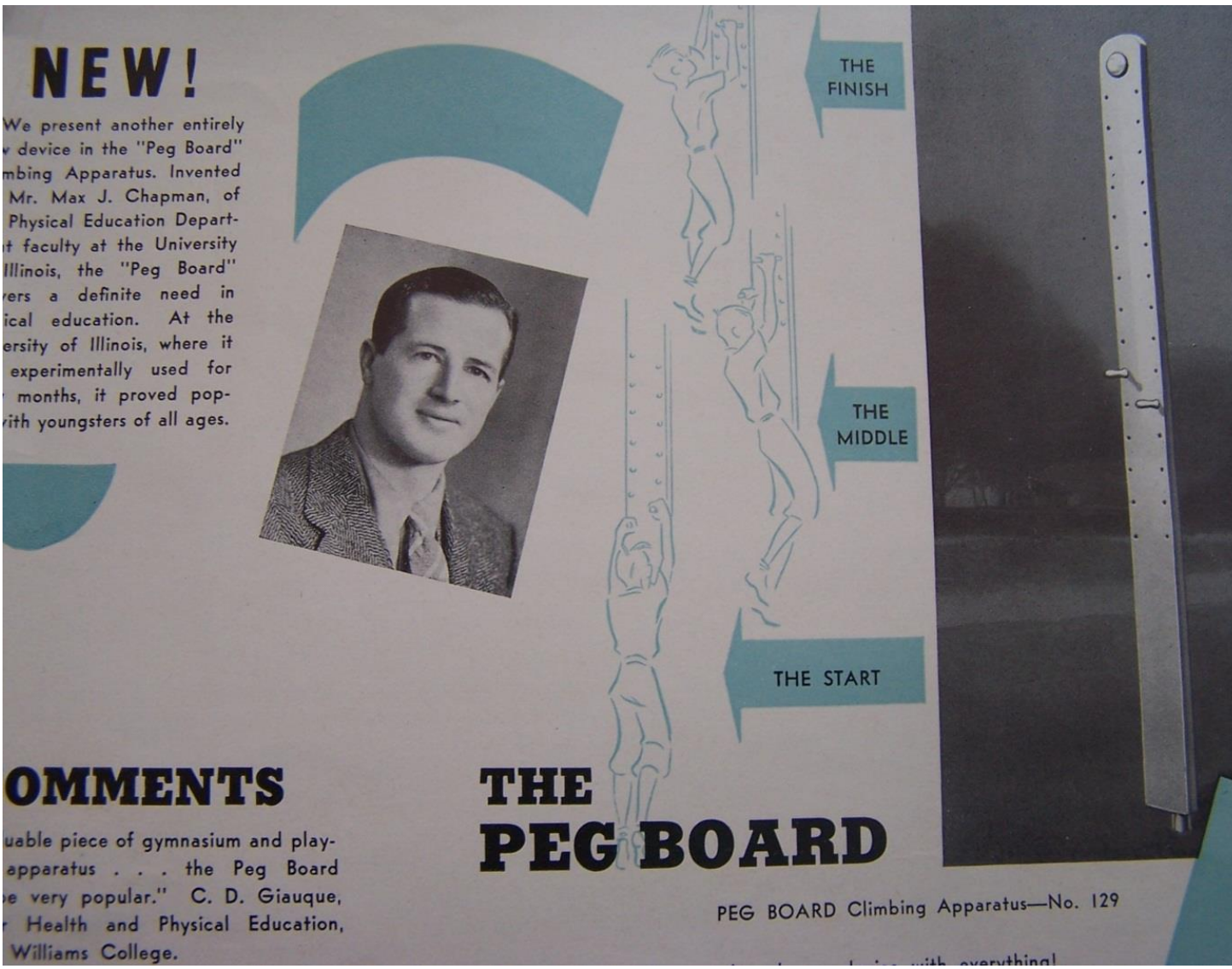
**From Illinois, Dad went to a physical education conference in St. Louis in late 1945 and met Bernie Phillips of the U.S. Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C. who hired him in the Adapted Sports Department to design recreation facilities for veterans in the V.A. hospitals located throughout the U.S. Dad accepted the position and we moved to Arlington, Virginia to a rented house on a steep street with lots of trees where we lived for six months.**

**Dad retired in 1973 after thirty (30) years US federal service and received the "Distinguished Service Award" at a ceremony with the Chief V.A. Administrator and Mother in proud attendance. Dad was so very clever in organizing written materials and keeping track of records and reports, though he always preferred collaborating with co-workers.**

**"Dad was allergic to egg yolks but could eat them in cake mix; he loved English muffins with plenty of jelly and cold cereal, as he read the Washington Post each weekday morning before his car pool beeped outside to announce their arrival. And off he'd head for his VA job in Washington, D.C. He continued this routine for about 27 years, from 1946 until 1973 when I attended his retirement from the VA at a luncheon in his honor at a nice restaurant downtown D.C.**

**I'm pleased that, at that time, I was also with the VA as Chief of Voluntary Service, at Castle Point Hospital, Beacon, NY, and drove down to be with him. My Dad contributed many years of practical ideas to improve VA hospital medical and recreational support for our veterans and became well known as a work simplification expert. He got calls to give talks to many US agencies in the D.C. area and he felt gratified that his good work had been recognized. No surprise, Dad!!"**

***My Dad was very creative in writing words for special occasions and technical government work but also with his hands as this reprint photo of an article shows: The "pegboard" provided superb arm and upper body and core strength development by climbing from the ground to the top and ringing the bell. I'm not sure if Dad ever got a patent and I know it got limited promotion and sales but he was justly proud of his invention, modeled after a rougher prototype he had built at the Hedges home in La Porte, OH, in his youth. My Dad the Inventor!***




**My father's creativity was not only in inventing the Peg Board while at the University of Illinois, but he also built furniture for our homes. I studied through college on a desk he built for me and he made other pieces of furniture at a small workbench in our basement where every tool had a specific cubby hole and was marked, i.e. "bolts: ¼". My Father was highly organized in his work and very routinized in pursuing tasks. I didn't follow those traits in my lifetime though in later years I have tended to become more practical. Sometimes when I'm trying flies at my special desk I picture Dad usually standing at his basement workbench, poring over Handy Man magazines for new ideas and smiling.**




**1973 award for distinguished service in the US Veterans Administration at the time of his retirement: left to right: V.A. Administrator, Charlotte Chapman, recipient Max J. Chapman. This award capped off Dad's career recognition and gave him much gratification. Dad never looked for limelight, but in this case, it shone too brightly to avoid!**



**Photo of Max J. Chapman, center, front row, at his Elyria High School 50th Reunion, aged 68, 4 months before his death, presiding as President Of his 1926 class. He just wasn't going to miss the occasion.**

**Scooters and dogs and Bears!?**

"So, with the house in Arlington, Virginia, I also know we inherited a black Scotch terrier, and I helped feed him. I had a scooter and remember one time I went to the top of the street and pushed off down the steep incline of about40 degrees that went downhill for about 200 yards. The brake failed and I was going way too fast and I can still remember the combined feeling of utter excitement and fear as I hurtled down the street. Luckily there were few cars and I bailed out at the curb. I got bruised pretty good but learned about using a little self-control with vehicles. Once again, I was pushing my limits physically."

The other memory is of a basement in a nearby house where we visited friends. The owner collected stuffed game animals, bears, deer, and when I first saw them it was really scary.



Scary stuffed bear for a 5-year-old boy!

I can't remember any details about why they collected so many animals and I can picture the basement but not the people who lived there! I do recall that they had a small dog which was the smallest animal in that house!

On April 12, 1945, Harry Truman from Missouri became President after Roosevelt passed away in Georgia. He would serve until January 20, 1953 when Dwight Eisenhower would become Commander in Chief. The United States would win what I believe to be the last "just" war with the exceptions of the first Gulf War and Afghanistan (at least when it began in reprisal for the vicious unprovoked attacks of September 11, 20001. From 25 June 1950 and ending with a Truce on 27 July 1953, American fought the Korean War. Suddenly Asia had become a household word once again and my parents talked about it at our dinner table many evenings.



**Lafayette Park across from the VA central office building in D.C.**

**My Dad took a brisk walk from his office in the Veterans Administration, which was located across a small park from the White House. One morning, while walking, he was passed by President Truman, who responded to his Good morning with a brisk wave from his hat! This brief meeting always was treasured by my Dad and he would tell everyone about his chance encounter and he would smile and then laugh!" Dad was very proud of being part of the Truman administration executive branch in the V.A. and believed as I do, that a vigorous, well-funded federal government can and should provide amply for veterans.**



**President Truman with Secret Service protective fellow walkers near The Washington Monument, D.C. Sometime 1945-1952**

**And should provide also, for the general population: education, health programs, especially those for the handicapped and challenged, retirement security through Social Security, college loans with reasonable lending rates. But there should be a built-in expectation that everyone (the rich included) will pay their fair share of taxes to support all these needed programs. Dad would be very disappointed in the Republican staunch lack of support for President Obama's social agenda and their block votes against them in addition to making Obama a one-term President their abiding and only policy and goal!" The later goal fortunately failed.**

# My Home town D.C.!



**I worked at the Dept. of Health, Education & Welfare in the late 1960's which Is the building at about 3:30 pm, the lower one of the two similar shapes? My lunch times were spent enjoying the D.C. sights and I never grow tired of visiting them!**

***Yes, I know my home town Washington, D.C. very well and it has greatly influenced my outlook on life, people, and the meaning of it all.*** I have been to Dumbarton Oaks, Arlington Cemetery many times, the Jefferson Memorial, the artificial catacombs at Catholic University in northeast D.C., and walked up and down the capitol mall at lunch time when I worked for H.E. W. from 1966-1968. I've walked from downtown to Georgetown for lunch and back; I've help put on a continuing professional education conference for Meeting Planners International at the Sheraton on Connecticut Avenue with its impressive frontage overlooking Rock Creek Park. And I've driven through a ford crossing Rock Creek Park with my father driving and mother and Ronnie and me and all laughing at the experience.

I've eaten at the Toll House Inn in Silver Spring; gone to a golf tournament in nearby Potomac, MD; played golf at Rock Creek Golf Course; gone to an evening outside concert at Carter Baron Amphitheatre with Johnny Mathis singing his heart out to us.

And I've been to the Marine Memorial, in nearby Virginia and taken photos of the statue for my old WWII friend George Fox and later taken a framed photo to him in his nursing home room where he beamed and smiled for an entire minute and his depression left him.
I've shopped with my mother at the old Hecht Company department store in NW Washington, D.C., and earned toffee crunch candy as a reward for accompanying her. And I've met my father at the Veterans Administration central office building right across Lafayette Square and enjoyed lunch and a chat with him on several occasions. I was always so proud of his work to help veterans and of course his military service as well.

I've driven by the Jefferson Memorial at night, lit up and beautiful against the dark D.C. sky as I began one of many bus rides to my US Navy Ship the YFNB-12, after having spent a blessed weekend on "liberty" with my parents and old-time friends. And I've driven from the H.E.W building where I worked 1966-1968 across town to pick up my then wife Beth who worked off Connecticut Avenue near the Redskins football team office.

I've toured the US FBI headquarters building across the street where I worked for IRS the summers of 1958 and 1959 and watched machine guns fired at targets and chilled to think of their real-life adventures on our behalf.

**And I've walked through the rougher neighborhoods in downtown D.C., both in northwest, northeast, and southeast sections. Many time, especially on weekends and evenings, I got a glimpse into what it is like to be a minority in a major American city. Often on my walk, I was the minority and I felt it keenly. I was never mugged or threatened though I always walked confidently and kept on trucking to my destination**



**Washington, D.C., my home town, has wealth and affluence centered in the northwest quadrant but urban decay is clearly visible to the southeast and southwest.**

I've had beers with guys in bars in very shady parts of downtown D.C. but never had a problem although on occasion I was the only Caucasian in the place! I just assumed it was an ordinary thing to do and never worried about my status or theirs if I'm honest. Interestingly, my high school had only one African American student but the two summers I worked in downtown D.C. I interacted with many if not mostly African Americans and then returned home to Takoma Park, MD where almost none lived. This dichotomy or rigid demarcation of racial distribution never seemed strange to me then but now looking back after all these years it seems unconscionable.

**Plus, I've attended baseball games in the long ago demolished Griffith stadium, home of the Washington Senators, from 1950-1968 and thrilled to heroes like Mickey Mantle, Satchel Paige, Larry Dobby, Luke Easter, Duke Snider, Joe and Dom DiMaggio, and my favorite baseball player: Ted Williams! Also, went to a pro basketball game in Baltimore with the Kupper brothers, the details of which are long since forgotten.**



**Old Griffith Stadium, Washington, D.C., Georgia Avenue area in the 1950's where I watched**
**many exciting players like Bob Fellow of the Cleveland Indians and Larry Doby, who hit a ball almost out of the stadium one night and most of all: Ted Williams, who hit a line drive so hard, the second baseman ducked as it rocketed over his head for a solid double!**



**Ted Williams: "The Splendid Splinter"**

**At age 17 I worked at the Internal Revenue Service on Constitution Avenue during the summer before I began studies at the University of Maryland, in September, 1958 and returned the summer of 1959 for much the same work in the Delinquent accounts & Returns department. This early introduction to a major city's professional life, office life, and the twists and turns of working with people of all races, creeds, and abilities and personalities, literally from all walks of life, helped me develop my interpersonal skills quickly and gave me a glimpse of the challenges, excitement and tedium of day to day working.**

**Brookside Manor, W. Hyattsville, Maryland—childhood in the suburbs.**

In summer, 1946, we rented a brick house at 2024 Peabody Street in Hyattsville, Maryland, in Brookside Manor where I spent eight years of my life and where my connected memories truly begin. Brookside Manor consisted of very similar brick homes, spread over maybe 5 blocks of residences. The brook actually lay about ½ mile away. My specific neighborhood formed an oval of brick homes, maybe 12 in number and we all knew each other very well.

**From this home, I walked across the street, several hundred yards to Ager Road elementary school and later took a bus to Hyattsville junior high school; joined my gang of neighborhood friends, got my first bike, took clarinet lessons, began my lifelong sports activities, had my first "romantic experiences" and learned just how challenging our life with my brother Ronnie could be.**




**This brick home is similar to 2024 Peabody St. in Hyattsville, MD**

**Where I lived from 1946-1954, aged 6-14.**



**Some of my friends in Brookside Manor in 1951: first row l to r: unknown guy, Stanley Halle, unknown guy, Charlie Grub, second row: Capretti, Richard Wilcox, Terry, Back row: George Playdon who punched out my left front tooth in a car fight coming home from Washington, D.C. YMCA in 1950**

Across the street and about 300 yards away was a sheep farm that remained active until about the 1960's. We stayed clear of it and I can't remember any bad smells or any disruptive activity even though it was close to where we lived—right next to the elementary school I attended.

Brookside Manor consisted of about four roughly parallel streets of brick homes and Green Meadows consisted of 5 streets of wood homes. I believe the brick homes tended to be owned by professionals and the wood homes by those in other occupations.

"The whole neighborhood was called Green Meadows. Across from Brookside Manor there was a sheep farm next to Ager Road Elementary School. Across and west was Ager Road Methodist Church and about ½ mile beyond took you to a small shopping center with pharmacy, food store,

cleaners, and gas stations and a small place called Mack's Snax, where we hung out for treats and to use the machine that had stuffed animals, and knives in it that were derricked out if you were lucky. It cost 5 cents! artificially flavored orange drink. I bet I spent 20 dollars over time to extract one or two of those animals from that machine. A Coke from the machine also cost 5 cents but comparisons are erroneous since salaries were also lower. We also drank Tru-Ade which was a bottled, sweet, high calorie mixture of sugar and artificial coloring, ugh!

We also consumed plenty of milky ways, clark bar, snickers, and assorted others, like Mounds bar w/o almond or with; I liked both. My home did not keep candy out for snacking; Mother always cooked nutritious, tasty food and I kept my weight balanced, only by being so very active in all sports and informal athletic events, from age until now."



**Above is Ager Road Methodist church, the first church I ever attended. I remained there from age 6 to age13 when the preacher told me I "had to join" and I told him I was leaving. I didn't return to organized religion until 1970. You'll see how that happens as you join me on my odyssey in the years that will unfold, slowly but surely, and now accelerate well into my old age, hah!**

East on Ager Road 200 feet went by the elementary school, then some homes, and about 1/2-mile east were apartment buildings where I did my paper route at age 10 with occasional help from my Dad! Continuing on you came to Queens Chapel intersection with car dealer, drive-in theater built about 1950 and some more small stores and a small municipal airport. Our home was about 2 miles from northeast Washington, D.C. if you kept going East on Ager Road, but it could have been a hundred miles from the city, to me as a young boy. My world was Brookside Manor and my immediate family and its activities, hopes and desires.

**A subscriber gets an early morning surprise!**



**This looks somewhat like me at age 10 delivering the Washington Post by bike Most people paid me but a few stiffed me which came as a surprise to my idealistic self!**

One time my Dad did my paper route for me since I was sick, and had an incident that we laughed about for years! He entered one of my apartments on the route and dropped off papers on the first floor. There was one other subscriber who lived on the second floor. My Dad, eager to finish and return home, tossed a paper up the stairway and it hit the guy's door loudly.

A guy opened the door and shouted, "Dam paper boy! Watch what you're doing", obviously angry but was even more surprised when my Dad loped up the steps in a hurry and stopped; pointed his finger at the guy and said, "Aren't you glad you got your paper?!" The guy's jaw dropped as he quickly slammed his door shut. My father was a gentle man unless he sensed unfairness in another's behavior and then he would take steps to redress it.

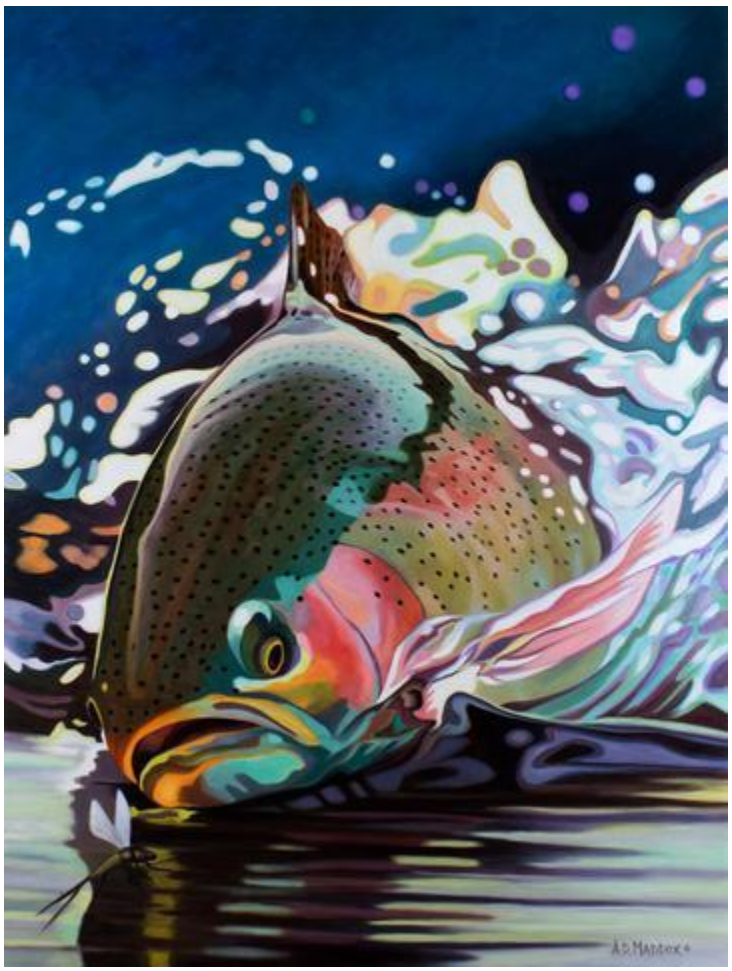
## Neighborhood activities

My neighborhood held as much activity as I could ever need and plenty of people to talk with and to learn about life. There were plenty of playmates in Brookside Manor. Across the street were Stanley and Cookie Halle (real name Warren). Their father owned a grocery store in downtown D.C. They were Jewish and gave me my first experience with different cultures. They would offer me huge dill pickles and matzo for snacks and I liked them and also their snacks.

Two doors down on my side of Peabody were Geoff and John Whitmore, whose father was a Geologist and could swim and dive really well. He took us swimming at Takoma Park Pool several times. The Whitmores also hosted a bonfire every 12th night after Christmas in their back yard which was very exciting for us kids. I remember that we ran around hyper-like and cooked marshmallows and potatoes, and probably took forever to fall asleep later on.

"**Because my father worked in Adapted Sports for the US Veterans Administration, designing swimming pools, golf courses, and bowling allies for physically challenged vets, he brought home a wealth of baseballs, gloves, bats, and other sports equipment, free of charge. He doled them out to me from time to time and it was clear that he wasn't going to spoil me.**

**One time I got a fishing rod and casting reel and promptly sent 50 feet of line plus a huge plastic plug up and over the telephone line between our house and next door. The plug wrapped several times and I think that plug and wrapped line were there when we moved eight years later in 1954. At that time in my life, I would have never thought I'd later on fish passionately for trout and dream of fish as handsome as this created creature:**



**I did not touch another fishing rod until age 27 in 1968!**

Farther down Peabody street lived Bobbie Grafton, older by 3-4 years, good at sports and a quiet type of guy, George Playdon, whose father was a Coast Guard Captain, Richard Wilcox, father also a Coast Guard officer, and across the street and around the corner was Charlie Grub whose parents were from New Mexico. Charlie was a little spindly legged kid who got little attention but he and I got along well together and were friends.

Nearby but not one of the "gang" was Harold Dale DelChamp and his mother always called him home by yelling in a deeply southern accent and in one unending combination of his first and last name: "HarolDale", "Haroldale" until everyone in the neighborhood was ready to yell, coming!" to shut her up. Harold had an unattractive personality and a way of whining about things which didn't set well with my "gang".

Two streets away on Rittenhouse was Jackie Maslin, a street beyond him was Gary Boyd, and Ken Harp. I knew Ken from Cub Scouts and Gary always made me laugh real hard in classes. One day Gary and I were repeatedly reprimanded in class for laughing out loud and we just couldn't stop. I've long ago forgotten what made us laugh. But when school ended and we started walking home down Ager Road. Gary brought up our earlier shared joke and when we

passed a wooden fence both of us partially fell, bending over the fence and laughed so hard we couldn't get down, finally falling to the ground, still laughing hysterically.



Reminds me of Gary & me laughing so
Hard we fell down on the ground.



Fences make good neighbors
But some of them are weird anyway!

There were some unusual characters in our neighborhood back then. There was a man, named Thorndike Spaulding, a somewhat ponderous name and he was heavy and somewhat unkempt in personal appearance. He repeatedly irritated my father by occasionally walking through our neighborhood, kicking everyone's tires! My father confronted him one evening and he apparently just wanted to see "the quality" of the cars, as divined through the quality of the tires. My Dad told him to stop doing that and he complied. I think my Dad was torn between amusement and irritation by this strange individual.

***"And there was Cato, an African American man who mowed all the front lawns in our neighborhood, probably 50 in number! I can still see him, probably in his 70's unless he had prematurely aged, taking his time with the mowing; stopping now and then to mop his brow. He wore a formal long sleeved white shirt discolored with sweat and grass stains and displaying suspenders to hold up dress pants which he had chosen for whatever reason for his day's work.***



***This is the push mower we used back in the pre-60's:***
***loud, needed regular sharpening, and heavy!***
***I can conjure up the sound of my Dad's mower***
***to this day.***

*But he would stop and talk a bit with us kids and we never thought of him as less than us. He was just another fixture in our young universe, as expected as our breakfast, lunch and dinner. I had no ideas then about inequality between the races, or thwarted ambitions, or any kind of prejudice. My parents lived without prejudice as I remember them and so did I, simply following their leads."*

***Early books I loved were <u>Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer</u> since they both appealed to my budding sense of personal adventure! Also, Treasure Island was read in those days. And also, The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island, Holland, 1911. I remember my parents reading Uncle Wiggly stories to me at bedtime. I think I read the comics in the newspaper and probably some sports and national news. This would have been before television in 1950 when reading was a primary means of learning and entertainment. Additionally, I enjoyed Archie comic books and began to find Photoplay with pictures of pretty women to my liking! I could literally read all day, but usually only when the weather kept me from some type of physical pursuit. This tendency has continued to old age but my reading bouts are now reduced to maybe two hours at one time and not all day!***



**My sports life begins and never really ends in Brookside Manor, Hyattsville, MD!**

Behind Geoff and John's house was a "baseball field", really just their backyard though small, that we used almost every day it didn't rain or freeze and we broke at least 5 windows in Whitmore's house and the one next door. I suppose it was about 80 feet from home plate to their house! Finally, we moved down to Green Meadows ball fields and by age 10 I was playing on the



"midgets" baseball team. The ages were 10-12 and when you turned 13, you joined Intermediate and when you turned 15 you played in the Junior Boy's Club League.

I played outfield after an incident where I went down for a ground ball at shortstop and it hit me in the face, which I didn't like so I asked to be in the outfield. That became right field and I never got back into the defensive game to any real extent since right field at that level of play never yielded many fly balls to catch. I used the time to dream of making the big hit at bat and when in the outfield, I would call out as confidently and loudly as I dared: "C/mon now pitcher, he can't hit—give him the low fast ball—no stick in there—c/mon pitch—he can't hit."

My voice always had good volume so I did help our team by distracting the batter! As near as I remember nobody every commented on my delivery, choice of words, or anything at all about my fielding or cheerleading! I also learned to pick out the tender weeds to chew—the ones that would slip out of their casing with a "thwick" sound and seemed to be a little sweet.

*At bat, I often struck out, as a younger player, but I usually struck out by swinging, which I decided was far preferable to being "called out on strikes". I was strong so every now and then I would connect and hit it a long way. I typically made doubles when I did get a hit and I was fast over short distances, so I could steal bases pretty good. I've tended to "strike out" assertively ever since, hah!*

*Brookside Manor/Green Meadows neighborhood now in the 21st century! My old neighborhood in Brookside Manor was all Caucasian except the man who cut our lawns for us: Cato, mentioned lovingly earlier. Most of suburban Maryland in Prince George's Country and within a mile or so of the District line has morphed into African American primarily with a small percentage of Caucasians and Asians and I'm sure Indians and other ethnicities.*

*This affected my entire outlook on race relations and though I became well educated, I carried to adulthood some stereotypes and untruths that I had to work hard to change but I did, both in my Navy experience and in working experiences later on in my life. I place a high value on a diversity of friends and neighbors and enjoy the rich cultural mixture that the Washington, D.C. area provides for its citizens and visitors alike!*

**The following information was taken from "Neighborhood Scout" and gives interesting statistics about where I grew up as of 2016 I believe.**

**"Did you know that the Brookside Manor / Green Meadows neighborhood has more Sub-Saharan African and African ancestry people living in it than nearly any neighborhood in America? It's true! In fact, 15.3% of this neighborhood's residents have Sub-Saharan African ancestry and 7.8% have African ancestry.**

**Brookside Manor / Green Meadows is also pretty special linguistically. Significantly, 7.3% of its residents five years old and above primarily speak French at home. While this may seem like a small percentage, it is higher than 99.7% of the neighborhoods in America.**

### Notable & Unique: Migration / Stability

**Do you like to be surrounded by people from all over the country or world, with different perspectives and life experiences? Or do you instead prefer to be in a neighborhood where most residents have lived there for a long time, creating a sense of cohesiveness? Neighborhood Scout's analysis reveals that this neighborhood stands out among American neighborhoods for the uniqueness of the mobility of its residents. What is interesting to note, is that the Brookside Manor / Green Meadows neighborhood has a greater percentage of residents born in another country (60.4%) than are found in 99.2% of all U.S. neighborhoods.**

### Notable & Unique: Modes of Transportation

**If you like to ride the train to work, this neighborhood may be for you. Neighborhood Scout's research revealed that 18.7% of the Brookside Manor / Green Meadows neighborhood's commuters ride the train to and from work each day, which is more than we found in 96.2% of America's neighborhoods.**

### Notable & Unique: Occupations

**More people work in manufacturing and as laborers here in the Brookside Manor / Green Meadows neighborhood than in 95.0% of the neighborhoods in America. Despite the loss of manufacturing jobs across the nation, this neighborhood remains a place where, compared to other parts of the country, you will find many laborers and manufacturers.**

## The Neighbors

### The Neighbors: Income

**How wealthy a neighborhood is, from very wealthy, to middle income, to low income is very formative with regard to the personality and character of a neighborhood. Equally important is the rate of people, particularly children, who live below the federal poverty line. In some wealthy gated communities, the areas immediately surrounding can have high rates of childhood poverty, which indicates other social issues. Neighborhood Scout's analysis reveals both aspects of income and poverty for this neighborhood.**

**The neighbors in the Brookside Manor / Green Meadows neighborhood in Hyattsville are middle-income, making it a moderate-income neighborhood. Neighborhood Scout's exclusive analysis reveals that this neighborhood has a higher income than 50.3% of the neighborhoods in America. With 31.6% of the children here below the federal poverty line, this neighborhood has a higher rate of childhood poverty than 74.2% of U.S. neighborhoods.**

### The Neighbors: Occupations

**The old saying "you are what you eat" is true. But it is also true that you are what you do for a living. The types of occupations your neighbors have shape their character, and together as a group, their collective occupations shape the culture of a place.**

**In the Brookside Manor / Green Meadows neighborhood, 39.0% of the working population is employed in manufacturing and laborer occupations. The second most important occupational group in this neighborhood is sales and service jobs, from major sales accounts, to working in fast food restaurants, with 38.0% of the residents employed. Other residents here are employed in executive, management, and professional occupations (12.7%), and 10.3% in clerical, assistant, and tech support occupations.**

### The Neighbors: Ethnicity / Ancestry

**Culture is the shared learned behavior of peoples. Undeniably, different ethnicities and ancestries have different cultural traditions, and as a result, neighborhoods with concentrations of residents of one or another ethnicities or ancestries will express those cultures. It is what makes the North End in Boston so fun to visit for the Italian restaurants, bakeries, culture, and charm, and similarly, why people enjoy visiting Chinatown in San Francisco.**

**In the Brookside Manor / Green Meadows neighborhood in Hyattsville, MD, residents most commonly identify their ethnicity or ancestry as Sub-Saharan African (15.3%). There are also a number of people of African ancestry (7.8%), and residents who report Jamaican roots (4.5%), and some of the residents are also of South American ancestry (2.9%), along with some Dominican ancestry residents (1.7%), among others. In addition, 60.4% of the residents of this neighborhood were born in another country."**

**Moral training by example!**

An example of my father's strong moral code and willingness to confront immoral behavior occurred one day during practice at the ball field. Garrity was the coach, and was an underwhelming human being; more interested in posturing than helping young players. He kept hitting balls over my head in right field and derided me when I couldn't catch them. I tried my best but I was almost in tears as he pounded ball after ball far over my head and I had to chase it and return and throw it back into him. I was mortified! The final straw came when he threw the ball later on that day and hit me repeatedly in the leg. That was just not right. I told my father what had happened. His reaction was to get into our car, me alongside, and drive over to Garrity's house and knocked on his door. After a minute, he came to the door and my father identified himself and told him what I had told him had happened. "Do you think you did the right thing by hounding Terry and then hitting him with the balls?". Harrity looked defensively left and right and then mumbled, "No, I'm sorry." That was that and Harrity never really did much coaching after that day. Thank God!

My Dad liked to go on long walks and he sometimes took me along with him much to my delight. One time we walked down to the Northwest Branch of the Potomac, really a creek-type flow of shallow water that ran along parallel to the playgrounds in Green Meadows where I played every sport imaginable from age 6 to age 14 when we moved to Takoma Park.

**"As we headed into the wooded area near the creek, Dad saw a fallen tree stuck across another larger tree and said to me, "I'm going to walk up the cross tree!" I couldn't believe it. But up he went, balancing himself like a logger on a floating log in the river, but when he was about ½ way to the juncture of the two trees and at least 15' up, the log he was walking up cracked; Dad braced and then jumped down into the fortunately soft underbrush with a thump. But up he jumped and he was fine and I was both astonished and proud at the same instant. What a Dad!"**



**And yet another time, he and I went "skiing" up a fairly steep grade of a hill about 1 mile from our home. I say we skied but actually Dad had carried his old coal black skis with only the semblance of straps which were really "bear claws" meaning that you could easily break your ankles. I was fascinated by the skis and later, Dad bought me black skis of my own which I used fearlessly on the slopes of a monastery near where we had skied, much to the envy of my friends. How I didn't break my neck is a mystery to me but I loved the speed and when I briefly left terra firma I was ecstatic. I was hooked on physical pursuits forever.**

Let's go back to the Whitmores. We played "workup" baseball in their backyard and also conducted major toy soldier war games in the vicinity of the sand box where John Whitmore was in command! He was a shy guy, very passive and intelligent, who had at least 200 soldiers, revolutionary I believe, and he definitely knew where and how he wanted them to perform. Once or twice I went with them to downtown D.C. to make purchases of more soldiers for their army. Those soldiers were "his life" whereas my "life" was sports and friendships.

The rest of us were under his leadership and sometimes I railed at being told "what my soldiers should do". This reticence in accepting orders will come back to haunt me on occasion, as you will see as this autobiography unfolds. Call it a healthy sense of independence or call it unruly but it has persisted over time.

**Early leadership Experience foiled!**

"**I did take a turn at "command" once when my Dad built a small wooden hut next to our house. The location was superb as it nestled against a thriving flock of sweet smelling**

**honeysuckle flowers against our side fence. I decided that "Night Riders" would be the name for those of us assembled under the roof one night, after we had lit candles, marked the walls with candle wax signs, and begun thinking of various "rides" we could accomplish. The fact that we did not own even one horse or pony didn't quell our enthusiasm. I think we met about twice before my command functions were severely questioned by the guys who at one point chased me all around the neighborhood and I ran from them and hid up a tree like a leader dispossessed. We thereupon disbanded the Night Riders unceremoniously!" I can still vividly see those marked walls and smell the flowers in the dusk of a Maryland evening.**




**My Dad built things for all of us. When I was about 10 years old, he built first a fort of cardboard And then later one of plywood where my friends and I burned candles and made secret plans for adventures! And later still, he built a wooden structure which I treated as my castle!**

Stanley and Cookie Halle were prime playmates, due in part to the in-ground, concrete swimming pool about 15'by 30' in their backyard. Their father made the call whether or not to fill the pool on a daily basis and one day in 1950 at about noon when the Maryland heat and humidity were sky high, Cookie ran out to the street and bellowed out, "My father says we can fill the pool!"

Quickly a group of about 4-5 boys and I jumped on our bicycles-- me proudly riding my new Schwinn maroon colored bike-- and rode around the block singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" until we got too hoarse to keep it up. On days the pool was open, we would stay in it all day except for meal breaks and our skin would look like prunes!

One year I developed infected ear drums (from their pool) which perforated and caused plenty of discomfort. I'm sure they had no filter at the time but oh, that pool was so much fun! And the Halle's daughter Roberta babysat Ronnie sometimes and was a faithful young friend to my

Mother. Roberta understood Ronnie, with all his eccentricities, and she seemed to love him nonetheless. Your kindness and acceptance, Roberta, will always be remembered.

**Recollections of Takoma Park Swimming Pool**

My Dad took Ronnie and me to the Takoma Park swimming pool from 1946 until 1953 when I began going by myself and here is my recollection of those good times with Dad:

**"Walking into the large pool complex, a substantial brick building like so many buildings in Maryland area that used the reddish brick from the hills nearby; smelling the heady mixture of chlorine and hot buttered popcorn from the machine just inside the door. Anxiously entering the "Men's locker room" and noticing all shapes, sizes, and ages of men and boys, getting ready for swimming. Some were grossly out of shape, but not my Dad, who looked much younger than most of the other fathers.**

**Or was it just that I saw him through loving eyes? In any event, we then had to go through a doubling twisting tile paneled area with horizontal and vertical strong squirting water delivery openings and they were almost painful the first few times. Then, around the corner and out into the warm Maryland sunshine, the cool blue water and freedom until Dad called out to Ronnie and me to stay near him at all times.**

**We would then find an open spot on the cement surfaces surrounding the large pool and the kid's pool and wading pools, and put down our claim: our bath towels right next to each other. Then Dad would head toward the kid's pool with Ronnie in tow and me following next, half wanting to head to the big pool and half knowing that would have to wait. The cooling feel of the chlorinated water and the strange smell when I submerged my head in it and came up shooting water from my mouth and nose! Ha, ha, ha was all I could say but my pleasure quotient had already been reached and Dad laughed too as he helped Ronnie paddle alongside the hard-unyielding side of the kid's pool.**

**Those summers were all too short as I progressed rapidly to the large pool, having also taken swimming lessons at the Washington, D.C. YMCA and earned the rank of "Fish". Nothing in the water anywhere would stop me now! And just as we left, we always bought small paper bags filled with hot, salty popcorn which I can still conjure up the smell and taste of, to this day!" I was a strong if not swift swimmer in my youth. And when I dived, I always looked from some girls to impress!**

During this time, I joined Cub Scouts and my Dad became the Cub Master in charge of the meetings and activities. We met at the Methodist Church right across Ager Road and I especially remember making a knight costume with a sword. After the Knight's night, I kept my sword and challenged anyone who cared to do battle down at the "moat" behind the baseball diamond in Green Meadows. The hill was a marvelous pile of the earth overturned from making the ball diamond. It was "king of the hill" with wooden swords and I was pretty good, mostly aggressive, and I think we kept sword fighting every weekend for about a month!

*Ever since then I have been fascinated by swords and sword fighting in movies and literature. Maybe I'll take up fencing as a new hobby one of these days. The three musketeers, Robin Hood, and Scaramouche are all movie favorites. Can you see the developing life theme of physicality and personal adventure and yes, romance? At age 75 I still harbor an interest in sword fighting and may enroll in a class!*



**Strikingly good black & white photo from Scaramouche, one of my all-time favorite movies: Stewart Granger in amazingly flamboyant pants in a repost? I watched this movie 4 times!**

## First death that touched me: how could this happen?

***A sad event was that my friend Ken Harp, who I knew from cub scouts, either shot himself or accidently fired a shot gun at his home in Green Meadows, and had killed himself. He was 10 years old, so it was about 1950. It was the first death that affected my personal world and it***

***was difficult to take. I had gone to cub meetings at his house and I liked Ken very much. We went to his church service at Ager Road Methodist Church and it took quite a while for us to "move on" in our young lives. How could such a thing happen? The starkness and finality of this event haunted me for quite a time afterwards.***

Our gang followed a schedule of sorts in terms of activities, with the major sports of baseball, football, and basketball at the center. When I wasn't playing baseball, in good weather, we tended to engage in baseball card collecting and tossing cards, pea shooting, marbles, yo-yo's, and water pistol engagements! Peas shooting used a strong version of a longer table straw to expel the peas at supersonic speeds. I would have a royal fortune if Mother hadn't thrown out my card collection and other "valuables" years later when I was away with the Navy. I know that I had cards for Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle, Duke Snider, Roy Campanella, Larry Doby, Luke Easter, Phil Rizzuto and many others of renown.

**I don't know how we kept track of the order of activities, but when it was pea shooting, everyone shot peas! The peer pressure was there for all to see, of course, I had no idea at that time of what that meant. Of course, we also used pocketknives and played mumble-de-peg where you threw at targets far too close to your opponents' foot!**



**Pea shooters were good fun but annoying to adults!**

**Ager Road Elementary—fun, games, and even learning!**

At Ager Road Elementary right across the street and down 100 yards from my home, my day started with a quick game of kickball or softball before the bell rang for class, with dodge ball, tag, and hobby sharing at recess, softball at lunch or maybe marbles, followed by whatever activity was in vogue when I got home.

**"I loved marbles, the real game, with a chalked off ring about 10 feet diameter, with the target marbles grouped in the center. You would then use your shooter marble, larger**

**than the targets, to knock them out of the circle. I can still hear the distinct click when you hit a target squarely and the satisfaction you felt. I won 2nd place in 6th grade, losing to Bobbie Steele and recently discovered that the game is still played and tournaments are held. What a great game!"**

I played Scrooge in the school's Christmas Carol rendition and remember how weird it felt to take my bathrobe to school the day of the play to wear as Scrooge. My mother covered me with white powder; put a stocking on my head and made me wear an old bathrobe and slippers. I also sang alto in the school choir and we did "You'll Never Walk Alone" the night of our graduation, amidst plenty of parents' wet eyes. Music came pretty easily to me always has since.



My heartthrobs were Becky Bennett who lived one street away and Nancy, a year older and very attractive with dark hair and mysterious to this very day! I saw her when I stood my patrol duty but never screwed up enough courage to talk to her. She knew I liked her but nothing ever came of my interest. I wonder what ever happened to her. I also liked Ms. Douglas my 4th grade teacher who was pretty and had a soft pleasant voice. I always volunteered for anything near where she was even if it meant writing on the blackboard which I never enjoyed. My penmanship was never good and I often wonder what I would have done professionally in the days before good typewriters and yes—computers.

I did have schoolwork and particularly enjoyed spelling bees, often winning or placing second, due in large part to my parents' good word usage, and an inherited sense of sounds and spelling. I liked stories, reading, and science but math was not my idea of a good time!

I got picked to serve on the school's patrol guard in 4th grade and proudly wore my bright white vest and waist belt and shiny metal shield! We had sites to guard by helping kids cross the streets which spanned about one mile from end to end: from the Kirkwood apartments toward D.C. to the small shopping center at Ager and Riggs Road, dangerous 4-way intersection even back in those days. One day we heard that a cafeteria worker and her husband had been killed at the very intersection which saddened us greatly and kept us alert when on duty. I have difficulty in accepting the fact that we were given so much responsibility at age 10 with the variable performance of all car drivers. But we accepted it and performed well indeed.

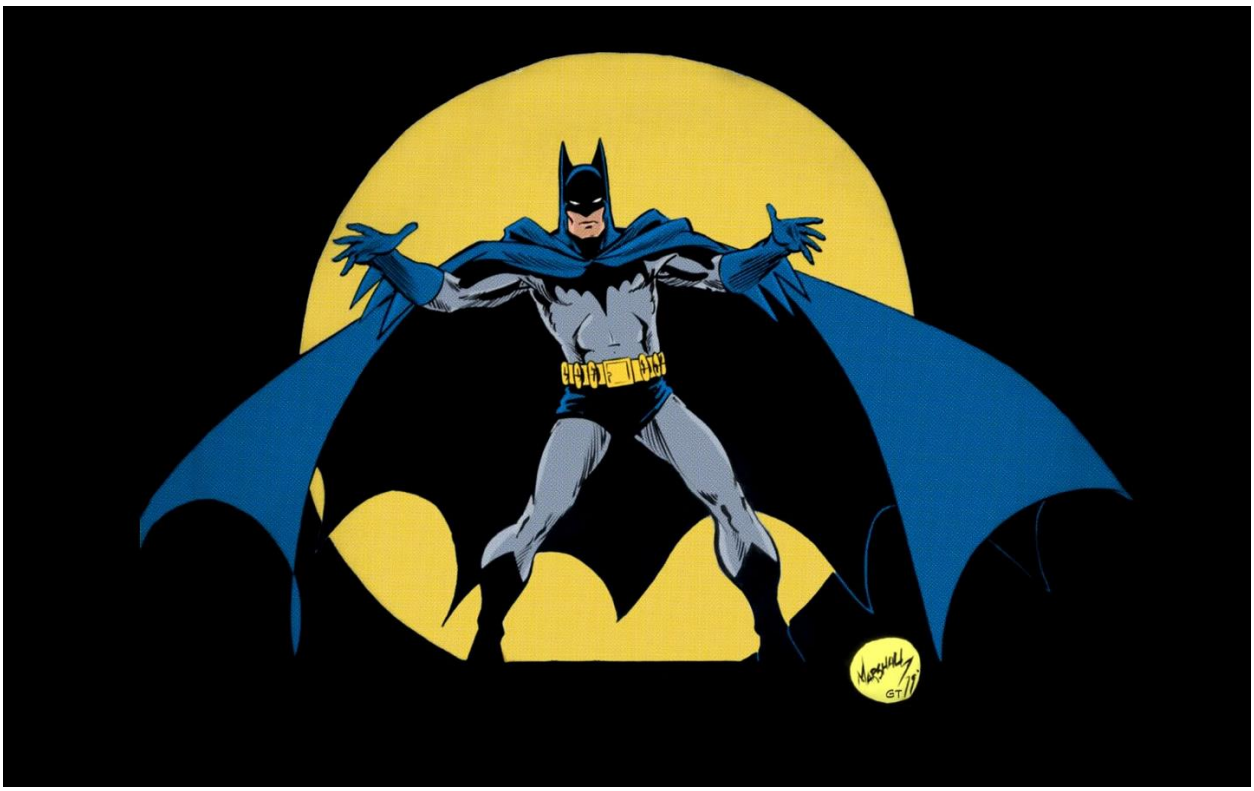


***I remember Truman's "stealing" of the 1948 election from Dewey and my mother took me to the parade in D.C. I remember Eisenhower winning in 1952. My mother took me out of school and we went to the Inaugural parade in Washington, D.C. and were in the front row. I saw Eisenhower and Truman ride along in a convertible down Pennsylvania Avenue, after a very long wait, survivable only with plenty of Mother's snacks and comic books.***



**A very happy and a bit surprised US President Harry Truman rides in triumph; my mother took me to see the 1948 Inaugural Parade and fed me tons of snacks to keep me happy!**
**We also attended the 1952 Inaugural Parade for Eisenhower!**

***At the time, my favorite was (and still is) Batman since he did every trick without magic, was definitely for good against evil, and was a gymnast like my father had been. I also enjoyed Superman and Archie and Veronica—yes, my interest in girls started early!!***



**My very favorite super hero: BATMAN!! My dad and I loved him because back then he did most of his tricks using gymnastic skills and not electronic trickery!**

# Television



**"We got television in 1950 along with a 1950 Ford, light green stick shift and no extras. Before that, I think we had a 1938 Plymouth. I know it had running boards! Before that, I had enjoyed radio, Amos and Andy, Charlie McCarthy, and others. The first TV show I remember is Howdy Doody and the Steve Allen Show in the afternoons when I got back from Ager Road Elementary. I liked variety shows right away, with the comedy, the music, and the variety!! Later we watched Lights out! Have gun, will travel, Studio One, Playhouse 90, Ed Sullivan Show, Alfred Hitchcock, and of course many more as the years went by including Jack Corbett, Space Cadet and of course tons of sports stuff."**

Dad favored westerns which Mother thought were silly and unbelievable! Mother liked variety shows and dramas and always kept a book with the birth dates and information on the movie stars near her TV chair. I watched everything but liked sports and westerns best at ages 10-18. I thought news was somewhat boring back in those days. We watched "Have gun will travel", "Gunsmoke", and the movie Honda and any western got our attention. Typically, Mother and Dad watched TV until after the 11pm news and then turned in to bed. I believe I found the news shows a little boring and preferred sports and action shows—still my favorites.

**An unwanted Adventure!**

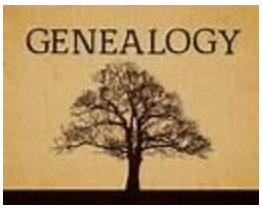
One day, probably on a weekend, a friend and I took a "hike" behind Ager Road Elementary School, just to explore along the creek that flowed along that way. Soon after we were down the trail, maybe 100 yards, we both felt a stinging sensation and then heard the dreadful sound of a gun being fired…at us!! I turned and saw an older teenage boy pointing his BB gun at me and ran down the trail as fast as I could. He followed us for a few minutes; shooting and hitting us in the back and buttocks; the BB's painful but not seriously injuring our tough young hides.

I shouted out to him to stop and he did and disappeared into the wooded area off the trail. We hunkered down for a minute to see if he would reappear but he didn't and we quickly ran back across Ager Road to my home. My parents were shocked and angry and comforted us as they surveyed the welts on our backs. I can't recall if my Dad headed to the woods to find and confront the culprit but I'm sure he thought about doing it. Dad had no patience for misbehavior!

***This was one of the first examples in my life of the important phrase: "Life is not fair" and my friend and I tried to digest and understand its portents. Years later, when Ronnie's challenges became apparent and when my son Dan suffered all the shots and other medical procedures to help stem his Leukemia, I would find that phrase to be very appropriately used and heeded. Bad things happen to good people but God does not will them to happen. I truly believe that God helps us deal with bad and unpleasant events and that help is not to be taken lightly.***

***My first thought of music, for this period of my young life, was Beethoven's Eroica Symphony, but that is a little presumptuous! How about hearing You'll Never Walk Alone?***

## FROM WHENCE DID I COME?




**My Parents and some close relatives**

Now, I'd like to talk about my parents and some of my relatives that quickly became intermeshed in my young life. Each of them has made me what I now am as I write my story and I hope you find them interesting; I've found them crucial to my life, my personality, and my odyssey. Since 1992, I have been embarked on creating a solid factual history of my ancestors both paternal and maternal—Chapman and Hughes—to leave for my sons and their progeny to examine, enjoy I hope, and add to over their lifetimes. This is the only way we will ever understand from whence we come and it will help us plan our futures!

**To best understand my perspective in writing my autobiography, you first need to have some understanding "from whence did I come". You will discover many of my relatives and ancestors as my story unfolds and this will help you know who I am—meaning the backdrop for my life perspective and overall outlook and then follow how it developed over my lifetime.**

***All of us owe a major debt of gratitude first of all to God and our parents, without both, in my humble opinion, we simply would not exist. And beyond that, we should look further back in our past to our ancestors, both paternal and maternal, to get a glimpse of the human foundations of our being—the cultural origin, the main characters in a direct paternal line from our fathers extending back in time, whether to another country of origin which will usually be the case.***

**My mother and father and brother helped me learn to love myself despite whatever dilemma or hardship I would face in my life. This quotation from an unlikely source, Lucille Ball, is pointedly true as I have lived it and goes like this:**

**"Love yourself first and everything else falls into line. You really have to love yourself to get anything done in this world". How true. Be sure to take time to take care of yourself along with your devotion to helping others in your life. You'll be glad you did as I am looking back over these 75 years of life.**

**We should identify at least the basic facts that surround them—their occupations, their place of birth, their educations or lack of educations, their marriages, their children, and any other important facts about their lives if possible, such as military service, hobbies, family life, travels, accomplishments.**

**This is I realize a tall order to fill! Some countries of origin have kept better records than others, for example, in my family; the churches in Montreal, Canada have proved highly useful by having recorded dates of birth of many relatives. But many countries didn't keep good birth and death records until well into the 20th century, if at all. But try to find out what you can and your life will be much richer and you'll have a solid understanding of who you are and why. Plus, it's just lots of fun, especially in the long cold New England months, and for me, when my fishing and golfing are just a dream.**

***"I don't intend to give a full biography of my ancestors; many of the generations up to Grandfather and Grandmother are mentioned at least briefly by me in the narrative, starting with this "The Story of My Life" which is the most factually oriented (at least to the best of my ability) part of this autobiography.***

***You will, probably, have already read Chapman and Hughes Family Histories in Part II earlier, but bear with me as I layer in other facts, stories, and tidbits about our wonderful family.***

***Here is a piece I wrote entitled: "why I created this family tree", written in 2007 in Ancestry.com records. I was providing my reasons for creating a family tree to all those who might see my ancestry site online. I was providing my reasons for creating a family tree to all those who might see my ancestry site online. This will serve as a start in understanding how important my family's history is to me."***

***MY REASONS FOR CREATING A FAMILY TREE on Ancestry.com?***

*(Written by Terry Hughes Chapman, 2007 and updated 2013)*

*I've always been proud to be a Chapman! I suppose you usually feel good about your family name, unless of course, you have reasons not to, such as unsavory life histories of some, misdeeds of a grand order, or various relatives to be ashamed of in a certain family tree.*

*I was very proud of my parents, Max and Charlotte Chapman, who loved me unfailingly and told me about my ancestors as a young boy growing up in Maryland. They told me about my father's father, Erie D. Chapman, the Elyria Postmaster, and his father, Harlan Page, the Civil War hero. And they told me about my mother's side, especially "General" James Hughes, my 4th great Grandfather. But it stopped there and I realize that most parents usually only talk about ancestors through the Great Grandfather, Great Grandmother eras and one is left to ferret out facts and stories about those beyond those timeframes, roughly 100 years back in time.*

*All my life I have heard about my ancestors, especially "General James Hughes", British officer in the Revolutionary War, whose oil portrait (1792) and flintlock pistol (with his JH initials on the handle) we have passed down from the General to descendants either named Hughes or perhaps to the eldest offspring and in turn to my possession and care.*

***Music for this point in the narrative should be the score for the Movie, "The Last of the Mohegans", with its adventurous, nationalistic flavors and dash!***

*I was told he had 24 children through two wives. I knew little of his military history, but he was called, "General Hughes" and that he had fought in the Revolutionary War. That was what I was told and what I believed until about 1994 when my wife Margaret and I traveled to London on business trip and I researched James Hughes in the Public Records Office outside London for a full day. I found his enlistment information for the 44th Regiment and a worker there helped me interpret the information.*

*I continued to do research through the Canadian Archives and was able to find his grave marker inscription, buried in Montreal in 1825, thereby confirming his birth: 1738 and his death. The highest rank I find for James Hughes Town Major is Major General at the time of his being in charge of British forces in Montreal but that is not confirmed.*

*"The old Burying Grounds" where Town Major Hughes was buried no longer exists in Montreal and his remains are not to be found. Some of the remains were identified and re-interred but not Hughes. I also later identified 21 children, 10 of whom lived to adulthood, and one of his*

*daughters, Charlotte, married a Lloyd and she is the "link" to my mother's DeKastner lineage and thus to the Chapmans when she married Max J. Chapman, my father in 1937.*

*Since my retirement in 2003 I have greatly increased my level of research and have utilized Ancestry.com since 2007, which has greatly speeded up my Hughes research and I am determined to locate, interpret, and codify all the information I can find to "set the record straight" on Hughes relatives and Chapman relatives as well. Chapman's lineage is well documented from Robert Chapman coming to Old Saybrook, CT in 1635 down to my sons Jonathan Hughes Chapman and Daniel Wiley Chapman.*

**To best understand my perspective in writing my autobiography, you first need to have some understanding "from whence did I come". You will discover many of my relatives and ancestors as my story unfolds and this will help you know who I am—meaning the backdrop for my life perspective and overall outlook and then follow how it developed over my lifetime.**

**And beyond that, we should look further back in our past to our ancestors, both paternal and maternal, to get a glimpse of the human foundations of our being—the cultural origin, the main characters in a direct paternal line from our fathers extending back in time, whether to another country of origin which will usually be the case. We should identify at least the basic facts that surround them—their occupations, their place of birth, their educations or lack of educations, their marriages, their children, and any other important facts about their lives if possible, such as military service, hobbies, family life, travels, accomplishments.**

**This is I realize a tall order to fill! Some countries of origin have kept better records than others, for example, in my family; the churches in Montreal, Canada have proved highly useful by having recorded dates of birth of many relatives. But many countries didn't keep good birth and death records until well into the 20th century, if at all. But try to find out what you can and your life will be much richer and you'll have a solid understanding of who you are and why. Plus, it's just lots of fun, especially in the long cold New England months, and for me, when my fishing and golfing are just a dream.**

**I maintain a yearly subscription to Ancestry and have full international access to genealogical and other records that have enabled me to develop a fairly solid overview of the James Hughes lineage: birth and death dates for most family members, military service records, marriage and birth dates, and anecdotes for a few. My immersion in family history since 2007 and my joining Ancestry.com has greatly increased my awareness of how my ancestors have influenced me and "shaped" my personality and some of my values.**

**But first of all, I'm driven by a love of my family, beginning with my father and mother, Max and Charlotte Chapman, who placed the highest value on love and showing it by their unselfish acts throughout their lifetimes.**

**This poem that I wrote in about 2 minutes is dedicated to them and all those who love freely, fully, and demonstrate their love by their actions toward others!**

***When in doubt: believe in love.***
***When in pain: call for love.***
***When in gladness: share your love.***
***When in love: savor that love.***
***And when faced with hate: give more love so that at the end, you lived for love!***

**First of all, My Dad!**

**And what was he like? How to describe my Dad? He was intelligent, well read, family oriented, patient, athletic, thoughtful, humorous, and practical. He told an occasional joke but mostly got laughs by plays on words and brief stories. My father made his family his mission in life, always making other interests and activities secondary. Though I highly admire him for this, I also wish he had done more to cultivate his own interests to increase his overall pleasure in life. But Dad was quite comfortable "in his own skin". Each of us makes these choices ourselves. He was the least self-centered person I have ever known! My Dad's middle name of Josselyn came from his maternal Grandmother's maiden name, a fact discovered only recently in June of 2012.**



**My Dad, Max Josselyn Chapman, in his office "uniform" for his Veterans Administration years. This photo, 1962, is not the most becoming of him but does show his reliable smile.**

My Dad served Thirty years in US federal service in Navy and Veteran's Administration; Oberlin graduate, WWII vet, east coast-based from 1946 until his death in 1976 from pancreatic

cancer; my Uncle Thayer, Bank Vice President, WWI vet, Truman appointee, long-time Ohio resident, President of the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry Sons and Daughters Association, which has met each August continuously since the Civil War, died 1974 in hospital in Elyria and Uncle Erie, Case Reserve graduate, YMCA director, California resident for several years, golfer, bridge player, and active church member (Presbyterian) and superb dinner speaker, who died in 1995 in Toledo at his Hasty Road Condo.

**"Their lives spanned the continent, the 20th Century and among them ranged from my Dad, somewhat quiet and reserved to Thayer the extrovert and businessman to Erie, the non-drinker, non-smoker, who was also an extrovert. What a wonderful group of men to emulate! I miss them but am thankful they lived the robust, varied lives they lived and that I was privileged to be part of it all. My parents always voted Democratic and Uncle Thayer was a Democrat but I'm not sure about Uncle Erie. Aunt Eunice, my mother's sister was a staunch Republican and a convention delegate on several occasions."**

**My Dad graduated from Oberlin College in 1930, having earned a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Spanish! He also spent one summer taking a steamer ship to Mexico and recording all of his experiences in a scrapbook I still have! He then earned a Master's of Science Degree in Physical Education and also completed Ph.D. course requirements but never wrote a dissertation; I have no idea why he stopped short of finishing but I'm sure he must have had a good reason. Knowing my Dad, it was probably just the desire to spend more time with his little family. Family was for my Dad, the most important of all ventures! I recently re-read in 2017, Dad's journal of his Mexico trip, and once again, was impressed at how friendly and upbeat his personality was, at the age of about 22 in 1930.**

**Dad had many friends including Johnny Pesky, The Boston Red Sox Hall of Famer, and Edward R. Murrow, world renown news broadcaster whom he got to know when they both were officers of the National Student Association (not sure of exact name of organization) and traveled to Columbia, Missouri, where I later lived from 1974-1983! Dad kept in touch with Edward R. Murrow for years and exchanged Christmas cards. My Dad thought Ed was the finest newsman of all time and I can only think, if somewhat self-serving, that Ed thought my Dad was a fine man as well.**

**Although Dad was a professional in his working career and always worked very hard and effectively, I believe he was happiest when with his family in their normal routines and also doing the many home and yard projects that he so loved to do. No fanfare, not self-centered in the slightest, but just a loving father, brother, son, and devoted teacher, coach, and mentor for many young men whom he served at Oberlin, as a Camp Counselor from 1928-1936 at Camp Pemigewasset in New Hampshire, in the US Navy, as a Cub Scout Master in Hyattsville, MD, and for countless men and women that he and mother gave ballroom dancing to from the years 1952-1958, usually in their homes and also at the Bethesda, MD Music and Arts Center.**

## My Mother Charlotte David Chapman

**"How to describe my mother in a few words? Entertaining, enthusiastic, intense, extroverted, caring, nurturing, sensitive, intelligent, and very practical and capable of keeping a good checkbook and successfully parlaying her small salaries and Dad's retirement pay into a small fortune at the time of her death in 1998. I knew I could not help bragging about my wonderful Mother! I must also say that she could be difficult and too emotional and she never accepted fully that Ronnie was so challenged with his handicapping conditions. Her pain was very evident and affected all of us over the years.**

**She had a "nervous breakdown" following my father's death in 1976 and was briefly committed to inpatient care. With medicine, Lithium, she recovered from bipolar disease, and its severe ups and downs. With the medicine, she was able to enjoy many years of active family and community activities and also continue her work at the University of Maryland until 1978. My "strategy" was to help our family, though as a young man, I simply followed my instincts. I always tried to be the best son and brother I could be and to use all of my God-given skills in order to live out the productive, full life I was given."** ***Note: I use quotes when clearly, it's me speaking to you as if I am with you telling you a short anecdote which is my favorite form of story- telling.***

Mother loved to socialize and with everyone within her speaking voice! She chatted with neighbors, friends, relatives, and folks near her in the grocery store, much to my embarrassment as a young boy. But then I learned quickly that the other persons seemed to like the attention and she and I usually made a new friend that way. I learned that reaching out to people was a good thing!

**Mother's world centered on my Dad, my brother Ronnie and me. No question about that. She was always close to us, physically and emotionally. She was proud of us and told people all about us. As a matter of fact, she would stop anyone and talk about us!**

**She encouraged us to do our best and suffered greatly at Ronnie's handicapping conditions which kept him from doing so. She loved me and showed it with hugs and kisses innumerable and would also pinch my cheeks on occasion, to show more color.** ***I sometimes wonder if my flushed red face resulted from her "caring".***



**Charlotte Hughes Chapman, maiden name David, in about 1973, aged 60**

Mother was far ahead of her time on nutrition and gave us plenty of vegetables along with the meat and potatoes my father craved. Mother loved "meat on the bone' and would pick up chicken or chops and dig right in, thoroughly enjoying her meals. She would make a pie or cake almost every weekend which my Dad loved. Her meatloaf was delicious and her salads were

tasty and varied. Sometimes I recall her eating Brussels sprouts by themselves, cooked of course, as a lunch, or chewing on some radishes, or simply some walnuts. She also loved toffee, covered with a light dusting of powdered sugar and nut pieces!! Mother also loved crabs—crushed by mallet and appetizingly placed on a large newspaper on the table please. And oh yes, plenty of melted butter!

**And who were my Chapman ancestors that perpetuated our direct line and became part of fiber, being, intellect, and general personality? Here are a few I am indebted to for my life, its fullness and character:**

## NOTABLE CHAPMAN ANCESTORS

### ROBERT CHAPMAN: "FIRST TO AMERICA"

"Robert Chapman, (of Hull, England), about 19 years old, was one of 20 men sent by Sir Richard Saltonstall, to take possession of a tract of land, and make settlements, near the mouth of the Connecticut River, in 1635. For many years, Robert Chapman was town clerk, and commissioner of Saybrook, and was elected as their deputy to the General Court 43 times. He was also a soldier, and is mentioned by Lieutenant Col. Gardiner in his "History of the Pequot War" against the natives in the 1630s. Robert was a large landholder in the towns of Saybrook and East Haddam, and owned a tract in Hebron.

His parents were Puritans, and he was said to be a "man of exemplary piety." According to a family tradition, his mother was anxious to immigrate to America, but his father refused. She induced Robert and then his 3 sisters to go to America, in the hope that once they were established, their father would consent to accompany her and join them. Her hope for herself seems to have been unrealized, but her children all made homes in the New World."

From The Chapman Family: or the Descendants of Robert Chapman, by Rev. F.W. Chapman (published 1854)

**And another story, this one written by me in Ancestry.com records:**

**Robert Chapman "re-visited"**

July 18, 2007, Old Saybrook, CT, US

"I visited Old Saybrook, CT recently and spent time in the historical society archives/library. My research was most productive, acquiring more than 140 pages of photocopied information about Robert Chapman, Old Saybrook, and other relatives both there and Johnny Appleseed (Jonathan Chapman) in Marietta, Ohio. I saw the Old Saybrook Fort foundation recreation and memorials; Robert my 6th Great Grandfather and others built this fort in 1636 and lived inside its walls until it burned down in 1642(?) Robert Chapman, Jr. was born and lived at the fort, later serving in the CT state legislature for numerable sessions and is buried in churchyard Old burying ground cemetery near capital building in Hartford, CT.



Old Saybrook Lighthouse, CT.

A railroad round house was built on fort property in early 1800's and served between there and Hartford and Boston for many years; there are old railroad ties and wheel axles still there in a most impressive display for visitors.

The fort had cannons that could fire 1 mile and therefore could protect from enemy incursion both from the sea and from inland waterways. Members of the early fort community protected body and property against (justified) attacks by local Indian groups on repeated occasions. I can only imagine what life was like in those days; full of adventure but mostly dread of attack, disease, hunger, and personal questions of "should we stay here or head inland?".

They persevered and Robert and others are commemorated by a gravestone memorial near where he was probably buried in the Cypress Cemetery in Old Saybrook, near the old fort. "Six Plain Men" is the title of the memorial script which states that these men persevered and in so doing created a community that remains to this day and should be remembered always. Around that memorial are several graves, some Chapman, but almost unreadable after all these centuries of weather and unfortunately neglect. May they always rest in peace!"

## ROBERT CHAPMAN JR: "THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL"

**Robert Chapman, Jr. and two other brothers served in the Connecticut State Legislature in Hartford. Robert Chapman Jr. is buried near the Connecticut State Capitol in Hartford.**

## CONSTANT CHAPMAN: "THE PATRIOT"

**Born CT and served in the Continental Army under General Washington, and at Valley Forge.**

## THUROT CHAPMAN: "THE PIONEER"

**One of his children, Thurot Chapman settled in Lorain, Ohio and built a small house right adjacent to where the "Hedges" house still stands as of 2013. Thurot interacted with local Indians and fathered Harlan Page Chapman, American Civil War hero.**

## HARLAN PAGE CHAPMAN: "THE CIVIL WAR HERO"

**Harlan served honorably with the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry and was injured with a ball to his leg which he carried with discomfort but pride the rest of his life. He built we believe the Hedges homestead, a large house that still stands today in 2013. He helped establish and develop the annual meetings and gatherings of the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry with their families on the shores of Lake Erie. These annual reunions have continued unbroken since the Civil War! The property at Lake Avon, OH has an active museum, mess hall, activities hall, and approximately 30 private homes on the property.**

## DEGRASSE CHAPMAN
## "HERO AT ANTIETAM"

**Degrasse fought in the American Civil War with the Ohio 23rd and was killed On September 17, 1862, age 21 years. I never heard about him from my family because apparently most of the attention was spent on Harlan Page and the Ohio 103rd as Harlan became the "leader" of the Chapman clan in Ohio following the Civil War and built The Hedges ancestral home in about 1873.**

## ERIE DEGRASSE CHAPMAN: "THE POSTMASTER"

**Harlan Chapman had two sons and a daughter: Erie, Otto, and Oleo. Erie married Minnie Thayer and had three sons: Thayer, Erie, and my father Max J. Chapman.**

**But there is so much more to discover. I feel somewhat like an explorer and I have always loved explorers and personal adventure--in books, music, and in real life! So, I pursue this adventure realizing that I am probably the first Chapman of my lineage who could have undertaken this project: the first with a Ph.D. in my family which taught me persistence in research; the first with computer availability; and may be also the first who has such an appetite for discovering family lore and facts! Vive le Search! Vive le adventure! Mon Dieu! C'est Bon!!" And the adventuring carries over into my fervent desire to write this autobiography as well. <u>Experiencing life and reflecting on its meaning is the greatest adventure of all!</u>**

**Uncle Erie DeGrasse Chapman**




**My father's older brother Erie Degrasse Chapman, doing what he liked best: playing golf at his club Inverness in Toledo, OH in 1992-age 87!**

Uncle Erie devoted his professional life to the YMCA, starting in Lockport, New York, and moving to Hollywood, California in the 40's; returning to Toledo in 1954 to head a very large YMCA system, with nine branches, summer camp, and other facilities. He and Aunt Molly, maiden name Murbaugh, moved into the "castle" in suburban Toledo, which had a real moat around it and a great garage-area basketball court. The house probably had about 10 rooms. Their children are Chip, actually Erie Degrasse Chapman III; Ann, a beautiful, engaging girl,

whom I had repeated crushes on as a young teenager; John, who later became a lawyer in Colorado; and Martha, who is a wonderfully warm successful person who had her life challenged by being extremely short in stature. Martha always overcame this by her winning personality and her continuous volunteer work in health settings.

**Chip's career path was almost meteoric, as he became president of a hospital in Columbus, OH and offered much to the city's art groups while living there from about 1966-1985, when he moved to Nashville to become president of a larger hospital. Chip earned a theology degree and also created a nationally televised health program. His musical abilities led to a beautiful religious voice recording. His new hospital has joined physical healing with the broader arena of healing with spiritual enhancements and that has proven popular and successful. Starting in about 2014 Chip and I have enjoyed frequent "interactions" on Facebook postings, largely stemming from his excellent written Sacred Journal which is posted weekly plus my general wry musings on all things experiential!**

Uncle Erie was an extrovert, and thoroughly enjoyed social events, though he would often irritate the family by trying to "take over" events and do all the planning himself. But my Dad and Uncle Thayer would hold him in line in a good natured way. The brothers' love for each other was real and lasting and each would defend the other if challenged in any way.




**Photo of three generations of Chapmans: right to left: Aunt Molly Murbaugh Chapman, Uncle Erie's wife near the time of her 100 year birthday!! Ann Chapman, still pretty,with her 75th birthday cake, Molly's daughter, and Susan Coburn, daughter of Ann Chapman, in 2012.**

**My Uncle Thayer**



***Left to Right: Harlan Thayer Chapman, my Uncle; Aunt Josephine, cousin Harlan Page Chapman, Lt. Colonel, United State Marine Corps—in 1973 having just returned from 7 1/2 years POW status in Hanoi, Viet Nam. President Nixon brought our troops home and Harley would never forget this act of statesmanship. And he's still Republican today.***

Uncle Thayer was a complete extrovert and gladly demonstrated this fact by pulling out his wallet and letting the 10-15 membership cards unfold down almost to the floor! That truly caught my attention. He belonged to such organizations as: American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution (we are direct descendants of John Alden), Sherriff's Association, Masons, and others I never learned about!

**He grew up on 3rd Avenue in Elyria, then the Hedges in LaPorte, and had an operating paper route by age 8! He left home at age 16 to join the Navy and served in WWI on a cruiser as Chief Gunner's Mate, the highest enlisted rank you can hold and saw combat in that capacity. Uncle Thayer was born in 1899 and he and Uncle Erie and my father lived almost the entire 20th century, through WWI, WWII, Korea, Vietnam, space travel, the**

**development of television, computers, and cures for polio and many forms of Cancer, until 1995 when Uncle Erie died in Toledo, Ohio, an amazingly long time for three brothers—almost a century. "They <u>were</u> the 20th century" in terms of what their range of life experiences represented. Their formal educations ranged from Uncle Thayer finishing 8th grade to Uncle Erie's Master of Psychology Degree to my Dad's Master in Physical Education plus having completed all of his coursework and only needing a dissertation for a Ph.D. However, Uncle Thayer's native intelligence, hard work, and practical gift for persuasion and networking helped him attain the highest level professional position when he was chosen by Harry Truman as Assistant Registrar of the US Treasury! So there!**

**Uncle Thayer's Children**

**Uncle Thayer's children were Connie, born in 1924 and Harley, born in 1934, both in Elyria when they lived at the Hedges in La Porte, Ohio. Connie would grow up to become my closest cousin even with the 600 miles between Ohio and the East Coast.** ***Harley would become a US Marine Pilot, and was shot down in October 1965, while flying a mission from the carrier USS Oriskany, over Hanoi, North Vietnam. He was captured and spent the next 7 ½ years in captivity. No one knew that he was alive until the Red Cross received a post card from Harley in about 1970. Harley's wife was unable to wait for him and divorced him and re-married.***

***Harley was freed by President Nixon's efforts in February 1973, flying into an air base in Newburg, NY, 20 miles from my home, where we lived while I was working with the Castle Point VA Hospital. The family was jubilant and President Nixon personally greeted the returning marines in a gala Washington, D.C. celebration in the Spring of 1973.***

***Uncle Thayer and Aunt Jo fortunately lived to see his return, Thayer dying in 1974 and Aunt Jo in 1976. Harley credited his survival from his strong family values and also his football experience which increased his fortitude and endurance. I also credit my high school experiences in football, basketball, baseball, and student government with some of my later ability to "weather a storm" though on a far lesser scale than Cousin Harley!***

"Harley has never talked about his ordeal, preferring to make a new life for himself back in Ohio. He got a real estate appraiser's license and practiced that livelihood until about 1998. He happily remarried Fran, inheriting two sons and a daughter from her previous marriage to add to the son Harl that he had with his former wife. They have been a happy couple, sailing in their 24' sailboat in competitions near and far throughout the Great Lakes. I am eternally grateful that Harley was able to turn around his misfortunes and create a successful renaissance!"

My father had two brothers, Erie and Thayer (yes, strange names) who lived in Ohio at that time. Thayer was Uncle Thayer's mother's maiden name. They lived near Lake Erie so perhaps that makes sense but I think it was a family name from long ago. Erie was a YMCA executive in Toledo and Thayer was named the Assistant Register of the U. S. Treasury by Truman in 1948. He kept the Hedges, the Chapman ancestral home in Elyria, Ohio where my Dad and he and Erie had been raised, but rented an apartment in Washington, D.C. and visited us for lunch and supper

almost every Sunday from 1949-1952. He'd pull up on his big black Buick sedan at noon for a hot home cooked meal and his favorite was mother's meat loaf. He'd stay to play Canasta, followed by sandwiches and snacks and listening to the radio shows Amos & Andy and such, before driving back to his apartment in D.C by about 8pm. I loved Uncle Thayer who always seemed to have a sense of doing "important things" and seemed to enjoy life and all its "trimmings". Uncle Thayer loved pageantry and had the skills to run a very good business meeting in any setting. He was practical and filled with family knowledge, pride, and a willingness to tell stories about the people in his life, much to my great entertainment.

It was Uncle Thayer who encouraged mother and Dad to buy their own home in 1954, telling them that they could borrow against life insurance and convincing them to be assertive. His business sense was excellent and it worked. He had a successful paper route when he was about 8 years old and he went on to bigger and better business achievements from that first success.

**OHIO 103 OVI (and Uncle Thayer and Aunt Jo)**



**The 103rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry Color Guard (Civil War era)**

***Appropriate music for all of our veterans, but especially the Ohio 103rd is "When Johnnie comes marching home"!***

The Ohio 103rd organization holds many pleasant memories of going to the Ohio to Sheffield Lake, near Elyria on Lake Erie as early as 1950. My Dad's brother Harlan Thayer Chapman (Thayer) was president of this organization for many years. The membership is comprised of the descendants of Union Civil War vets, who meet every year for one week in August, at the site of reunions shortly after the Civil war. We would stay with Uncle Thayer and Aunt Josephine at the Hedges in those years and go daily to the Camp for activities and the communal dinners held in the Mess Hall, looking out from a 50-foot-high bluff over Lake Erie. Dinners were served family style, and the fresh corn, tomatoes, and fried chicken were never better.

Sitting there on those summer evenings, so long ago, I can remember feeling that wonderful feeling of belonging that only groups of people connected by family and historical ties can experience. Uncle Thayer owned a cottage near the highway and a 75-yard walk to Casement hall and the mess hall. Later they bought a nicer home right on the water only 100 feet from the facilities.

**"Usually one of the teens would blow all bugle calls including reveille, colors, and taps at about 10 in the evening after the shows had finished. Everyone at camp, which could be about 100 people during the third week of August each year, was expected to get involved in the evening shows held all through camp week. One night might be a take-off on TV shows, the next night an amateur show with joke tellers, and often there would be dancing to a piano played by an old woman and her husband who I can still picture to this day.**

**Their music carried over the camp ground to the small houses occupied by the year-round residents, totaling about 20 in those days and still about that number. Some evenings I would head back to where we were sleeping and fall asleep to the sounds of the piano grinding out the old tunes of the day, with the cool, damp air floating in from Canada on nearby Lake Erie."**

My mother and Dad used to stay in the barracks building during camp week to get some privacy from the ongoing parties that could become tiring! What pleasant memories from more than 50 years ago. I do recall though that my mother thought the Ohio family was somewhat self-centered and didn't ask much about her side of the family. This feeling was borne out over the years in that the Ohio relatives almost never visited us in Maryland, though Uncle Thayer and Jo did attend their 25th Wedding Anniversary. But Uncle Erie never visited nor did cousins Harley and Connie. I know they loved us, but for some reason, did not choose to visit.

We swam right below the bluff and sometimes we'd get a ride in someone's boat on Lake Erie. I also did a little fishing off the bluff and also down on the water from the pier. We caught Smallmouth Bass and perch. One guy did put on quite a show, casting from the top of the bluffs over into the Lake though I never saw him catch anything except attention.

**The Hedges-Chapman homestead (1872-1985)**

**"The Hedges was a fabulous home! Located in Elyria, in the Grafton neighborhood, it had been built by Harlan Page Chapman, Civil War veteran in about 1872. Before him, his father Thurot Chapman, War of 1812 veteran had come from New York in earlier 1800's and built a small house on the same site as the Hedges! When my cousin Harlan Page Chapman returned in 1973 following 7 ½ years as a Marine POW in Hanoi, he purchased the Hedges and renovated it. He and Fran, his second wife, stayed there until about 1985, when they moved to a condo in Sandusky, bought a large sailboat, and competed and traveled throughout the Great lakes."**

In my mind's eye, I count ten rooms with 4 bathrooms. You entered through the back stoop to a large kitchen on the right and a small greeting room on the left which later was made into an eating area. Then you proceeded straight ahead to a large dining room with a table which would set for 10 or so and an unusually large bathroom on the right. I recall that the commode in that bathroom was at least 10 paces from the door and one always felt a little vulnerable to someone else entering and being unable to hold the door closed. The lock never seemed to work. Ah, life's little challenges!



***Photo of the Hedges in the 1930's where my Dad grew up in La Porte, Ohio, and where his father, Erie Degrasse Chapman, and before that his father Harlan Page Chapman, honored member of the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry also lived. And back in the early 1800's HP Chapman's father, Thurot Chapman, had come to Ohio from Connecticut and build a small cabin to the left of where the Hedges stands in the above photo. Note "Hedges" the family dog in front of the center porch upright. Hedges the dog probably greeted my Dad when he returned home from Oberlin College on holidays and in the summers from 1926-1936.***

Walking straight ahead toward the front of the house led to a comfortable medium sized living room with fireplace and large bay windows facing a small grove of old growth trees, visible to you in the living room. A framed photograph of Harlan Page Chapman hung over the fireplace.



**Harlan Page Chapman, Civil War veteran in about 1910, two years before he died in 1912 while living at the Hedges home in La Porte, OH.**

**"The Long Siege"**
**by Louise Horn**
**To Harlan P. Chapman**
**Date unknown, from a newspaper article, perhaps the Elyria Chronicle Telegram**

***Do you see that white-haired man, my boy,***
***There where the Veterans wait—***
***The man with the cheerful word and smile***
***And the painful halt in his gait?***
***He's an honored man in his home-town, lad,***
***Diligent, faithful, just,***
***A friend to many for sixty years,***
***Earning their love and trust.***

***Now notice that halting step, my boy,***
***As the blue line passes, --see!***
***He has carried a musket ball in his hip***
***since Knoxville of Sixty-three.***
***Carried a musket ball in his hip***
***Forty-four years of life,***
***Nor ever his cheerful laugh has failed***
***Nor faltered once in the strife.***

***Yet never a step in all those years***
***Free from a grinding pain.***
***Never a motion of his foot,***
***But came with a dragging strain.***
***Forty-four years of suffering, Lad--***
***He was just a boy like you***
***when he faced the Siege of Knoxville Town,***
***wearing his suit of blue.***

***When he faced the Siege of Knoxville, Lad,***
***And its cruel bullet, Nay,***
***'Twas the long, long siege of Life he faced***
***On that drear November day.***
***He has fought it out with his colors high,***
***He has never flinched or quailed,***
***with no white flag of a bitter word***
***Or a heart whose valor failed.***

***Forty-four years of warfare—boy,***

***Never a rest in the strife.***
***With "No Surrender" his watchword still***
***In the long, long siege of Life.***
***Yes, brave, --heroic, we've noble words***
***For the hero of each fierce day,***
***But a heroism beyond all words***
***Is his in his life's long fray.***



**An earlier photo of Harlan Page Chapman, about 18 years old, after**

**mustering into the Ohio103rd Volunteer Infantry in nearby Cleveland in 1862. He was injured but returned to the Hedges home after the war and raised his family there, dying in 1912 and buried in Butternut Cemetery nearby along with Thurot chapman, his father, and Degrasse Chapman, who was killed at the Battle of Antietam, June 16, 1862. Also buried there are Erie D. Chapman, my father's father and Harlan Page Chapman, my father's brother and other Chapman ancestors.**



**Only reasonably good photo of Erie Degrasse Chapman, Jr., son of Harlan Page Chapman, used to promote his candidacy for Assistant Postmaster of Elyria, OH, 1918. One other photo, somewhat damaged, shows him at his desk as Postmaster but I'm not able to show it.**

Adjoining the living room with a French doorway was a porch which was later enclosed and heated and served as a family room when Beth and I visited Harley and Fran in about 1978. The porch ran almost entirely around the first-floor siding and must have been the "air conditioning" in years gone by. Walking farther toward the front led you to a study lined with book shelves which fascinated me and included family histories in civil war tomes and business material as this room served at Uncle Thayer's office when he ventured into real estate appraisals in later years after retiring from his bank vice presidency in Akron. One of those books was "Reminiscences of the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry", written by Harlan Page Chapman after the Civil War.

Uncle Arthur Giles, husband of Aunt Oleo (daughter of the Civil War Veteran Harlan P. Chapman), had a huge collection of civil war books and memorabilia. How I wish I had shown more interest when we visited with them but my interest in that war only grew strong following the movie Gettysburg on a trip there with Margaret in about 1997.

From this office, Uncle Thayer could easily see anyone entering his property by the driveway which ran from the street about 150 feet alongside the house at about 30 yards distance, and ended in a cul-de-sac with parking for maybe 10 cars behind the house and near the rear entrance. And since Uncle Thayer was in so many organizations, I imagine there were many persons, who stopped by every week for business or social contact!

***"At the front of the room was a large picture window which looked out toward the street, across a well-kept lawn with large trees bordering it at street-side, about 25 yards from the front door. An ample hallway held a coat rack and a stairway went from the front door to the second floor. Sitting here now editing these words in 2011, I do wonder about the people who probably knocked at that front door back in that time. Was it the postman with a special delivery from the Elyria Post Office where Erie Chapman was Post Master? Was it a neighbor with neighborhood news or a request for help? Or was it an itinerant traveling salesman with wares to sell? One can only guess."***

**Stump Eating "in the early morning dew"**

"There was a wonderful old and large tree stump right out from the back-door porch and I loved to take my toast with jam out there and sit on it in the early morning sunlight and enjoy just being there at the Hedges, and feeling so very much alive! All my senses took in the atmosphere—the early morning dew, the slight dampness of the stump, the wonderful sweetness of the jam, and the palpable curiosity of what might happen that very day. My world was so fresh in those early days and I was so young and unaware of where I was headed. But that is probably as it should be. I don't believe that God knows every turn and path we will take in our lives but knows the final outcome: a good life, a bad life, or a so-so life? I think so."



**Comical view of my sitting on stump: "no worries"**

The kitchen was "country large", comprised of two rooms; cooking area fairly small and an eating area of medium size, and breakfast and lunch were enjoyed there at the top of the stairs and around to the right was a small bedroom which Uncle Thayer and Aunt Jo used as their master bedroom, probably because you had command of the front door, yard, and city street. Up the stairs straight ahead were another bathroom and beyond that a large bedroom and beyond that were two more bedrooms which Connie and Dick Riedel lived in from about 1945 until 1964 when they bought a home near the family cemetery at Butternut Ridge, maybe 15 minutes from the Hedges. Many Chapmans are buried there including Thurot Chapman, Harlan Page Chapman, Richard Riedel (Thayer's daughter Connie's husband), and Degrasse Chapman, and others.

Aunt Jo was a great cook and when you stayed at the Hedges you ate a lot of good things! You'd have two pies, not one, and maybe two kinds of potatoes, not one, and always fresh vegetables, gravies, and washed down with milk or soft drinks if you wanted. They had a fully equipped bar downstairs at the Hedges and a frig full of soft drinks, to my amazement and delight at age 10. I couldn't get enough of our visits to the Hedges. It was magical.

## One magical Thanksgiving at the Hedges!

**"I remember one Thanksgiving meal in detail, about 1955, that was served in the basement large family room with several tables brought together to seat us all. I remember that the following people were present:**

Thayer and Josephine Chapman, Max and Charlotte Chapman, Terry and Ronnie Chapman, Connie and Dick Riedel-who lived in the second floor apartment for several years while Dick worked in the gas station across the street before joining United Airlines in Cleveland and later in Denver's Stapleton Airport; Aunt Oleo-the daughter of the civil war veteran Harlan Thayer Chapman and her husband Arthur Giles, who held administrative offices for the county of Lorain and was a devout civil war hobbyist and visited most major civil war cites with Oleo (and a mistress along as well!) I was told that when I was 21 years old by my parents.

Also, there were Joe and Elsie Maiden, Aunt Jo's sister. "Uncle" Joe loved to eat raw potatoes with plenty of salt and pepper; Harley Chapman (Thayer's son) Uncle Erie and Molly Chapman who came from Toledo for the event with children, Ann, Chip Martha, and John Chapman. Important to me, Ann Stolba, a very attractive cousin on Aunt Jo's side usually came and "made the day" for me. Black hair, cute face, and long legs! I remember roller-skating with her one time and I could barely keep up as she was so skilled. I had a major crush on her for several years although I never told her so!

Probably Fran Riedel, Dick's mother also was there. Another couple often there were Pit and Marie Gilman, close friends of the family. I attended Pit's funeral in 1950, my first funeral. I vaguely recall feeling it was just not natural to be so close to someone who had just died! Pit was a traveling salesman of household item I believe. He also had played professional baseball for one year with the Cleveland Indians earlier in life, a fact I only recently found out in 2012."

**"It was the first time I had been in the presence of a dead person and it seemed strange for me to be looking at him and it has seemed just as strange and unnatural at every funeral I've attended ever since. I realize this does not meet the normal conventions but I can only say that life is for the living and I like to focus on the person's life and not on their death! I do give my respects at wakes although, even there, I like to see photos and mementoes of their life activities featured." And for me there must be music played throughout the funeral service whether at a church or elsewhere if possible!**

Otto Chapman, Oleo's brother and my Dad's uncle wasn't at that event, having died much earlier, and having lived in a small house behind Aunt Oleo's house which was right next to the Hedges homestead. Otto's daughter Elizabeth married Stephen Ropp, world renowned war historian whom my parents were very fond of. Aunt Oleo took care of Otto in his later years, bringing him meals and washing his clothes. She was the least selfish person I may have ever met, with the exception of my father. Aunt Oleo played croquet with me every visit and baked super sugar cookies which I can still "taste" after all the years gone by.

Aunt Oleo had a direct Civil War connection since her father, Harlan Page Chapman, was a veteran of the Ohio l03 volunteer Infantry in that war and it makes me feel like I had a direct living contact with him and the Civil War, through her! *Time is deceptive and even 100 years can evaporate when being engrossed in intergenerational relationships! How I wish I had asked her about her Civil War father but it never occurred to me.*

They entertained a lot at the basement bar and for them that often meant until 2-3 am while my mother and Dad, much more conventional, would turn in about 11 and then be up with a quiet house to themselves by seven the next morning while Thayer and Jo slept in until 11 or 12 noon. Mother and Dad never got accustomed to this way of living but were always polite about their mild discomfort since they did love Thayer and Jo very much. And so did I."

At the rear of the house beyond the 3-4 car garage and the nearby converted barn, now a house, Led you to an orchard where in the 1930's my father and Uncle Erie and probably Thayer too built a tennis court! How I'd like to have seen those games and family get-togethers at the Hedges!



Tennis court but not opulent like this one! What a marvelous game of eye/hand coordination & timing—the ability to maneuver quickly and lots of endurance!

Beyond the orchard, a sloping mowed lawn dropped maybe 100 feet down at 400-yard distance to the Black River. The width of the slope was approximately 50 yards. I spent some quality time firing my b-b gun at trees and other objects as I proudly sauntered around the Hedges estate. My B-b gun had a tendency to shoot the b-b on a long curve but I got good at allowing for that. I think the gun had been my Dad's but I'm not sure. All of us kids loved to play in the biggest backyard I've ever seen—at least one that I have a right to play on!



**Black River photo**

But think of mowing the acreage there; as soon as you finished mowing, you'd have to start again. Uncle Thayer did a good job of keeping the Hedges in good working shape and my Dad would help mow when we were there in the summer. Dick Riedel and his sons Richard and Clifford also did some mowing from time to time and also trapped on the property for muskrat and raccoon.

The acreage had been successfully farmed, presumably until the car in the early 1900's made food shopping so easy. That is just a guess on my part though. There was also another small house which Uncle Otto, brother of Erie D. Chapman, my father's father. Otto had been a salesman in his youth but bad health left him living near close relatives including Aunt Oleo, Erie D. Chapman's sister, who washed his clothes and generally helped him with everything for many years. Oleo was one of the most unselfish persons I have ever known, except for my father who always thought of the other person first.



***Left to Right: Evelyn DeKastner David, Romeo Etienne David, her husband, Eunice Coxon, daughter of Romeo and Evelyn, and Ken Coxon, Eunice and Howard Coxon's son. Photo taken in 1946, probably in White Plains, NY, home of the Coxons. This is the only photo I have that truly portrays my maternal Aunt, her son, and my maternal grandparents!***

The other trip we made each summer was to Billerica, Massachusetts, the summer home of my mother's parents, Romeo and Evelyn David. Mother had been born in 1913 in Quebec City but was naturalized an American citizen when grandpa brought her to Boston that same year I believe.

**And who were some of my maternal line, stemming from Charlotte Hughes, daughter of Town Major James Hughes, and from whom I directly descend? Let me introduce you to a few:**

## NOTABLE HUGHES ANCESTORS

**Most of my time growing up in suburban Maryland I was steeped in the Chapman traditions, personages, and visits to the Hedges on Thanksgivings some years and in the summer other years to Camp Week, the 3rd week in August on the shores of Lake Erie, in Avon lake, Ohio. But on my maternal side there was a prominent oil painting that hung in our living room in Takoma Park, of my 4th Great Grandfather James Hughes, Town Major or Montreal, and in the basement, my father had his gun collection including a flintlock pistol marked, "JH" and owned by James Hughes Town Major!**

**Even as a kid, I would take down the pistol, fondle it proudly, and try to imagine Hughes firing it during the Revolutionary War. Later I learned that Hughes fought in the French & Indian War, not the Revolutionary War, but to me back then all I knew was that he was one cool guy!**

### JAMES HUGHES TOWN MAJOR

James Hughes was born in 1738 (place unknown-perhaps Ireland, perhaps England, perhaps Montreal--in 1755, Hughes and the regiment (44th) went with reinforcements to North America. There is also a thread of suggestion and possibility that James Hughes was a brother of Barnabas Hughes in Pennsylvania, an American, and then joined the British Army as a loyalist and was with Braddock, from July 9, 1755 and deployed in the disastrous attempt on Fort Duquesne, on the Ohio (present day Pittsburgh) and afterwards in the attacks on Ticonderoga and Fort Niagara, and in the expedition against Montreal and remained in Canada following the war I assume. He probably stayed with the 44th until becoming Town Major of Montreal in 1767 but we are not sure of that as I write this.

Alternately, perhaps General Hughes was born in Montreal and joined up with the 44th just before the Fort Duquesne campaign. General Hughes' possible father William Hughes died in Chambly, CA, near Montreal and may have been from the Montreal area. This has been disputed by Phillip Hughes, descendant of Town Major Hughes, in subsequent research and shared with me in 2007. The 44TH remained in Canada until 1765 when it came home.

NOTE: HUGHES REMAINED IN MONTREAL, BECOMING TOWN MAJOR AND SERVING IN THAT CAPACITY UNTIL ABOUT AUGUST 1822, DYING IN 1825 IN MONTREAL. HUGHES FATHERED TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN, AMONG WHOM WERE

JAMES HUGHES WHO IN 1794 TRAVELED WITH THE NORTHWEST COMPANY FUR TRADERS WEST BY CANOE AND HORSEBACK TO ALBERTA AND HELPED BUILD FORT EDMONTON IN ALBERTA AND PERHAPS OTHER FORTS AND EXPLORED WITH FAMOUS MAP MAKER DAVID THOMPSON!



Restored Fort Edmonton, Calgary, Canada

James Hughes had twenty-one (21) children. We know most about his son James Hughes fur trader mentioned above. We also know that his son Charles Francois Martel Hughes served in British Army in London for years and we have studied letters sent to him from James his father; James his brother; Daniel his brother; Philip his brother; his niece; his Uncle Johnstone. These letters were kept as the Charles Francois Martel de Brouage Hughes fond (letters) in the Canadian Archives.

Fortunately, one of my ancestors must have realized their historical importance in the early development of Canadian military and family history and turned them over to the government. I'd love to know who made that momentous decision!! I understand that Phillip Hughes' father gave them to the Canadian government.

Also noteworthy is the information about Daniel Hughes, son of James Hughes, who became a naturalized US citizen in Frederick, MD in US early 1800's; fought in War of 1812, and is buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Frederick, MD. THC visited the gravesite in May of 2007 and confirmed his burial site with his wife Elizabeth (ne Potts).

SEE INDIVIDUAL HUGHES PERSON PROFILE PAGES ON ANCESTRY.COM (THC ACCESS) TO LEARN OF THE INDIVIDUAL LETTERS AND STORIES COMING OUT OF THE LETTERS COLLECTION. THE LETTERS WERE STUDIED BY THC AT THE

WORCESTER PUBLIC LIBRARY IN APRIL AND MAY OF 2007 ON LOAN FROM CANADIAN ARCHIVES.

HUGHES AT SOME POINT LIVED IN LOWER MONTREAL NEAR THE MARKET PLACE (I SAW THIS MENTIONED IN MONTREAL GAZETTE ADVERTISEMENT CITING THE SALE TAKING PLACE NEAR "RESIDENCE OF MAJOR HUGHES") ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS, Charlotte, MARRIED THOMAS LLOYD AND THUS JOINED THE HUGHES NAME TO MY ANCESTORS LLOYD THUS TO DEKASTNER THUS TO DAVID THUS TO CHARLOTTE HUGHES CHAPMAN, MY MOTHER). The mysteries continue to haunt yet inspire!!

## HUGHES

### JAMES HUGHES TOWN MAJOR

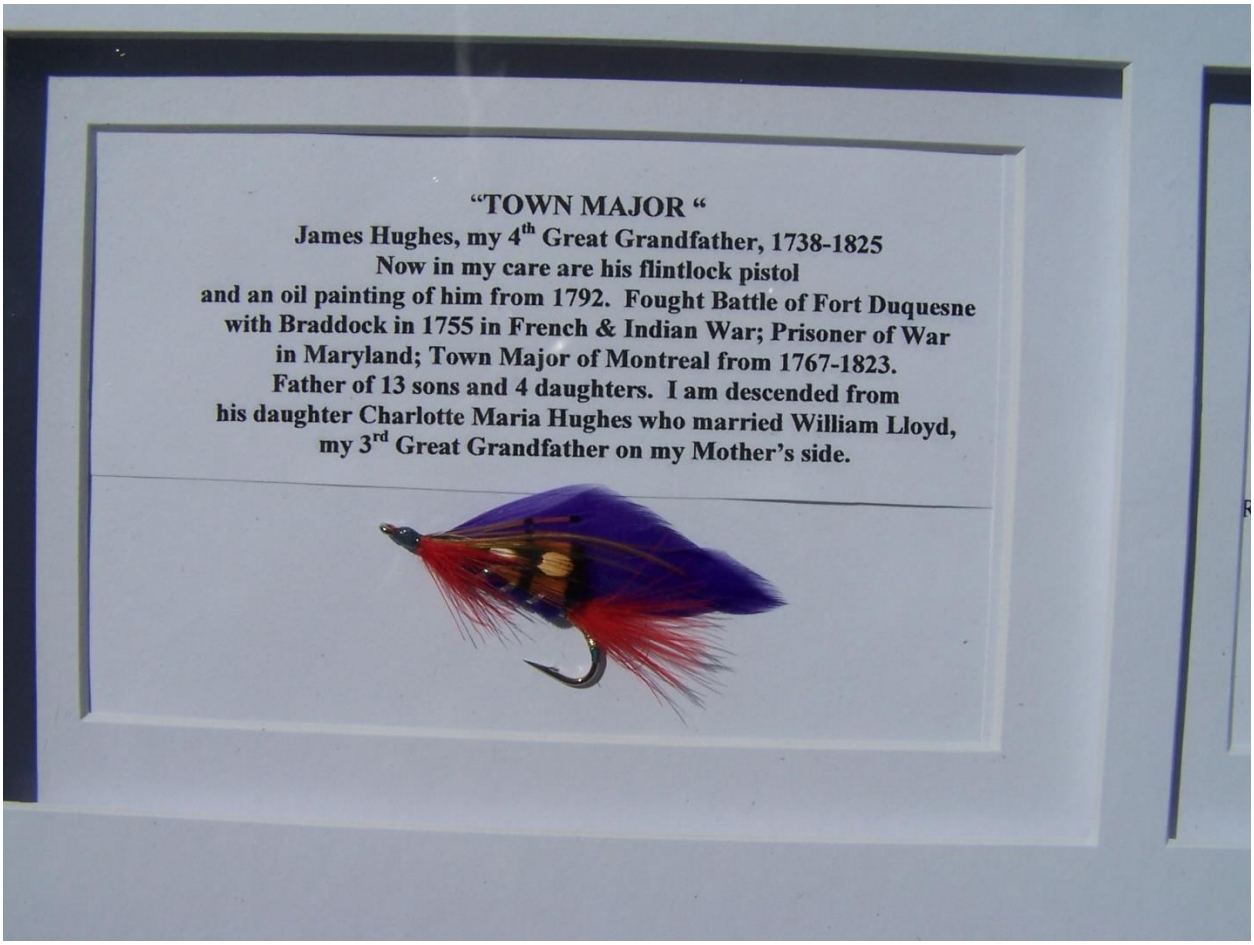
**Town Major James Hughes, my maternal 4th Great Grandfather**

**"I am currently compiling a biography of "General Hughes". At this point I can only verify his having been a Major in Montreal following the French and Indian War, not the Revolutionary War, which I was told he fought in, when I was a youngster. He was buried with family in Montreal in 1823 at aged 85. We have not been able to find out where he was born. It may have been Montreal or perhaps England, Ireland, or Wales. My latest thesis is that he may have joined the British Army in 1754; boarded a sailing ship in Cork, Ireland, with the 44th Regiment of Foot, and joined forces with General Braddock and fought with him in the famous Battle of Fort Duquesne in 1754. Or he might also have been born in Canada or even in America, but I think he came from Ireland.**

**An oil painting of James Hughes, which has been credited as "the same level of quality as art done by Copley in Boston by the Worcester Art Museum staff, hangs in the dining room in our home at #7 Bay Edge Drive, in Worcester, MA and is a constant source of inspiration and pride!" Am pursuing new information that suggests that Town Major Hughes may have been born in Pennsylvania, son of Barnabas Hughes, but this has not been confirmed. Reader beware!"**



**James Hughes, 1792 oil painting, Town Major of Montreal, 1760 until 1823, my 4th Great Grandfather and his flintlock pistol, with his initials, "JH" on the metal stock above the handle). The oil painting was done (expert opinion) by an artist of near Copley level.**




**Commemorative fly and info about James Hughes which resides in my condo in Worcester, MA, tied in 2007; one of a collection I created.**

James had been a prisoner of war during the French and Indian War and I own a copy of a petition he wrote in 1809, requesting the family property back from the government. He served at "Town Major", in charge of military stationed in Montreal for almost 50 years. The town major was in charge of all military forces in that city, mostly administrative and not strategic I assume.

**I formed an enjoyable, productive relationship in 2007 with a distant cousin, Philip Hughes, a well-known architect, who lives in Somerset, England, working as an architect there. He is descended from a different child of General Hughes and we have exchanged more than 40 emails since connecting in 2007 By way of Lost Cousins network on computer. Note: Check my Hughes research files on my flash drive (as of 2011) for much more about our family ties: Hughes and of course Chapman. Also check my ancestry.com ged.com which backed up on my flash drive regularly.**

**I have also "been found" by another cousin, Nicole Hagglund, living in Vancouver, and a descendant of James Hughes the fur trader. We "met" online in spring 2012 when she spotted a comment I'd made on Ancestry.com and telephoned me to chat! I appreciated**

**her direct approach and we've exchanged many emails, especially devoted to learning more about the fur trading Hughes." Since August 2012, I have had no contact with Nicole though I've tried repeatedly to contact her by email, snail mail, and by phone.**

## CHARLOTTE MARIA HUGHES: "THE HUGHES LINK TO CHAPMANS"

**Here are my Ancestry.com notes for Charlotte Maria Hughes lifetime key dates known to me:**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **1775**23 Apr | Birth<br>Montreal, Canada<br>Canadian archives confirm this birth day as of 3/28/07.<br>And next is the fact that is the "link" from James Hughes Town Major to the Chapmans descended from Old Saybrook, CT and Robert Chapman Sr. | 4 source citations<br>Add Media |
| **1803**22 Nov<br>Age: 28 | Marriage to Thomas Lloyd<br>Quebec, Canada<br>Married Thomas Lloyd MD at St. George's church, Hanover Square, London. This marriage united Hughes name to Lloyd and ultimately to Chapmans! | 1 source citation<br>Add Media |
| **1836** Jul<br>Age: 61 | Residence<br>Montreal, Canada<br>Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lloyd departed Montreal and moved to unknown location | 1 source citation<br>Add Media |
| **1841**<br>Age: 66 | Residence<br>St George Hanover Square, Middlesex, England | 1 source citation<br>Add Media |
| **1851**<br>Age: 76 | Residence<br>Kempsey, Worcestershire, England | 1 source citation<br>Add Media |
| **1852**<br>Age: 77 | Residence<br>Québec County, Canada East (Quebec), Canada | 1 source citation<br>Add Media |
| **1855**2 Aug<br>Age: 80 | Death<br>Quebec, Canada<br>Died at 5 Parlor St. Quebec | 2 source citations<br>Add Media |

**DANIEL HUGHES: "THE AMERICAN FROM MONTREAL"**

**This is information about one of my most elusive and interesting ancestors. He left his family in Montreal, unmarried, and emigrated to the United States, settling in Fredericksburg, MD. Serving under Andrew Jackson, he fought in the War of 1812 in the Battle of New Orleans; then worked for US government as an "Indian Agent", details not known. He had two slaves, whom he manumitted at his death and gave each $500, as stated in his will, which I have a copy of. But why did he leave Canada in the first place?**

**"The Greatest Curiosity"**

**Not sure what the newspaper meant about a curiosity?**

24 April 2007, Frederick, MD, US

An article in the 7 Dec 1883 The Daily News (Frederick, MD) stated:

***"Perhaps the greatest curiosity found here is the obituary of the person lying underneath the slab on which is written (so starts a newspaper article about Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Frederick, MD, where my ancestor Daniel Hughes in buried alongside his wife Elizabeth, ne Potts).***

***In memory of Major Daniel Hughes, who was born in Canada on the 30th of February, 1774, became a naturalized citizen of the United States on the 6th of August 1798, received the commission of Second Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Infantry in the service of the United States on the 12th of February, 1801, passing through several promotions until the 1st of February, 1815, when he received the commission of Major, taking rank as such from the 21 of February, 1814. During the war of 1812 he was attached to Gen. Jackson's staff at New Orleans. Soon after the war he resigned his commission in the army. Since which time he has resided principally in Frederick and vicinity, departing this life on the 12th of February, 1854, aged 80 years and 9 days."***

***The article also states: "No more beautiful place for the interment of the dead can be found in the State, outside Baltimore, than Mt. Olivet Cemetery in this city--Broad walks, intersecting drives, with abundance of heavy shade trees, not excepting the numerous songsters that Spring adds to the charm, makes this place a delightful and cool resort during the warm sultry months, and were it not for those silent monuments of the dead, whose bones rest beneath, one might suppose himself in some city park. The site was laid off in the fall of 1853, and was dedicated in June, 1854, and contains 32 acres.....(buried are) up to the present year 4,137, not including the 310 bodies of Confederates brought from the battle fields of Antietam, Monacacy, Gettysburg, and South Mountain."***

Note: I visited the cemetery and gravesite on April 24, 2007. The above inscription was almost entirely scoured off by time and weather except for his last name which appeared

as: “H.U. G....S.” Director Pearcy and Larry Bishop of Frederick Historical Society greeted me hospitably and gave me additional information. ALSO BURIED HERE ARE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY WITH LARGE IMAGE OF KEY AND ONE OF ONLY A FEW *AMERICAN FLAGS ALLOWED TO BE FLOWN 24 HOURS A DAY, ACROSS FROM THE DIRECTOR'S RESIDENCE AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO MT. OLIVET CEMETERY.*

**THE LLOYDS: “CANADA TO AMERICA”**

**THOMAS LLOYD, HUSBAND OF CHARLOTTE MARIA HUGHES**

**THE DEKASTNERS: “MY MOTHER’S, MOTHER’S ROOTS”**

**FREDERICK DEKASTNER**

## Timeline

| | |
|---|---|
| **1846** Feb | Birth<br>Dornach, Switzerland |
| **1847** Age: 1 | Immigration to Quebec City; left Switzerland to come to Canada with family because of German invasion of Alsace-Lorraine where he or his father Hypolite were teaching |
| **1867** Age: 21 | Arrival<br>Quebec City, Canada |
| **1891** Age: 45 | |
| **1901** Age: 55 | Residence<br>Quebec City, City center, Saint-Louis ward |
| **1905** 8 Nov Age: | 59 |
| | Marriage; Married Fanny Lloyd, Quebec, Notre Dame—date unknown |
| | **Romeo Etienne David, son of Etienne David; brilliant speaker, preacher, and civil lawyer; bravo Romeo!!** |

Grandpa David was born in Hull, Canada, near Ottawa, and I have traced his background on Ancestry.com online since 2007**. Because of their Canadian citizenship, I am 50% French Canadian and very proud of this ethnicity.** His father was Etienne David.

Grandpa David had been turned over for adoption (not formally) by his father, who later committed suicide by drowning. The new family gave Grandpa excellent schooling which made a tremendous difference in his life journey. Grandpa never talked much about his childhood so this is all I can remember. The second "father's" name was one I can't quite recall now, something like "Beresford".

***Play the French Le Marseilles here, to represent my French heritage both in France and in Montreal!***

*Grandpa earned a degree in theology from McGill University in Montreal and in about 1900, traveled to Paris, where he earned another degree in theology. He was a Congregational minister until about 40 when, he lost his religious zeal, but not his ability to communicate and persuade people. One of his churches was a French-Canadian church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He received his law degree at Boston University, "one of the first of the mid-life career changers" and was clearly way ahead of his time.*

**Evelyn DeKastner (married name: David)**

My grandmother, Evelyn, was an interesting person in that although very quiet in nature, was president of the Maple Leaf Society (for Canadians) in Boston for several years; taught piano lessons at home and also worked for the Braille Society in Boston and read (letters and literature) for a blind gentleman in Boston. This man later published his biography (last name Inman) in about 1995 which made quite a stir since Inman apparently had amorous liaisons with some of his readers! I'm sure Grandma would never have participated in anything like that. Period!

Grandma David was born Evelyn DeKastner from Quebec City, from an upper-class family descended from General James Hughes. His oil portrait and pistol from the French and Indian War (not the Revolutionary War which I was told he was in growing up!) are in the possession of Terry Chapman in Worcester, Massachusetts at this writing.

General Hughes's artifacts are passed from the offspring with the name Hughes on to the next generation whose name is Hughes or to the eldest son or if no son the eldest daughter. I am only aware of my mother, Charlotte Hughes having received them from her parents, then my receiving them from my mother; and then they will go to my oldest son Jonathan Hughes Chapman.

Perhaps this procedure was instigated by Grandpa David to prevent family acrimony in deciding who would get which artifact in a will! I heard as a child that deciding on who would get what at the time of my ancestors' deaths, caused an intense verbal fight among my family on my mother's side. I'm guessing that would have occurred between DeKastners and Davids but I'm not sure. I believe that my mother's sister Eunice always resented that we owned the original General Hughes oil painting and his pistol and never hesitated to remind us!

Another family friend of my grandparents David was Louise Essery, born in Canada in 1887, a manager of a teacher's agency, who lived in Brookline and had a large home with a tree-lined back porch which overlooked a small forest it seemed to me in my childhood. I don't recall what brought Grandma and Louise together but they were best friends—perhaps they both volunteered for the Braille Society or even connected at the Christian Science Church which Louise attended.

"Grandma taught me French afternoons every summer and I can conjure up her quiet voice saying, Q'uest C'e? Ce the mouse! Madame Souri a la maison, (Mrs. Mouse at her house) etc. I did ok but remember really wanting to get outside again to play which I'm sure disappointed her very much. She and Grandpa sang the Marseilles national anthem regularly and Grandpa delighted in adding an irreverent, "Dadadada!" at the end of it that irritated Grandma big time! Hah!"

**Grandpa's Office on Huntington Avenue in Boston**

They had an apartment at 99 Norway St. in Boston, behind Symphony Hall and near his office on Huntington Avenue. Their old apartment at #99 is still standing and has become a pretty nice location, with easy access to the Symphony, the stores at Copley Plaza and other Boston delights!



This looks like my Grandfather Romeo E. David's
Law office right across the street from the
Christian Science Church in Boston, MA

**"I can still picture the large gold letters, 2nd floor center: ROMEO. E. DAVID, ATTORNEY AT LAW, on the window of his office across from the Christian Science Mother Church on Huntington Avenue, Boston, and in 1989, I would return to work at Northeastern University, only several blocks west of Grandpa's old law office, and as I walked by his old office, reflect on the amazing passages of careers, lives, and time! I have treasured the memories of Romeo my Grandfather and have told so many people through the years about his interesting persona and brilliant mind and yes, his earthy sense of speech and humor on occasion.**

**Years before, when in Boston Navy Piers with the US Navy in the summer of 1963, I walked by his old office. I visited his office even though Grandpa had died in 1960 and talked with one of his fellow lawyers as their joint practice was still in business. Yes, they had liked Romeo very much and missed him. I owe Grandpa David a huge thank you for adding an international (Canada and France) flavor to my upbringing, generally high intelligence, public speaking talent, a tendency to be earthy, and for my visceral love of eating and my flair for verbal utterances on all topics and events!"**




**This is 99 Norway St. just off Huntington Avenue, the YMCA and Northeastern University where Grandpa David and his wife Evelyn DeKastner lived from about 1940-1960 when health issues hospitalized Evelyn and with diminishing health they moved to Maryland; Romeo lived with my Aunt (maternal) Eunice in Hyattsville, MD and Evelyn lived for years until 1967 in a nursing home in Beltsville, MD near High Point High where I graduated in 1958.**

**What were our visits to Billerica like?**

We would drive for 1 1/2 days to reach their summer home and usually stay about 10 days. We'd stay overnight at one of the many small motels that in those years, were distributed up and down the East Coast. The trip at that time required a ferry trip across the Delaware River which probably added 2 hours to the trip! Those trips were made in a1950 light green Ford sedan and a 1956 Green and white Chevrolet sedan which I learned to drive in 1956. They may have also driven from 1946-1950 in a 1938 Navy blue Plymouth sedan which had running boards and was shaped like a large turtle.

**"My mood would greatly improve as we drove into New England and when we reached Massachusetts the air would get cooler and less humid and Dad would get happier and so would Mother. I'm sure Ronnie noticed the changes too. Then, nearing Grandpa's camp, the pine scent would waft into our open windows and we knew we were truly on vacation!"**

Dad would do house repairs for Grandpa; mother would chat with Grandma, and Ronnie and I would play on the swings in the pine grove and hope Dad would take us down to the Shawsheen River, about 300 yards south, to ride in our WWII yellow life raft, and go swimming in the protected alcove at the end of the path down to the river. I remember being frustrated that Dad would not be ready for our raft trip until about 2-3 pm every day when he had finished his "projects".

I recall that Dad fixed Grandpa's water pump in the cellar; picked up discarded wood around the property; probably fixed the hen house; and helped me build a high jump standard and cross bar which I set up out in the back yard. I could jump 5 feet high, using the old-fashioned scissors jump and I would practice until the dirt and sweat forced me in to shower or swim in the river since I don't think we had running water then! And probably have a snack (unless my grandmother caught me). I know we used an outhouse the first few years before the new house was built. It was set up at the other side of the property next to some odor-improving pine trees!

Grandpa kept chickens for eggs, and planted vegetables and a large potato crop, maybe ½ acre, and enjoyed the change from busy Boston and law affairs. Grandpa had degrees from Le Sorbonne in Paris, and undergraduate degree from McGill in Montreal and a sharp mind always ready to converse and always ready to eat!

**"He would eat an additional meal from leftovers after the meal had been finished, and was 5'5 and about 275 pounds in his "prime". He always had energy though and didn't act like a "fat man". He always loved to converse and his favorite question for me was: "how many naked angels can stand on the head of a needle?" which of course I had no answer for and I think I usually just laughed. He would also buy day old pies and cakes in Boston and drive them home to Billerica, where Grandma would not want to serve old stuff. Grandpa would simply eat any pie so ignored and that solved the problem."**

This opportunity completely changed Grandpa's life and his foster father's name was brought up frequently in discussion with Grandpa when we talked or when he talked with my Dad, in the long pre-TV evenings in Billerica, Massachusetts, every summer from 1946-1957, the last summer that Grandma and Grandpa were well enough to host our visit.

**Neighbors in Pinehurst**

I remember another person who lived in a small green wood house about 300 yards behind Grandpa's. He was a very old, infirm man, maybe in his 80's and Grandpa had been his friend. My Dad, Grandpa, and I went over to visit him on several summer evenings and I can still remember the old guy smoking his pipe and chatting, sitting in a rocking chair. His name was something that sounded like Mr. Gretschner and he was friendly and liked to see us. There was usually someone there helping him; don't know if they were related but clearly, he depended on their service.

**"He said that his pipe was what kept him going some days! I still miss pipe smoking which I gave up in 1993 after repeated bouts with bronchitis, but the smell of a fresh pipe lingers in my olfactory memory. Especially smoking pipes in the morning after a good breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast and coffee. Man, that's living! My favorite blend by far was Captain Black, a medium strength mixture with a cut of vanilla-scrumptious. Without much effort, I can conjure up the delightfully comforting smell of that pipe blend as I sit here in the summer of 2012, writing these recollections. Ah how nice!" But oh, so bad for your body.**



Looks like meerschaum likeness of old man, smoking his pipe like the man we knew!

Across the potato field behind Grandpa's camp were the McReynolds family, Charles and his pleasant wife, who were building a house in the same spot for my entire childhood! They lived in the basement portion which was partially finished and as money came in,

they would continue the work on the house. I never saw it completed and will always wonder what it would have looked like with a nice winding driveway, normal front door, with porch and light.

They had two very young girls, too young to play, so I don't remember them. Dad and Mother would go over to visit after dinner, and have a cigarette and coffee or mixed drink with them and I would go too. The conversation was pretty good and besides, Mrs. McReynolds was very attractive as well!

**Behind and across the pine grove from Grandpa's year-round house, was a large wooden cottage with Portuguese family who were usually there every summer. We all had a good laugh one year when, over the quiet summer evening air wafted the repeated request, "Wipe me mama, wipe me please", from a very young boy, who obviously needed his mother's assistance! Ah, the candor of youth.**

**Big Crush!**

**"They had a guest, a young girl named Rose, maybe 3 years older than me and I had a huge crush on her. There was just "something about her" and she was also a young woman to me, in short, a different species of girl than I had yet encountered!**

**She visited for several summers and we played in the pine grove, near Grandpa's house, and Dad put up a wonderful swing. It hung maybe 20 feet from a huge limb**



**and Dad had fashioned a substantial wooden seat and a stout rope which we all trusted. I engineered jumping contests to see who could eject the farthest distance from the moving swing! What was particularly great was that you landed in a heavy cushion of pine needles that broke your fall. I usually won and am amazed I never broke a bone due to my highly competitive nature, but it was the most fun." And I never divulged to her or anyone my secret crush!**

***And oh, the smell of that pine is still with me after all these years. We have cedar seat cushions in our living room but only the fresh, living plant gives off the true odor. The only other smell that comes close would be the smell of a trout stream in May, or maybe freshly cooked meals wafting through our home at #7 Bay Edge Drive in Worcester since we moved there in 1995. And finally, a remembered perfume scent here and there throughout my lifetime! I am indeed an olfactory oriented, sensual person and proud of it!"***

## Korean War Ends!!

**"*I am at the Pinehurst drive-in theatre, which was at the end of the small street that led into Grandpa's camp, probably, about ¼ mile off the main road, and it was a warm, New England night. What I remember is that they stopped the movie and announced the end of the Korean war, so it must have been summer, 1953, the summer before I entered my teens. Everyone cheered and since then I have often thought about the completely arbitrary (or is it?) time when we are born….my father served in WWII, but at an old age of 33; uncle Thayer, lied about his age to join the Navy in WWI at sixteen; Harley Chapman, the "right age" for the Vietnam War; and me—well, you will see later about***



***Shawsheen River flowing through Billerica (Pinehurst town) and where I took a float trip in WWII rubber raft from Grandpa David's home there down to the bridge downtown and back; picked up a gorgeous large smooth stone and dated it 1957 to commemorate my "independence" that summer via that trip. But it's gone the way of inanimate objects not valued at time of moving place to place, alas!***

The Shawsheen River had a pretty good swimming hole except that sometimes you would get a leech on your leg if you didn't keep swimming steadily. I don't think my mother liked this at all and I can only remember her soaking near the shore. There was a large stone out about 30 feet and I would swim to it and could stand on it and survey the whole situation. I don't remember many other swimmers although there was a family whose house we passed getting to the river. The only bad thing was that if you were not actively

swimming, you would get leeches stuck to your legs. This pretty much kept my mother out of the water much of the time. She was a strong swimmer but usually it was Dad, Ronnie and me heading down to the river. The cold water was a welcome relief during the hot days of summer, especially for my Dad, who always broke a strong sweat with physical effort, though he was in good physical shape all his life.

**Ronnie gave us a scare one time when he was still young, falling in the cold moving water from the raft! He must have been about 7 by then. Dad turned the raft around and Ronnie surfaced. I don't think we wore life jackets, but Ronnie stayed near the raft and Dad scooped him out of the water, breathing hard but unharmed.**



**This is exactly like the rubber raft From WWII Navy issue that my Dad, Brother and I rowed down the Shawsheen River in MA in 1957**

I collected stones and kept them from summer to summer, painting some of them, and generally enjoying handling and finding them. I may still have the one I found in1957, our last visit to Billerica, and it was about 8 inches long and weighs maybe 3 pounds. I inscribed it "Grandpa's camp 1957" and it was a prodigious paperweight! Where do things go and hide?

"'I remember most vividly taking one last river trip by myself in the old WWII raft in 1957, paddling all the way down to the bridge in Pinehurst Center, (maybe a mile) and seeing fish swimming in and out of the sinuous vegetation, but out of reach! On, that hot

summer day, I was so young and everything in the world seemed fascinating and every dream attainable. The fish intrigued me and that fascination has not diminished since then."

**"Dad often took Ronnie and me on raft trips and was a wonderful, caring Father for Ronnie and me. He placed the priority on being there for all of us instead of pursuing more outside interests on his own behalf. I only wish he might have had more time for sports and hobbies for himself but that was his decision and probably the best one for him and Ronnie and gave Mother some badly needed down time by herself."**

**My Mother's Sister Eunice Coxon and Cousin Ken, her son**

My mother's sister and only sibling, Eunice Coxon, would join us in Billerica some summers, with my Uncle Howard and Cousin Ken. Ken went fishing even then but I was not interested. We were quite close and both loved the outdoors. I recall Grandpa shouting at us to stop running wildly past him as he rested in a rocker on the porch. Ken and I laughed hysterically when Grandpa shouted, "You run as if it were an event!"

**"Uncle Howard died tragically in 1953 at age 43, when Ken was 10 years old and they lived in Bayside, Long Island. He had a massive heart attack while playing handball at the Elks' Lodge nearby. What a blow to that family! Uncle Howard had been a Sylvania Plant Manager on Long Island and was of Scottish descent. He reveled in his Scottish background and would talk with a brogue on occasion, much to the delight of Ken and me."**



**left to right: Evelyn DeKastner David, Romeo David, Eunice Coxon, and son Kenneth, taken in 1946 in White Plains, NY where Eunice and Howard lived. Photo shown again to help in picturing the persons cited.**

He had grown up in Barre, Michigan, a mining area, where we visited once, and I for the first and only time, milked a cow! Ken owned a collie, Tammie, for years and I can picture the dog running around the barn and through the fields near Uncle Howard's old house.

Ken attended High Point High School where I went, starting as a freshman my senior year. He then went to the University of Maryland, majoring in anthropology. Ken ended up in banking after a stint with insurance and also a number of years selling boats in southern Florida. At least he achieved that part of his dream of the outdoors life!

**Ken never married thought he dated from time to time. My first wife Beth and I set him up for several blind dates when we lived in CT. but he always found fault with all the women. We gave up our arranging and he never brought up the subject again. I'll never know why. I do know he fixated understandably on the early death of his father and that may have adversely affected his interpersonal relations over time. Ken was**

**very bright and always held a good conversation, though he grew somewhat cynical as he became a man.**

He loved fishing way before I took it up and he always loved to talk about it and also his hobby of making ammunition for his rifles. I believe he collected firearms and did a little hunting. He took me with him to a private sportsman's club in CT. in 1973 and we fished in their private pond. We both loved the outdoors and later in my life, shared a love of fishing. Ken would be pleased that I am still enjoying our shared love of being outdoors.



**My Cousin Ken Coxon doing what he loved most: fishing the briny for bluefish off Ct. coast: Photo about 1976—his longtime friend Jim Griffin sent the picture to me in August, 2012 with a copy of the General James Hughes oil painting we own at #7 Bay Edge Drive. Amazing! This is the only photograph of my cousin Ken as an adult that I have ever seen.**

**My last interaction with ken was a phone call I received from him while Margaret and I lived in Auburn, MA prior to buying our home at #7 Bay Edge Drive in Worcester, MA. Ken called in about 1992, asking if we still had the flintlock pistol of General James Hughes and his oil painting. I assured him we did. He wondered about its condition and was I taking good care of it. Ken was enthralled with firearms; made his own ammunition for hunting and was a devout fisherman. His call came in about 1993 and I never heard from him ever again. Ah Ken, I hardly knew ye.**

Ken passed away from pneumonia in Florida in November 2004 and left several thousand dollars inheritance to me as the only living relative on his maternal side of the family. Kens father's family received a similar amount and is still living in the Flint, Michigan area.

"Again, we all have regrets, and one of mine is that I didn't have more time with Ken. I knew him the best of all my cousins, even though our mothers had a terribly emotional argument, mostly emanating from Eunice after Howard died. Eunice was literally if irrationally jealous of my mother having her husband alive and well! We played chess and just hung together and talked of many things from about age 15-28 until I left Maryland to go to Springfield College in Massachusetts and never returned to live in Maryland again."

**That concludes my brief overview of my family and ancestors, Chapman and Hughes.**

## Hyattsville Jr. High School—still a child!

**At this time in the world's technological development, there appeared on the scene a new machine that could do "magical" tasks: the computer! We had not idea back then of just how significant an invention it would become and how it would literally change our lives!**

**History of world's first computer used commercially in 1951: UNIVAC**

**(courtesy of Writer's Almanac, March 31, 2014)**




***"There's an old joke that goes like this: A bunch of scientists created a huge machine capable of complex calculations and called it UNIVAC. Eager to test their invention, they asked it, "Is there a God?" The vacuum tubes hummed and the tape spools spun for several minutes. Finally, the machine spit out a little card, on which was written, "THERE IS NOW." On this day in 1951, the Remington Rand Corporation signed a contract to deliver the first UNIVAC computer to the U.S. Census Bureau. UNIVAC I (which stands for Universal Automatic Computer) took up 350 square feet of floor space — about the size of a one-car garage — and was the first American commercial computer. It was designed for the rapid and relatively simple arithmetic calculation of numbers needed by businesses, rather than the complex calculations required of the sciences. It was intended to compete against IBM's punch card-reading computers, but***

***UNIVAC read magnetic tapes, not punch cards, so a special "card to tape converter" had to be designed.***

*Though the government contract was signed, and a ceremony held, on March 31, the computer wasn't actually delivered until the following December; this was because there was only one UNIVAC I, and Remington Rand wanted to use it for demonstration purposes. So, they asked for and received time to build a second computer.*

*The government was the first big customer of the UNIVACs, with subsequent models going to the Air Force, the Army Map Service, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Navy. The first commercial sale was to General Electric, for their Appliance Division, followed soon after by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in 1954. There were 46* UNIVAC I's built and delivered, in all.

*The computer first came to the notice of the general public in 1952, when CBS used one to predict the outcome of the presidential election. UNIVAC correctly picked Eisenhower and predicted his electoral count within 1 percent, but the network didn't release the results until after the election was called, so as not to affect the outcome."*

## Back to my childhood in Brookside Manor

In 1952, I began junior high school at Hyattsville High School and took a school bus that I waited for about 4 blocks from home. I knew that new students all got de-pantsed the first day and so I climbed as far up as I could in a tree near the bus stop but to no avail. I got grabbed and the older guys pulled my pants down just a little before I wrestled loose or the bus came, I don't remember. I had survived my ordeal of entering my teens.

Our bus driver got married on television and we never let him live that down. He was really nice to all of us and he did get tons of gifts from being on television. He was probably about 25 years old but he seemed like a king to us.

**Two male teachers in junior high were excellent role models—Mr. Boyce for core, which was really social studies combined with English and Mr. Bevens who later became a principal, also for Core. My best friend was Billy Mitchell, not a crowd favorite, but a real nice guy, and I think we were friends for seventh and eighth grade. Among memories are: being spanked on my thirteenth birthday by the entire Core class and feeling both elated at the recognition and angry because it hurt so much! Billy and I used to climb a prominent tree near the old front door to the school at lunchtime. Bet we really impressed the girls.**

Another time Mr. Boyce asked me why I hadn't tried out for baseball or basketball since he knew I loved sports and had told him I did well in physical education classes. Later on, I would take his advice as you will see. His nudging me caused me to pursue athletics which gave me tremendous confidence and satisfaction that I have drawn on in my life ever since!

I remember three athletes at that time: Ernie Cage, about 6'2" who could make a basketball "talk"; a guy from Italy who made a soccer ball talk, and another guy, last name Beaver, who seemed like an adult and who broad jumped about 17 feet as I recall in junior high school! I greatly admired these guys and wanted to excel in sports like them.

**I did manage to win several small tokens by competing at Byrd Stadium, University of Maryland, in a town parks competition track and field. I think I won running broad jump and placed in high jump but I'm not sure. In the YMCA in D.C., I did win the 1000-point contest by doing the most sit-ups and pushups and shuttle runs, and fasts sprints around the circular track that was placed above the gym, and visible from the gym floor.**

**"Oh, the excitement of competing in the University football stadium aged 15 with my friends from the Sligo Park recreation area, and the sheer pleasure of having the girls watch me compete; believe me, I didn't miss anything those girls said or did or wore!"**



I played my clarinet in the school band and enjoyed it. I also enjoyed looking at the Jr. High girls and I can still feel the heat developing in my cheeks when a certain girl passed me in the hallway. I had no idea of what to do next but simply enjoyed the process, though with a gathering sense of something important that was soon to happen. Ha! Recently in 2012 I donated my old "liquorish stick" to a local music station WICN to be given to worthy school bands for kids without money for an instrument. Hopefully its mellow tones will rise again to fill a school band room on a happy spring day somewhere and its owner will also smile at the possibilities music can bring into a life.

**Takoma Park-1954-1962-A wonderful place for a teenager**

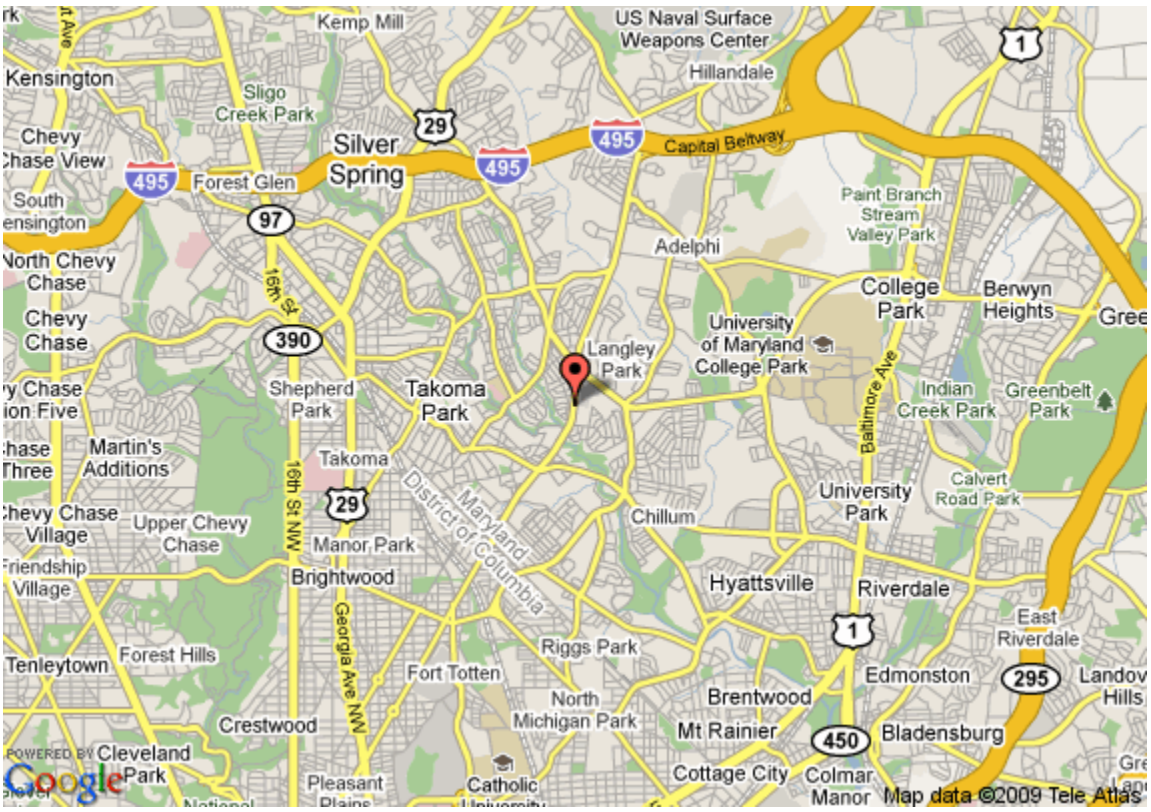


**This shows 906 Larch Avenue,
Takoma Park where I grew up from
1954 until leaving for the Navy in 1962
Two bedrooms, small kitchen, small LR
With working fireplace; finished
Basement with family photos;
Mementos and military items and fire arms collected!**

**"My parents wanted their own home and began looking during the summer of my eighth grade at Hyattsville High School. Uncle Thayer, much to his credit, worked with them to find a workable loan and really helped them make the jump into the equity stream! They found a brick house for 15K, nestled in trees on a hilly street in Takoma Park, Maryland. Takoma Park has many interesting aspects, not the least of which is that it is in two Maryland counties and the District of Columbia! Its population at that time was about 20,000 and now is probably near 100,000."**

**Dwight Eisenhower would be re-elected in November 1956 and serve as our President until President Kennedy was inaugurated in January 1961 during my Junior year in college. Eisenhower predicted the dangers of the "military industrial complex" but we haven't listened to his warnings, and now we are paying for our indulgences!**

The street, Larch Avenue, abuts a main thoroughfare into Washington, D.C. from the Maryland suburbs, New Hampshire Avenue, and is usually busy with cars, three lanes each way. Larch Avenue is about 1 mile from the District of Columbia, but has a wonderful stand of shade trees to this day (2012). My parents actively campaigned against building condos right behind our house where a beautiful, shaded woodland thrived, of maybe 100 acres or more.




**Here is my "neighborhood" between 1946-1964, when I moved away from home permanently: ages 5-23. The fabled Beltway, is also shown.**

What a wonderful respite it offered in the hot, humid summers. It was always part of our visual scene at that home, while looking out the upstairs hall and bathroom windows. Green, rural in aspect, and inviting! The condos were never built and I hope never will be, but time will tell. I loved our home and its setting in the woods, though only one mile from the Washington, D.C. line. Remember, the early suburbs near major cities began right across the city line! I dearly loved playing in the shady woods behind our home.

**Unexpected "visitors"**



**"One vivid and unusual memory at 906 Larch occurred as I sat in our bathroom doing ablutions and looking out into our beautiful backyard which extended gradually downhill Maybe 100 feet and then blended beyond an old creek ditch into several acres of woodland. First, I heard a strange noise coming from way back at a distance in the woodland area. By the time I had determined that I wasn't imaging it--coarse screeching sounds and small limbs being crushed came to mind—I saw a huge spoked wheel like from a covered wagon heading west, about 4 feet high, come crashing down the wooded hillside and it came to rest in the ditch right behind our backyard fence! Then the noise started up again and yes, another large wheel, just like the first one, followed a similar path and made its way almost on top of the first one.**

**I quickly finished my business and loped down the stairs and around the corner to the back porch, and then down to the ditch. I looked up in the woods, half expecting to see an old man with a beard and cowboy hat and chaps, asking, "Say, have you by any chance seen two of my wagon wheels that got away from me up hill a bit?" But there was only the silence of another hot, humid but sunny summer day in Takoma Park in 1955 and the dark canopy of trees left the giver of strange gifts the camouflage he desired.**

**I picked up the wheels which had strong metal outer rims and wooden struts, and put them in our backyard and when my Dad came home, I asked him if we could keep them. He thought a bit as he tended to do in decision making and then told me yes, we could. We lashed them to two large trees midway down our backyard and they may still be there to this day! Nobody claimed them and they were a wonderful conversation piece for many a BBQ on our brick fireplace that my Dad and I and Ronnie made right after we moved in. Our own covered wagon wheels, delivered free of charge by a mystery donor!"**

**Boy Scout Camp Theodore Roosevelt-An important personal adventure**



**Vintage Camp Roosevelt photo from maybe the 1940's; I was there in summers of 1953 and 1954 and learned a lot about camping, nature, canoeing, and the challenge of camp food and endless cups of Kool-Aid! OMG, that top porch could easily tumbled down!?**

*Camp Roosevelt* (Now Closed) - A camp about 8 miles south of Chesapeake Beach, Maryland. It was sold in the late 1970s. "Camp Roosevelt was the first permanent Boy Scout camp in the country. It was an active Boy Scout camp from 1914 to 1967. There were several buildings on the property, notably a large mess hall, an infirmary and several Adirondack cabins. Today, Camp Roosevelt is a subdivision of 18 homes."

**"I went to Boy Scout Camp for two weeks, in 1953 and 1954, and when I came home after 1954's camp period, it was to our new home in Takoma Park. This was the first house my parents had ever owned and were they ever proud of their $15k investment."**

**The camp was Camp Theodore Roosevelt, located at Scientist Cliffs on the southern shore of Maryland, in Willows, MD, about 40 miles from home. I had been to Camp Letts, the Washington, D.C. summer camp in Edgewater, MD, near Mayo Beach and near Annapolis, and enjoyed all types of camping and outdoors adventures.**

**Camp Roosevelt had "everything": waterfront with canoes and rowboats on the Chesapeake Bay, plenty of woods to roam in; archery, skeet shooting (which I did once and never did again), nature craft, with activities based in a wonderfully shielded pentagon-shaped wooden building with a sloping roof, way up on a hillside above the primary camp site.**

**906 Larch Avenue, Takoma Park, My family home from 1954-1962**

Two bedrooms, two bathrooms, LR, DR, kitchen, finished basement with wet bar and Navy mementos of Dad and me, and screened in porch with woods in back! $15,000 price.

We also ate pretty well and drank huge amounts of "bug juice" which was of course Kool-Aid! I collected shark teeth from the packed sandy cliffs. As you walked down the banks your feet would dislodge many sharks' teeth. This area never failed to excite my natural science interests. During my YMCA years, I had a mobile of sharks' teeth that creative Beth made, hanging in my office which made a superb small talk entry point. Sharks' teeth mobile, really?

**I recall camping there in the winter years later and hearing the wind howl around the sloping roof as we pulled up our sleeping bags to ward off the cold night air. That was adventuresome and I enjoyed every minute of it and lots of other camping trips with the Scouts. I also participated in large jamborees in Washington, D.C. with maybe 1000 campers involved. I probably went on about 10 camping trips, sleeping in a tent on the ground with other scouts. Canteens, like those used on the camping trips fascinated me and to this day, I truly enjoy taking beverages and lunches with me on any trip from the shortest trout day trip to extended trips to Maryland to see Brother Ron. It appeals to my sense of adventure and self- sufficiency. Now, however, I use a thermos.**

**Our New Home where my Adolescence began in earnest!**



**906 Larch Avenue, my home from 1954 until I left for USNR in 1962; wonderful place, and situated on a hillside that was heavily wooded and ripe for adventures!**

Anyway, I liked our new house with its shaded backyard leading to about 3 acres of woods and hills. Very soon I put up a basketball hoop in a group of trees. We had fun but the court area was about 15 feet which cramped any real competition! The Kupper brothers devised some impossible places from which to shoot shots, from deeply wooded locations. Their sense of competition was incredible!

**I also practiced shot putting with a huge rounded rock up in the woods in back of our house. It gave me a quiet spot, humid in the summer but out of the sun's burning rays. I kept track of my longest puts with sticks in the moist Maryland ground and that rock is probably still there and will be for eons until some other young guy happens upon it and picks it up and**



**Facsimile of "My throwing rock" weighing appx 12 lbs.**

**gives it a throw. Only God knows. That private spot was an oasis for me as a teenager wanting time alone to "think things out". My father could whistle me home with the well-known Chapman family whistle passed on for many generations. My sons Jon and Dan know it well. I suppose it was my first "retreat"!**

I lifted fixed weights on our screened back porch and occasionally slept out there. I think I could press 125 pounds at least while in high school and later in college I pressed my weight of 165 pounds. I would return to weight lifting during my 76th year on Planet Earth but with much less poundage!

Dad and I played quoits, with small holes 4" deep and about 6" diameter, spaced apart at 15 feet. The object was to throw the quoit into the hole. Dad was very good at this though I finally beat him on occasion. Son Jon and I played quoits probably about 1983 on a visit there, before Mother moved to Leisure World in Rockville. Great game and only one of many my Dad taught me as a kid. He was always ready to play a sporting game or show me another tumbling move or do a "frog stand" or "jump one leg over the other".

He did daily calisthenics throughout my youth and set a very high fitness bar to reach. I can't thank him enough for the excellent start he gave me toward living a full life with plenty of physical exercise, challenge, and most importantly: FUN!!

**"Another activity that I enjoyed with my Dad was pulling down dead tree limbs in our backyard by attaching a metal quoit, round with hole in center and weighing about 3 ounces to a line. Dad would point out a likely candidate and I would hurl the quoit up and it would wrap around the limb which we would then pull down, with appropriate cheering and laughing. We got pretty good at this routine and we kept our backyard pruned and prevented untimely falls of deadwood as we all used the**

**backyard quite a bit in good weather which is Maryland is late March until late November. I loved doing physical activities with my Dad!"**

**I realize now that Dad and I did lots of physical activities in addition to "limb hurling" including a bit of golf, a bit of fishing, plenty of walks in the woods, especially in the years cited earlier in Hyattsville, along the Piney Branch creek nearby. We also played ping pong; shot a little pool on a small table in our basement in Takoma Park; bowled a few times; ice skated; went swimming; went rubber lift rafting; did tumbling; did swimming and diving; played quoits; played tennis; played badminton; played croquet and played catch (baseball). I grew up believing that every young boy did all these things but in later years I found out that I had received a marvelous introduction into leading a physically active life, which has made a huge difference in the quality of life I now lead, into my 70's. Thanks Dad for all you gave me!**

**The Kupper boys lived for sports!**

I remember sitting on the front steps feeling somewhat isolated from friends, now several miles away, when a voice called out to me, "Hey, what are you doing?" It was Phil Kupper from up and across the street, who with his brother Larry became my best neighborhood friends for the next 4-5 years. We were inseparable until I finished college and moved away from home in 1964, and we constantly played, talked about, or watched sports on TV until our parents must surely have grown very tired of our routines! They were both excellent athletes, and went to Archbishop John Carroll High School in D.C. and were also super students. As of about 2003, I found Larry and Phil who now live in N. Carolina; Larry is a professor of chemistry and Phil works in soft-drink chemistry. Both are still sports nuts and golfers.

**"My Dad mowed our front and back lawns with an old-fashioned push mower: no gas-powered mower for him! The front lawn was always nice looking but he fought a losing battle to keep healthy grass in the backyard with all that shade. Down at the end of a sloping backyard was a swing set with two facing seats for two each.**



**Brother Ron loved to swing in them but one late afternoon, he ran up to the house and was crying in pain. We were unable to find out why and we felt terrible about it. Finally, mother who could be psychic about Ron realized after going down and sitting in the swings that rust had fallen from above him from the old joints and settled in his eyes. She washed his eyes out with boric acid water solution and he recovered quickly. But from this you can see the difficulties when a loved one can't communicate. It was hard to see Ron suffer from anything but we chose to help him as best we could and focus on the positives."**

My Dad loved to putter with house and yard projects and this was his favorite way to spend any free time he might have. He had a small shed and could often be found working on some yard project there. He also had a small, but wonderfully organized workshop with bench and vise in our basement beside the utilities and sink. He liked to use an electric tool that heated up to mark leather and other items. His printing was unusually symmetrical and it reflected his orderly manner of approaching his life! My Dad was full of warmth but first of all he was well organized and good with details. I'm sure he had his moments with my "go with the flow" approach to life as a kid and young man. But there was never a question that he loved me.

***I played varsity football, basketball, and baseball in high school and thoroughly enjoyed all of it! I earned letters in all three sports and was busy all year long until my senior year when the basketball coach, Mr. Willard talked to me and told me that I would not be first string my senior year and why didn't I come out for baseball instead.***

## High Point High School

**"On a hilltop high above us, the emblem of our fame, we stood the test dear High Point and brought honor to your name!" Our school song, one of many creations the first year the school opened and which I attended in 1954. We chose the Golden Eagles as our mascot; chose the school song; chose blue and gold colors and generally created the traditions for High Point—I loved being a part of the creation!"**

**"Meanwhile, my parents told me I would have to go to High Point and I was upset because my old friends in the old neighborhood would be going to Northwestern High. Mother and Dad arranged to have a school social worker come to our home for a visit and I immediately told her I could ride the 5 miles to school every day—no problem!**

***She said that because of where we lived, I had to attend High Point. But she also told me it was a brand-new school, first year opening, and that I would have the chance to help get things started there--sports, choosing school colors, mascot, etc. and I bought into this line of thinking! The die was cast and as it turned out, I enjoyed a truly, wonderful four years at High Point."***




***I played clarinet in the band right away, following my two years in band at Hyattsville Jr. High. I had taken lessons for three years from Mr. Gordon Marshall and I liked to play. I have always loved music, going back to car rides to the Bethesda Music and Arts Center with Dad when he would whistle and/or sing the popular tunes of the day and of the 30's and 40's, such as "It's only a paper moon", "Someday", "Time to say Goodbye", "The way you look tonight" and many others. He enjoyed popular music and always knew the latest melodies that were being played on radio and increasingly on television. He also played the harmonica which I also play on occasion!***

One of my Dad's work friends, Bernie Phillips, worked in the Entertainment section of the Veterans Administration, but also started his own business in the mid-40's in a stylish suburb, Bethesda-Chevy Chase, in a large white house. It was one of a kind in that it offered ballroom dancing classes, musical instrument lessons, all types of art classes, tumbling classes, and probably other subjects I never even knew! I would get my clarinet lesson; then join in the tumbling class, and one year I also took charcoal drawing from Lew Newkirk, a favorite family friend, who did art restorations for the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

**Ballroom Dancing: perhaps my best social skill!**

**"Mother and Dad taught Ballroom dancing and I helped out. I would wear a bowtie and help with the younger teens and then put on a regular tie and help with the older**

**teens. I have good rhythm and a good ear for sound, so with Mother's help; it was easy and usually fun. I was the extra male and could make sure each girl did get asked to dance. I think they taught one night a week at the center and another night at people's homes on a group rate basis. They taught the Kiplingers of Kiplinger Magazine fame, to dance in their home in Bethesda, which we would pass on the way to the center. Mother and Dad thought they were real nice people and had enjoyed teaching them. As the years passed by, I was always able to attract a girl or two by using my dancing skills to keep them interested. Lucky me!"**

I learned to do fox trot, waltz, rhumba, samba, jitterbug, tango, cha-cha, and many other dances. Like my Dad, I viewed dancing first of all as an athletic event and secondly as a social event! "**My dancing skills helped me meet and interest girls and then women for most of my life!"**



**To mother, dancing was first of all an artistic endeavor, quickly followed by her love of any social interaction, especially one with a good beat! Mother could be dog-tired from a day's work but when she got in front of her dancing class, her natural enthusiasm and showmanship flared up and carried her to successful reviews by every person she ever taught.**

**Life at High Point High**




**Terry Hughes Chapman, Class of 1958, as appearing on 50th High Point reunion in 2008—oh yeah! They put our photo on an actual 45 rpm record—as we used to say, "pretty cool".**

**When I look at this photo it is like looking at perhaps your "son" or some distant "friend" you used to know! Life is not kind in terms of our physical attractiveness but hopefully our character prevails over time. Not that I was going to get movie offers but I'm just saying that aging is challenging to the ego. And all that black hair; where did it all go?**

Bob Smith was our band director and I liked practicing concert music which we played for high schools and went into D.C. one time to play at a special event. I played first clarinet, second chair. The only one better was Marshall Fulsom who played "out of his mind".

Years later I "found" Marshall by internet and we exchanged emails. He said I was a very good clarinetist and that he had played music all his life in addition to being a Psychiatrist!



**This looks very much like my treasured clarinet
which I played from age 10 to 18
When I went off to college.
I never lost it in over 60 years' possession. Then I donated it to needy high school kids.**

***Meanwhile at High Point, my social life got going and I started dating Kathy McAdoo, my sophomore year and stayed with her through graduation as "steadies." Going steady meant you didn't date anyone else, period! Kathy was a very pretty, nice figured blond, a Pom- Pom girl which was a pep/cheerleader type of thing; did well in classes, and was popular with the girls and the guys. Her parents managed a beauty shop and Kathy always, always looked good!!***

I became quite popular due to my sports involvement as everyone went to the football and basketball games. Plus, I was elected President of my Junior Class which was basically a popularity contest which when won meant you got to plan the Junior Prom! Not a whole lot of fun but I liked the recognition and the friendships that it brought to my young life.

**My best friend was Jim Anderson, who was the Drum Major in the band and also a good actor in school plays. He went steady with Kathy's best friend and next-door neighbor in College Park, where they lived. Jim and I played chess for several years and I generally hung out at their house at least one evening a week. Jim told me I was one of few persons he could be with for long; I didn't irritate him for which I was glad. He was bright, funny, and self- deprecating but really quite confident.**

Jim's Dad played golf, fished, and smoked a pipe and cigars—pretty neat, right? I sure thought he was great. He would hit wedge shots out in the side yard every evening in the summer and Jim and I would hit a few and talk about other things, like Jim's getting a blue-green Studebaker in about 1957.

It's amazing in a way that Jim and I were so close since he didn't do sports and I didn't do acting but we just hit it off right away. Plus, the two girls! We double-dated almost every weekend and went to movies and to school dances and out to eat at the Hot Shoppes, where we all got Mighty Mo's-a double decker hamburger with secret sauce which was excellent.

High Point was isolated then and it was about 5 miles to the hangout at Hot Shoppes but after football and basketball games, everyone showed up there. They would take orders from your car too but we went inside so we could gather as a large group, eat burgers, and laugh and talk. This routine went on for about 3-4 years! My group would be Pete Anna, George Abbott, Phil Young, and other athletes I hung out with.

**Measles!**

During my sophomore year, I contact measles, the serious kind, and stayed at home for a week, looking like a red pin cushion. My English teacher, Mr. Copeland, who was a good teacher and really like us students, had a card signed by my classmates and mailed to my home. My spirits raised considerably when I read their names and realized how bonded I had become to High Point.

**Strangely, I never had another disease again until I got Grave's Disease at age 40 which I will describe later in my story. I did get German measles sometime before I graduated, but never got Mumps, or Chicken Pox, or Small Pox. Yes, plenty of colds and a few flu bouts, but nothing serious except Grave's Disease but I was cured with medicines of an unusual source.**

**Sports, driving, and girls!!!**

***I played football and baseball senior year which kind of worked out all right except I hit really well when the baseball games began by getting 1-2 hits each game. Then, and I have no idea why, I went into a slump and went hitless for one or two games. Mr. Bryan, the coach, benched me and I never got back on the first-string team! He played a freshman in my place to make matters more unbearable, but I kept going to practice and games anyway.***

***In football, I was a pulling guard, weighing 160 pounds, and feisty to be sure—all leg power as I tore into guys up to 250 pounds and could often move them by speed—fast for 5 yards only, and aggressiveness. I remember all the cold, damp fall practices, plowing into the sled which Mr. Carney, guards and centers coach, would ride. We also had two practices during August and some of the guys would vomit from the heat and stress but I chugged along and was always able to finish my blocking assignments.***




**The golden eagles in combat; the uniform for us was Navy Blue and Gold but I do like The vibrancy of the "new" uniforms. Football meant a lot to me when I played it and I gave it 100% effort every time I suited up!**

**I would put a fresh cut slice of lemon inside my helmet in a baggie and when my energy flagged, I'd take it out and bite it in two and chew the acidic juice and "come alive" again. Yes, I was feisty and I had no problem being aggressive on the field, though when off the field, I seldom got into arguments and never fist fights.**

Coach Carney was called, “Bloody Carney” because he kept yelling at us to be more aggressive in our line play. Coach Fox also did driver education and taught me some driving skills junior year while I got my learner’s permit and then full license at age 16.



**“I learned to drive on a turquoise and white 1956 Chevy, stripped, with a quick V-6 engine and stick shift! Yes, it was the family car but to me it was my private chariot! I remember the sheer thrill to be actually driving alone around Takoma Park and environs, windows down, smelling the fresh air, on the lookout for girls to stare at; and absolutely alive, fully alive and loving it!! Of course, as I proved my driving competence to Mother and Dad, they let me take the car on occasional dates to movies, and to high school events, but rarely since we only had one car in those years.”**

Dale White was our quarterback and also the catcher on the baseball team. He always had a girlfriend and was very popular. Fred Slaugh at 210 pounds was the fullback and was hard to tackle unless you got him below the waist. Taylor Slye was a halfback and fullback and was also a tough guy to tackle. Dale drove us to practice games and one time he reached 100 mph with 4-5 of us guys on board. With all our gear, hopefully, even an accident wouldn’t have dented our young in-shape bodies.

Our coach was Bob Foster and he was tough but fair. He used to say, "Work off the bruises" and you had to practice every day or you wouldn't play on the weekend. The summer of my junior year, coach asked me and two other guys to dig a septic tank hole for him at his new house in Scagsville, MD. We did it on two very hot august days, each drinking a quart of chocolate milk at lunch with our submarine sandwiches and getting I believe 10$ each plus being on the good side of the coach before the season started!

**In 2008, I talked with Coach Foster and members of our 1958 team at High Point's 50th anniversary, held at Fort Meade, MD, where I had worked doing "spy" work from 1964-1966! He told me I had "lots of heart" as a player, which from him, was a huge and much appreciated "50 years later" compliment!**

The center, Phil Young, who has since become a company president, earned a Cornell Master's in Engineering and worked for Admiral Rickover in the Navy, and then became a partner in a highly successful corporation in California. He lived right across the street from Pete Anna in Beltsville. Attempts to reach him in later years have failed and he did not respond. I have always found it frustrating when persons that I have had a good relationship with, let time and perhaps cares, keep them from responding to attempts to re-connect. However, when I do connect, it all seems worth the effort and it's so rewarding.

**"The guy who usually opposed me across from center in football, George Abbott, became a doctor but I wouldn't want his treatment since he was an inveterate practical joker. He came to a poker game at 906 Larch, my home, senior year, disguised as having had a nose broken on construction work which he did with Pete Anna, whose father was an Episcopal priest. George won our sympathy and won all the money; then stood up and tore off the fake bandage and laughed until we all were ready to punch him!"**

***I never forgave him for that fakery but he thought it was just fine. I saw George last at our 30th reunion in Maryland in 1988, with son Daniel along to the visit with Grandma Chapman at Leisure World, where she lived from 1985 until near her death in November 1998.***

While working at H.E.W. (Health, education, & welfare Department) later on in 1966, the FBI asked me to give a reference for him. I told them he was brilliant but capable of practical jokes to the degree that I wouldn't trust him.

**"Pete Anna played football for one year and then decided he'd rather work, buy a car, and cultivate his already impressive collection of girlfriends! Pete would stay out later than all of us Saturday night only to plop into his church seat for the 8am service where his father was the Episcopal priest.**



**1953 Ford light blue convertible just like the one I owned: first car!**

**One time in 1961, Pete and I replaced the water pump in my 1953 Ford convertible, using portable lighting in his backyard, and drinking several beers to help us get the job done. Somehow, we got it done and I drove proudly home, a little buzzed, but happy! Pete later owned his own printing shop in New Jersey and was happily married, when we met at the 30th High Point reunion in 1988! Pete now lives in Pensacola area and sees Jim Anderson regularly for drinks and companionship."**

I recall riding to skull practice (studying other team's players and plays) early in the mornings with Phil Cole, Sparky Gordon, and we would pick up a guy named Dave who played backfield and loved cars, engines in particular. He would get into the back seat and soon he was repeatedly making the sound of the engine he was currently working on and saying how cool it was to hear it running so good. He really sounded just like a machine hard at work. Too funny!! He was hard to understand when he spoke, but very funny and kept us all laughing on the 20-minute ride to High Point.

**"Phil Cole, often our driver to practices, would trick us and close his eye on our side and pretend he was driving blind, much to our protestations, especially me. I have often been a bit gullible since I never pretend to be what I'm not and am a terrible liar and poker player because I'm "so easy to read". Phil loved to tease us and we would all end up laughing as he would call out, "I'm going to see how close I can come to this car parked along this street" and he would head near it and then veer to safety. Amazingly, we never had any accidents but we were lucky."**

*Also, Pete Anna, would "drag sole" while we were driving between beer stops on the weekend! He would be in the back seat and after getting buzzed, he would open his door and announce he was dragging sole and you could hear the sandpapery sound his shoe made as our car moved along. We tried to contain Pete but to no avail. Pete was Pete and cocksure of his seeming protection from above; but we felt vulnerable and he loved to scare us from time to time. Pete was fearless and very good chatting up the "chicks".*

Evenings after practice we rode home with Phil, but on many evenings, he had not driven, and I would hitch hike from the gas station near school and hope I got home soon for mother's meals: an excellent meat loaf; good pork chops, salads, and always cakes, cookies, and plenty of milk, the adolescent's magic liquid.

When I wasn't playing sports at High Point or helping with Ronnie's care, I would be over to the Kuppers across the street for more sports: whiffle ball, basketball behind their house,

playing catch, or watching sports on TV. I was always physically active from sunrise to sunset.

**Kathryn McAdoo—my steady date!**

**"My steady date in those days at High Point was Kathryn McAdoo, Kathy, and I was quite smitten for sure. We got together for movies, dances, and other school events and we could kiss for "hours" it seemed. My best friend Jim Anderson and his girlfriend Judy drove Jim's dream blue Ford 1956 and it was almost heaven to wheel along all smiles and looking forward to another session of "making out" as it was then called. I'll return to Kathy and me later. Boy, I sure was taken with her and loved to spend time with her regardless of the activity, even studying! Kathy was very pretty, with blond hair, blue eyes that were almost sleepy looking, and an ample yet supple figure! Ok, that's enough!"**

**I spent many happy hours visiting Jim and his parents in their cozy College Park Home. His parents accepted me somewhat like another son and I always felt they cared about me and appreciated it very much. This was another "retreat" for me.**

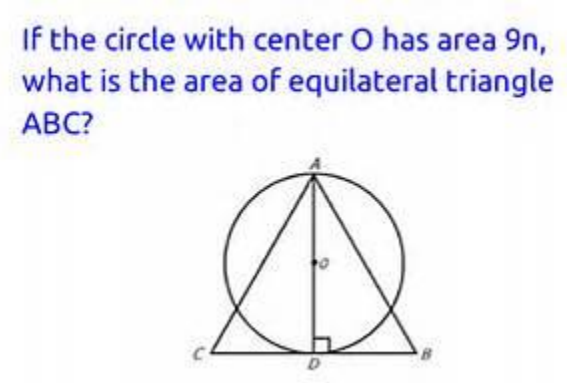
**Studies**

I would study for 1-2 hours and then go to sleep, tired but happy from the football practices. I know my grades would have been better with no sports but that was not a viable alternative and I never considered it. My parents looked at my report cards with not a lot of enthusiasm since I had B's and C's and they knew I could do better. English would be A, biology was A, and everything else was downhill, with math at C or sometimes D!

*I thoroughly enjoyed physical education classes and looked forward to them every day even during varsity sports seasons. I enjoyed English and Biology classes, and learned much from a class called Problems of Democracy taught by Mr. Boisvert, a short, plump, balding guy who respected students and involved them in the class. We wrote critical papers on history topics and discussed them in class. It was fascinating and helped mold my intellectual desires, although they were certainly secondary to socializing and sports!*

Mr. Boisvert was the best teacher I ever had through High School, with the possible exception of Mr. Boyce, who taught me Core—English, social studies combined in 8th grade. Mr. Boyce made the subjects come alive and he got everyone involved. Plus, he made it clear he believed in me which made a ton of difference in my maturing personal outlook on life. Thanks Mr. Boyce.

**I found algebra and geometry difficult and got C's and a D once in Geometry. All my aptitude tests said I was musical and literary (boy were they correct!). Later tests confirmed my very average mechanical and spatial relationships aptitudes. I also**




**All I can say about this diagram and question is "huh?"**

**found Chemistry hard with too much memorization since I always did better on essay-type questions where I could put my intuitive skills to work!**

I truly loved to play basketball but wasn't tall at 5'10" and though I could shoot pretty well, I was just not good enough for first team. Clearly the sixth best man on the team. I had won a High Point Jr High game at home by making two free throws with seconds left to go in the game. I thoroughly enjoyed the hero status for the very brief time it lasted.

**"Tony Baker, a lefty, was excellent at sports, especially basketball, and we all admired him. He could make a jump shot from what is now the 3-point range with regularity! On a visit to see Mother in the late 80's, I learned from a cab driver that Tony had died from Cancer in his 30's! Again, you never know what life will present to you as a challenge, and sometimes we assume a person's life will flow gently on and then a tragedy occurs." Thanks for the memories of a superb athlete Tony!"**

*I played basketball constantly from late fall until spring though and would join Larry and Phil Kupper almost every afternoon when I wasn't at school, walking across New Hampshire Avenue and playing behind Our Lady of Sorrows church. We'd play until dinnertime and I loved it. We also played touch football on an unforgiving piece of parking lot that if you fell, left burn marks to brag about later on.*

**My tenuous connections to Ted Williams!**



**Best baseball player of all!**
**Ted "the splendid splinter" Williams**
**Rifling a shot over first base in**
**Fenway Park, Boston, MA; I saw**
**Ted play several times at Griffith**
**Stadium in D.C. in the 50's!**

***When I played right field position for High Point High, my senior year, 1958, I batted against Steve Barber and could not swing fast enough to hit his stuff!***

***Steve Barber played late 50's and early 60's for the Baltimore Orioles. He has the distinction of being the starting pitcher in 1960 when Ted Williams played his last game. Steve was taken out before Ted's last at bat but I always feel a direct connection to Ted Williams, partly due to that and also his being left handed <u>plus</u> he became a hero all over again as a fisherman, who settled in Islamorada, on the keys in Florida.***

In 1987, I flew with our financial agent in his small piper-type airplane to New Brunswick and fished the storied Mirimichi, where in our party of four, we landed one grilse (young salmon) of about 4 pounds; stuffed it and thoroughly enjoyed our modest success. I fell once during our two days fishing and it happened to be in the fabled Ted Williams Pool!

**"For me to have flown in a small plane for that distance is remarkable since I hadn't flown from 1966 until 1983 when I got counseling at the University of Missouri, using self -hypnosis, so I could accept a national level job with Meeting Planners International in Middletown, Ohio. But I pushed myself and wanted to take a risk to fish for salmon and I will always be gratified that I did. Note: Push yourself on occasion to feel life fully and abundantly. Usually you'll be glad you did."**

I saw Ted, along with thousands, when I attended the sixth game of the 1986 World Series against the Mets in Fenway Park and he was recognized with thunderous applause as usual. Boston's greatest sports hero (Larry Bird second in my opinion) could draw applause doing an ad on television in the Boston area! Ted had it all in my opinion: best hitter baseball ever had plus a world-renowned fisherman. And he was left-handed, a real bonus!

**"I am always happiest being physically active, usually in a sports setting; it didn't matter what: horseshoes to marbles! The competitive relationship with my friends consumed my waking hours and I didn't have time to worry about anything. Oh, those free-wheeling times!" Marbles is the most undervalued kid's game ever!**

**In later years, physical activities would, in the most difficult of times, keep me on an even keel. I thank god and my Dad that I have had such a physically rewarding life. Yes, mental activity is critical to life as well, but "Mens sana in corpore sano"—healthy mind in healthy body!"**

**Father vs. Son wrestling match!**

**"One particular sporting event is etched in my mind and it concerns a wrestling match between my Dad and me, when I turned 18 years old. Dad had taught me some wrestling in earlier years which had helped me when "fighting "a few times with friends. Yes, young guys can have fights of a lesser nature and remain friends. In any event, Dad had promised me that we would wrestle "the best of 3 falls" to declare a family winner. In 1958, I turned 18 and Dad was 50.**

**I remember putting our tumbling mattresses over the floor in the basement and I think Mother watched from a safe vantage point on the stairs. Both Dad and I must have felt a little strange competing against each other but we both kept our agreement and had at it! Probably my Dad wrestled me at half effort, though I will never know, but I beat him 2 of three falls—I won the first; he won the second; and I won the third to win the match. Mother squealed a bit—she was very demonstrative at all times—but seemed pleased that neither of us had sustained an injury!"**

***But what really matters here, regardless of who won and whether or not Dad wrestled full-strength, is that we were sharing a challenging physical activity together—something that we both placed a high value on—and we thoroughly enjoyed the moment and talked about it for years to come."***

To fill in odd leisure times, Phil, Larry, and I would play Whiffle ball anywhere we could. Joining us might be Wayne Matthews, Phil Cole (my Phi Sigma Kappa brother at the University of Maryland), Taylor Slye (halfback on high point football), and others whose names slip into eternity. We took those games seriously and they often ran an hour or more.

We often met down at Sligo Creek Playgrounds, about a 10-minute walk from home, checked out activities (and girls) and then got into pickup basketball, baseball, whiffle ball,

or went over to Takoma Park swimming pool for a swim and diving. I was able to do 11/2 flips off the low and high boards and was definitely a showoff. I'd wait on the high board until I saw a girl looking in my direction, and then I'd do my best dive "for her". I would also do back flips and continued doing flips until much later on in Missouri but that's a later part of the story.



**Above photo is a course dear to my heart: Sligo Creek Public Golf Course; and this is one of the holes: many were pedestrian, but as a new golfer, there were magic to me! I probably played the old and new course at least 50 times between age 16 and age 28, when I left Maryland, to attend Springfield College, in MA.**

**The bees and me-no, not those birds and bees!**

**"One day down at Sligo Creek Park, a group of us decided to do some high jumping. I headed over to the bank of the meandering creek to find a fallen limb for a crossbar. As I eased over the bank, my foot sank into the loose wet, mud siding and to my astonishment, out flew an angry hive of bees!**

**I got stung repeatedly, and quickly did a partial belly flop into the cool water and proceeded to throw water over my head, since the creek's trickling flow was low, and the bees stuck to my hair and I pulled one after another out of my head, shouting in pain and embarrassment. My friends laughed hard at my misfortune but I did retrieve the limb and I got the last laugh because I was the best high jumper among my friends, "bar none", ha, ha, ha."**

**More sports of course**

I also played billiards at every opportunity, long before they became spotless nightspots for women and men. They were smoky and dirty but the game was always enticing with the bright green tables shining out of the smoky gloom! Ping pong was another game I always enjoyed and I won a tournament at boot camp with the Navy years later in 1962 in Great Lakes, Illinois.



In 2008, I bought a good pool cue and case and have started shooting pool again with friend Jon Seale. Son Jon is excellent but it strains his shoulders. We also had a ping pong table and small pool table in Takoma Park where I played with my Dad and friends. Yes, Dad was very talented at both pursuits.

**"Tennis came naturally to me as my father taught tennis at U. of Illinois and U. of Tenn. and he taught me well! Not many of my friends played but a few did and I beat them all easily. I never took tennis too seriously but perhaps it would have been my best sport. I am quick for about 10 yards, well-coordinated, and very intense in any**

**athletic competition: perfect for tennis. My first serve was very fast and my second had spin. I was able to reach tough shots and keep a rally going until my opponent missed because I had very good stamina and still do in my 70's. I believe if I had focused on tennis alone, I could have played at least college level if not higher levels. C'est le Vie!**



**Rafael Nadal, my favorite!**

**My legs are very strong and are my best asset physically, as my "limber quotient" is average at best and although my grip is extremely strong, my arm strength is average. I can at age 75, wade in deep water and trout fish for 3 hours, often not sitting down at all. I can walk 4 miles or so and not be winded or sore.** ***I'm grateful for these strengths that I have enjoyed over an active lifetime and which many have not been*** **blessed with. Thank you, God.**

**Interestingly, my friend John Asaka, whom I knew and played golf with summers during high school, is now ranked 15th nationally in Men's Amateur Tennis, as of the early 200's decade! Margaret and I watched him and his wife play in a doubles tournament in Falmouth, MA the summer of 2010. What fun!! Jon did win his matches and I am so proud of my Korean friend." Lately I'm back to hitting balls against a handball court wall at Green Hill Park in Worcester, and maybe back to playing tennis doubles this winter of 2013?"**

"High Point High School had few ethnic groups beyond Anglo Saxon; one African American and two Asian students. By now this has changed as African Americans spread out from Washington, D.C. in ever widening concentric circles into the suburbs, including Larch Ave, Takoma Park, where I lived by about the early 1970's. I had learned acceptance of people of all persuasions, races, creeds, and appearances from my parent's example; how they lived their lives." But by 2008 when I visited the school during a 50th reunion, a sizable percentage of students was African American.

Additionally, I learned canoeing and row boating while at Boy Scout Camp Roosevelt, summers of 1953 and 1954, reminiscent of the adventure in one of my favorite books, "The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island", by Holland, first edition, 1911. As you'll see later, I returned to both on the banks of Lake Quinsigamond, in Worcester, MA years later.

I was elected President of my Junior Year class, I guess because I knew everyone and was extroverted, enthusiastic, and said hi to everyone. Basically, I smiled at everyone. It was fun to get so much recognition just by being friendly.

We would plan events in the library like the Junior Prom. I usually got our officers together but then depended on their logistical skills in doing the planning. I was far more interested in the personal interactions of our group than in the work itself! And later in life, I have always been more interested in people and their life story, than in day to day problem solving. This has made me an interesting guy to know; one who will be loyal and interested in your friendship, but not usually the guy to seek out to solve technical, financial, or mundane everyday problems.

***"The moral here is surprisingly simple: "We just can't be good at all things" We each have God-given gifts (skills and special talents) that we deploy regularly over our lifetime and which tend to help others as well as ourselves. But there are areas of life that elude our mastery and it's ok to focus mostly on your strengths and not your weaknesses. Finally, increase our strengths and blunt your weaknesses. That will lead you to a satisfying life, at least as far as we can control life's outcomes.***

***Look to your heart and your philosophy of life for help to identify your calling--religion for some; spirituality or humanism for others and yes, agnosticism and atheism works for still others. But do explore all of these approaches to understanding and dealing with life and then and only then decide what works for you—in your heart and in your mind. There are countless pathways to self -wisdom."***

We had "sock hops" which were dances with recorded music played at High Point, usually on nights after a football or basketball game. I went to most of them and really liked to ask the girls to dance. It was an easy way to meet girls even though I "went with" Kathy McAdoo I still liked to dance with lots of girls. By my junior year, though, Kathy and I were serious enough to go to the dances together, in Jim Anderson's car, and I don't believe I went as a single again. Kathy was very pretty and many guys knew it!!

***My high school days were wonderful, full of sports, girls, and studies, plus lots of love from my parents. Girls I liked beyond my steady Kathy included Linda Lyle, tall brunette with plenty of attitude, Pat Gielen, who asked me to Sadie Hawkins dances two years in a row and did a sexy slow dance for sure! Also, a brunette Joyce Callison who came up from Missouri summers to Takoma Park 1954-1958 had me mesmerized with her southern accent and sexy smile. We dated some and kissed some and she had a tantalizing way of speaking and acting that drove me and other guys crazy! I sure hope that Joyce has had a fulfilling life with someone who loves her.***

**"Ronnie's difficult childhood was challenging though, and made it difficult to have friends over at my home since his behavior was so unpredictable. Many times, I cried myself to sleep, upset about Ronnie's situation and how it hurt Ronnie, Mother and Dad and me, but still—the four of us had many pleasant picnic meals on the back terrace at Larch Avenue, and did our absolute best to be a normal family—a goal we never completely achieved. We did our best to help and comfort and encourage each other and achieved it."**

## Terry discovers Golf-a lifetime hobby



**View from 1st tee, Manor Country Club, where my golfing "career" began**

I managed to make some money caddying with Art Conlon, a friend from high school, at Manor Country Club, in Rockville, a 30 minutes trip from home by car. After serving an "apprenticeship" for two weeks and not getting a bag, the Assistant Pro, Al Kelley, finally called me to take two bags. I had been sitting as the only white guy among maybe 10 other caddies. These guys were caddying for their livelihood, not for small change. Gradually they accepted me but never really understood me much. They would throw dice in a small side yard behind the bench where we waited to be called. They could make a small bag of chips and a coke seem like a banquet and would take their time in consuming it.

Overall, they were friendly and accepted me, often offering advice, solicited and unsolicited on the golf course and on life in general. They represented informal education at its best and helped me adjust to a world beyond my home and my parent's protective cocoon!

**"I can picture those hot, humid Maryland days in the summers of 1956, 1957, and perhaps 1958, as the "Eisenhower years" continued. Working hard to please the guys whose bags I carried; looking forward to the break at hole #10 tee, with the apple trees adorning the fairway, where sometimes we would strike it rich and get a free hamburger, chips and a drink. Truly my enduring love of hamburgers began at**

**Manor Country Club in the summer of 1956! And starting to play golf myself and loving right away, the visceral thrill of hitting the ball really hard with all your force, and driving it way up into the blue Maryland skies. Breaking 100 and then 90 and finally 80 in 1966, came as time ebbed away in the slow non-committed speed it seems to have in your youth.**

***I loved golf and still do for all its challenges—physical and mental—and in particular that only I am responsible for my score. After all the years of team sport***
***s, it felt good to be completely in charge of my destiny, a trait I'd never lose the rest of my life. Let me decide; let me be me, period!"***

**For dessert, I'd pick up a fallen apple and quickly munch it and try to catch up with my guy. Halfway down the 13th fairway with its rolling swales, at a welcome snack bar, I would get peanut butter crackers and chocolate milk. As we rounded the dogleg right 18th fairway, the sounds of the current juke box hits and kids swimming in the pool and an occasional tennis shot would come to our ears. I tried hard to keep concentrating but kept imagining the pretty girls at the pool, sipping cold soft drinks and "just waiting for a handsome young guy like me." Ha!**

***I sometimes wondered what it would be like to be a member there and partake of the golf, swimming, and of course the many social events with girls like these." But my life was not one of financial privilege, at least not at the country club level.***

**"Caddie! Bring me a 9-iron right now!" would interrupt my reverie. "Coming Sir." And off we'd go. Most guys treated us ok and I would get at least $12 for two bags plus a 3$ tip. I loved to tell classmates about my "job" and my new-found income.**



**Additionally, this experience gave me a perfect introduction to perhaps the greatest game man has ever invented: GOLF! I learned some rules and watched the better players shooting in the 70's and tried to put it into practice with my nine-hole rounds at Sligo Park course in Silver Spring. Thanks Manor Country Club! You did more for me in learning the game of golf by far than if I had been a dues-paying member. Ain't life grand?"**

**"Soon after my budding career as a caddy, I borrowed some of Dad's wooden shafted irons and an old set of wooden clubs and Phil Kupper and I played with them at Sligo Park. Phil called for a short iron on one hole and I stupidly threw it to him and watched in disbelief as it hit the ground on an acute angle and broke into three pieces. And later, I repeated the error in judgment! Dad was upset but seemed to understand that I had been trying to help my friend learn golf**."

"My Dad was really like a good friend who happened to be your father. Yes, he could be firm and serious about helping Mother and Ronnie but he could also listen with interest to my stories from school and especially enjoyed my athletic adventures."

## Ronnie leaves home—a major life change for us all! 1958

I remember lots of trips with Mother and Dad and Ronnie to see doctors, notably John Hopkins in Baltimore and waiting long periods of time in waiting rooms. It was hard to do but we all did it to help Ronnie. He was initially diagnosed as deaf, but indeed was severely retarded in his communication skills and never progressed beyond kindergarten skills at best. He never spoke to any of us but we could sure read non-verbals well and always tried to understand what he wanted or needed.

I knew that my Brother Ronnie was severely handicapped and I cried myself to sleep on many a night. I had no idea of how I could help but I did willingly accept responsibility in watching out for him and staying with him when Mother and Dad were gone to events and errands.

***Every new staff person would approach Ronnie as a fresh challenge and really try to open up "the islands of intelligence" that he clearly had and still has, but after a while, they would all give up any grandiose plans for Ronnie's development, and his care would once again become custodial. I understand how this happened time and again and bear no anger at any of these persons who through the years, has tried so hard to help Ronnie develop! It's hard work and he goes only so far and then you hit a wall and that's it.***

Ronnie is capable of copying intricate designs with blocks and scores average intelligence to above in this specific type of task. Using this skill, Ronnie has become a fairly good piece worker for short periods of time on defense-type contracts in the sheltered workshop environment. Realistically, Ronnie has done only small amounts of work since about 2000 since his attention span and physical condition have deteriorated some. Ronnie walks (in

2013) with the help of a walker and gets physical therapy since taking some falls getting into and out of his work van. No major injury but his mobility is limited. This is difficult for me to see as I remember the young Ronnie, climbing trees, and running everywhere he went. But time plays no favorites and we all have to accept certain physical limitations but try to optimize what we can do!

**In 1958, Ronnie left our home and was institutionalized for better or worse—mostly better since Mother and Dad were "burned out" and greatly deserved some quiet time with their own lives and mine. It was clearly an emotional time for Mother in particular, but my Dad was even tempered and so steady he was unbelievable. Although it was traumatic, Ronnie's departure probably provided some badly needed quiet times for mother, Dad, and me. Our lives would never be the same and in retrospect, Mother, Dad, and I gave Ronnie every bit of love and support and opportunity to succeed that we could.**



**Terry Chapman gives brother Ron a good hug on one of many visits to Maryland from MA, from 1998 until Ron's passing in 2014.**

**Ronnie lived in the Partridge School in Virginia, about 40 miles from our home and we visited him regularly. The residential schools were very expensive. His behavior**

**was so unusual that most of the schools only worked out for about a year and then by mutual agreement, mother and Dad would place Ronnie in another school to try again. And they were all very expensive!**

***"He then moved to a school in Ellicott City, Maryland, near Baltimore for a few years and then moved to Henryton State Hospital, also near Baltimore, where he lived from 1964-1968. 1968. I remember driving with Mother and Dad to visit him at least once a month. These visits took their toll on mother's ability to cope with the immense burden of raising a son she couldn't talk to and sometimes Dad and I would walk Ronnie back into his ward with severely retarded men and women calling out to us, and pulling on us for snacks or just for a human hello! They would tug at your sleeves and it was hard for me too and I can vividly recall those visits and how difficult they were for all of us to endure, wondering if Ronnie would be ok after we left him.***

***Those were difficult years for all of my family but somehow, we pulled through by loving each other and concentrating on the good days, like when a staff person would tell us Ronnie was interesting or Ronnie was a sweet person. Those caring comments raised our spirits and on we went, always trying to give Ronnie the best possible life we could arrange, afford, and generally make happen." And how we loved to burn fires in the brick fireplace Dad built in our back yard in Takoma Par. Ronnie was always interested in those activities!***

Sometimes, we'd bring Ronnie home for the weekend, and we made fires in the fireplace out back on the terrace. Ronnie liked these and was always fascinated by fire, which probably connected with his visual acuity and also his strong sense of smell, just like me! Ronnie cleaved to our father, who spent many weekends mostly with Ronnie, doing small projects inside in bad weather and outside in good. Dad never flagged in his commitment to our family and his love was made clear by the many small selfless acts he carried through all those challenging years!



**This is quite similar to the one we enjoyed at 906 Larch Avenue, Takoma Park, MD From 1954-1964. We too had brick fireplace and brick terrace where my parents often entertained friends in the mild summers there.**

***These home visits were also hard since Ronnie would get headaches and crash into the wall occasionally to stop the pain, at least this was our conclusion, but never proven because of course Ronnie could not talk and tell us what was hurting! The not knowing was very painful and frustrating for all of us but we loved him just the same and always tried to talk about what he could do and stress the positives.***

**In about 1968, Ronnie was moved to Great Oaks, a modern facility, with campus-like residences, on an old farm tract near Beltsville, Maryland, and near my old High Point High School. The staff members were competent and this was his home from then until 1985. Beth and I and Mother visited Ronnie many times during these years, on bi-annual visits, driving over to visit from 906 Larch Avenue, where Mother still lived after Dad died in 1976.**

**Ronnie gets "mainstreamed"**

A national movement to "mainline" the retarded in the 1990's removed many challenged adults from State hospitals and facilities and into half-way houses, and apartments in suburban communities, which more closely resembled the living enjoyed by the majority of Americans. It worked well for Ronnie but not for many who could not handle a much less structured existence.

Ronnie was moved to an apartment on Ray road, in Hyattsville, ironically, just across the creek from Green Meadows, where Ronnie and I had grown up together so many years before. Ronnie lived there until 1999 when he moved to an apartment in Cheverly, Maryland, and began working for Vocational Services International, now named New Horizons, in Upper Marlboro, Maryland. Previously, he had worked for 10 years or more at a sheltered workshop on New Hampshire Avenue, about 5 miles from our home on Larch Ave, Takoma Park, Maryland. Mother and Margaret and I visited Ronnie at his new home and took him out for pizza for several years until he moved again. Then his residential staff took him out for pizza unless Margaret and I were in town for our bi-annual visits in spring and again in fall every year since then.

**Ronnie's Achievements are many!!**

**Ronnie has always recognized me and let me hug him right away when we are together for an hour or so on our spring and fall visits. We communicate with signs and can relate quite well without words, but of course I often can't resist thinking of what Ronnie could have achieved with his mechanical ability had he been normal. But Ronnie has achieved:**

1. **Competent self-directed daily living skills; washing, dressing, eating, toilet care**
2. **Demonstrated high level dexterity skills and earned an income for more than 30 years in sheltered workshops in Maryland**

3. **Maintained a real relationship with me, mother, Dad, Beth, Jon, Dan, Margaret,**
   **and those he interacted with in his residences and in his workplaces.**

4. **Helped with house maintenance by spotting bad electrical outlets, areas needing painting, and showing staff when supplies for kitchen and bathroom are getting low.**
5. **Taken yearly vacations to Maryland and New Jersey beaches.**
6. **Attended Catholic Church services most of his life.**
7. **"Read" through thousands of magazines and books; looking at the pictures; asking for signing of what the picture shows**
8. **Enjoying movies, TV, walks, playing on playground equipment**
9. **Learning to tumble and swing on a trapeze**
10. **Provide a superb example of a high functioning adult male with challenging conditions of deafness, mental retardation, aphasia, and probably severe headaches so that we may learn more about helping persons with these handicapping issues that they may lead richer, fuller lives!**
11. **Learned to swim from Dad's teaching**
12. **Learned to swing on a trapeze dad rigged in our basement in Hyattsville, MD.**
13. **Learned to climb trees far better than me, much to the neighbor's concerns**
14. **Learned how to eat a slice of pizza faster than me or Mom or Dad!**

**Addie Adesina had been Ronnie's "home supervisor" for about 10 years from 1995-2004 and loved Ronnie and always tries to help me help Ronnie! I met with him two or three times in person and many times on the phone, inquiring about Ronnie's status and health. Lately, Addie "wars" with the staff at VSI about Ronnie's optimal care, how much he should eat, and generally how to handle him. Ron moved in 2008 to a newer house about a mile from his old one.**

**Ronnie had episodes of aggressive behavior off and on in his life but especially between 1995-2005. But Ronnie never hurt another human being. These events usually took place at his work site, but with medication and highly supervised activities, these have stopped, for which I am grateful. He is such an interesting person and I have constantly prayed for him to have as full a life as possible with his challenges. Emily was then Ron's supervisor and had good control over Ron's wellbeing and his living arrangements. New management replaced Emily in spring of 2011.**

**I have worked with Ransome Stanley, Ron's house supervisor, since 2012. He is motivated and helped us set up a Skype phone connection and Ronnie and I had a "conversation" recently in early April, 2012! It was great to see Ronnie and wave to him and have him wave back and look at me, seated in my home in Worcester, MA! We only met for a few minutes but I loved the contact with my brother. I will arrange Skype visits with my brother for as long as I can.**

## Ron picks out his new Chair!

**Ron has his own easy chair which he picked out himself! They took Ron to a large furniture store and showed him to a line of 20 easy chairs. Ron sat in each one with a great sense of purpose before almost going to sleep in one of them. That was obviously to be Ron's new easy chair! Ha! What a guy.**

In 2001, Felicia Ekeson was Ronnie's supervisor: Addie moved to VOCCA, now ResCare in D.C. We visited in June 2001 and saw Ronnie's house in Cheverly, Maryland, a nice suburban house and tree-lined street, not far from the Cheverly theatre where Dad entertained the kids when the projector broke down during a Saturday matinee film. He also did tumbling tricks and he was such a hero to me and the other kids!

Ronnie moved again to a nicer home in Cheverly and seems satisfied there, if physically failing some now, as of 2008. His gait is unsteady since about 2008 but he can get where he needs to go. By 2010 Ronnie's gait is very unsteady and he has taken a fall, getting a black eye now in March, 2011. As of April, 2012, Ronnie's health has seemed to settle in a good place, allowing him to go to work most days and enjoy his evenings in his easy chair with TV and snacks. Ron goes to PT to help prevent a fall and now has a helmet but doesn't wear it much.

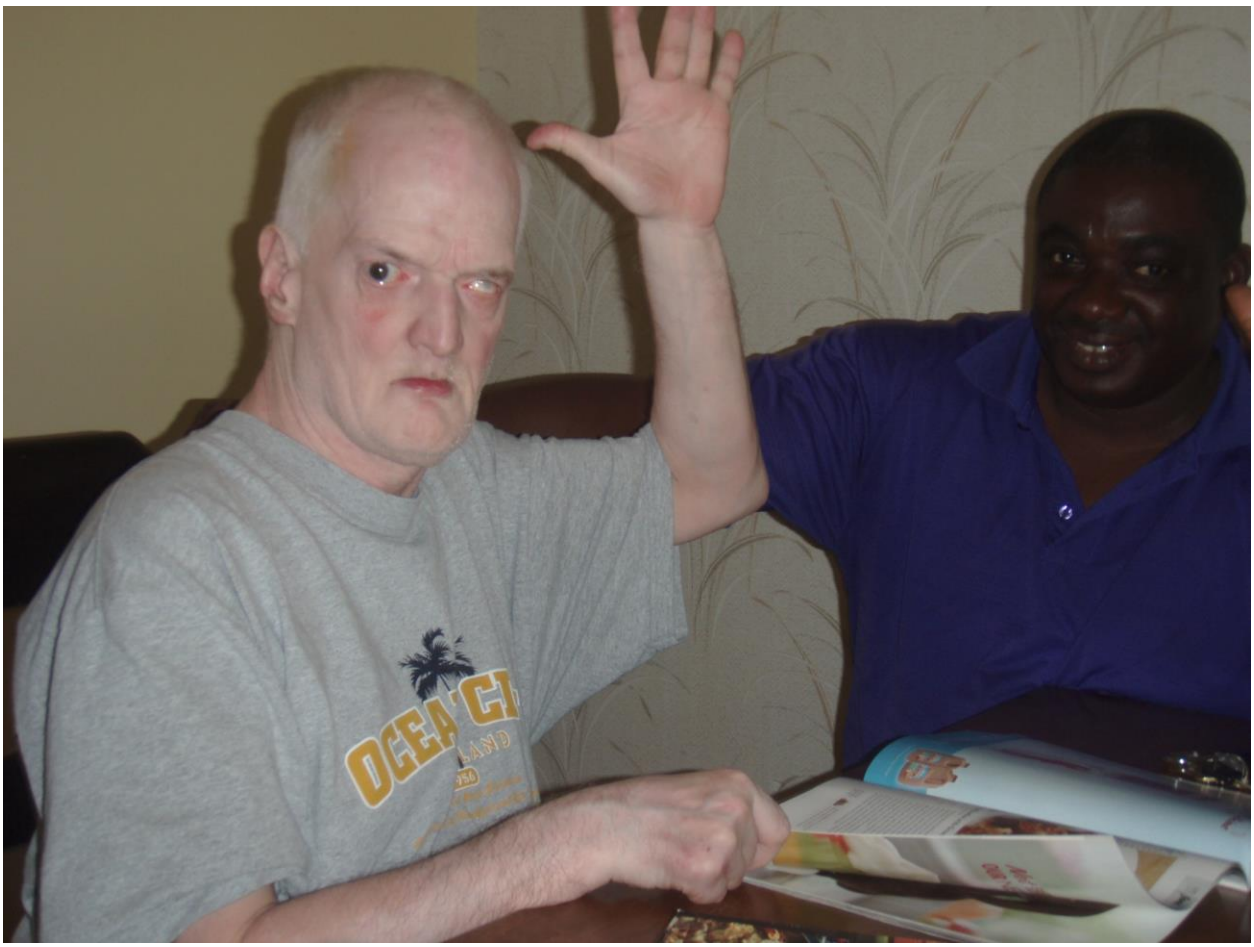
He now uses a walker as of winter 2013, but whatever it takes to keep him physically active I will help support. And in spring of 2014, on our visit, Ron had lost even more vigor and barely looked at two of the dozen magazines we had brought him. But Ron's body has given far more than could have been expected for 70 plus years and for that I am eternally thankful.

## Visits with Ron

**I have visited Ron twice every year in Spring and Fall since moving from Maryland in 1968, and continuing after Mother's death in 1998, I take him gifts and piles of magazines to pore over. Jon and Dan, my sons, have gone with me several times to visit Uncle Ron and they love him and are always attentive to how he's doing.**

Our visits typically are only about an hour long and end when Ron has finished poring over his hoard of new magazines we bring. He will not let anyone interrupt his reading, including me, except for an occasional sign exchange, such as "Are you ok?" which is done by slicing one hand across the palm of the other hand then holding up both arms as in a question. I also sign, "sleep"; "eat", and the letter T for Terry, which is from the sign language alphabet and is a thumb through the first and second fingers and placed on the chin, repeatedly.

Importantly, I sign, "I love you" by pointing to myself; clasping crossed arms at my chest and then pointing to him. He usually responds by repeating the signs. I do believe he understands these at a basic human level and depends on them to interact with me.



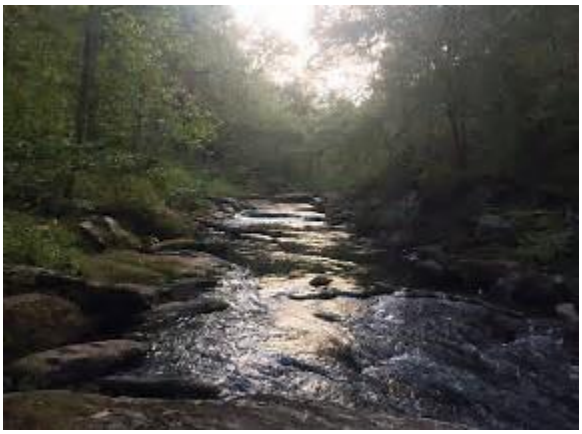
**Ronnie at home in Cheverly, MD, a residential house for 3 clients; Stanley, group supervisor, who loved Ronnie, and who came to his funeral service with 12 other workers who loved Ronnie! What a testament to my brother and to their real commitment to loving others!**

**"I pray that I have helped meet some of Ronnie's needs by loving him and visiting him and following up on problems that have arisen through the years. His life has been successful in that he does all his own daily living activities; he eats well and easily; he goes to a low stress, low volume assembly job which more and more devolves into supervised group sessions and a little production. But he's active and this has kept him alert and well—God bless all of you who have helped Ronnie through his lifetime!!**

**The staff is still good and love Ron. He tells them when something needs repairing, whether the paint cracking, or a wall imperfection or whatever. My Dad would be proud of him and the fact that he receives a small paycheck each month for work at a sheltered workshop in Upper Marlboro. Nice going Ron!"**

**I would combine visits with Ronnie and a fishing stop in Baltimore! View of oncoming flow of the Great Gunpowder River**

**Great Gunpowder River, near Baltimore where I fished for trout and stayed at Comfort Inn in Hunt Valley, MD nearby. Scenic trout stream but one time I hurried to the comfort of my hotel room when I zoomed down a narrow road and voila! It got more and more narrow until I had to stop and take 4 or 5 turnarounds to free myself and proceed, hah!**



## Early Summer: Early Adulthood stage: 1958-1976 (17to age 36)

**Queue up the music: The impossible dream, here, since at that time in my life, I thought anything was possible; US Navy commission; marriage forever; and later in the next period: a Ph.D.! Dreams do motivate us but are not necessarily realistic!**



***When I was a child, I did childish things. But now I am not a child and have given up childish things.***

(Liberally quoted from a well-known biblical reference)

**There are three legs which support the stool of competence in adulthood: one is knowledge; one skill; but the third leg is the most critical: the feeling of competence!**

Taken from Arthur Chickering, one of my favorite adult education authors, in his book Education and Identity. The young adult strives to establish his or her own feeling of competence: the sense that one can get things done! This process often begins in college as it did for me.

## College Bound--The University of Maryland

***As I moved toward my college years, Dwight Eisenhower was still President and would remain in power until Kennedy's inauguration in January 1961, my junior year. I would then be nine months short of voting eligibility that but would have enthusiastically cast my vote for Kennedy! I went to college on the cusp between the staid, conventional, peace time years of Eisenhower and finished with Kennedy as my President. Kennedy ushered in the more liberal, unconventional years that would lay ahead, unknown to all of us at the time.***

***My father worked for the US Veteran's Administration in downtown D.C. as a work simplification expert and my mother worked for the University of Maryland in the Education Department as a secretary and unofficial morale booster. Mother made everyone feel important who came in contact with her. I always knew my parents "had my back" and could be trusted to love me no matter what I did or didn't do. That is love in the pure form.***

**To whom much is given is much required. Luke 12:48**

How true is the quotation from the Bible! I was given much and much was required and I knew this to be true in my life. It wasn't something I thought much about as a young man but still I was motivated to use every ability to lead a worthwhile life and to experience it fully. The next step was clearly to get a college degree but beyond that I had no earthly idea what to do with it.




**"Fear the Turtle" is now on all the U. of Md. baseball hats**

**but when I attended, we kind of wondered why a turtle was our mascot. The Terrapin is a very aggressive species of turtle which may explain it!**

**Many a warm fall afternoon was spent in Byrd Stadium with my Phi Sig buddies!**



My moderate success in high school academics (B's and C's) plus our moderate middle-class income from my father's government job, plus Ronnie's expenses, necessitated my going to the State University of Maryland in College Park. I never thought that I was being deprived of anything. I knew about U. of M. because the football team had been #1 in 1955 and had gone to the Orange Bowl and because the university was only about 3 miles from our home in Takoma Park, MD.

**I majored in Psychology until my sophomore year when I received (earned?) two "D" grades. When my department head asked me to consider switching to Sociology which I had better grades in, I acquiesced and got A's and B's in Sociology and was much happier and better placed. Later I found out that the Psychology department had been under fire to raise standards and had asked several of us in my class to change majors. I felt somewhat reprieved!**

I had worked at the Internal Revenue Service in D.C. the summer of my senior year in high school, and returned there the summer of my freshman year in college. The work was mundane but the pay good and the hours regular. I worked for Jack Maslin, a friend of my Dad's. I had played with his son growing up—he always had a train set up late fall until Christmas and I loved playing with it. His mother made really tasty lunches and I would often spend 3-4 hours at his house. "I took typing my senior year in high school, partly because the teacher was pretty, and got up to 70 words per minute when they changed us to electrics. I pursued speed as an athletic event and it worked. I passed the U.S. federal service clerk typist test at 45 wpm, when requirement was 30 wpm at the time. A very smart move plus I wanted to impress the teacher!"

**This new skill turned out to help me immensely in professional pursuits, by always being able to put down on paper my thoughts and successfully produce written products that usually pleased my bosses. It also helped me earn my Ph.D. at the University of Missouri years later as I easily wrote it in a series of drafts on an old manual typewriter with carbon copies! Early decisions to acquire practical skills often pay huge dividends later on. Always assert yourself to build a wide skill bank in your youth and never stop pursuing new skills.**

I liked going to work those summers and downtown Washington, D.C. was exciting to me. I recalled my younger days, when relatives visiting with us, in Hyattsville and later in Takoma Park, would be taken to the Capitol and to the memorials and museums during their visit. I never got tired of the city and always found new attractions.



The weather was usually hot-90 degrees with high humidity. We wore short sleeve shirts with tie and slacks. I smoked at break and at lunch and enjoyed it! I worked at the delinquent taxes department and greeted taxpayers and referred them to the auditors, a position of considerable informal power, which I relished.

When I got home in the evening, mother and Dad and I had supper and then had a smoke together in the living room and compared notes, over the loud sound of our one true luxury: a single unit A/C that was strategically placed in the upstairs hall window so it could blow cooler air both to the bedrooms and to the small living room downstairs. In those days, we never thought for a minute about the health issues of smoking.

**"At IRS, if the taxpayer who came in off the streets was pleasant and not cocky, I'd send them to a nice auditor but if they were rude or seemed rich, I'd send them to this guy who smoked 3 packs of Lucky Strikes a day and he'd take them down a peg or two. I had "informal power" way beyond my station and years. Vive le worker!"**

Getting a part-time job on campus, fall of my sophomore year, was easy, thanks to mother's work friend, Dorothy Kantner, whose husband was the director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines installation, right next to the student union. Frank Kantner was tall, slender, tie and white-shirt always, and spoke quickly as he interviewed me. He hired me on the spot and I worked there until June 1962 when I graduated and joined the Navy.

I worked as a photographer's assistant, drying photos and doing copying tasks, and also helped the librarian with new items to catalogue and put in the stacks. One comical incident comes to mind from back in those days.

I was working at a small desk in a room in the back of the library and Mr. Moran the librarian was quietly cataloguing at his desk in the main room, about 30 feet from me. I stood up to leave for a break and realized that my zipper had broken on my pants! Although no one usually came into the room where I worked, I would have to leave eventually! What to do? Then the idea hit me. Simply use a paper clip, applied as I hunkered down behind the stacks and then I told Mr. Moran that I wasn't feeling well and would be leaving early. And off I went!

*The work I did at the Bureau of Mines was somewhat boring, but again the pay kept me in fraternity and dating shape so I gladly put in the 10-12 hours a week. I still remember, standing at the photo drying machine, about 8 feet tall, with hundreds of photos spinning around, as Frank Kantner, Director and "big boss" came in to say hello.*

**The photos I was drying at the time he came in were all wedding pictures, taken by Al Kelly, the photographer, who took them and developed them on his federal job! I quickly stood between Frank and the spinning dryer, hoping he couldn't see the photos and made small talk as fast as I could. He moved on and I was safe—what a relief!**

**I also remember walking over from the Bureau to see University baseball games at lunch and getting meals in the student union and seeing friends from fraternity and classes. I was definitely proud of having a job and my own money. Interesting, isn't it, how we all develop our confidence level, building it with individual bricks until it becomes a strong wall we can stand on.**



**This is the Hornbake mall which is in the center of the College campus. Park Campus and the main walking thoroughfare. I parked the "first car" I discuss below, just beyond and to the right of the McKeldin Library in the background. From Parking**

**Lot "B" to fraternity row, from one end of campus to another, took almost 15 minutes.**

I owned a light blue1953 V-8 Ford Convertible which cost $1,000 dollars in 1960. My parents bought it with some help from my meager savings account. I loved driving it top down to school and commuted most of my 4 years in college. It had a small leak in the canvas roof over the "date's seat" which was not a good thing, but I managed to repair it. For fun, I would take off fast and then throw it into a lower gear; burn a little rubber; then go back into the next gear. Stupid, expensive but so much animal-level fun!

At about this time I arranged to try and beat my friend Lewis Newkirk by racing him on foot through a deserted parking lot near Prince George's Plaza and his apartment. I won the first
10 yards and then was roundly defeated as his old car's engine started producing some horsepower!

I parked in Parking Lot B and walked by the tennis courts to get to my classes freshman year. "Welcome to "the class of 1962". I remember listening to President Elkins saying to "look around you—only one of every four of you will graduate in 1962!" I was confident that I would be graduating, although later on I did have a scare. The first year I felt like I was a visitor to university life and headed home at the end of each day's classes just like in high school.

The University of Maryland was an extension of my schooling, due in great part to commuting, and some of my high school friends were also at Maryland, including Phil Cole, our football halfback, who had pledged Phi Sigma Kappa, whose house was the center house on Fraternity Row, across Route 1, on the far side of campus from where I parked in lot B.

**Terry Chapman on TV!**

Sometime in 1960, I wrangled a date with a pretty young lady who lived in Takoma Park in a residential neighborhood right off Carroll Ave. As I recall we went to a Phi Sigma Kappa party and then home. I had two beers over about 2 hours. As I drove down Carroll Avenue and prepared to make a left turn onto her street, nothing was unusual; it was quiet and about 11 pm. As my car wheels turned left and we started to enter her street I saw a bright light and a speeding police car struck my car and spun me around so that I faced the opposite direction on Carroll Avenue. What the hell happened?

A policeman jumped out of the car and asked me to get out of the car and give him license and registration. So far so good as my date and me appeared to be fine if badly shaken up and completed startled by the events unfolding. He looked at my information; asked me if I had been drinking and when I said that I had two beers, he told me he was giving me a ticket for "failure to yield right of way to an emergency vehicle! I told him I had heard no siren and saw no emergency lights but he persisted, gave me the ticket and sped off toward

downtown Takoma Park. No Breathalyzer in those days, just a presumption of guilt and the smell of alcohol was enough.

I checked both myself and my date for any injuries but we were ok. I apologized to my date who understood what had happened and assured me I had done nothing wrong and that he had plowed into us with no warning of any kind. I walked her up to her door and I think I offered to speak with her parents but she said that was not necessary. I drove home and when I told my parents what had transpired, they were upset and angry. How could the policeman have done that? Where was he going and for what reason? And he had clearly lied about both his siren and his emergency light having been on when they were not on at all!

As time went by I recovered from the shock but I talked with Mother and Dad about not paying the ticket and asking to appear in court to protest it. We were close to fighting it but Dad felt that we should probably just pay it and forget that it happened because when a police car is in an emergency situation, they have the right of way regardless. I was less than sanguine at the decision but agreed nonetheless.

***About two months later, as I sat in our living room watching a show called Traffic Court, the judge said that the next case involved a college student who had been drinking and failed to yield right of way to an emergency vehicle. It was my case!***

***A young college aged man in his 20's came in and was sworn in. The officer who played the citing officer was not the man who drove into me. The acting officer said that he had siren and emergency lights on before he ran into me and that I should have pulled over and not continued to make my left turn. The student mildly protested that he heard no siren and saw no lights.***
***Then the officer noted that the student was returning from a fraternity party and had been drinking—not that he was drunk—but had been drinking and this led to failure of judgment that night.***

***Then to cap it all off, the judge lectured the student about drinking and driving and admonished him for his behavior and endangering himself, the female passenger, and the officer who was simply trying to respond to an emergency call. We all sat in rapt amazement and disappointment as the judge finished his tirade by stating that the student would play the ticket plus court charges for the affair and that the judge certainly hoped he would never see the student again in his court!"***

***This among other events in my young life led me to an early opinion that "life is just not fair!" which I continue to hold to this day based upon that early incident; my brother's grand misfortune with his birth defects, and of course many more events that have ensued over my lifetime.***

***So much for honesty in all police work. I did realize that drinking to any degree and then driving always holds some risk, though usually not to this degree! I never saw the girl again and that was probably for the best.***

**Girls again-what else is there?**

Although my high school sweetheart, Kathy McAdoo also entered the University of Maryland and joined Kappa Delta sorority. We had a couple of dates but her fire had died out, much to my disappointment! I dated a number of coeds, Garen Retzer in particular, off and on for several years! I dated Miss Maryland, a most sexy young lady, and took her to a rush event at Phi Delta Theta, which almost earned me an offer to join I believe. Ha! She was very good looking but her chemistry for me just wasn't there. When I called next, she was "busy". That was hard on my young ego.

**"I also dated a niece of a fraternity brother, brunette and sexy Elaine Carlin, whom I was infatuated with and she fell in love with me! I literally didn't know what to do. She talked about marriage my junior year, about 4 weeks after we started dating, which scared me off, and I found out a very surprising thing.**

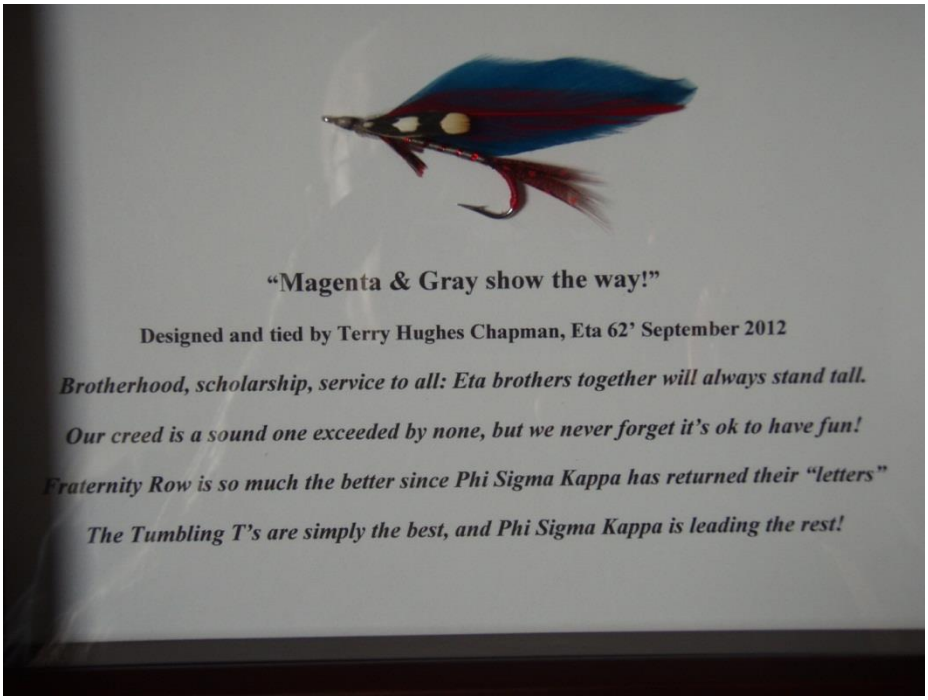
***One evening I sat in the fraternity TV room on a Friday night, wondering what to do that evening. Next to me was Stan Dawgert, pledge brother. I asked him what he had planned and he said he had a date with a neat girl. I asked him who and when he said Elaine I almost flipped. She had been dating him on Fridays and me on Saturdays for the whole semester! At first, we glared at each other and then realized she had been playing us against each other. When I saw Elaine Carlin the next time, she talked about marriage and the rest is history. I finished that relationship as quickly as I could! And yes, she married Stan!***

**I would see Elaine once again in 1978 in Columbia, Missouri, where she and Stan had landed with his job with Black & Decker. I had seen Stan while crossing campus one day and as we talked, it took me back to our days at the University of Maryland. I recalled the intrigue and the wonderment of talking "marriage" at so young an age. And a few weeks later, when I recognized her pretty face, seated across from me in a circle of participants in a discussion group at the Student Affairs Center, it was a shock, being married at the time, to see once again, a girl that you had really liked so much so many years before." After the meeting, we went next door and shared a coffee and talked about our lives. She was running a daycare center in Columbia and was somewhat pleased with her job. She said nothing about her marriage to Stan except that she didn't like making moves to new locations with his job.**

**Elaine was as alluring as ever and I experienced the somewhat pleasant, somewhat uncomfortable feeling of attraction to this person once again. But that was that and I never sought her out after that chance meeting. My marriage at the time was solid, if not perfect, and I would never be unfaithful, regardless of any temptations. Of**

**course, in no way had Elaine suggested that we meet again, but attractions have a life of their own!"**

**Phi Sigma Kappa**




**I designed, created, and framed this trout fly and prose to celebrate the re-institution of Phi Sigma Kappa on the University of Maryland campus and presented it to the chapter President at the new fraternity house at #2 Fraternity Row, September, 2012—our colors are magenta and gray—this one came out pretty well!**

*"Early on at the university, I realized that I wanted to belong to my own social group, especially because it was such a large school with about 12,000 on campus in 1958.Now that number is about 30,000. Very few of my high school friends went there and I missed the close-knit friendships. My first grades were 2.0 (again, plenty of C's); it looked like I would stay in school, so I went through fraternity rush in spring of my freshman year.*

*I was interested in Phi Sigma Kappa but also in Phi Delta Theta, but only got a pledge offer from the Phi Sigs. I thought about it overnight and then excitedly accepted the pledge from Phi Sigma Kappa. Phil Cole was pleased and I was assigned a "Big Brother" Dave Ryan, from Torrington, Connecticut, who would mentor me through the maze of new fraternity obligations and rituals."*

As part of our pledging duties, we did house cleaning and maintenance every Saturday morning, usually followed by games of football, softball, or going golfing on the University's golf course, that had been built from Orange Bowl proceeds in 1955. The

work was never very hard and I enjoyed fraternizing with my new pledge mates and talking about girls, the fraternity, and life in general.

The fraternity gave me a workable group of friends with whom I could handle the huge size of the university. Without the fraternity, I would probably have been happier at a smaller college where I knew everyone. But the university was nearby and inexpensive and had a good reputation among state universities. And I still felt a part of my nuclear family at home.



**This is the type of fraternity house that I lived in at Phi Sigma Kappa, fall semesters of my Junior and Senior years. We were at #7 Fraternity Row, a center placement in the row, both prominent and renowned!**

**Who were those Phi Sigma Kappas?**

Phi Sigma Kappa was a prominent fraternity at the university and had a good national reputation. We maintained about 40 actives and pledge classes of about 12 each fall when we "rushed" new members by inviting them to social events at our fraternity house with beer and snacks. We were known as a successful fraternity on several fronts: academically we ranked high; athletically we won many of the inter-fraternity sports including golf, softball, and football. I played on all the sports teams and thoroughly enjoyed the competition I had grown accustomed to in high school sports.

**I liked most of the brothers but had favorites including Art Hermann, my best friend in college, Wayne Robertson, who also majored in Sociology, Roger Rittinger, a veteran and probably 28 years old starting college, Cy Childs, from Bel Air, Maryland, a real regular guy and easy to get along with. We roomed my junior year and his regular study habits rubbed off on me and I got better grades. But Roger would study for about an hour after supper and then knock on my door and want to go out to Town Hall for beers! Sometimes I gave in and we laughed a lot together.**

Interestingly I didn't know many folks who were not in fraternal life! I'd be friendly in classes but socially the sororities provided most of my dates. I had one friend from York, PA, whom I used to study sociology with up in his dorm but the dorm atmosphere always seemed unnatural to me. Again, I was commuting home every day until my Junior fall semester and Senior fall semester when I lived in the fraternity house.

**The perigee of my college and academic career**

My socializing went fine but my grades dropped to a 1.3 thanks to two extremely difficult psychology courses, Abnormal Psychology, and Statistics, both of which yielded a "D" grade. In all honesty, I must have been mesmerized by the fraternity social life and just didn't study hard enough with some truly difficult courses.

As I said earlier, I was asked to change from Psychology to Sociology due to my low grades. In any event, I moved ahead and enjoyed the theoretical aspects of Sociology, especially Industrial Sociology, where the class revolved around case studies, a means of education which I enjoyed and still strongly endorse. These case situations all required the applied use of knowledge and intuition with people at work, which I found fascinating. I always had ideas in the group discussions and got an A grade. I liked to study Social Psychology and it stimulated my thinking about people, how they interacted, and the lives of mankind in general.



International symbol for Sociology

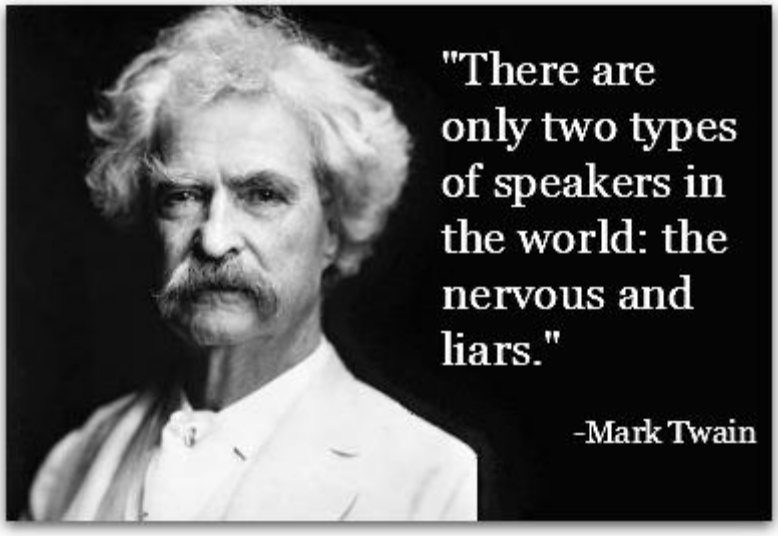
I also did well in theoretical Sociological discussions and could readily describe the theories of that day. We studies Minority Relations, Criminology, and also anthropology, which was taught in an old classroom high up in the Sociology building. I remember, when the lectures would get a little boring, staring at a human skeleton which was stared back at us students who were trying to grasp the vast passages of time since mankind first roamed Planet Earth!

**"I got A's and B's in Sociology with one exception. After getting a final D grade in Sociology Statistics class I went to see the professor to ask him to change the grade. I told him it wasn't fair to grade homework, when I did my own though with some mistakes, and others simply copied the correct work from classmates and got a higher grade. He hemmed and hawed but finally changed the grade. What a satisfying victory. That was the best C grade I ever earned!"**

English, history, and other topics were somewhat interesting but never really vied for my serious academic consideration as a major. I was committed to learning about people—their motivations, their career choices, and their life journeys. My senior paper covered, or at least purported to cover, "The Effect of Parent Values on Career Choice".

This topic would have made a far better doctoral dissertation, backed up with statistics, but at that time, I was not bashful in choosing or studying and writing up any topic that interested me and this was no exception. As later academic pursuits would confirm, when I am interested in a topic, my enthusiasm carries me to producing a solid product. And choice of this topic was a harbinger of my lifelong interest in careers and how each of us uses our precious time on earth.

**"I recall being very nervous before presenting my paper to the Sociology seminar which was comprised of only seniors in Sociology. It was peer group pressure for sure. It went pretty well, I think I got an A, and then the entire subject faded into the background of my thinking.**




**Years later, after having presented thousands of hours of speeches, talks and training and college classes, I would still remember my sweaty palms and fast heartbeat, as I sat on the steps of Stamp Student Union, hesitant to walk down to the classroom with pool hall chalk on my right palm from having spent a leisure hour not studying, but playing!"**

**I also recall cleaning off the telltale green pool chalk from my right hand before delivering my "great report." Again, the easy comfort and challenge of games and sports often lured me from more serious pursuits, but also kept me on an even keel emotionally.**



Because I got such a low overall grade average (1.3) spring of my freshman year, I was on academic probation and not able to go through initiation with my pledge class, which was very upsetting and disappointing. I joined another class and repeated some of the classes for pledges, including fraternity history, and of course continued to get paddled by the active members with my own, specially designed paddle. Actually, by going through two pledge sessions, I got to know more of my fellow members better than if I had made it the first time, but that is mere hindsight, always 20-20 or better! Believe me; I was disappointed at myself at the time.

**"Importantly, after moving into the Pi Sig house at #7 Fraternity Row, I nailed a 2.7 GPA, which was the highest grade report I had every received up to that point. My roommate Cyril Childs was easy to live with and studied regularly which helped set the tone. Somehow, buoyed by the good social relationships at the fraternity house, I was comfortable enough to study more and it showed in my better grades. I graduated with a 2.3, not high, but with A's and B's in my major subjects. I've always been much more capable in areas of high interest to me and not required subjects or tasks."**

**During this period of my young adulthood, I regularly spent time thinking about what I wanted to do for a career but always came up with the same vague idea of "adventure" which didn't resolve the tension and angst I felt with this important but fleeting question.**

**Phi Sigma Kappa Keggers—way too much beer!**

Phi Sigma Kappa was well known on several fronts at the University of Maryland. First was our ability to "throw good parties" every Saturday night, usually in the basement of our house at #7 Fraternity Row. We always had kegs of fresh beer, and we always sang some off-color songs, occasionally to the embarrassment of me, my dates, and some of the other more moderate Phi Sigs!

*The older members never seemed to get our message, though, and they continued the bawdy song ritual for as long as I was an active member. "So, let's have another verse, that's worse than the other verse, and waltz me around again, Willie!" went one of the countless refrains. Limericks were very popular, as we tried to prove that any suggestive word could be rhymed with a perfectly acceptable verse. Most of these were harmless but in this case, I was conventional.*

Fridays were stag night, usually spent drinking beers and socializing at the Town Hall bar, with its cavernous green walls, about ¼ mile down route 1 toward Baltimore. You could walk back to campus from town Hall, which probably saved thousands of lives since they had first served beer to the minors from down at the University! Small glasses were 15cents and large ones a quarter! We'd drink a few beers and then often get a pizza to soak up the brews before we drove back to campus.

Of course, I had to do some driving after drinking, since I would go to Town Hall, and then drive home, a drive of about 15 minutes, but well lighted and not too busy at 10:30 or 11:00 on a week night. And when I lived in the fraternity house, we still drove the short distance to the bar, always thinking that we might be driving a young lady back to campus in our cars.

**My 21st Birthday celebration-October 2, 1961**

The evening of my 21st birthday I decided that I had an inclination to do some serious beer drinking. This I pursued by going to Town Hall with a few friends and quaffing a few beers. As I remember I was then somehow sitting in another fraternity house near Phi Sigma Kappa quaffing still more alcoholic beverages with some more friends, but not the ones I had started the evening with. I have no idea how one site evolved into the next but I sure had fun! Of course, the following morning, a class day I believe, I paid the price for my avid consumption. Since college, I have been a light drinker, and mostly wine with its endless variety and minimal alcohol.

**The 1960's: A time of revolt for some; for me: military service**

***In January, 1961, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was elected President in a narrow victory over Richard Nixon thank God! I watched the inauguration in nearby D.C. at home in Takoma Park, on a semester break while I finished up some term paper I was writing. I recall thinking that I really liked this guy's personality and of course, once again, how could you not like a Navy Officer who saved fellow crew members from his P.T. boat during the Second World War?***



*President John Kennedy giving his Inaugural Speech: "What can you do for your country?"*

**Little did we know then, how short a presidency he would have, as he was assassinated in November of 1963, a short time later. His presidency would take shape and bear fruit stemming I believe from the famous phrase in his inauguration speech, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country!" He founded the Peace Corps and made other contributions in financial support for the Arts and in education but we will never know how much he might have done had he lived longer. Lyndon Johnson, VP, was made President and was re-elected in 1964, serving until Richard Nixon's election in 1968. These were years of great pain for my country, culminating in the great riots of 1968, in which I would also be briefly embroiled.**

***Timing is everything in life. A case in point would be my "tour" through the turbulent 1960's decade. When I graduated from the University of Maryland in June 1962, downtown Washington, D.C. was relatively peaceful and quiet. I didn't know anyone on campus who smoked pot. Yes, there was crime and hunger and many social problems that needed addressing. And yes, American had not done enough to help those with needs beyond what they could address themselves!***

***But it was still a part of the post WWII growth and satisfaction period (my name for it) with little portent of what lay ahead—Viet Nam War, rioting in Washington, D.C. and many other US cities—huge increase in the use of illegal and illicit drugs—and a general revolution conducted largely by those in their 20's in the 1960's.***

***"I went from my pleasant university and fraternity life to the tedium and challenges of serving as an enlisted man in the US Naval Reserves, discharged in April 1964. Within six months of my return to civilian life, Viet Nam would erupt and many of my former ship mates would serve in that conflict and many would die. And the YFNB-12, my cable layer would go there also in 1965 and I would have been onboard. Yes, timing is everything in life."***

***But I had a dream! One given to me by my father whom I loved and admired. If Dad was a Navy Officer, then why not me? No real consideration of risks involved or whether it matched my life skills and inclinations for independence; just a generalized desire to serve my country and a craving to see the world!***

"Excerpt from Les Misérables song: I dreamed a dream, one of my favorite songs of all time!

*"I dreamed a dream in time gone by*
***When hope was high***
***And life worth living***
***I dreamed that love would never die***
***I dreamed that God would be forgiving***
***Then I was young and unafraid***
***And dreams were made and used and wasted***
**There was no ransom to be paid**
**No song unsung, no wine untasted"**



Cast of Les Misérables, Broadway musical extraordinaire

**Now fast forward to 1965—shortly after I had returned to Maryland and had moved in to share an apartment with my high school friend Kent Conner. The farthest thing**

**from our minds then was revolt of any kind, except maybe the sheer freedom and power of moving away forever from our respective parents' homes.**

**Kent didn't do drugs, except for alcohol, and I did alcohol on occasion but much less than in college and also smoked Marlboro Red's, a habit I finally stopped cold in 1969. But no pot, no heavy drugs of any kind and both of us and all of our friends as I recall, were relatively satisfied with our US governmental system, acknowledging its faults but also praising its strengths.**

**I do remember arguing with a son of one of my Dad's VA colleagues about the Viet Nam War and during that time and I gradually morphed into a more liberal stance. I moved from a staunch advocate to having major questions about whether we should have gone there in the first place. But none of these friends was marching or rioting or revolting. No one!**

**"In the summer of 1968, one day I was released early from my job at the Department of Health, Education, & Welfare in NW D.C. due to rioting across the city. My boss Wes Geigel feared that unless we left early we were in danger. My wife Beth worked across the city and as I drove to get her, I was stopped in traffic at Constitution and 12th Streets. I had to duck down in my seat because of the severe rioting and loud shouting and breaking of store windows along the streets. People were running back and forth across D. C's major thoroughfares, some shouting and half-crazed. I was**



**afraid they would break my windows and pull me out of the car! It took an hour to drive what should have taken 15 minutes in normal times. My city was coming apart and it felt terrible. What should I do? What could I do? What had happened?**

**I was generally aware of the social ferment and the growing dissatisfaction of African Americans and the poor, but was primarily absorbed with my new marriage, my work and career issues. I finally arrived at Beth's place of work in Northwest D.C. Beth got quickly into our car and we drove home uneventfully to the suburbs. We talked about the riots and tried to understand their meaning. But we had no easy answers and deep down we sensed the magnitude of this occurrence. Our lives would never be the same."**

**Back to University Life: More Phi Sig adventures**

*"Speaking of being in the wrong place at the wrong time, let me tell you about one time when I was headed home from the university:*

The strangest ride home from the fraternity occurred one night as I proceeded down University Boulevard toward Langley Park intersection. The car in front of me swerved and slowed and immediately thereafter, I was quickly coming up on a woman, who seemed to fall out of the next car in front of the one in front of me, spewing groceries everywhere and rolling into the path of my oncoming car! I braked, swerved, and missed her.

I pulled over to the siding; another driver and I went back and got her over to the curb, where I believe a man came and took her to another waiting car! She seemed to be not badly injured, but shaken up to a great extent. I got back into my car and drove home, grateful that it hadn't turned out any worse than it had. I had been sober that evening and that might have made all the difference.

**Once again, the synchronicity of life amazes me and always will. Wrong place, right time, right time, wrong place, the possibilities which are endless can be positive or sometimes negative."**




***So, my pleasant college years continued at the University of Maryland, three miles away from my home in Takoma Park. Although I commuted to school, I was very much absorbed by university life—new intellectual demands, new friends, new girls, and my world opening up geometrically! My fraternity was my reference point through those years and anchored me to the institution far more than I realized at the time. I knew and was friends with classmates who weren't part of the fraternity or sorority system, but most of my closer college friends were. I had made casual friends in classes but had yearned to be a part of a group I could identify with. Phi Sigma Kappa provided that for me and made my college experience come alive!***

Phi Sigma Kappa was also known for winning more than its share of inter-fraternity sports events, namely, football, softball, and golf. I played fifth man on the five-man golf team and we won the gold medal my senior year. Art Hermann played number one and shot about scratch for 18 holes, whereas I shot low to middle 80's. Other players were Dave who played third, shooting about 79 or 80, who shot high seventies, and Russ who shot middle70's. Jim Woods played 4th spot. We played the university course and which



**9th green in front of new MU clubhouse built about 1990?**
**In my day, we used a one level brick facility**
**with little amenities except hot dogs and cokes and a rest room, hah!**

played about twice a week on Wednesdays, and every Saturday and sometimes Sundays. I might also go over to the driving range some evenings.

I played Wilson Sam Snead Signatures, which I had bought from money earned working at the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) in downtown Washington, D.C. summer after my senior year in high school and summer after my freshman year at the university. In 2010, the PGA Nationwide Tour stopped to play at my old U. of MD course, upped to 7100 yards and I beamed with pride and pleasure as Tommy Gainey (Two Gloves Tommy) took the 1st prize on my "new" course.

Son Jon and I have played the University of Maryland course twice and how gratifying it was to have him with me, playing a game, I love so much, on a course where I played my best golf among my peers at Phi Sigma Kappa, and where so many happy hours were spent!

**Best College friend: Phi Sig fraternity brother Art Hermann**

**"Art Hermann was my best friend, stemming from our love of golf. Art was multi-talented, playing Bridge for days on end with a few stops for classes, food, and the weekly fraternity party! He was a superb chess player, easily the best in the fraternity and excelled at speed chess which he flaunted whenever possible. Last, but not least, he was an accomplished pool shooter and we often "took on" a bar pool table, going from one establishment to another down the route 1 strip, with Art getting into a game while I stood by and happily small-talked with everyone in sight, just to keep things friendly.**

**I know sometimes I was sure we would get our legs broken by Art's winning the money from these guys on a regular basis. Art stood 5'6", weighed about 135 pounds, with dark hair, pointed features, and an intense dark-eyed stare. He just wouldn't blink! He was disarmingly quiet, but always knew exactly what any situation presented, its opportunities, its dangers, and managed to stay right on the edge at every second! What an interesting friend to travel with in those days so long ago."**

In 2004, I "found" Art happily married and living in the Gaithersburg, Maryland area and designing computer software solutions. We had a wonderful visit and I later saw him at a Phi Sig reunion in 2007 in Ocean City, MD, where we played golf and for one of few times, I scored lower than Art. He had successfully survived some life-threatening health issues and had ignored his golf for a long time.

Art had become a Christian due in part to an extended departure from ordinary life and travels throughout the US where he was befriended by a group of hippy Christians and realized that he agreed with the Christian philosophy. Spirituality is not to be taken lightly. Nor life experience, since Art would have been the last person I know whom I would have expected to become a Christian!

## More Phi Sig capers

The other activity Phi Sigs excelled in was campus politics. We had the Student Government President my entire time at Maryland, first Bruce Briggs and then Jack Yellowlees, who could stand up in the fraternity meetings and make four or five solid points, with no notes whatever. I spoke up and was elected Pledge Trainer-- who knew more about being a Phi Sig pledge than me-- my senior year. I lived in the fraternity house part of my junior and all of my senior year. This cost a lot but meant a great deal to me in actively pursuing a leadership position in the fraternity.

**"We did some terribly foolish and unnecessary things in the fraternity, especially the paddling of pledges. You had to get a paddle when you pledged and give it to your Big Brother, who was supposed to be your mentor. He would paddle your behind if you answered wrong on fraternity history or other misdeeds and often a whole row of pledges would be lined up for paddling. Pretty stupid!**

**But I did it because I truly wanted to join the brotherhood—I needed the social support of the fraternity. The university became real to me through the fraternity and gave me the friendship group I wanted badly. And so, the University of Maryland was in many respects Phi Sig to me and I was a very active member. The power of peer group pressure should never be under-estimated."**

**Fraternities have the potential of adding much to the life of a university and also doing plenty of community service. They should do this in addition to being a social center for many young men, as they were for me.**

Wayne Robertson, Cyril Childs, Art Hermann, and a veteran, Roger Rittinger, were some of my best friends as fraternity brothers. Friday was stag night at the bars and we would go drinking together and then Saturday night Phi Sig would always host a keg party in our basement and they were pretty good parties, with records playing and lots of beer drinking. You could attend even without a date but you felt pretty "out of it" and the senior brothers always made a point of asking where your date was.

**"I certainly took some chances in those fraternity college days by drinking and driving although I was never in an accident, mostly by good luck and good reflexes! It was commonplace to go to a keg party, drink lots of beer, and drive either home or back to the campus. No designated drivers! You just took your chances, which in retrospect was certainly dumb!"**

I commuted from home except for fall of my junior year when I made a 2.7 and regained good standing in A& S in Sociology and then again in my senior year when I was Pledge Trainer. I liked living in the house—more socializing opportunities and an easy walk up the hill to classes. I could also go to concerts at the hall right near Fraternity Row and get fresh-made ice cream at the dairy on campus. I played basketball in the armory where I attended Air Force ROTC.

**Career Advice you can use!**

I took the aptitude tests for pilot my sophomore year. What they found was no surprise looking back on it. I scored high on general academic tests but very low on "perceiving physical relationships in 3-dimensional (spatial relations) and in map reading from an altitude simulated on the tests." The test person advised getting into another line of military service. I wish I had remembered my aptitude results later when I joined the Navy! As if ship responsibilities as an officer wouldn't include navigation requiring excellent ability to visualize three-dimensional contexts?

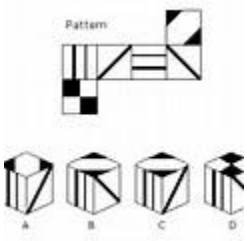



Diagram above shows objects in relationship to each other; I see them yes but ask me to draw how they look from a 45-degree angle above and I can't do it!

**My enduring interest in personal adventure plus my great admiration for my father led me to enlist in the U.S. Naval Reserves in April of my senior year at the University of Maryland. It wasn't a very practical decision because I knew very little of what**

**was expected of a naval officer, but I wanted to experience life to the fullest, and being a Naval Officer had tremendous appeal to me at that time.**

**I know Dad was proud and I don't remember him questioning my decision at all. He just supported my efforts and so did Mother. I imagine she knew I would be away from home for a long time but it never came up in our discussions. In retrospect, this left Mother and Dad with an empty nest for the first time since they had me in October of 1940, and it must have been a major change for them.**

***I'm sure Mother had her sad moments without my steadfast presence but she was always encouraging and loving, whether on a long-distance phone call or in person. That encouragement would never waver or diminish for her entire lifetime.***

Following my graduation in June 1962, with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Sociology, and a week-long trip to Ocean City, Maryland, with Pete Anna, George Abbott, and others I have now forgotten, I drove up to Newport, Rhode Island, with an engineering student Mother knew, who had also enlisted.



**Board walk at Ocean City, MD where I spent many happy hours girl watching, eating French fries with vinegar and playing pin ball machines in pre-computer days! And we slept in our autos most time.**

Dad was still at the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C., doing management studies, which were somewhat of a waste of his teaching talents, and work simplification presentations to other government agencies, a tremendous recognition of the high quality of his work! Dad was a strong capable teacher and these presentations made a name for him in government circles in the D.C. area.

Mother continued to work at the University of Maryland, which she would do until about 1978 at age 65. Mother was the Engineering Department Secretary, by title, but actually functioned as a business manager, doing the budget, and generally being the "meet and greet" person at their front desk. Mother had a great gift for dealing with people and could talk to anyone, at any time, about anything! Always enthusiastic and friendly, her sad moods were limited to those few occasions when she was home and with her family.

**Naval Officers' Candidate School, Newport, Rhode Island**
**"Anchors away my boys, anchors away!"**
**(From a famous Navy song)**

***It was the summer that Marilyn Monroe committed suicide. It may also have been the dawn of the hippie era with its excesses of drug usage and idealism. I was the proud possessor of a college degree and unlimited optimism. And I was following a family tradition of military service that started with the French & Indian War; continued through the Revolutionary and through the War of 1812, The American Civil War, World War I, World War II, and the Vietnam War. It was the best of times; it was the worst of times as is true at almost any point in time. Of course, it's also what you make of the times that determine your lasting fate.***

**"With my Mother waving a hearty if tearful good bye from the upstairs small middle window at 906 Larch Avenue, our home, away I drove, with a causal college friend Tom, leaving behind my childhood and beginning my adulthood, by joining the Navy, a potentially 4-year commitment. At age 21, I had little realization of the magnitude of my decision, but just a youthful zest for life and its adventures and a strong desire to emulate my father. Ah youth! It has been said that "youth makes the best soldiers", presumably because they just go into battle with heads held high and don't worry about the consequences. How true.**

**My future lay ahead of me as my friend and I drove up the East Coast to Newport, Rhode Island, home to the United States Naval Reserve Officers' Candidate School. Our academic backgrounds were quite different. Tom graduated with a degree in civil engineering and I a degree in Sociology. His strengths were mathematics and quantitative problem solving plus the ability to picture objects three dimensionally. And what were my skills and strengths? Excellent written and oral verbal skills, proven leadership skills, high stamina and zest for life.**



**Our paths would diverge upon getting to Newport and we never were able to re-establish contact due to the pace of classes and military demands while there. Tom became a naval officer and I hope did well. As for me, I never saw a problem coming.**

**I had succeeded in everything I had tried up until the USNR, and failure wasn't on my radar screen—only the adventure!"**

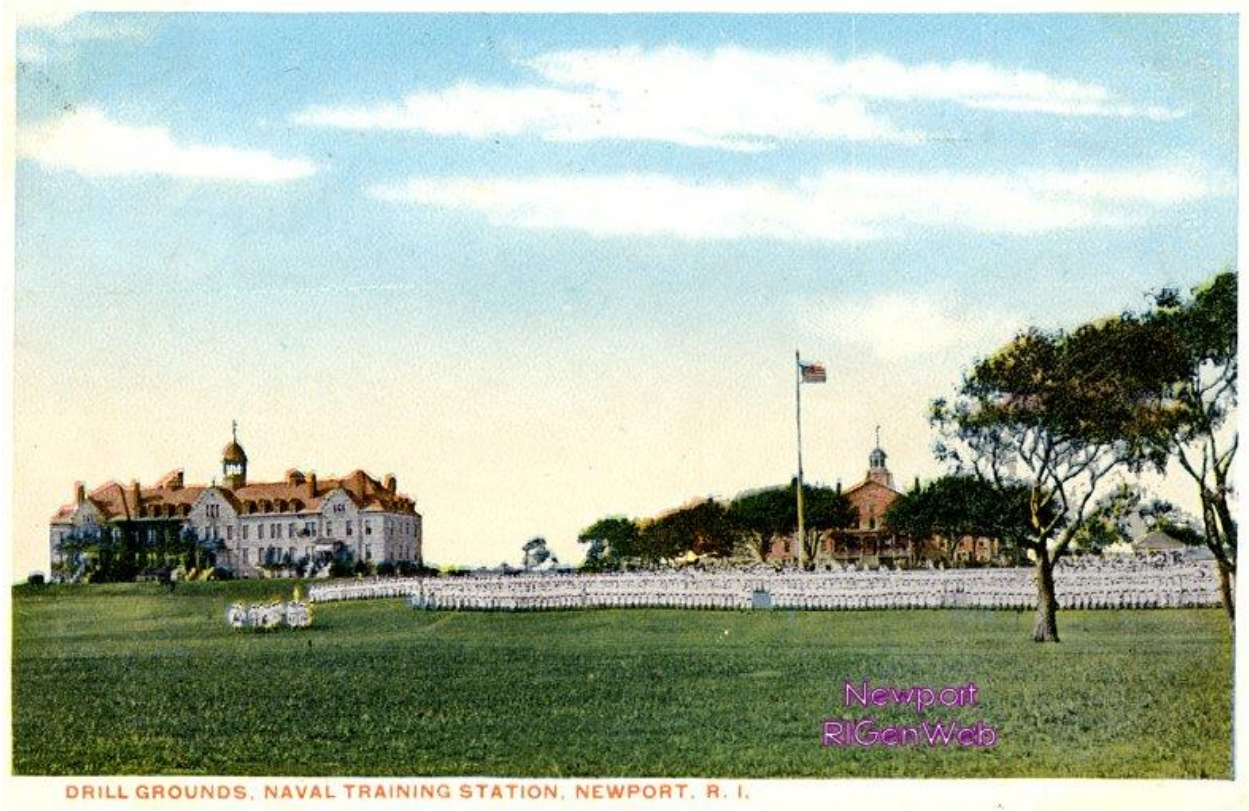
Looking back on Naval Officer's Candidate School, fifty years or so later, I can still recall the strong feelings of excitement and nervousness as we drove from Maryland up to Newport, that summer day so long ago. It was like just before a high school football game when you couldn't wait for the first block or tackle to settle you down so you could play the game at your best.

I remember being assigned to Lima Group Barracks, with its black and yellow colored flag, and hanging my stuff in a locker and getting the top bunk of a bed nearby. I can remember getting up very early every day, perhaps 5:30 am and jumping out of the bunk to the cold barracks floor, jarring my senses and running down to get in line to shave! Then we marched to breakfast and afterwards stood at attention or parade rest for about 30 minutes while we were inspected by the officers.

There was no physical training to work out all the stress I started to accumulate from the inspections and the classes. I was more prepared for marine boot camp—not nitpicking inspections and such! *I would have fared better in a more demanding physical situation with less attention to details required. Perhaps the Marines or Army would have been better. I have always enjoyed a physical challenge and competition. But this is all hindsight. I could have been a capable warrior but a technical expert? That was just not going to happen.*

**"If they found anything they didn't like, such as a hanging thread off your shirt, you had to march one hour on Saturday for each infraction called a demerit. That meant you didn't go into downtown Newport with your comrades for drinks and socializing at the Viking Hotel and the Moorings bar right on the Oceanside. Recently I walked by the Moorings with my best friend Jon Seale and told him of that narrow piece of liberty with my new Navy pals in Newport in 1962.**

***I marched off demerits almost every Saturday! I would show a thread, or my locker wasn't perfectly organized, or my shoes weren't bright enough to blind the inspector! Most of this seems especially ridiculous looking back on it but it was very serious at the time. I hated not being with my new friends and the girls in town at the Viking Inn on Saturday. It hurt a lot! The marching music blared out over P.A. systems kept me going those long weekend days! And most of my group managed to escape the dreaded marching on the weekend drills. So be it. I "soldiered" on as best I could and tried as hard as I could to get better grades and fewer demerits. But it was just not to be attained.***



DRILL GROUNDS, NAVAL TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT, R. I.

**And the night watches seemed surreal and overwhelmingly boring, slowly patrolling the deserted streets and back ways of the Naval Base; checking building locks, signing in logs, and trying to figure out just what kind of decision I had made in joining the navy. The tedium of military life set in."**

My classes included weapons, seamanship, naval history, navigation, and operations--maneuvering ships based on battle conditions; which required a great sense of direction which I never had. It also required great spatial relations ability—visualizing items three-dimensionally and in motion, not my area of ability at all. Navigation requires doing quick, accurate math computations of time/rate/distance and I was always stressed doing these. I tried with all my energy, enthusiasm, and general intelligence to do well in all my subjects, but temperament, genetics, and an only average ability in mathematics and an average sense of direction, i.e. East, West, North, South, caught up with me and I was found wanting in navigation and in operations to a lesser extent.

My history, seamanship, even operations which required logical fast thinking and also weapons grades were passing, but I found operations difficult and navigation really hard. I needed a 2.5 grade out of 4.0 to pass and I would get up to 2.4 but couldn't get the final point required. After four weeks, I was called in to a board comprised of senior officers, about 10 of them at a long conference table. I stood at parade rest (standing formally with hands locked behind my back) at the other end of the table.

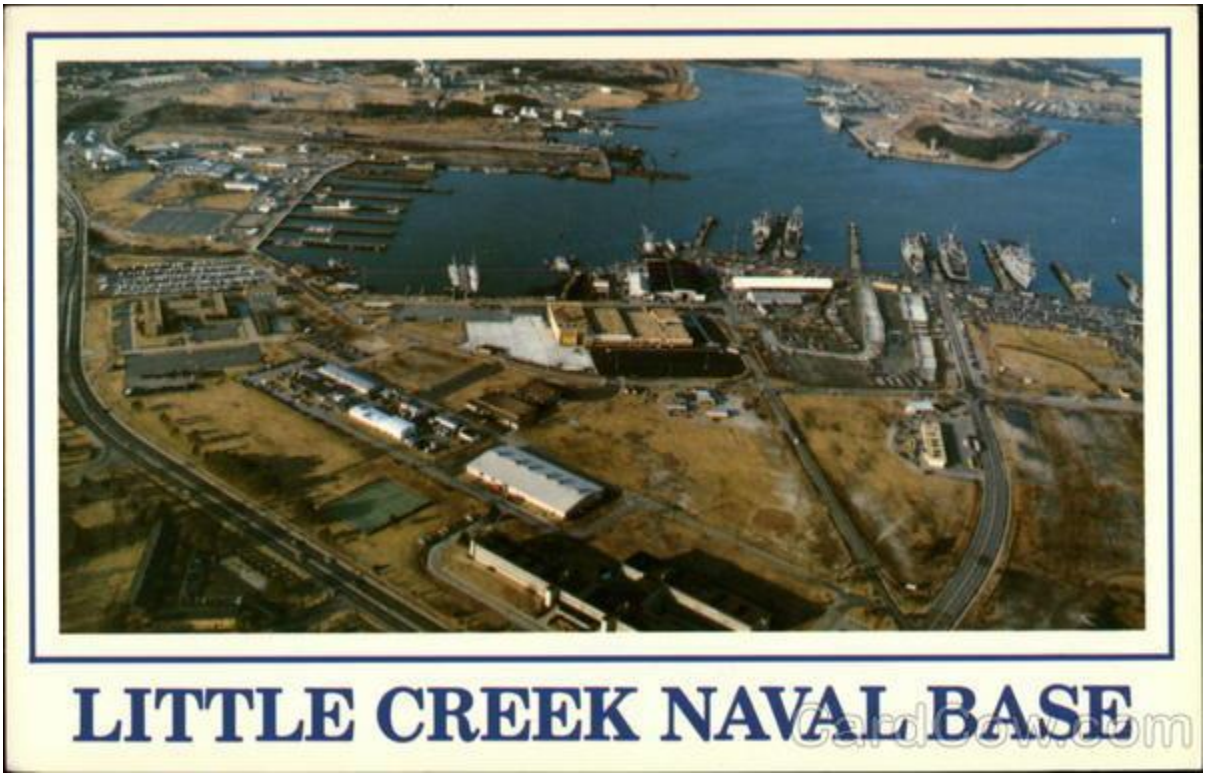
The senior officer told me if I didn't get up to 2.5 in another four weeks, I would be dismissed from OCS and sent to the fleet as an enlisted man for the duration of my duty. This was chilling news and a challenge I tried my very best to meet. I got help from guys who did well at navigation, but the time was limited and the added pressure only made the task seem harder.

**"Vivid in my mind is going in to see the company commander, probably a Lieutenant, after standing before the board, and as I sat at his desk, I looked over at a picture of the company and saw X's over those candidates who had been dismissed. There was an X over my picture and it hurt my feelings to see that, since I had not yet reached the four-week extension to make the 2.5 grade level. How cold hearted could an officer be?**



I **was called in again after the extension and dismissed from the school since my grades were 2.4. on a 4.0 scale. I was .1 short of advancing. I called on my navigation teacher who was disappointed that I had not succeeded; and in talking with him, my eyes teared up so I said goodbye and walked out of his office and out of my officer's career. There was no counseling offered and no one talked to me about what had happened. It was just a major disappointment I had to deal with myself. I know I was subdued for the two weeks before re-assignment, and wondered what my military future held in store for me."**

I received new orders and was sent to Norfolk, Virginia to go aboard the YFNB-12, Yard Fleet non-propelled Barge, docked at Little Creek, Virginia, near Norfolk, as a seaman apprentice. The end of a dream but the beginning of important new life experiences as a sailor! I was growing into adulthood, experience by experience. Remember Terry, ***"it's the set of the sail and not the gale that determines the way we go."***




*Little Creek Naval Base near Norfolk where I was stationed 1962-1964*

***"In summary, I had plenty of leadership potential but I certainly didn't have high quantitative ability and I struggled in Naval Officers School at Newport all that summer to get passing grades in navigation, weapons, and operations military subjects. I did well in seamanship and naval history. I fell just short in my navigation grade and was released from Officers School, with the remainder of my enlistment of four years to serve as an enlisted sailor—my first major career disappointment and actually my first major life disappointment.***

***I can still recall the anguish I felt when my dream was not to be. Make no mistake; it really hurt! It felt like I had let myself down in addition to my mother and father—especially my father, the Lieutenant Commander. But their love for me never wavered for one instant. They expressed pride in my willingness to seek service to country and that was that.***

***"In retrospect, 50 years later, I realize that being a Navy Officer would not have utilized my special abilities and gifts:*** **living in the moment; coaching others; inspiring others on occasion, public speaking and teaching.** ***Certainly, not if I had received a commission and been assigned to a ship at sea and expected to quickly compute navigational directions and do combat calculations under the stress of time and real-life pressure situations.***

***By not achieving my goal of becoming a US Navy Officer I was forced to actively consider other paths to walk down and within two years of leaving my military "career" I***

***had begun what would become for me, my preferred and proper path in life: social service and teaching/counseling related endeavors, both professionally and personally.***

***<u>Always allow for serendipity in your lives since it is sometimes difficult if impossible at the time of disappointment, to visualize a better pathway but if you treat yourself kindly; and cocoon peacefully awhile in some "quiet back water" of life, you can re-emerge highly successful and moreover quite satisfied with what you have achieved in your lifetime.</u>***

***And one more thing: what you achieve and value most highly may indeed not be your professional achievements but perhaps, as in my case, the wonderfully satisfying achievement of successfully raising two young boys—Jonathan and Daniel---to productive and happy adulthoods!"***

Leadership potential I had; love of country I had; and admiration for the United States Navy I also had. But God-given gifts or abilities run very deep in ourselves and if we depart very far from these skill sets, we often face difficult, usually unsuccessful experiences. The good news is that we learn, over time and with some pain required, what we "should be doing" and eventually for those lucky ones that persist—how to find it!

**Washing out of Navy Officer's School was demoralizing and it was hard to report for duty in Norfolk, Virginia, following Navy Boot Camp at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, in Illinois, north of Chicago, in the fall of 1962. But, life goes on and I would keep my sworn commitment to the Navy and to my country and an honorable discharge would be my reward.**



**While in the US Naval Reserve, I did have times
When I felt somewhat alone but I knew I would do my
job as well as I could and then head on into
smoother waters ahead.**

**Boot Camp**
**Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Illinois**



***I arrived at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, 50 miles north of Chicago, in the middle of August, 1962 and began a 6-week tour of duty there. After a day or two of being moved from check-in to getting shots to receiving our sea bag and stenciling our name and ID # on it (Mine looked god-awful), we were assigned to a barracks and made friends with our new fellow sailors.***

*"I remember standing outside the mess hall on a chilly September morning just before dawn, maybe 50 of us, huddled together and no one talking much since we didn't know each other. It was awkward and then someone shouted: "Anyone here from Virginia?" And there would be a shouted answer, "Yes, Richmond!" Then, "anyone from Tennessee?" "Anyone from Washington, D.C.?" I shouted out "Yes!" and was excited to find the guy who had asked. I told him I was from Maryland but thought there would be a better chance to meet someone from near home if I said D.C. There were three of us and we all laughed at my strategy. That incident broke the ice and we all settled down to deal with boot camp, such as it was, and probably still is!"*

Most were not college graduates but I quickly found those I could get along with and we got through those challenging weeks together, washing our own clothes, marching to meals

together, and occasionally, standing watches together, sometimes assigned to nighttime duty, checking bunks in another barracks to verify that no one had "jumped ship". Boring it was but the time passed.

**"We went to classes in over-heated rooms, which usually put me to sleep within 15 minutes as the fall weather got colder there. I could figure when I might have to provide an answer so I napped accordingly. I was totally bored! Some of the classes were interesting: geography, world affairs, but much of it was black and white slides or movies which did not relate to my current situation or interests. Of course, they also showed us about not getting sexually transmitted diseases but I was really not worried since I hadn't even had a date for a very long time.**

***I didn't realize at the time that I am a borderline narcoleptic, one who can easily fall asleep even when driving if it is night time or I am overly tired, hungry, and/or bored. There would be other times when this inclination would prove dangerous to me but by about age 34 I realized the problem and dealt with it successfully. But you will read later how badly a member of my family would be affected by the abnormal desire to sleep!"***



On occasion, I went into Chicago by train with my new friends. We went to bars and strip joints and movies as I recall. Nothing extremely daring or romantic ever happened but it was wonderful to get away from the Navy base even if just for a while. Military life during peacetime can be stifling in its insularity and tedium. I'm not wishing I had been in combat though. But reality returned as we caught up on our sleep traveling by train back north to Great Lakes and its hardships.

**The Cuban Missile Crisis—almost WWIII!**




**The dramatic climax of my boot camp "career" occurred when the Cuban missile crisis arrived. I can picture myself planted in front of a small black and white TV with lots of other guys early October as the warships of the US and Russia headed toward each other in the sea. We all realized the seriousness of it all and it was painfully evident that if the nuclear war did happen, yes really happen, that many would be killed. AND, we knew recruits would be sent immediately to Cuba or somewhere dangerous, for sure! Bombs would fly both ways—to Russia and to the US, equally devastating and horrible.**

***I had no control over what might be coming. I had a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach and in my heart. The relief we felt when President John Kennedy refused to use the bomb and Khrushchev also backed off, was of the first order. My God, how thankful we all were at the end of that long October day, so many, many years ago. My youth naiveté left my soul that day. Adulthood became real to me with all of its opportunities, dangers and hardships.***

**"My prayer is: never will that nuclear bomb or similar firepower be used, never ever. Mankind needs to be focused on helping each other; providing food, shelter, healthcare, education, and jobs for its citizens, and striving to create a better, more caring, nurturing world for all. Do something locally, those that read these words, to help create that peaceful world!"**

## The YFNB-12

**Yard Fleet Non-Propelled Barge**
**Or the "Yard Fleet Nuclear Propelled Barge-12" as we told our friends!**

**"*The Sea is so large and my boat is so small"***
**(From a really nice poem, St. Aidan's Voyage, author unknown)**

**"Following boot camp, in October, 1962, I was assigned to a cable-laying barge, out of Little Creek, Virginia, the YFNB-12, with a crew of about 30 men, and captained by a Warrant Officer, Mr. Hollingsworth, a low-ranking officer, with little formal education. My job was Deck Hand, reporting to the Bosons' Mate and I must have scraped and painted that barge at least twice in the months to come."**

**But I'm getting ahead of myself. I was bunked in the main Naval Base in Norfolk, VA, in a 3-story barracks that was nothing like home! From its windows, I could glimpse the huge aircraft carriers that were lined up dockside at a distance of only 30 yards or so. These behemoths still carried the look of adventure and I was still ready for adventure, whether in striking officer uniform or in white hat and blue jeans.**

**I performed standard clerical work while waiting for my assignment to my ship. From my office window, I looked across to a carrier's flank as it nestled comfortably but ominously in the harbor channel. I wondered what lay ahead for me on the ship. What would my ship mates be like and how would I, a college graduate, be accepted?**

When I finally arrived onboard the YFNB-12, I quickly observed how differently our supervisors assigned and followed up on our work. One would tell you exactly what was to be done and then watch you do every bit of the work, looking over your shoulder. The next would simply tell you the desired outcome and let you make the "how to" decisions yourself. I found that I much preferred the latter and would usually do a better job if I could do it myself and not be watched throughout the process.

Actually, one of the boson's mates would do the work himself, since he had great difficulty in communicating with the other sailors. He spoke in a quiet monotone and his expression was an unchanging half scowl. What a character! He could climb to heights on our barge in an instant; had enormous strength, and was cat-like in his movements. The only problem was that he thought everyone should be able to do what he did. No way. We tried but never met his expectations in deck work.

**Two other college graduates were shipmates with me and they made quite a difference. We bonded together in all things, even though we were very different persons. Frank Bohl was an English teacher from Long Island, who literally got sleepy whenever practical issues were discussed on ship. The other friend was Al Martin, a hospital administrative supervisor from Chicago, who was very political, but never warmed up to his fellow shipmates and never won their trust. I grew close to Frank who would later be my best man at my wedding, but never to Al, though we were friendly.**

**When we were given liberty (time off the ship) we often took a bus into Norfolk, spent time at the main library and planned our day off. Frank Bohl, Al Martin and I were often the "three musketeers" or "three learned ones" from the ship and we got along pretty well.**

**The library became an "oasis" of learning, good behavior, and generally the types of** ***people I had associated with prior to joining the Navy. We would then disperse to a movie or to a bar for drinks, or some sightseeing though I don't believe any of us ever took a formal tour. I gravitated to the library's books and to Old Dominion College, where I took an evening course on Special Education and that is where I met a young lady and asked her out for a date. She accepted which made me very happy, feeling so isolated while on the ship in port.***

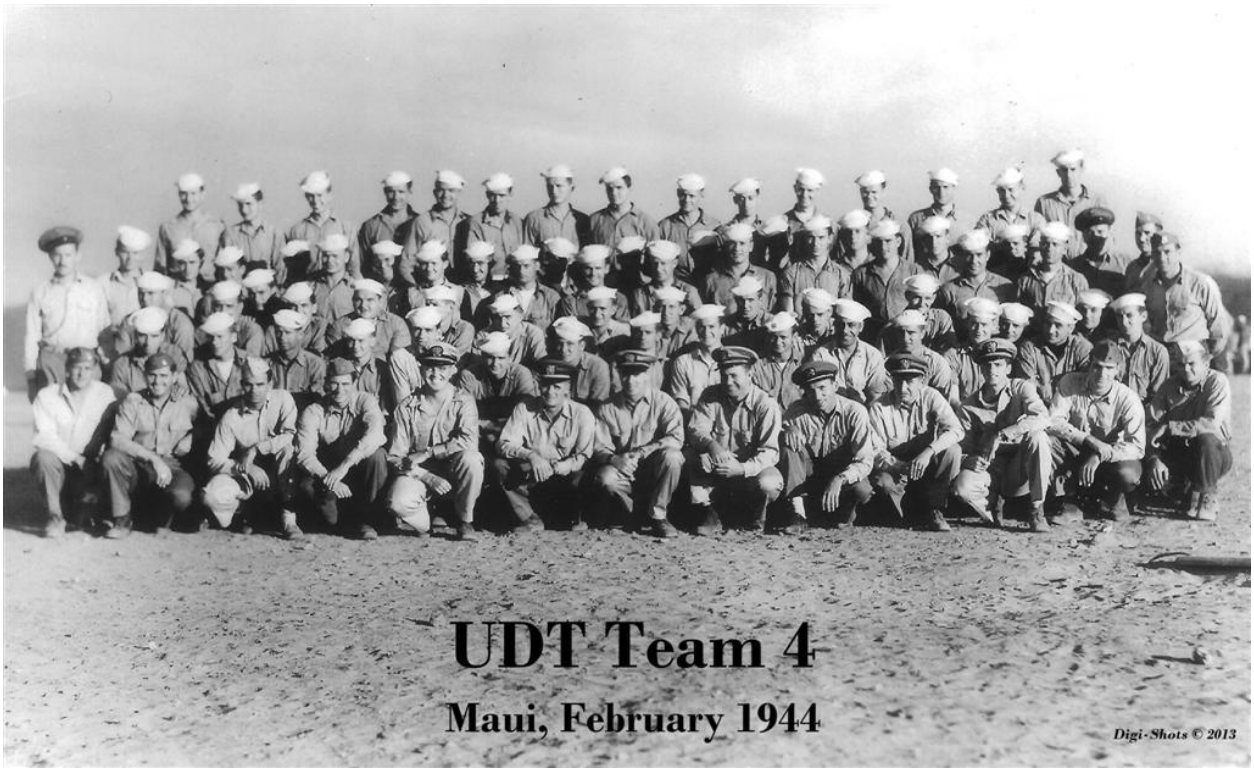


***This photo above is essentially "my ship" the YFNB-12 that had its name and function changed in 1965 and served in Viet Nam. One year might have changed my life completely as I left the ship in April 1964. Photo was taken from Naval Records online. When I was aboard on duty, we stored sound detection modules***

***approximately 100 ft. long by 3ft. wide in a pyramidal shape from where the crane housing is in photo and extending almost to the bridge at the stern.***

***Somehow, they were then unattached by sailors like me, climbing on top of the structure with crescent wrenches and then picked up by the crane and payed out into the ocean where they were lowered below the water and then attached to the base of a Texas Tower configuration called Argus Tower by the Navy Frog Men who served with us aboard our ship.***

***The Frog Men were given the best food and drink and much deference by all the crew and their status was unquestioned. Also, aboard during the Artemis project were engineers who had a separate living quarters about where the crane sits in photo above. I believe my ship played a significant role in helping provide submarine detection just after the Cuban Missile Crisis when international affairs were testy at best. I probably helped more in that humble role than if I had been an officer aboard a ship doing "normal" patrols!***




***The Navy "frogmen" are Underwater Demolition team members of which similar guys served aboard the YFNB-12 with me in Bermuda—laying sound detection modules attached to and payed out from Texas Towers in vicinity of Bermuda.***

**"I worked hard and tried not to over-react to the relative hardships we endured as the only college graduates on the ship. Sometimes it felt like all the really nasty tasks were assigned to us. I believe we wire brushed the entire barge several times and painted it at least two times in less than two years.**



**THC on a landing craft, Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda, 1963**
**Sorry for bad exposure issue, hah!**

**We ate well and I became friends with Kruzinski the cook and worked several times in his galley (kitchen) bringing up stores from a refrigerated spot below the kitchen and up and down a step gangway (ladder). "Ski" cooked good food for us like stews and some fairly good meat as well. Coffee and often donuts were available in the galley and you could come in from working on the deck, especially in cold weather, at any time; get a coffee and return to work on deck.**

**I'd often see high ranking enlisted men, a Chief Petty Officer and Captain, Hollingsworth, seating comfortable at the tables with their ridged edges to prevent spilling, slowly sipping their coffee and I wondered if they ever went outside at all!**

**I believe many of the crew resented our education level, but we won over some of them by our hard work and friendly behavior." One of the crew, a 1st class Petty Officer in Navigation, John Verdolotti, befriended us; showed us "the ropes"; and always asked us how we were doing and kidded us to keep up our morale. His kindness meant a lot to us as our adventures aboard ship kept happening one after another, like links in an anchor chain, sliding over the gunwale, in the years we served."**

**"I have a Dream" Speech at the March on Washington, August 28, 1963**



***Another "impossible dream", but this one was conceived by one of the truly great Americans of all times!***

**The summer of 1963 held other surprises, not the least of which was the March on Washington and Martin Luther King's amazing speech to many thousands from all over the US who had gathered at the Lincoln Memorial that hot August day. His speech referenced all the racial hatred and racism that had endured even in spite of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863 more than one hundred years now in the past.**

**But his speech offered inspiration and hope and a vision, a dream, of a time when we will all be brothers and sisters and work together peacefully to create a better world for all of us! Forty years after perhaps the best speech given in the US since John Kennedy's first Inaugural or since FDR's "we have nothing to fear but fear itself" speech.**

**With the impetus of this speech, in 1964, President Lyndon Johnson managed to push and pull in the D.C. chambers of power and pass sweeping new legislation called The Civil Rights Act of 1964 and our country would lurch forward to improved rights for African Americans and a better country for all. What an absolutely significant piece of legislation!**

**I was aware of the speech though I was serving on active duty on the YFNB-12 cable layer off Bermuda all that summer and wouldn't return to the US until September of 1963. But the effects of the speech spread out across the country like a tidal wave and when in 2003 I taught a public speaking course for working adults, I showed them the speech video and said to note mostly the authenticity, integrity, passion, and perhaps most of all the high passion and compassion for all citizens of the world.**

***I am writing this story on August 28, 2013, exactly 50 years to the day of that event and marvel at both the quality of the speech but moreover its effects, that like the tidal wave I cited above, continue to swell over all Americans who act to make us all more accepting of those not like ourselves.***

**The summer of 1963 was spent working on the ship out of Bermuda laying sound-detection cable as part of Project Artemis. We had Navy Frogmen and engineers aboard which made for an interesting mix of personnel on one ship at the same time. I "stood" night watches up on the bridge, drinking Louisiana chicory coffee to stay awake and checked the water level in the ship's bilges, recording the level on an hourly basis. The watches up in the captain's roost at the stern of the ship were interesting as there was at least one other person on duty, usually a high rated enlisted man and often the Captain.**

But in port, standing watch in a small guard's station with a stained Plexiglas window, looking out at the guidelines and the docking was bone-boring and I often fought to stay awake. But I stood my duty, never faltered, and was a dependable member of our crew. I can remember writing poetry to stay alert during those interminable 4-hour periods of watch time in port and at sea. Those night watches were the longest hours I spent in the US Naval Reserves. Boredom can be the cruelest of masters.

***"The immensity of the ocean and our planet as I walked along the catwalk, (see photo above), a 3-foot wide walkway on the side of the ship, about 15 feet above the waterline, heading back to the ladder up to the bridge to stand my watch, always mesmerized me. The ship was 261 ft. from bow to stern and 48 ft. across at amidships. With the ship's engines humming in a sing-song whine as we pitched back and forth, if I had fallen overboard, no one would have heard my yelling and I would have been gone forever. For me, there is a spiritual dimension to all of nature, and all types of water in particular. There is a line in a poem, "the ocean is so wide, and my boat is so small". I would only add, "but my God watches over me". Water has always held a spiritual fascination for me and always will".*** **Cue up "Amazing Grace" right now, hah!**



**Aboard the barge in a "hurricane"!**



**In writing this story I looked up hurricane records for the US Gulf of Mexico for 1963 and can only find one hurricane that might be related to my story: Cindy off Brownsville, TX in 1963. But here is what I recall from back in that day in1963 aboard the YFNB-12 at sea:**

**"One day in a long series of days at sea, laying cable, we were hit by a major storm, whose winds knocked off our anemometer (wind speed instrument) on the top deck of our vessel after having recorded a maximum speed of 115 mph! I was not happy to learn of its demise! The barge began taking somewhat violent pitches and yaws and rolls up to 30 degrees for what seemed an endless period of time. I was afraid thinking about sharks in the warm gulf water and did we have small boats enough for all of us to disembark and how would I react if we started to sink and such? My stomach tightened when the rolls continued over time. What next?**

**The ship's leaders, from petty officers to the Warrant Officer who was our skipper, seemed to handle the severe storm with élan and went about their tasks as best they could. At one point nearly in the storm, I went out to the stern to see the action and**

**found the Chief Boatswain's Mate standing near the railing. As we took a severe pitch, he grabbed the large bollard on the deck and when that happened, I did likewise. As we waited for lesser waves to revive our confidence, I asked him, "Chief, are you afraid of this storm?" and he replied, "Hell yes, if you're not, you *are* crazy!"**

**When I heard this, my anxiety increased a full notch though I tried to appear unfazed. We then proceeded down through the vessel, through the interior walkways, noticing on the way that the storm's high winds had peeled off part of the metal casing along a 25' span, not an observance to reassure me.**

**In the ship's mess hall, situated in the bowels of the vessel, it seemed more stable though all items on the table, though few in number, mostly coffee cups, slid from raised siding to siding at every pitch and roll. Others told me to keep something in my stomach so I had some crackers and a sip of coffee. We sailors chatted together in the mess hall until at some point, we were told that the storm had settled down and we could return to duty posts, which for me was on the deck.**

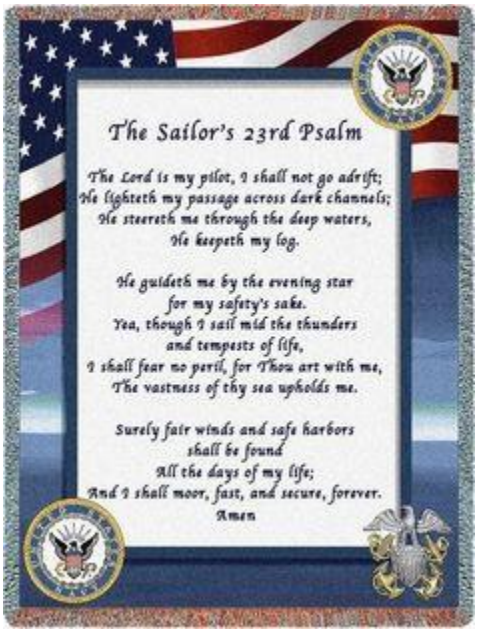
**After a storm at sea, when you look out at the ocean, you are unable to tell what has just transpired; no debris, no damages visible, so on you go with your life intact, your youthful confidence returning to every limb and sinew, and that's that! The power of the ocean, plus the power of a severe storm which I believe was a hurricane, can only be experienced in person, to be believable."**

***A man-made hurricane!***

After about 6-8 months aboard ship, the Petty Officer in charge of our work group told me to report to the Captain in his office right next to the mess deck. What could he want I wondered as I made my way from the deck down below by ladder and walked carefully through the maze of pipes, raised hatchways, and other Navy "balance testers" and got to the Captain's office. I should say here that I had very little interaction with the Skipper though he seemed decent enough and as a Warrant Officer, had come from the enlisted ranks himself and knew what we faced as enlisted men at a low rank aboard a ship.

He smiled and asked me to sit down in a chair beside his desk, which seemed most unusual after having not sat at a desk from several months since Navy Officer School in Newport, RI. "How'd you like to be a Personnel Man?" he asked. "What would I do" was my response. "You would help with clerical and administrative stuff and grade the tests for promotions too". "Yes, I'd like that" jumped out of my mouth, realizing instantly that it would get me off the cold clutches of deck work, at least some of the time. "Yes, I would!"

A day or so later Chief Boatswain's Mate Belcher, a surly, burly guy about 40, asked me to grade some tests for Petty Officers who were vying for promotion and I proceeded to grade them, following a routine code for correct answers. Believe me, the answers were right or wrong, no partial credit, no subjectivity involved. I finished the grading and gave them to Belcher and he sent me off to the deck for some special project needing more hands.




Sorry, only font available

**"Surely fair winds and safe harbors shall be found all the days of my life; And I shall moor, fast, and secure, forever, Amen"**

***Within an hour or so, I was told to report to Chief Belcher in the Personnel office which I did, expecting him to thank me for helping perhaps. But this was not to be! He told me that one of his best men had failed the test and he was very disappointed in the result. He paused; looked me right in the eye; and we were both standing beside the desk. "Change the score to passing Chapman!" he said as he moved even closer to me and a scowl covered his face. As I stood there, I thought about how I had never willfully done anything dishonest, except saying I had finished a helping of peas one night as a kid, when I had actually slipped them onto the radiator behind me at the table. It worked until the next morning when the heat came on and my mother smelled my dishonest work.***

***So, I stood my ground and said, "No Chief, I can't do that." He literally shouted, "What??" and pushed his index finger into my chest with some force. "I won't do it" was my reply. "You know I can make your life nasty aboard this ship?" "I know but I won't do it!"***

He swore profusely; stepped back just a little and told me to report back to the deck and get to work. I did and I never heard anything about it again. He never talked much to me afterwards and never showed he noticed me, but he never threatened me again. I like to believe by standing up to him, somehow, I won him over at least halfway, maybe more. But the work onboard continued; he treated me just like the other crew and that was that.

I had been prepared to enlist references and assistance from my family, ship mates, university professors and others if he had taken any formal action against my good name. Chapmans are like that. Question me but don't question my integrity!

*A truly horrible day that began full of youthful promise*

**"In November, 1963, I was dating an Admiral's daughter, who was way above my pay class! I had met her when enrolled in a special education class at Old Dominion College in Norfolk. We enjoyed each other's company and had several pleasant dates. On November 22, we took a bus ride to Williamsburg and cuddled and kissed cautiously on the way there. We found a garden with few visitors and also, better yet, a small gardener's hut with a love seat facing away from the garden, which we used to great advantage in our creative kissing and such.**

**As we left to walk toward the bus station later on, we were told of *the assassination of President John F. Kennedy and went into immediate shock, not able to believe our ears or our hearts which grew heavy. We rode home with little said.* After returning, I sat for hours in my barracks in Norfolk Navy Shipyard, watching every dreadful detail in grainy black and white TV and cried and felt terrible that someone could do such a horrible thing. And on a military base, the pain of losing our Commander and Chief was more acute.**

The Weather

The Washington Post
Times Herald

BOOK WEEK

86th Year — No. 333. Phone RE. 7-1234 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1963 TEN CENTS

# President Kennedy Shot Dead; Lyndon B. Johnson Is Sworn In



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

## Body Flown Back Here; Gov. Connally of Texas Wounded by Gunman

By Edward T. Folliard
and staff writers

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 22.— President John F. Kennedy is dead.

He was shot at 12:30 p.m. CST (1:30 EST) today by an assassin, who used a rifle before crashing into his right temple.

The 46-year-old Chief Executive, pronged man ever elected to the highest office and the fourth holder of it to be martyred by an assassin, was shot as he was riding in an open automobile through downtown Dallas.

He never regained consciousness, and was pronounced dead at 1 p.m.

Gov. John B. Connally of Texas, who was riding with the President, sitting just in front of him, was also struck. One bullet went through his chest, another fractured his right wrist. His condition was described as "satisfactory."

Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson, who is now the 36th President of the United States, was riding three cars behind the President, and was not a target of the assassin.

**Johnson Sworn In at Airport**

The Texan was sworn in as Mr. Connally's successor at 2:38 p.m. EST at Love Field Airport on the outskirts of Dallas.

He stood in his coats of Air Force One, the Presidential plane, and repeated the oath before Federal Judge Sarah T. Hughes of the Northern District of Texas. An old Lincoln Bible was used.

Mrs. Kennedy, widow of the 35th President, stood at Mr. Johnson's left and Lady Bird Johnson at his right.

Mrs. Kennedy wore her gay, raspberry-colored suit she had on on the sad but hastened time into Dallas. Her left eye was plummeted with blood and her eyes were red from weeping.

After the meaningful ceremony, air Force One took off for Washington, carrying President Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Kennedy and members of the White House entourage. It also carried the body of the martyred John F. Kennedy.

**Stunning Rebel Triumphal Tour**

The assassination occurred just as the President's motorcade was leaving downtown Dallas at the end of a triumphal tour through the city's streets.

He ripped out — with the presidential guns hotly down — and slowing down to incline into an underpass that leads to a freeway route to the Dallas Trade Mart, where he was to speak.

Three shots were heard. And blood spring from the President's head. He fell face downward. His wife clutched his head, crying, "Oh, no!"

Just a flick while before he was assassinated, Jacqueline Kennedy turned to her husband and said, "You can't say Dallas wasn't friendly to you." She made the remark as they rode past cheering crowds in Dallas.

Police shortly after arrested a 24-year-old man answering the brief description of a Dallas policeman. This questioned him to see whether he knew anything about the President's death. He was identified as Lee Harvey Oswald of Fort Worth, who four years ago said he was applying for Russian citizenship. He is a former sailor.

Oswald was identified in the statistics of a "Fair Play for Cuba Committee." Oswald, a former marine, once renounced his American citizenship, when he unsuccessfully sought to become a Soviet citizen. After his arrest, he refused to answer questions.

Story, pt. Col. 1



President Lyndon Baines Johnson as he took the oath of office aboard the presidential jet plane at Dallas Love Field as Mrs. Johnson at left, and Mrs. Kennedy looked on. Mrs. Kennedy also wore the Kennedy pillbox hat. Behind the Johnsons, without White House physician, Admiral George G. Burkley, was the only spectator at the ceremony.

## Johnson Takes Over Presidency, Asking Help of American People

By Robert Baskett
Washington Correspondent

Lyndon B. Johnson, 55th Governor of the Washington area, took the oath of office as the 36th President of the United States aboard Air Force One at Dallas Love Field at 2:38 p.m. EST on the day the nation's President was assassinated.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of the new President, and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the slain President, were present.

Judge Sarah T. Hughes, of the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of Texas, administered the oath of office.

The former Vice President placed his left hand on the Bible and raised his right hand as he repeated the oath.

Then he kissed Mrs. Kennedy on the cheek.

Mrs. Johnson, who is the only woman who has ever been married to a President of the United States, then kissed Mrs. Kennedy on the cheek.

Then Mrs. Kennedy kissed Mrs. Johnson on the cheek.

Then Mrs. Johnson

**Years later, I am still shocked at "man's inhumanity to man". By the way, our relationship—the Admiral's daughter and me—was ruined by his admonition to her to date other people, and not from my lack of interest, or even the effect of the emotionally charged day we had spent together. I felt unfairly judged by the Admiral and realized just how unfair rank can be. I believe he couldn't accept that his daughter would seriously date an enlisted man.** ***Lyndon Johnson would assume the Presidency and would hold it until 1968. America would never be the same."***

**Perhaps it would be appropriate here in my life narrative to share with you what I believe are my weaknesses as opposed to my strengths which I tend to go on and on about, hah! I'm being quite honest here when I say that for most of us, and I realize this will be hard to accept:** ***Our weaknesses can be our greatest strength!***

## MY FAILURES AND WEAKNESSES!

So yes, it's great to talk about all the good things you've achieved and accomplished and I have relished the telling. But what about failures and weaknesses? I will share a few that, though considered failures or failings, have been an integral part of my life. In point of fact, they have helped me learn more about myself and my limits and what my true God-given abilities really are and how to proceed vocationally and personally. So, don't let anyone tell you that making mistakes and failing from time to time is such a bad thing.

Of course, you don't want to concentrate on weaknesses as I used to tell my students and others I counseled about self-promotion in the world of career searches: **"Increase your strengths and blunt your weaknesses".** That strategy has helped me and will also help you! Always emphasize your strengths in your choice of activities and in career interviews and blunt your weakness by trying to improve the weakness, i.e. I'm not strong with computers so I work hard to improve my skills. I can be impatient so I work hard to slow myself down by meditation, yoga, and simply focusing on the other person's need in a transaction. But it's a lifetime task.

**1. My major weakness is also my greatest strength! It is my overall sensitivity to others and their reactions of me and what I am doing or have done. I have had to work hard to learn to accept constructive criticism and I have greatly improved since my youth.**

**Conversely, this sensitivity has given me very strong empathetic and intuitive powers which have enabled me to be an excellent counselor and coach both in careers and in sports. I am able to understand what a person I'm trying to help is feeling which gives me a head start in the helping process. This intuition is seldom wrong as I've discovered over the years. Now I trust my instincts, especially when it has to do with people and their personalities and problems.**

**2. My second greatest weakness is my general impatience. I'm not good at waiting, especially if no one tells me what has caused the delays. I'm more patient with big**

**things, i.e. promotions, family health problems, major accidents and traumas where apparently my "counselor" mode kicks in and I slow down my reflexes and can stay steady until the problem has been resolved.**

**3. Probably third would be my relative inability to follow directions, whether on how to assemble a bicycle; how to complete record keeping; how to accurately complete financial transactions (under any time pressure); or earlier in my life, the directions from my parents and teachers. This may be related to weakness #2 above.**

**4. I also have very average ability to picture items in three dimensions, as in reading a map; picturing how machinery works or how a gadget or computer works. I'm average at directions but because I am so visually oriented, I can usually remember a tree, building, or other item that will help me recall how to get someplace! This does not inspire confidence in those riding with me however.**

**5. I have average math skills and they deteriorate under time pressure. I failed to complete Navy Officer Candidate School, largely due to not being able to do math quickly enough to pass navigation classes. I understood what was required but could not produce a correct response fast enough to pass. I got 2.4 of a needed 2.5 out of 4.0 possible to become a Navy Officer. This was my greatest failure of performance in my lifetime and caused me considerable mental pain and anguish.**

6. **"I've made some bad career moves even though I am an excellent career counselor. Ever notice a barber with bad hair?? Well, that was me early on in my career development. Beyond trying to become a Navy officer and failing, when I returned to civilian life, I had far too vague an idea of what I wanted to do for a job and took a job with US intelligence at National Security Agency which was a terrible match for me and my personality.**

**I could not talk about my work—I who am an extrovert and love to chat at the end of the work day. My tension built up and I probably got a "lemon" job and made some decent lemonade by calling federal agencies in D.C. until I got a job at Health, Education, and Welfare. This achievement got me initially into the "people helping" professions and things went better after that difficult transition when I was 25 years old."**

Another questionable decision was to become national Manager of Education for Meeting Planners International in1983, aged 43, which I discussed earlier in my life story narrative. I should have asked about the level of budget responsibility since budgeting requires great attention to detail and numbers, both of which I don't like except if it's a subject of personal interest to me like travel, food, sports, or books.

Although I was a good coach of conference speakers and gave several outstanding sessions myself, I found it difficult and stressful to balance my books for every workshop,

conference, and institute we gave. My boss was detailed in approach, stern in manner, and not a good coach.
Since it was easy stuff to him, he expected me to react as he did. Large mistake in supervising on his part! I got the job done reasonably well but with a great expense on my good nature.

7. And of course I have had some private moments with over eating and/or beer drinking in college that I'm not proud of but they were rare. Moderation by about age 40 became my byword in most things, but I must admit, I'm still a sucker for breakfast foods, potatoes, pasta and pastry!

## Early career decisions

"My Navy experience helped me learn, in a somewhat traumatic fashion, what I didn't want to pursue in a career, namely a military, operations-type job where I would have little independence and little chance for self- expression. What a valuable lesson to learn at age 21! I am forever grateful for my Navy experiences that helped me understand my own God-given abilities and also my limits, the ability that served me best was my learning as much as possible from every experience I have had, both negative and positive. And I learned to move on to a better job or new experience. Easier said than done!"

My friend, Francis X. Bohl, one of the college-educated shipmates on the YFNB-12, had a Master's Degree in English and he repeatedly encouraged me to go back to school after the Navy. Frank taught high school English for about 35 years in Hicksville, Long Island, New York, and was never interested in becoming a principal. He loved teaching literature and believed that the quality of life was far more important than the money earned. Frank would later be my "best man" when I married in 1967. Jim Anderson was my first choice but lived in Florida and could not get release time from his NASA related engineering job to get to my wedding.

### Life after the Navy

***"When then President Lyndon Johnson released thousands of reserve military personnel early to save money in 1964, I got my freedom from the military life that I never really liked and returned to civilian life in suburban Maryland. I was eager to move ahead as a civilian and try to figure out how to best live my life and best use my skills and strengths. Of course, achieving that goal is actually a lifetime project!***

***I would learn many years later when googling "YFNB-12" that my old ship was assigned to work in the Viet Nam war shortly after my departure and that I probably would have gone "to war" aboard her if I had remained in the Navy! Life's timing is critical in achieving a long and productive life and perhaps God favored my pursuing new pathways to help others and not a career in war aboard a ship. That difference of six months made all the difference in the world to me, and in effect, has made all the difference."***

I briefly returned home to my parents in Takoma Park, Maryland, but soon got an apartment with Kent Conner, a friend of high school years, who taught junior high school math nearby our apartment. We lived in Riverdale, MD right off the Balt/Wash Parkway. Kent soon tired of dealing with parents and moved (wisely) to IBM, where he successfully advanced from programmer to systems programmer to senior analyst over a 30-year period, living in Austin Texas for much of his career.

Kent bought a ranch which was a lifetime dream and goal. Kent fits nicely into the Texas life style life, living in a rural area, doing just what he chooses to do and with the conservative agenda in full development, and I'm happy for my old friend. Margaret and I, and Kent and Judy had dinner together in about 2008 at the College Park Holiday Inn where I often stay when visiting Brother Ron in Maryland. Kent and I exchange emails and usually compare fishing notes and the latest on our respective families.

**"I was very fond of Kent's sister Shirley, several years older, and one of the best looking women I have ever seen. Her eyes were superb and she was just naturally sexy. She could make me blush from our first meeting to our last. His mother and father, Mildred and Kent Sr., treated me like their second son. They always fed me when I visited, which was often during the years of college and until I married in 1967. And they would always listen to my stories.**

**They lived a long walk away, down New Hampshire Avenue and sometimes I would leave home with mother and Dad and take the long mile walk to their place. Their easy-going lifestyle was a welcome contrast to my home, which, though always full of love, was sometimes stressful. As I write these words I just learned that Shirley has died in Maryland aged 75. Shirley, my teenage fantasy woman—sexy, thoughtful, family oriented, and so unattainable. Rest in peace beautiful woman!"**

## Ronnie's effect on my life outlook

***The best psychological texts tell us that when a sibling faces the experience of their sibling's handicapping life situation, they can go in two directions: they can become cynical and not seek out the world's challenges and opportunities, or they can cherish their good fortune and move toward a full life that includes more compassion toward others' misfortunes. God led me to the latter and I am eternally grateful. As in Robert Frost's poem I took "the road less travelled and that has made all the difference."***

I realize now that the time away was immensely therapeutic for me and kept me on an even keel, dealing with the hardships of helping care for my brother Ronnie. Of course, I have always loved him very much, but the stress of his care was always a factor—keeping track of his whereabouts, and watching him so Mother and Dad could also get away sometimes, even if for a short shopping trip or movie. And when he was young, the very real apprehension that he would run out into the street and get hit by a car!

I was usually glad to help. I only wished I could do more to make Ronnie's life better, which of course I could not do. I had to lead my own life and take my own pathways and solve my own challenges of career and such. I did manage to lessen my parents' burden a bit by assisting with his care through the years, a willing assignment and one that I've tried to do well. There is only one Ronnie Chapman and the world is the better for his having been among us!!

***"But Ronnie kept me very much aware of how important it was to utilize every skill I had to live a full and productive and helping life. This I have tried to do and believe it has worked out quite well. I have pursued and successfully worked in many helping roles from teacher to coach, to career counselor, to parent, to husband, and father, and friend.***

***These roles enabled me to be myself and be enthusiastic, and I hope caring most times. I also wrote some pretty good articles that got published that dealt with adult education and let me use my intellectual abilities in addition to my nurturing capabilities. And I also always found a way to fish, golf, recreate, take walks, read, and reflect, to provide a healthy balance in my life."***

And Ronnie has had many pleasurable days and years at his worksites, on his rides to and from work to his residences, and with the countless staff through the years who have reached out to Ronnie and helped him in so many ways, medical but mostly just on the human, caring level! And Mother and Dad, and Beth, and later on Margaret, and Jon and Dan and I have visited Ronnie weekly during Mother's lifetime and then at least two times every year ever since.

To move Ronnie to Massachusetts was considered in the late 1990's after Mother died in 1998, but was found to be unfeasible. Maryland's program for mentally challenged persons is superb and provides high level residence, work program, and daily living care which we could not afford in Massachusetts. Ronnie is a Maryland guy and it has all worked out remarkably well, when you think about his many challenges: deafness (Rubella baby); and brain damage to the communicative centers, especially the part that sends out messages.

**"Ronnie is one wonderful man, who has always found a way to live and to relish the small details of life: each meal, each snack, each trip, each day, each new magazine to pore over; each nap in his favorite easy chair, and yes, each time he has pointed out a small repair he believes is needed where he lives: broken outlet, bulb out, mark on the wall, whatever! Love you brother!!**"

And now here's a poem that just seems appropriate at this point in my life journey: a praise of all things living—Ronnie, all my family, my friends and of course myself—dancing in the cosmos for just as long as we can. And who knows? Perhaps, just maybe, we will all be re-united together again, at least in spirit. I know those I love have never "left me in spirit" and never will, and I will never leave them in spirit. That much I am very sure of.

**An excerpt from a poem of "Praise and Thanksgiving", by Gregory Petrov**
**From Earth Prayers edited by Elizabeth Roberts**

***What sort of praises can I give you?I have never heard the song of the cherubim,***
***A joy reserved for the spirits above***
***But I know the praises that nature sings to you.***
***In winter, I have beheld how silently in the moonlight***
***The whole earth offers our prayer,***
***Clad in its white mantle of snow,***
***Sparkling like diamonds.***

***I have seen how the rising sun rejoices in you,***
***How the song of the birds is a chorus of praise to you.***
***I have heard the mysterious mutterings of the forests about you,***
***And the winds singing your praise as they stir the waters.***

***I have understood how the choirs of stars proclaim your glory***
***As they move for ever in the depths of infinite space.***
***You have brought me into life as if into an enchanted paradise.***

***We have seen the sky like a chalice of deepest blue,***
***Where in the heights the birds are singing.***
***We have listened to the soothing murmur of the forest***
***And the melodious music of the streams.***

***We have tasted fruit of fine flavor and sweet-scented honey.***
***We can live very well on your earth.***
***It is a pleasure to be your guest.***
***Glory to you for the feast-day of life.***
***Glory to you for the perfume of lilies and roses.***
***Glory to you for each different taste of berry and fruit.***

***Glory to you for the spakling silver of early morning dew.***
***Glory to you for the joy of dawn'sawakening.***
***Glory to you for the new life each day brings.***
***Glory to you O God, from age to age.***

**Let's go fishing!**
**(photo added by Terry just because)**



**Terry Chapman, angler, holding the biggest fish I've ever caught so far: a 5lb 2oz Large Mouth Bass, in early summer of 2005. Caught on a large surface plug, right off the dock, while I stood up in my canoe before departing for distant adventures!**

**"*Fishing is a worm, lure or fly on one end and a fool on the other!*"**
**(paraphrase of a well-known definition in angling circles)**

Kent and his wife, Judy, are responsible for my taking up fishing, which became a lifetime recreation. We spent many enjoyable hours fishing for Smallmouth Bass in a canoe near Harpers Ferry, Virginia, where Judy's parents had a vacation cabin overlooking the Potomac River. I liked being out of doors and had always liked being on the water. Fishing gave me the feeling of the hunt and also showed me plenty of birds and other animals as I followed fishing leads wherever I lived.

***<u>My favorite Fishing Story!</u>***

***"One time Kent Connor, a close high school buddy and I were fishing for carp with spinning rods and worms, near their cabin, on the Potomac River just below Harpers Ferry, VA. Kent leaned over the embankment and told me his rod tip had hung up on something. When Kent pulled hard on the rod, we saw the (continued below)***



***This is reasonable likeness of the 22lb 2 oz. carp taken from the Potomac River in 1967 or 68 by Kent Connor; Ghillie Terry Chapman + two hunters!***

***shoulders of a very large fish break the water's surface! Holy Shit! Kent lurched forward almost falling down the bank into the Potomac and I quickly grabbed his belt and held for dear life. I heard voices heading our way and was able to see two hunters almost to where we were fighting the fish. When they neared us, I asked them to help us bring in the fish. Kent moved down the embankment near the water and regained some of his line. Then I also moved down behind him and held his belt. Then the first hunter held my belt and the last hunter the first hunter's belt. Now that is some strong fishing chain—four in number!***

***In about 5 minutes, Kent managed to bring the fish to the surface and we gasped. Huge indeed and he had no desire to be captured by anyone or anything. But we persisted and finally, yanked the fish up to the flatter part of the embankment. Success! We thanked the hunters who had enjoyed the encounter and marched up the path to the cabin and proudly displayed our catch to Beth and Judy. Yes, they were impressed.***

***Kent had a scale at the cabin and it settled at 22 pounds 2 Oz's. By far, the largest fish I have ever "caught". Ok, that I have ever assisted in catching is more like it. This catch is in my top 5 of all time which I cite in "Terry's Lists" following the conclusion of Suburban Odyssey. There is also an essay on fishing at the end of Terry's list along with several other topics of interest to me."***

In addition, I learned to tie trout and bass flies by hand, a hobby I have continued to enjoy since 1969, and some of these flies have even caught fish! This hobby is a genuine artistic outlet for me, one I have needed since a young boy and played the clarinet in the Junior and High School concert bands. The handling of the materials, the bright and differing color combinations, and the dexterity to achieve a reasonably tied fly, are always a challenge and a satisfaction. I tie about 200 flies every winter and can "fish inside" while the snow storms blow outside! **Currently I have more than 3,000 flies in my possession**. I usually lose or break the tip off about 50 flies a season.



"Blue Marvel", which I have yet to tie, but maybe this winter (2018)?



**Presenting original framed fly and recognition to Joe Criscuoli, Eta Alumni President for Phi Sigma Kappa, in 2014 on fraternity Row, U. of Maryland, College Park, MD.**

Also fulfilling is creating, trying, and then framing large fishing flies; adding a personal haiku or observation about a family member or friend; and giving them as gifts. So far, I have created about 50 and everyone has liked them very much. This is another way to recognize people in my life and to indulge my creative side and basically artistic nature. The older I get, the more I realize how artistic I truly am in my outlook on life. Together with my desire for personal adventure and new experiences, and then reflecting on them; you have a pretty good idea of who I am and how I look at life.

**Other hobbies include listening to music (see appendices for details); wine drinking and note taking (see appendices for details); collecting lots of things (see appendices for details); taking trips (see appendices for details); cooking (see appendices for details); Golfing; family genealogy (see appendices for details.**

**And now, let's return to my life story, but first, Allow Dr. Chapman a brief lecture!**

## *What does this fishing chatter have to do with my helping adults learn and develop?*

***Everything! My hobbies re-create my energies so that I can continue to work with adults in my job. Remember, as you help others, whether as a supervisor, colleague, or friend, that if you are talking to them about their work, you are probably only seeing a small part of the individual person. Sometimes mentioning non-work topics can open them up to greater enthusiasm and zest for pursuing work issues.***

***I have heard it said, that "nothing happens outside of a relationship" and that applies here. Once you have established a relationship to a student, a client, or a colleague, that goes beyond the office door, at least conversationally, things really begin to happen in your relationship. Rapport develops over time and both parties can tap a greater portion of their collective creativity.***

***Also, hobbies help you re-create yourself, your energies, your perspectives, and ideas about life and how to help others!***

***For me that may mean fishing, for the next person, it may mean talking about their garden, for the next, their church work, and for the next, their favorite sports team. The important point is to make a connection to the other person that goes beyond the work site. I realize that some persons are less extroverted and for them, non-work talk may be only a brief discussion about the weather! Still, that is progress and may help establish the relationship between you and them.***

***Of course, talk other than work, can go too far and become a non-motivating factor if you let it. Some people can talk about their pets longer than about their most important work project responsibility and that could be detrimental, so be on guard and vary your tactics based upon the specific person, their personality, and their duties, and relationship to you on the job.***

### *What to do next??*

***"When I returned from the Navy I really didn't know what to do next. I hadn't been counseled by a career professional. My parents believed I could do anything I chose to do which though reassuring, was not realistic. I had a vague idea of "working with people" based in part on my degrees studying people in Sociology and Psychology and***

***partly based on my definite enjoyment of talking with people and hearing how they were living their lives and why."***

***But what specifically should I do career-wise? No definite plan! The angst was strong in me then and I just didn't know who to confide in. All around me seemed to know just what to do but I didn't. But deep down I was confident of my well-being and just kept moving along from experience to experience, learning all the while.***

My parents, particularly my mother who though big hearted could be a little cynical, told me that most people never like their work. I didn't believe it but in any case, I was unwilling to be passive in choosing my life's work. I wanted it to be meaningful—to me first of all and I had a glimmer that suggested using my "people skills", however ill-defined they were, to make a contribution to "helping people". But that glimmer would take several years to become a bright flicker of light that would lead me into human services work which would occupy the rest of my working years and far beyond.

"I floundered around and worked part-time at the Hecht Company in Prince George's Plaza, in the Boy Scout Department and for one week in the bedding department which was perhaps the most boring spot I have ever earned money in. I barely finished my shift and then joined my friend Lewis Newkirk, who had an apartment nearby, and he played his guitar while I wondered what in hell I should do next. I can't emphasize how much I wanted to get into a career track that I'd like and that had some meaning overall. But what and where and how and most of all when?"

I also sought out the advice of a University of Maryland Sociology Professor Hoffsommer and asked his opinion of my career options. He was pleasant but had no specific suggestions. I knew I was intelligent and would work hard and dependably, but in what field? And doing what tasks? And important, to what result?

*As you read through the ensuing narrative of my life and my career moves in particular, you will see a winding path that I follow with many challenging adventures, joys, successes and failures. Looking at my "path" as I write these words, I find it improbable that I worked with the following organizations though in total, from the perspective of 50+ years it seems to make imminently good sense.*

**The Washington Post News Carrier**

**Distributor for various flyers to private residences (PT)**

**Caddy at Manor Country Club, Rockville, MD**

**US Bureau of Mines Library Assistant and Photographer's Assistant**

**US Internal Revenue Service Clerk Typist**

**US Naval Reserves-Personnel Specialist and Deck Hand**

**The Hecht Company Department Store Salesperson**

**Montgomery Ward Department Store Salesperson**

## National Security Agency Analyst (1st full time professional position: 1964-1966) *, Fort Meade, MD

**US Department of H.E.W. Program Analyst**

**Springfield, MA South End Community Center community organizer**

**Stratford YMCA Youth and Program Director**

**US Veteran's Administration Chief of Voluntary Services**
**(Castle Point VA Hospital & Truman Memorial VA Hospital & Clinics)**

**University of Missouri Instructor, Management Trainer, Volunteer Center Director**
**(Department of Community Affairs, Center for Voluntary Action, and Hospital & Clinics)**

**Meeting Planners International Manager of Education**

**Temporary Employment Clerk-Typist (PT)**

**Independent Trainer**
**(Right Associates Outplacement Consultants and many other organizations and individuals)**

**Wang Labs Senior Trainer**

## Northeastern University Assistant Professor of Cooperative Education- last full-time position: 1989-1999, Boston, MA- a dream come true!

**Career Counselor, R L Stevens**

**Northeastern University, PT Co-op Coordinator**

**Fly Tier, book reader, noncredit class student, cook, wine lover,**
**Personal adventure reader, faithful husband, friend, and father!**
**(clearly not paid)**

***My first full time professional position was at the National Security Agency in Fort Meade, MA where I managed to use my writing and analytical skills to help write US intelligence reports. I was a bad match for this job since I could not tell anyone what I did; for me a nagging sense of uneasiness increased as you would expect if you know me!**



**National Security Agency-puzzle palace East! 1964-1966—long enough!**
**Salary: $6,000**
**Let's see, how about taking a job that you can't tell anyone about?**

A friend of my father's, Pat Miller, who was our neighbor in Takoma Park and worked at the National Security Agency (NSA), a top-secret think tank in Fort Meade, Maryland, halfway to Baltimore off the Baltimore-Washington parkway. He had been an English major and said they needed graduates with high moral fiber who were good at writing. He also said that getting a security clearance was not a problem. I had a positive outlook on government service stemming from my father's success at the Veterans Administration, and also from my IRS service during the summers of 1958 and 1959.

So, I applied and they were interested but it would take 3 months to complete the clearance procedures, so I took a part-time job selling paint and wallpaper at the Montgomery Ward

store in Wheaton plaza near my apartment in Riverdale, Maryland. My boss was Dominic Natale, about 5'4" and peppery in temperament!

The work was not bad and I got pretty talented at mixing up shades of white and off-white for mostly housewives who were re-doing their homes and an occasional man who needed house or fence paint. Pay was minimal except that you got 10% commission for wallpaper sold so I worked hard at that. My customer service skills did get honed here and for that I am forever grateful.

**In November, 1964, the Top-Secret clearance at NSA was approved and I began to work in the "puzzle palace", helping consolidate data and draft reports of military-sensitive areas of the world, including China, using information collected by U-2-type flights. With strong English verbal skills, but very little geo-political knowledge, I embarked on a career adventure, one that would open my eyes to the realities of Cold War America in the mid-1960's and also would further refine my idea of how to use my God-given gifts!**

***The Vietnam War began in earnest, though begun much earlier, in 1965, while I was working at NSA and greatly increased the tension involved in the collection of military intelligence and in my lower level professional position there. My work involved the Chinese Communists, very much a factor in Vietnam, through their financial and logistical support. Until 1973, when Cousin Harley was released from captivity in Hanoi, the specter of war was always in my mind and troubled my heart from time to time.***

***Man's inhumanity to man! A fact that I have always resisted accepting, but know to be true. The only "saving grace" is that the other thought I have always had is that the human spirit can overcome any obstacle through love, hard work, and spiritual support from a greater being than us humans.***

*The hard part, other than not being especially interested in world military operations, was not being able to talk about my work when the day ended! I would go to parties and of course in America, the first question is, "Hi, what do you do?" I could only say "government work" and if pressed, add, "Defense department" which truly put an end to many a promising conversation.*

That plus the work was so restrictive, with little intuitiveness needed, that I rapidly grew bored and restless and almost got asked to change jobs. A Sergeant who was my supervisor became more and more displeased with my relative lack of enthusiasm for our work tasks. They had no idea of just how unhappy I was. I was not working in my Gifts (special abilities) arena and my soul knew it!

I almost got an ulcer during that period of time and the doctor advised changing careers. I watched my diet and pushed myself to make a change. I would go out to the pay phone in the hall and call possible job leads to extricate myself as fast as I could. Finally, after this proved unsuccessful, I took off a vacation day and spent the day on the phone in my

apartment looking for a job. The ulcer never developed and my health continued to be excellent, thank God.

We will follow other career decisions—both wise and not so wise—chronologically as we follow Terry's Life Story:

## Honky-Tonk life! 1964-1966

### Time to cue up the music: Garth Brooks: Good friends in low places!

"During this period of time I was single and very active in finding suitable women to accompany! Often this task took me along Rte. 1 in Maryland from College Park to Beltsville and in and out of many honkytonk spots along the way. Usually it resulted in one beer or less and maybe a dance or two and then on to the next spot, hoping for lightning to strike but it really never did. I met one or two nice women and dated them but nothing came of it.



In retrospect, I would have done far better to have looked for women who shared similar interests in golfing or fishing or higher education but at that time it just didn't occur to me. My roommate Kent Conner got engaged in 1965 and was married that year and I was an usher. He settled down quickly and I lost a bar running partner, hah! I also dated a few University of Maryland women whom I had known earlier or met again at the bars I frequented. These comments probably capture the unfulfilled feeling of those years that took place well before online dating services which might have helped.

## How I met Beth Wiley?

### She stepped on my foot!

One evening, while living in an apartment with Kent Conner, a high school friend, I was invited to a party in downtown D.C. in February, 1966, and while there, met Lisbeth Wiley, a pretty, intelligent, blond girl, who had graduated from the University of Maine in 1965

and, having done a successful internship in D.C. while a student, returned there and worked for the Aid to International development agency in D.C. During that time, I moved jobs from the National Security Agency to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW). More on that job later.

*We laughed hard when I used an old canned joke line to ask her to dance. She had backed up, laughing, and stepped lightly on my foot! I said to her, "That's ok, I'll step on the bottoms and you can step on the tops"! It's unbelievably corny but she agreed to dance and we got along quite well indeed. She managed to put a piece of paper with her name and phone number in my coat and I called and we dated through 1966 with plenty of dancing and eating out. We fell in love and I proposed in October 1966 and we were married February 4, 1967, at the Episcopal Church in North Attleboro, where Beth had grown up and where her parents still lived.*



**Cape Cod Light**
**Truro, MA**
**Painting by Amy Saunders**
**Good family friend**

## Cape Cod Summers

**"I met the Wiley family all at one time, in their small summer cottage, later winterized, in July 1966, when we flew from D.C. (my first jet flight) to Boston; rented a car and drove the hour out to the Truro/Wellfleet line, where their cottage was placed just inside the Truro side of the divide.**

**As the door opened to greet us, lots of people were introduced to me: Joe Wiley, senior, her father, Esther, her mother, Joe Wiley, Jr., her brother, Rachel his girlfriend and fiancé, Mable and Eddie Almond, family friends, Franny and Danny Saunders, more family friends, and also, I believe Bill and Jean Cooper, school teachers and friends of long standing on the Cape."**

Joe Wiley Sr. had purchased maybe 50 acres of land in 1944; tented there; built a small shack there; then a cottage, much of it pieced together with findings from the Truro dump, where Joe could perform miracles in re-cycling almost everything that some else thought trash! When in 1966, the land was made part of the National Cape Cod Seashore, that land became very valuable, let alone its sentimental and family values!



**"But I digress. Once inside, I was plied with semi-sweet sherry in small glasses and given appetizers before a large meal of roast pork. It didn't take long for them to ask me enough questions to begin to accept me as a "wash ashore" they could live with. That term is used in various degrees of derision to identify a person who has recently arrived on the cape; applied to someone on their first day there or extending back several years in fact**."

We ate heartily and Joe and others filled me in on Cape lore and what to see and what to do on our visit. It all went well; we caught a 3lb Striped Bass, which Joe froze carefully in a special container and which was eaten and enjoyed a week later upon our return to D.C. I told Joe I didn't believe the fish would be edible to which Joe responded with what would become a standard type of response over the years I spent with Beth: "Yes, it will; I've been doing this for years!" Period, no further response accepted. Done!

The years I spent vacationing on the Cape were very good years, filled with plenty of fishing both fresh and salt; playing golf usually by myself at Bass Harbor, Truro Light, Wellfleet course; plenty of good seafood both at the cottage and at local restaurants, especially the small shop across the street from Joe's home overlooking Wellfleet Harbor, a home purchased in about 1976 when he retired from being a partner of a heating and air conditioning firm located in Pawtucket, RI.



**Striking photo of Cape Cod Light in Truro, MA Cape Cod
Where my friend Danny Sanders was the keeper for a while and also
Shows his wonderful ship replicas in nearby museum. Danny is
A marvelous speaker on behalf of Cape Cod in general and Truro and the ocean
and its treasures including surfing and topography!**

## "Joe Stories"

**"Joe Wiley took me quahogging in the Bay and I could never keep up with Joe. At 6'3" his stride far outdistanced mine and I struggled to keep up with him. We ate quahogs raw; raw with sauces; and broiled, both plain and adorned. Since Joe had also been a meat cutter in an earlier vocation, we ate good meat cuts of all kinds, notably pork shoulder, which Joe praised for its flavor, and its low price. He was frugal for sure but the quality had to be good for him to buy. Esther and he got along well until too much sherry had been drunk and then they chipped at each other a bit."**



We also went canoeing in a local Cape pond with Joe and Esther while they reminisced about summers long ago when they were a young couple in love with each other and with their life on the Cape. We caught pickerel and perch; both provided good tasty eating and should be sampled by everyone who has dismissed eating fresh water fish. Sunfish are also good when de-headed; de-tailed, and fried in seasoned flour and oil!

My task for most evenings at the Cape was not getting sloshed with Sherry before dinner and not to get impatient with dinner meals that often didn't reach the table until 7:30 or later. Oh, I forgot to mention that their permanent home was in North Attleboro, a reasonable commute from Pawtucket, RI where he worked and also not a bad jaunt to the Cape on weekends, vacations, and then permanently in 1976.



Another incident that our families laugh hard about occurred when Joe and I went fishing at one of the local ponds in Wellfleet. We both had waders on as we stood at water's edge with our spinning gear ready for any sign of approaching fish. I saw a good rise out about 30 feet and lurched forward into the water and immediately sunk down to the top of my waders as I let out a threatened cry, "whoooa!" Help!

Joe took one huge step forward and grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me back to safety. Boy was I relieved! We sat on the embankment and both laughed hard at my misfortune as the cold pond water had filled my waders and made the fishing seem star-crossed in the wrong way so we retired back to the cottage for drinks and another laugh at my plight!

**And finally, still another time, at the Truro cottage, maybe in 1967, I stood at the makeshift sink in the front yard, trying to figure out how to clean the flounder that I had proudly caught with my long saltwater rod and reel at a Truro beach earlier. Joe looked out the door and asked if I needed help. Quickly and a bit truculently I yelled, "NO!"**

**I looked back at the saucer-shaped creature, staring up at me with his one eye visible, and as if saying to me, "Ok, smart-ass, what're you going to do now?" When Joe reappeared at the screen door, I said, "Joe, maybe I do need help" and he came out and cleaned the first flounder while I watched humbly and learned how it was done.**

**This became a key to our fairly good relationship for the next years together and I always admired his ability to do practical tasks and he gradually came to accept me as his son-in-law whom I think he admired more than he was willing to admit. I hope so and he is still one of the most interesting persons I have ever met in my life. So, there it is Joe, an honest confession of admiration for you**.

So, from 1996 until 1974 when we re-located to Missouri, we spent at least one week on the Cape and enjoyed those summers immensely! Then we didn't return to MA until July 1976, the US Bicentennial year, when we drove from Missouri, stopping in Maryland with our sons Jon and Dan to visit my mother and father and brother, before continuing up to North Attleboro.

## New Career Direction: Health, Education and Welfare Department

**Salary: $7,000 (GS-7, promoted to GS-9 $8500**

***"This Spy comes in from the cold!" paraphrased from the title of the John Le Carre novel: Now this was a job I could tell people about!***

***Cue up any movie music from James Bond; quickly while I'm still here!***

**"I sensed deeply at this point that I needed to get into some form of social service work and I knew government best from growing up with my Dad at the VA and from my earlier positions at NSA and USNR. But was I sure of what to do next? Hell no!"**

**As this quotation by famous Actress Helen Hayes says, "Yes, I have doubted. I have wandered off the path, but I always return. It is intuitive, an intrinsic, built-in sense of direction. I always seem to find my way home" And this is how I "found HEW at just the right time in my young life.**

**Face your career doubts but always keep moving toward what you know to be true about you the person, your specific likes and dislikes, and importantly, your true God given skills and gifts. Go in that direction and you too will find you are headed to your "true home."**

My communication skills came to my aid as I called a general number at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, in Washington, D.C., which sounded like a place much more interesting than the Defense Department, and they referred me to the personnel office, who told me there was an opening in the Division of Rehabilitation Facilities. I got a phone interview within the hour!

I remember being asked to write up an advertisement for a hearing aid as part of the hiring process and being interviewed by several staff members. At least I was being assertive in finding a better way to make a living. They hired me and for almost the next three years I had a job I liked and could build relationships at work with pleasant interactions based upon helping the handicapped (that was the term then) get sheltered employment and rehabilitation services. The federal government spent millions at that time in the 1960's through matching grants with the state governments and private community agencies.




**Mary Switzer**
**Rehabilitation Services Administration Administrator in the 1960's**

Mary Switzer was the Commissioner of the Rehabilitation Administration and I met her before being offered the position. She was probably in her 60's then and was very tall, slender, and modestly attired, with a quizzical facial countenance and tons of presence!

A very interesting person, she had developed major funding for rehabilitation and was already held in high esteem by the entire rehabilitation community around the world.

**Recently in 2010, while taking a class at Assumption College in Worcester, I passed a building named, Mary Switzer Hall! I went inside and in the foyer, was an oil painting of Mary almost as I remembered her. Forty-two years had passed since meeting her in the halls of Health, Education, and Welfare, in downtown D.C. and I allowed myself to reminisce about the time when I played a small part in rehabilitation and about my life today as a retired human services professional.**

Mixed feelings of happiness, nostalgia, and gratefulness swept over me as I briefly stood in the foyer, remembering those times. A secretary asked if I needed help and I briefly told her of my having known Mary Switzer. She politely said that was nice and I turned; walked out the door into the increasingly windy, chilly fall afternoon in Worcester, MA.

**A Bit more about my H.E.W. Work**

We responded to congressional requests for information and my trusty files did their job well! I was promoted to Program Analyst and worked with about 15 men and women in the Division. I reviewed grants for completeness; wrote summaries of the grant proposals; and developed a Grants Information Center to keep track of where the grant monies were spent. I did it all by hand! I kept records by State and by agency and by type of grant. It was all contained in a large wooden (!) file with 3x5 cards. I remember that at one point, a systems guy came around to interview all of us about our data management needs. It was really basic stuff and it was years later until computers were routinely used in administering federal programs at H.E.W. Wow!

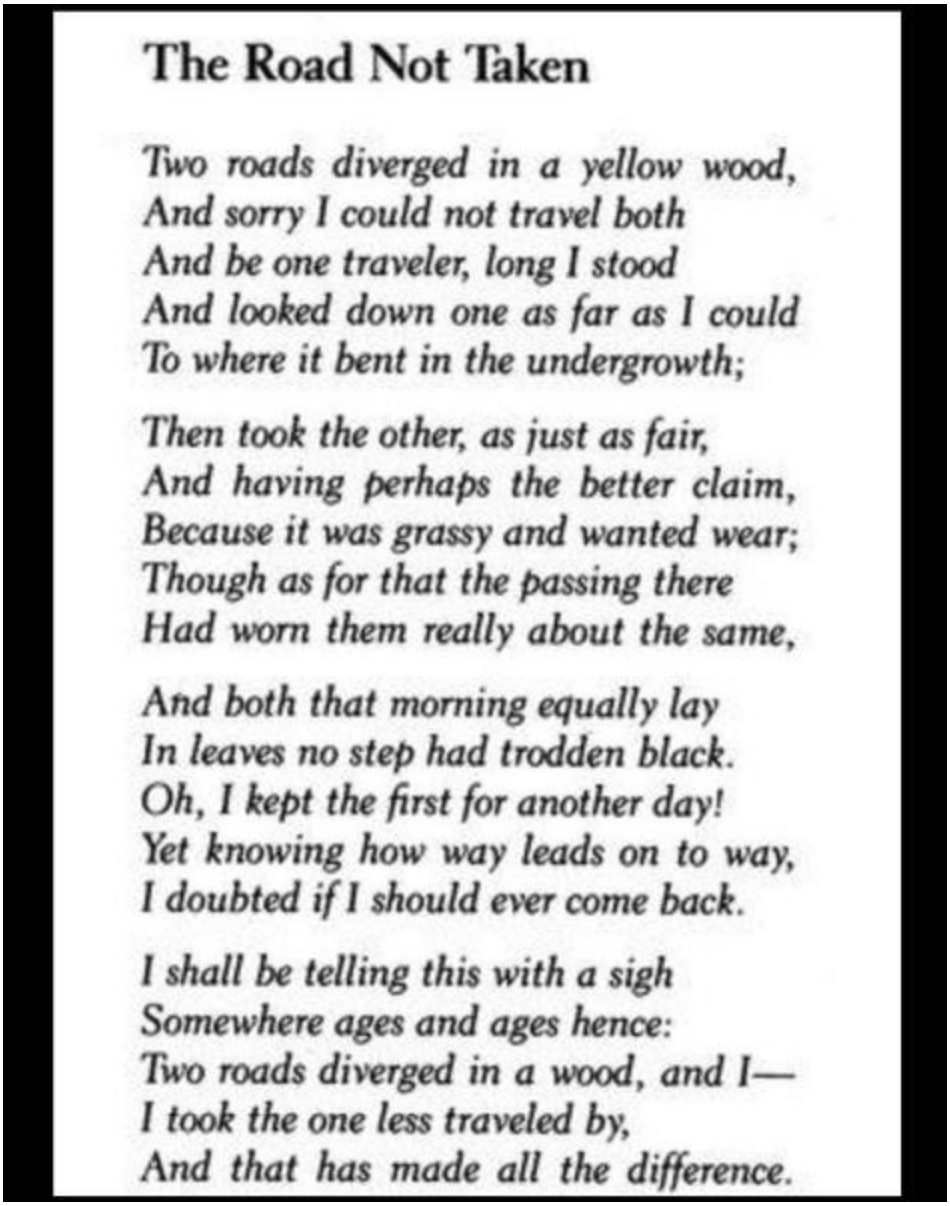
**Reading this drives home the realization that I grew up BEFORE: color television, computer, cell phone, cassettes, CD's, DVD's, VCR, space travel, and well before the Vietnam War. The passage of time challenges my comprehension of the life journey. It all goes by so fast indeed! And the amazing technological changes continue. When you read this, try to imagine your life without smart phones, computers, jet travel DVD's, Facebook, and American cars that last more than 3 years!**

One of my first experiences with adult education came when I was working as a Program Analyst with the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, (HEW) in Washington, D.C. I was asked by my supervisor to take care of the room set-up for a training meeting to be held at our offices. I remember being nervous about how many chairs were enough and about ordering the audio/visual equipment needed for the meeting! I soon learned that the "devil is in the details" and guessed correctly that too many chairs were preferable to not enough chairs.

## My most profound Career Decision!

**For me, this was indeed, "the road less traveled, and it HAS made all the difference"!**

**(From the "Road Less Traveled" by Robert Frost, and my favorite poem)**



The Road Not Taken

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,*
*And sorry I could not travel both*
*And be one traveler, long I stood*
*And looked down one as far as I could*
*To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

*Then took the other, as just as fair,*
*And having perhaps the better claim,*
*Because it was grassy and wanted wear;*
*Though as for that the passing there*
*Had worn them really about the same,*

*And both that morning equally lay*
*In leaves no step had trodden black.*
*Oh, I kept the first for another day!*
*Yet knowing how way leads on to way,*
*I doubted if I should ever come back.*

*I shall be telling this with a sigh*
*Somewhere ages and ages hence:*
*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—*
*I took the one less traveled by,*
*And that has made all the difference.*

**For me, the road not taken, was to depart from**
**my conventional non-exciting US government job**
**And get out "in the trenches" with real people**
**facing real problems and see where it would take me!**

My work group at HEW consisted of practicing professionals in rehabilitation, who had been recruited to work in Washington, D.C. to administer federal grant monies to be given to build sheltered workshops; improve hospital facilities, and to educate and train developing rehabilitation professionals throughout the U.S. I was the only team member without a graduate degree and I realized that I was doomed to a steady diet of administrative work until I got a Master's degree and got out of the federal system of paperwork ad infinitum.

**All of them had advanced degrees but I didn't and I wanted to get one to advance professionally. Also, I found out that all of them had spent time out in the "field", working with agency or community programs for years before being asked to join the federal staff in Washington, D.C. Central offices are notoriously devoid of the push and pull of human interaction at "ground zero"—where the program recipients actually live and breathe! I had the cart before the horse so to speak. I craved the fresh air of new experience and diverse places, people, and ideas.**

**I decided I wanted to work in the "field" where the action was and then see where that path took me. THAT WAS PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT CAREER DECISION I EVER MADE. Yes, there was a risk factor to deal with! Since that time, I have "enjoyed" a tremendous variety of experiences and challenges and a richness of life I would not have dreamed of when still working "with the establishment" in Washington, D.C.**

**"Conversely, had I remained in Maryland, I would probably have been getting regular promotions to GS-13, making a good if not high salary, would have settled into a suburban lifestyle near D.C.; and my sons would have gone to the University of Maryland and on and on. I would have maintained college and fraternity and high school friendship groups and *perhaps* have had a happy, productive lifetime. But I chose differently and I'm sure my range of experiences has far exceeded those I would have had in the D.C. area."**

***Once again, I moved toward a position with more of "what I truly like to do and what I'm better at doing than before" That's the secret to pursuing a satisfying career or really a vocation, from the Latin: vocare.***

One of the team, Hal Potts, had gone to Springfield College, in Massachusetts, class of 1950, which educated future YMCA directors and it appealed to me. I had been a YMCA member year earlier, and the philosophy of "Spirit, Mind, Body" seemed to make sense for my idea of the perfect individual. I was accepted there, on probation, since my undergraduate grades were lackluster, but got a 4.0, all "A" grades for the first grading period, and "never looked back"!

**"I want to perform well in a professional specialty helping people and receive earned recognition"**

**Quotation from Terry Chapman**

## *Springfield College: "Working Out in the field"* 1968-1969



**Springfield College Library where I**
**Spent many hours researching and dreaming**
**Of my new career in human services!**

**Harold Potts, a 1950 graduate who spoke glowingly of the college, its commitment to human service, and the YMCA in particular, thought I would make a good YMCA professional. I arranged an in-person interview the spring of 1968 and drove with my wife Beth, to Massachusetts, her home state. The interview went well until my undergraduate grades came up for discussion. My 2.2 overall grade average was not high enough for regular admission but they would accept me on probation and I would need all A's' and B's to continue the Master's Degree program in Community Leadership and Development. I eagerly accepted and we moved from Silver Spring, Maryland to an apartment in Springfield, near the college.**

Beth got a job in Public Relations at Springfield College and that plus GI Bill money enabled me to go to school for a year full-time for my degree. She also was President of the Graduate Student Wives Club at Springfield College. Later, Beth would become VP of Marketing for a large finance company in Boston and later still found her own company Ink & Air, a financial PR firm with a successful outcome.

## The Springfield Experience-a solid grounding in human services Fieldwork

The pressure was on but I relished being back in school, with several years of work experience under my belt. We studied community organization, community development, group work (the core of our studies), the history of the YMCA, a representative community organization and one that has supplied thousands of YMCA professionals over the years.

**We experienced "sensitivity training" over a trying weekend and learned that, under stress, we can all "lose it" emotionally and that the goals should be helping each other and not vying for attention, credit, and being right all the time. We also did a research project. Mine was about the relationship of vocational courses to non-vocational courses in the Springfield, MA public schools. My study concluded that statistically there were more vocationally oriented courses taught over a 5-year period than non-vocational courses. I really liked being able to support an idea with useful statistics.**

***I got a 4.0 (all A's) the first semester and earned full admission for candidacy for a Master's Degree. I interned for 300 hours, while also taking classes full-time, at the Springfield Community Center, working for Manny Texeira, the Director. I recall not having an office, but reporting for work to Manny's office as assigned. Manny walked me around the neighborhood and showed me everything from the local deli to the housing to the social hangouts. The area was impoverished, at least materially, but rich in ethnicity which I thoroughly enjoyed.***

**I started a Boy Scout Troop; coached boys' basketball; and supervised the trampoline room, a tense situation, trying to watch up to 20 boys at one time on and off the tramp! At that point, I often wondered if I had made the correct decision to intern at the recreation center. Later, I would realize that it had been the right decision: immersed "in the field" of human service with all of its vagaries and experiences.**



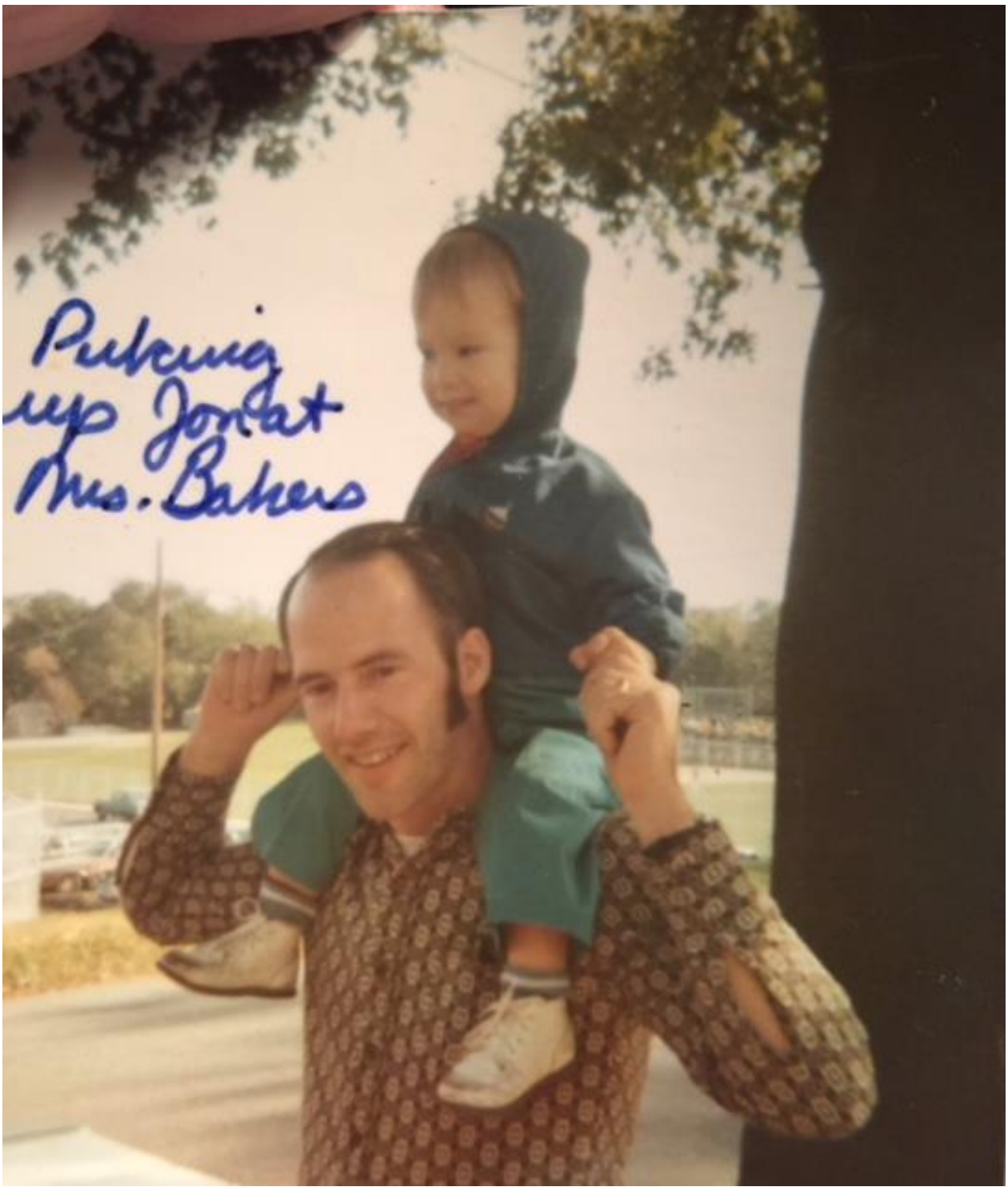
Once weekly, I would meet back at the college, with other grad students also on internships, to compare notes on what we were learning. This meeting helped me integrate my classroom and experiential learning at the community center. We had a solid, supportive and yet challenging class group of about 12 persons for that marvelously invigorating year at Springfield. My best friend was Jack Hair, who had managed the Miami, Florida YMCA sailing program before returning to school for his Master's degree. He loved grits and had them mailed from Alabama, his home.

Another guy Bill Whillan, came from Toronto and he confronted me many times, asking me to "get real" and confront all of my feelings! His constant intensity was sometimes irritating, but I admired his authenticity and assertiveness. We all took sensitivity training, meeting almost non-stop for 2 days and learned a lot about how groups bond, grow, and confront each other's emotions, thoughts, and needs. Overall it was a worthwhile experience.

**Our leader, Dr. Hal Harlow, a former Y executive, taught most of our classes including History of the YMCA, Group work-2 classes around theory and practice of helping groups develop and become more productive. He would come into class on occasion, and shout "Why in hell are you here? Why do you persist in calling me Dr. Harlow??" The first time we were startled so badly that no one spoke. He continued to berate us until someone, probably the Toronto guy, countered him. But his teaching ability lay in getting us to commit to truly analyzing and discussing group work at a very deep level. His teaching gave me a strong foundation for my Y work; my university counseling and teaching. Hal was probably the best teacher I ever had! He challenged us on every idea, feeling, and goal. He was also funny!**

## Jonathan Hughes Chapman!

**Photo below was used by Jon in later years for online dating purposes though it wasn't his favorite by far. Who would guess that little guy in Bridgeport in 1970 would turn into 6'/3" handsome son Jon?**




**My oldest son Jonathan Hughes Chapman, on my shoulders when I picked him up and put him there in Stratford, CT. in 1972, when I worked for the YMCA as Youth Director. Jon swung a golf club when he was two!**



**This photo above was taken for Jon to use in online dating which he indulged in to meet eligible women. I like the photo with the sweaty fore arms, the shot taken during a round of golf on a hot day but Jon doesn't. Deal with it son!**



**This will always be my favorite photo of Jon and Dan, when they were young boys about 1975, in Columbia, MO.**

***Above are: Jonathan Hughes Chapman, aged about 6, and his brother Daniel Wiley Chapman, aged about 3, at our home in Columbia, MO, where we lived from 1974 until 1983, when we moved to Middletown, OH, so I could accept a high-level association position. Jon and Dan, have each other's backs, make no mistake, and are devoted brother: highly different in personality, but both solid guys with active senses of humor; and always ready to lend a hand for any family member; I could not be prouder of anything in my life, than having helped raise them to successful adulthood, Amen!***

**"I became a father that first year in Stratford when my son Jonathan was born April 25, 1970, at Bridgeport Hospital. I suffered through a very long delivery of about 10 hours. The thrill of seeing that little baby boy, born at 22", 10lb, 3oz, was incredible! To know that you have fathered into the world a new human being, a son, will forever be the best mountain top experience. I can see his little face, looking back at me from his blanket held in my arms, to this day."**

**Nixon was President; my cousin Harley was still a captive in a Hanoi prison; President Barrack Obama was a young boy in Hawaii; gas for my car cost about $1.50 per gallon; bell bottomed pants and tight shirts were popular due to the exciting phenomenon of disco dancing and Saturday Night Fever! I turned age 30 October 2, 1970. My Uncle Erie, my Dad's brother, retired in 1970 from the Toledo YMCA, and I'm sure was pleased that I was a YMCA Director; I never told him the details, hah!**

**"Jon was a healthy specimen, very active from the start, and was hard to hold still on my shoulder, as he would twist and turn and push away at a young age. He pretty much destroyed the plastic lining on his crib and always wanted to get out and get into things! We moved him outside for activities when he was not quite two years old and we remember Jon with a golf club, trying to imitate his Dad, a foreshadow of his excellent golfing skills years later.**

**Our golf together would later become a favorite activity and one that would bring competition, companionship, laughs, and the experience of walking through some beautiful venues and locations together. Jon will always be my best golfing "buddy" and later son Dan, my best fishing "buddy"."**



**Jon's main gifts are his intelligence, loyalty to family, commitment to helping those less fortunate than him, sense of humor, persuasiveness, and excellent eye-hand coordination which he uses to beat his Dad quite regularly in golf!**

**Jon has always helped his Mother and Father in every way since he was a young man and this has continued to the present in 2012. Jon attends to everyone's needs but sometimes tends to neglect his own needs. Not the worst problem to endure!**

**Jon is such a constant presence in my life that I have written about him in many places in this autobiography which is appropriate. By the way, his nickname, at least by me, is "Grasshopper", named for when he was in Jr. High School and I would drop him off several blocks from school (his friends seeing him with a parent at that age was forbidden); he loped and jumped along just like a young healthy grasshopper**!



**Uncle Jon with his Niece Wiley Chapman about 2011 at Prospect St. home, Ashland, MA.**

# YMCA




**"Body, Mind, & Spirit"**

**Idea behind the YMCA Red triangle symbol and my favorite slogan suggesting holistic approach to life**

**Salary: $8500!**

***Cue up: Any cool rock from the late 1960's-1970's here!***

"I knew I wanted to "work with people" at the community agency level, but for what agency and doing what? Springfield had developed YMCA leaders since the early 1900's and I had been an active Y member while growing up in Washington, D.C. area. Also, my Uncle Erie was the Executive Director of the Toledo YMCA system with 9 branches and 4 camps and had a positive influence on me. Recreation to me had always been an important part of my life and I wanted it to be important in everyone's life. At the time, I didn't realize how difficult program management could be but only the desire to believe strongly in whatever product or services I was working with in my career."

I interviewed for Adult Program Director at the Hartford YMCA, through the Springfield Career Office but was somewhat intimidated by the list of duties! It seemed so administrative and not connected to individual growth and development. But should I take it? I then drove down to Stratford, Connecticut, north of Stamford, for a Youth Director position. It was a new, but small suburban facility in a Bridgeport suburb, with swimming pool and meeting rooms, but no gym. That would prove important later on. I liked the place and felt this was "the field" I was called to work in. I declined an offer from the Hartford YMCA for a second interview.

The clientele at Stratford were mostly middle-class kids whose parents generally worked in industries in the Bridgeport area or had migrated to Stratford as a step toward upward

mobility in the social strata of the time. I reported to the Director, Gregory Fairbend, and was responsible for: elementary club programs in 12 schools; flag football and basketball leagues for 2 Jr. High schools; an Indian Guides program for fathers and sons aged 5-8 years; and for the creation and management of about 15-20 adult education programs I inherited when the adult director retired to full-time social life in the Stratford area!

Working harder than I had ever worked to set up the programs and to interact with the youth and their parents, I achieved some successes. Because I was welcoming, I drew more youth to our building. If relationship building had been my major job requirement I would have been promoted within the first year. But our YMCA struggled a bit financially and therefore "bottom line" numbers were how I was judged. This is fair to a point but I would always include positive gains in YMCA-community members as important also.

**Some of the parents were great allies but some were very petty and I recall sitting in my first Indian Guide meeting for four hours while the chief layman bitterly opposed a small increase in program fees for the program. I left that meeting exhausted and wondered if I was indeed in the right profession. Some of my colleagues told me I would have been happier in the "old YMCA" where you were really more of a counselor and youth mentor rather than an administrator. But that was then and this was now. What to do?**

My boss, Greg, seemed to understand, but still expected hearty program enrollments in all programs to make his budget demands. But try as I might, I couldn't make the quotas in all programs. I knew that a gym would have helped draw kids to the Y and I could have enrolled them in other programs. But we didn't have one and sometimes they would cluster outside my office and I would talk to them, the lonely and occasionally the troubled and truant. I offered dances, coffeehouses, and summer camps, but seldom hit the budget numbers expected. I knew I was helping individual kids but I didn't know enough to sell what I was doing to my boss and to the Y board of directors through him.

# Time to Move on



***Cue up: the old song, Now is the Hour, artist unknown but my Dad used to sing this while putting me to bed. Opening line is "Now is the hour, when we must say goodbye; soon I'll be sailing, far across the sea". ZZZZZZ!***

**In January of 1972, I met with Greg and we mutually agreed for me to move on to something new. There were no hard feelings but I had experienced my second "burnout" period in my young career and truly wanted a respite, if only to nurture my growing family and to decide where to sail to next?**

**In writing this portion of my story, I realize that I may have understated that I felt that I was being released from my YMCA position since I had not reached the financial goals that my boss Greg Fairbend had wanted. This was true but with mitigating circumstances.**

**1. Our YMCA had no gym so programming was difficult. We had three program rooms which did work well for classes such as bridge, judo, music, and other offerings.**

**2. My branch's emphasis was on swimming and we had an attractive pool. The Aquatic Director had many more resources of staffing and money than I.**

**3. I had never been responsible for a budget and found the experience daunting and difficult to control, particularly the income side which required recruiting and signing up enough participants to fill all the classes. Some I did fill but others were much harder to fill.**

**4. As the Youth Director, I was sensitive to the many high school aged kids that would cut school and hang out at our facility. I became an accepting, encouraging, influence in their lives and some of them did go back to school and so I had accomplishments harder to measure though meaningful.**

**But Greg did recommend that I resign and move to a job better suited to my interests. Again, a difficult pill to swallow, but one that propelled me to look deep inside myself and move to the VA where relationship building would be paramount and to my liking!**

**Again, this pathway proved only a temporary one on my life's journey. The path came quickly to an end but this forced me once again to re-evaluate my journey and its adventures and challenges and successes and failures, and to set out again in search of my true calling. This search would take me to many more fascinating places; introduce me to many more interesting people and their lives; but allow me to move steadily toward my life's calling: "Helping people grow". And therein lies the rest of my story.**

## Setting New Sails!

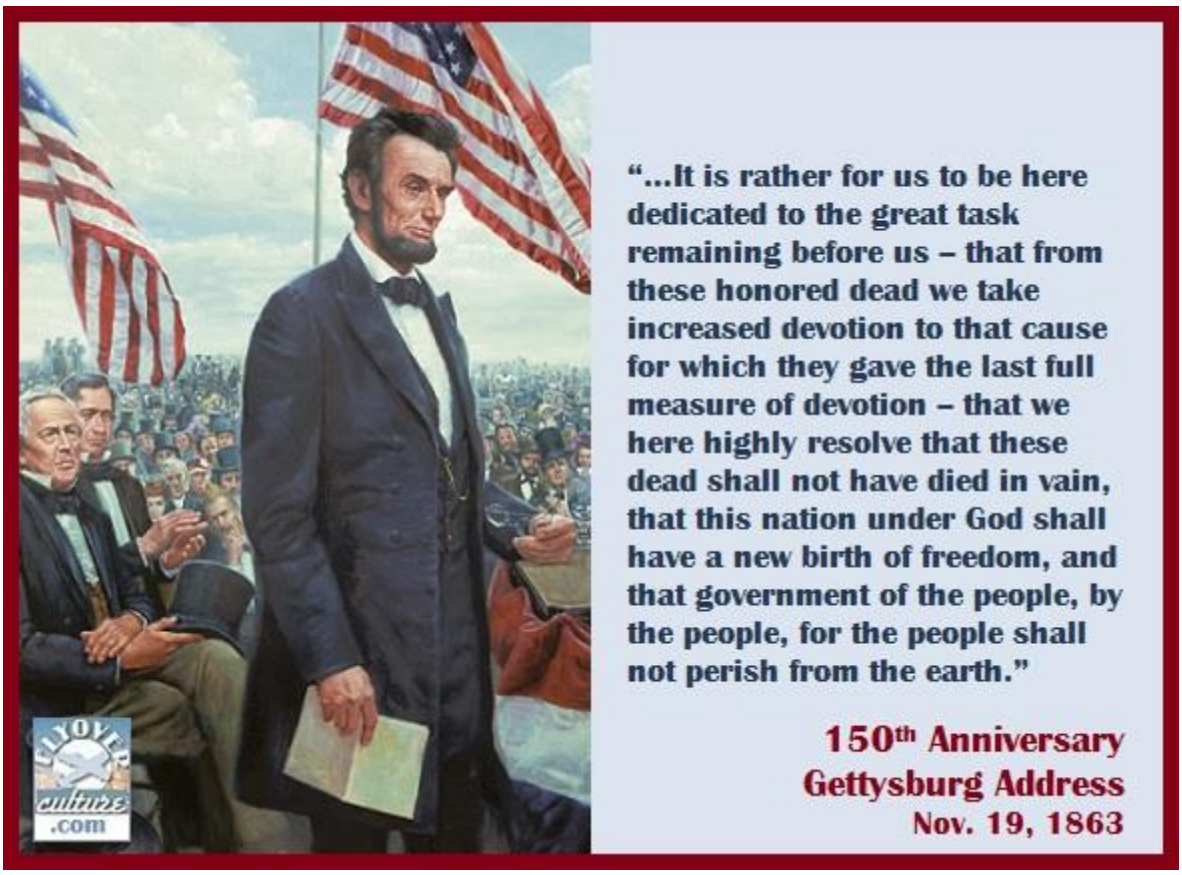
**"Ideals are like the stars: we never reach them**
**but like the mariners of the sea, we chart**
**our course by them"**
**Carl Schurz quotation**



**Castle Point V.A. Hospital and Spinal Cord Center, Beacon, NY**
**Salary: starting: $7500; after six months training: $8500**

**"To care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan", from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and motto of V.A.**

**President Nixon was re-elected in January 1972, just before I joined the V.A. in Voluntary Service, but would not serve out his second term. He resigned with great lack of dignity and much shame, including his sanctioning of Watergate burglary and many other shady, dishonest practices, unfit for an American President. Senator Gerald Ford took over and served until the election of Jimmy Carter in 1976. My Dad disliked Nixon and very much admired President Ford, a Midwesterner, athlete, and devout family man. But Dad never thought of voting for a Republican, not even Gerald Ford!**






**Castle Point VA hospital as it looked**
**In 1972 when I started job as**
**Chief, Voluntary Service: the main building shown**
**Looked directly down at a distance to the Hudson**
**River and Dutchess County: gorgeous venue!**

My father had worked for the U.S. Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C. since 1946 when we had moved to the D.C. area, in Maryland, and he suggested I apply for a Voluntary Services position in one of the East Coast hospitals. The job involved placing persons in helping positions in the hospital ranging from coffee service in admissions to "companionship therapy" visiting veterans on the wards to pushing patients in wheelchairs to therapies.

*Helping veterans seemed an important type of work to me and of course the fact that my Dad worked to help them also played into my decision to apply. I liked the immediacy of the people interactions and interviewed in Washington, D.C. and was quickly hired.*

Many of the Chiefs of Voluntary Service were women but that didn't stop me for a moment. It was also community service, since the job required me to give talks to prospective veteran and community groups to recruit them for volunteering, right up my alley. I loved it and then interviewed in East Orange, New Jersey and at Castle Point, New York, in Beacon, near West Point.

**"Castle Point seemed the best match and I accepted the job and started in March of 1972, aged 31. My wife and my young son Jonathan were now installed in an entirely new environment in New York and in a very different condo-like living situation. It worked and our second son, Daniel was born in Poughkeepsie, 20 miles north of Beacon on October 7th of 1973.**

**Daniel had several birth defects including Patent Ductus, an extra opening in his heart which was fixed surgically in fall 1974 and a sleepy eye which was fixed at about age 5. Dan was easy to care for; less active than Jon; ate well; slept well which was nice; and generally took to his new life with equanimity. That trait would stand him well as the years ground on and he was faced with other obstacles to his development. But face them he and we did!"**



***Son Dan and I on a trip in 2011 to the US Lacrosse Museum at John Hopkins and a visit with Dan's Uncle Ron in Cheverly, MD and a very cold bit of fly fishing on the Gunpowder River near Baltimore. Dan personifies the virtues of lax: hardiness of body and spirit, perseverance and bravery to withstand the goalie's pain as the ball slaps once again into your body or your shins or elsewhere; but Dan loves it all!***

**"Daniel Wiley Chapman, my youngest son has many God-given gifts, not the least of which is the gift of true hospitality of spirit as he accepts every kind of diversity, whether cultural, religious, racial, gender, age-based, or language driven. Dan is comfortable with all persons and they really like to "hang" with Dan. All of them!**

**His other gifts include his nurturing capacity with family, friends, and anyone he comes in contact with in his daily life. Dan knows no strangers and he will give everyone a chance upon meeting them and not judge them—repeat: not judge them!**

**Dan has good mechanical skills he has demonstrated in doing landscaping work with machinery and when driving trucks which he enjoys. He also "gets" gadgets right away and can help others (like me) make them work.**

**He shares my gift of the love of nature and physical involvement in the outdoors, such as in fishing, golfing, playing lacrosse (he is a superb goalie and with his physical prowess, presents a challenge to opposing players who try to score on him), Swimming, kayaking, walking for charities, and bicycling for the Cure for Cancer. I am always happy to be around my son Dan, whatever the activity or simply," hanging"!"**

**While in Maryland Dan and I fished the Gunpowder on a chilly windy day and we saw not one trout anywhere. About 2 hours into our adventure, we reluctantly trod back up the steep hill to our car and found the solid comfort of a good restaurant, hot meal, and good night's sleep. Dan is a perfect traveling partner: good natured, able to cope with unforeseen issues, and fun to be with! Thanks Dan for all our good times hanging out together through the years.**



*Steel bridge across the Big Gunpowder near Baltimore*

Now, let's go back to Castle Point V.A. hospital. This decision to work there would then become a pivotal move toward our move to Missouri, my Ph.D., and a decision to move into academia when I could. ***Oh, the decisions we make; all we can do is do the best we can with what we know about our world and ourselves at any given decision time.***

I was trained by Norman Astwood, who had reached mandatory age of 70 and was retiring after six months with me. He was "old school" and had the appearance and demeanor of an actor from the movies—before talking-pictures. He was quite formal in presentation but actually a sensitive man who had started in the V.A. after serving in WWII and wanted to help other veterans.

Here is what I found out about my old boss Norman: a truly well-known movie actor who was the "Clark Gable of African Americans" in the 1940's and flew fighter planes in WWII but then quit acting and got into VA hospital volunteer management thereafter. I only discovered this in editing this piece in 2016!

**"Handsome Norman Astwood was a talented actor and singer from the 1920s to the early 1940s. He also became a leading actor of the race film genre (Black Cinema) in the late 1930s and early 1940s.**

**Norman Astwood was born in the British West Indies and was educated at Wolmer's. He was a Jamaican who grew up in Kingston, Jamaica, and in 1912, he and his family was one of millions who immigrated to America through the legendary Ellis Island.**

**Norman was furthered educated at the City College in New York. When the first world war broke out Norman enlisted and served as an aviator in the British Army, being commissioned as Lieutenant.**

**In the 1920s, Norman returned to the United States after the war Astwood launched his career as an actor, singer, and overall entertainer on stage, radio, and later screen. Norman earned his first success in one of the first popular black Broadway musical comedies "Blackbirds of 1926." In 1929, Norman went to England with the Lew Leslie Blackbirds revue which had a highly successful run in London.**

**Singing was another one of Norman's talents, he sung at various popular venues and on the radio in the 1930s, awing audiences with his dynamic and heartfelt singing. In 1935, Norman appeared as master of ceremonies in the Universal film short "Harlem Bound" and he sung the emotional "Machinery." Norman attained screen success as an actor (when he was in his late 30's) in race films a.k.a Black Cinema films, "Paradise In Harlem," "Sunday Sinners" and "Murder on Lenox Avenue": these were the best films of the genre partly because of Norman's dominating presence and talent. Race films were the only films Norman could display his talent since he was too light and not the Stepin Fetchit type to appear in Hollywood films.**

**In only three films Norman showed more acting skills then most in numerous films; his naturalness, convincingness, great knack for timing, and powerful presence and strong voice brought his characters alive always giving a pleasing, complimentary performance. Norman usually portrayed tough, intimidating, macho types and played them perfectly. He played men you love to hate but he added charm, magnetic appeal, and his rugged good looks that drew audiences to him and made him attractive. He was the Clark Gable of race films. To add to his image, he had a distinct accented voice that he became very known for. When not acting, throughout the 1930s and 1940s, Norman entertained at various premier nightclubs and theaters like the famed Apollo theater.**

**In World War II, Norman served as a captain in the U.S. Army and he still performed during the war but retired from show business before the war ended."**

He was surprised at my intensity and willingness to show prospective volunteers around the hospital. He kept a clean desk and would either throw or act immediately on any new piece of paper that hit his desk. There was an unbelievable contrast to the quickly growing stack of incoming and outgoing on my desk that fronted his. Of course, he had held the job for 32 years and could tell instantly if a new piece of paper should be thrown away or acted upon and then quickly thrown away. He was an administrative wizard.

**This job was very different in that it utilized my ability to make productive relationships with people at work and also my skill in making people feel**

**comfortable. It had definite qualitative dimensions that no other job before had required and it fit my gifts nicely. Oh, nothing is perfect. Yes, there was committee work; paperwork reports; long detailed report to central office V.A. in D.C. which raised my blood pressure from time to time, but the normal daily flow of activities was to my liking. Recognizing people in my path and being upbeat and optimistic!**

I did have to organize and run a monthly meeting of volunteer group representatives, chaired officially by the Director of the Hospital; but I really ran the meeting and learned to do it effectively—usually. Sometimes a pushy veteran's group rep would dump problems at the meeting without my knowing what was coming up which was difficult to diplomatically handle. The groups all vied for recognition and attention from me, the hospital Director, and the media for their service.

**"Unfortunately, VA central office in Washington, D.C. kept me jumping with their frequent requests for reports and statistics which I have never enjoyed maintaining. When they called me for additional data, I would really sweat it out and usually ended up in a bad mood for a while following their calls. They wanted just too much detail in their reports while I was focusing on how the patients enjoyed our volunteers—different focuses."**

The veterans' groups put on picnics, swimming trips, bowling trips, and ran bingo games and took around presents and decorations every Christmas season. They showed me a devotion to the patients I have never seen since leaving that position years later! I managed the recognition ceremonies each year and awarded up to 20,000-hour awards to deserving volunteers. If you work with volunteers with disabled veterans away from the hospital, you must expect to work really hard physically. Someone always needs help getting into or out of a bus or car and their wheelchairs back in the 1970's were heavy and clumsy to carry. But I did my best not to disappoint the vets and the recreational staff did most of the heavy work. That is why they sometimes seemed to resent me in my role as the "arranger" of the field trips and other events. They had a valid point though I made every effort to show my appreciation for their role.



**Floyd Patterson: great boxer; really friendly, caring man!**

**I helped arrange for Floyd Patterson, world champion boxer, and the West Point Superintendent, and the USO show to appear at Castle Point and also helped inaugurate a procedure for patients to enroll for college classes taught at the hospital, perhaps my greatest administrative achievement. These were feathers in my professional hat and were acknowledged by the Hospital Chief of Staff and the Director. The Hospital Chief of Staff is the "boss of all doctors and reports to the Hospital Director who is the top management person at the hospital.**

We enjoyed the friendship of several couples who were our neighbors in our apartment off Rt. 9N, Lockey Woods Rd., and one was a dentist and one was the owner of a furniture store in Poughkeepsie, 20 miles north of our home. We exchanged suppers; swapped new parent "war stories" and also swam and sunned together in the complex swimming pool. I also jogged around our complex, finishing along a dirt road above it which gave me a chance to unwind after long, trying days managing the volunteers at the hospital. My physical approach to life's challenges continued on. And one of the neighbors competed in fencing and I admired his ability and enjoyed his story telling very much. It's a hobby I still think about from time to time but you just can't do everything.

And I played some golf, in nearby Newburg, but also drove 20 miles north to the James Baird public golf course, a real beauty, with majestic trees, lots of elevated tees which I love, and not too high a greens fee. I went there alone since none of my NY friends golfed. These outings kept me on an even keel and once again, physically involved with my universe.

**I also played some serious tennis during those years with Phil Hitch, and another guy whose name is lost in the mists of time. We were very competitive when we played each other. One weekend several families all competed; were given hand-made awards and then had a mega barbeque event for kids and adults. What a wonderful time we had and how little we were grateful for such a gathering of friends! In later years, I discovered that Phil was married to the same lady and she worked at Northeastern University. We met several times and relived the old tennis playing memories from our years in Beacon, NY.**

I joined the Newburgh YMCA and we played racquetball and basketball during that time in New York and then moved to regular tennis matches. My father's teaching of tennis enabled me to win more than I lost and the competition fed my "old athlete's soul".




**"Son Jon got picked up by a small van for his first school adventures and didn't like it a bit the first day but then grew to like it over time. Jon also suffered through a fear of the woods in our backyard and would, aged 3, run from our back door to a huge rock about 15 yards distant and then look with both interest and trepidation into the darkly wooded area nearby.**

**But he made a friend who when together, created a phalanx of sorts to defeat any enemy encountered! Jon, over time, would become quite a brave young man, always ready to go to the assistance of a person or group, who have been neglected, especially educationally, i.e. G.E.D. teaching, and high school teacher of gifted students with drug-related challenges. Yes, Jon would defeat all those fears some have of working directly "in the trenches" with the challenged and needy of any and all kinds of neglect He is a gifted teacher among his many God-given gifts."**

In the spring of 1974, the Chief of Staff, Dr. Jerecito, told me I had been selected for a promotion to the Truman Memorial V.A. Hospital in Columbia. I said, "South Carolina?" and he said, "no, Missouri!" You have the weekend to decide yes or no on the transfer/promotion. My wife Beth and I spent the entire weekend weighing the pros and cons of a move at that time. We had both lived all our lives on the East Coast and agreed that seeing another part of the U.S. would be a growth thing for both of us.

But our second son was just 6 months old and he had medical complications including potential heart surgery lying ahead. We talked with our pediatrician who said that Columbia had one of the best medical care systems in the country and they could handle all of Daniel's problems with ease. That fact helped us decide.

**I had also talked by phone with staff in Missouri who told me the hospital was located right across for the University of Missouri campus, which I saw as a major plus since I had already thought about getting another degree and moving into education. I sensed deep in my being that now was the time to take a risk and go "farther out into the field of human service".**

# Go West Young Man!

**Quotation from unknown publication-John B. Soule, not Horace Greeley**

***President Richard Nixon had been re-elected in 1972, defeating George McGovern 61% to 38% by popular vote. He would resign August 9, 1974 in disgrace from the Watergate break-ins and lying about almost everything. He did arrange for the 1973 release of my cousin Harley Chapman, Marine pilot POW, held from 1965 until 1973 and many others and he also helped open up trade with China, both of great importance, but his destiny was to end his reign in failure of the worst kind: moral.***

***I had voted for Johnson in 1968, my first time voting for President, and for McGovern in 1972. My parents always voted Democratic, both nationally and locally and were moderately liberal in their political outlooks.***

On Monday morning, I told the Chief of Staff I was ready to move to Missouri. Within 2 weeks, we had the moving van arranged and had located temporary housing in Columbia, Missouri at the Arrowhead Motel. Off we went to our new life and new adventures!



**When we got to St. Louis and then beyond to the endless stretches of Illinois my wife cried!**

**"The car trip with our Turquoise Dodge Dart was especially momentous when we got to a point in Illinois, beyond which neither of us had traveled, at least not as adults on a mission! We took a picture to preserve the milestone. Beyond lay the mid-west and when we crossed the Mississippi, the land flattened out and seemed endless. Beth cried after hours of nothing but an occasional farm maybe 5 miles away on the prairie. I rather enjoyed the contrast to what I had always known. I was sailing once again!"**



**Very much like our 1970 Dodge Dart**
**That drove us to Missouri!**

## Harry S. Truman Memorial Veterans Hospital, Columbia, Missouri:

**From one of the oldest VA hospitals to the newest!**

**The University of Missouri-Columbia is right across the street; see what happens next!**

**Salary: $GS-9 (about $9,000)**

**Columbia, Missouri, was and still is, a classic college town, population then about 50,000 and now of 110, 000 plus! The main campus abuts the town itself and seems to be an integral part of the whole. The city draws from many native Missourians and also from its eclectic academic population and measures up well in terms of quality of education offered. Missouri has an unusual combination of Midwest, Southern, Southwest influences in its cultural mix and also has two major cities, St. Louis to the East from Columbia and Kansas City to the west. A major medical complex is formed by the Truman V.A. hospital and the University of Missouri medical Center and Medical School, which are joined by a tunnel.**



***Missouri had a "different vibe"; it was so different from the East Coast—much more laid back and running at a slower pace. People seemed friendlier and when pulling up to a 4-way intersection, would often motion for you to go first! Now that's friendly.*** **My**

**overall life systems geared down a bit and remained that way until we headed back east in 1983 when I made a career decision that would affect the rest of my life, in particular my professional life goals and satisfaction levels.**

**I will always be thankful that I lived in Missouri for ten years and had the varied experiences of the Midwest mixed with the south and the southwest just a bit with hot sauces and Mexican foods now and then. Much was accomplished with less angst than on the East Coast and very few Americans understand this major difference in lifestyles. To this day when I tell someone here in Massachusetts that I lived in Missouri for ten years, their eyes seem to get glossy and I know they can't really understand what I experienced by living there, unless they too had lived somewhere west of the Mississippi!**

**What was working at the VA hospital like?**

"I was greeted by my secretary who also worked for the hospital Chaplain Jay Ketchie. She knew all about the volunteers and the hospital and was a great help in getting my bearings. She later told me she was very relieved to find out that I was a "nice guy" and not the "manager" she expected.

*I remember officiating at the Memorial Day Event at the hospital shortly after arriving at my new job, on a hot sultry Missouri day, high humidity, with gathering storm clouds, but no rain in sight. I recall being at the podium, with Beth and the boys off to my side, and addressing a group of about 50 persons, largely veteran group reps from the American Legion, VFW, and Disabled American Vets, plus my new colleague and friend, Jay Ketchie, the chaplain; we shared one secretary whose office adjoined his and mine. My son Daniel played with a vet in a wheelchair while Jon looked a bit bored. The celebration went well and we all went home and I was actually launched as the new Director of Voluntary Service.*

I directed about 300 volunteers, coordinated all donations to the hospital, scheduling most of the recreation programs, and presenting talks to potential volunteer groups in the mid-Missouri region, which covered perhaps 5000 square miles and extended to St. Louis on the east with Sedalia on the southwest and Kirksville to the north. This was the biggest eye-opener in living in Columbia, a city of about 40,000 persons, completely "joined" to the University of Missouri-Columbia, the main campus. The immense geographical range that my volunteers came from to receive VA services and to volunteer was the biggest eye-opener in this new job. Some volunteers drove over 100 miles to help at the hospital!"

**The hospital was a gem in terms of its newness, functional effectiveness, and the general quality of its volunteer contributions. My predecessor had moved on to a higher administrative position but I had a strong premonition that moving upward was not for me. I enjoyed the close interaction with individual volunteers who came faithfully, on the average of twice a month to help, some as far away as 100 miles or more. They were interviewed by me and placed in such jobs as:**

1. **Coffee server**
2. **Wheelchair helper**
3. **Recreation worker**
4. **Dietetics helper**
5. **Admissions clerical helper**
6. **Other clerical help throughout the hospital**
7. **Companionship therapy: visiting patients in their rooms**
8. **Lab assistant**

I had a 20-minute slide presentation showing the hospital and volunteers at work which I used in more than 75 situations during the 1974-1977 period I was Director. The slides elicited questions from my audiences who were often veteran groups in surrounding towns who used the hospital for services. I spoke at breakfasts, lunches, and of course dinners, which were my least favorite because I would miss the time at home with my family! And sometimes I would eat too much at the meal, before I spoke to the group. It's not easy to present a talk convincingly while you stifle burps and farts!

While working, I became familiar with the University, my new neighbor, and quickly developed an affinity—no surprise. I met with the student intern who ran the Center for Student Voluntary Action, on campus, and thought I might like their job sometime, but with no specific plan in mind. I just knew I wanted to return to school again to increase my sailing (career) options.

**"I had my share of mishaps on the road presenting the VA slideshow. One time at a VFW hall for a breakfast meeting talk, I enjoyed the food and felt ready to go. But when I went over and pulled up the screen, my thumb caught in the fastener and pain shot up my wrist and arm! I was speechless, literally and figuratively, but with one final pull, my thumb pulled free and I was able to dismiss offers of help; shake off the dismay, and make a commendable presentation. You just never know what to expect when on the road."**

## Our first real home!

We bought a small ranch house south of downtown Columbia, MO for $25,000, now 91K in 2016, and happily moved in. The trip to the V.A., downtown, and stores and entertainment was about 10 minutes by car. Columbia was then a semi-rural city of about 50,000 and as soon as you left town, you were in rural settings. We built a tree fort; put up jungle gym, and my Dad built a sandbox from scratch with Jon's help in 1975, a treasured photo still in my possession.

***Mother and Dad visited us in 1975 and that was Dad's only visit to Columbia. How I wish my Dad could have been with us longer to watch our boys grow up and to see how our lives would unfold when we moved back East in 1983. Cousins Harley and Connie and Dick also visited during our stay in Missouri. I remember that Harley brought a bottle of Royal Canadian which I still like a pull of now and again. Dick also enjoyed several drinks as we got caught up on all things Chapman.***

***My mother paid several visits including one right after Dad's death. She put up a good front and told stories and brought "suitcase surprises" for the boys as she always had done, but I knew her heart was still broken without my Dad. Their love for each other was a wonderful thing; often tested by life's vicissitudes, but never faltered in the least.***

***My Dad protected my mother and could always bring her back to that day's positive points and things to look forward to. Without him, she floundered a bit but then rallied with her friendships and her work at the University of Maryland, and then later by her many friends and activities at Leisure World in Rockville, MD where she lived for 13 years.***

***Cousin Connie and Dick Riedel and Cousin Harley visited us once while we were there. I recall Harley brought me a good Canadian Whiskey and we all had drinks both before and after dinner.***

***And Jim Anderson paid a visit connected to a business trip to St. Louis and I shared my stories I had collected since moving there in 1974. Jim told me later that he thought I had cancer as I had lost so much weight. But I'll share more on that later.***

**Jim and Linda Doherty also visited us and therein lies an amusing quote from Jim. He had just returned from getting a look around Columbia, and had stopped at a McDonalds for a snack. In front of him stood a local guy with a large cowboy hat on and Jim's quote is this, "Boy, they wear cowboy hats around here and they are serious about it!"**

## My Dad's last six months—a painful challenge for us all

***In March, 1976, we learned that my Dad had pancreatic cancer and was told he had about six months to live. We were shocked and though very absorbed in my budding career, I had trouble not obsessing about his condition. Dad handled it like everything else in his life; stoically and continued to pursue his hobbies and even took extended car trips to West Point and beyond to see friends with Mother. His courage was contagious and time sped by. We were together at Camp Week in August of 1976 after having visited with mother and Dad in July on a 3-week vacation from Columbia, Missouri. Jon and I played quoits with Dad alongside the home on larch Avenue and enjoyed his company.***



***My Dad, Max J. Chapman, first row center, President of the Elyria H.S. class of 1926, presides happily at the 50th reunion in Elyria, OH, in 1976, only four months before passing on. His classmates really loved him; see how the women clustered next to him. It brought death at age 68 to a man who had always kept himself in good physical shape. He had exercised daily over his lifetime which had always included plenty of physical activity, tennis, ballroom dancing, walking, and a reasonable diet, even if he smoked until age 64 and enjoyed a highball most weekends before dinner."***

**The maxim, "Life is just not fair" came to mind and Dad was buried In Silver Spring, MD, in a wooded, hillside location, with plots purchased for Mother and also my Brother Ronnie. I would not join them, buried in Maryland, though a part of my heart would always reside with them on that sunny, breezy hillside, far away from my later life in Massachusetts. And they had purchased a plot for Ron so he could be near them forever.**

***Once more, cue up: Now is the Hour, one of my Dad's favorite songs; we indeed must say goodbye but not forever. Or, another of my Dad's favorites: Stranger in Paradise!***

***"But I will always remember my father, striding confidently into his life; fully loving and serving his family; giving devoted service to America through his Navy career and with the Veterans Administration. He cherished the simple pleasures—a good breakfast, a day spent at his work bench and in the backyard at our home in Takoma Park, repairing and fixing things and always with us in mind. He enjoyed playing tennis with his friends near the Takoma Park Pool; teaching ballroom dancing with my Mother; lighting fires in our backyard fireplace with Ronnie. He always listened to me talk about my activities, my concerns, my dreams; and settled back in his easy chair in our living room with Mother to enjoy the end of the day with her while Ronnie and I slept comfortably, knowing he would "always be with us.***

***His exemplary behavior over time and amidst the severe challenges of raising Ronnie are hard to believe though I know because I saw it happen and benefited greatly from its effects. I too stayed optimistic despite hardships and focused on the pluses of life and the pleasures of the daily round."***

We also met at Camp Week in the summer of 1976--Beth, Jon, Dan and me. Dad and I played tennis and he was still competitive, just two months before he died. This was a tribute to his life-long attention to daily exercise and moderation in all aspects of living. Dad practiced but seldom preached, and was satisfied to let others draw their own conclusions about his lifestyle.

**To not have My Dad, my hero, my best friend in many respects, living nearby, was very hard to accept during the years we lived in Missouri. I looked up to my Dad and he never let me down. He was always loving, caring, and responsible. He always took care of Mother, Ronnie and me. And he was frugal and respectful of his belongings and his home. He took care of everything he came in contact with in his life. I love my Dad and always will.**

**His spirit has continued to be part of my life, even after death which should be comforting to those who read these words and know that though the life ends, the love does not! And so, Dad was buried in Wheaton, Maryland in a plot next to my Mother and a plot reserved for my brother Ronnie. And so, we moved on in life, minus my Dad, my hero.**

***My Dad really liked Jimmy Carter and though he died before Carter's election, he told my Mother whom he would vote for: Carter without a doubt. I'm sure Dad followed the pre-election on TV closely as long as his Cancer would let him; Dad was so well informed and always followed news and current events as long as I knew him. Mother did too but was more interested in social and entertainment news over time and less tolerant of diverse views than Dad. Carter would serve until January 1981 when the Reagan era began. I also voted for Carter.***

## Community Service in Missouri

While working at the V.A., I volunteered to be on the board of directors for the Columbia Voluntary Action Center, and became the only male member for several years! Betty Adams, wife of Dr. Nick Adams, who figures prominently later on in my Ph.D. work, was the Executive Director and a fireball of energy in those years. I had occasional lunches with Betty all through my stay in Columbia, MO.

She was a good person, full of life, and even in later years, when confined to a speedy "car-mobile sans wheel chair", she continued to do good works in central Missouri! Betty and Dr. Adams had been neighbors of my parents in Takoma Park, MD, living a block away and having attended my engagement party to Beth Wiley! What a strange coincidence.

I also volunteered with the Missouri State Office of Volunteerism, and gave workshops on several occasions on Management of Volunteers and Recruiting and Training Volunteers, once interacting with then Attorney General John Danforth, also an Episcopal priest, who went on to become U.S. Senator and chaplain of the Senate. The car ride took about 30 minutes from Columbia, to the State Capitol, in Jefferson City.

**"Additionally, I did several consultations with community agencies, notably a food cooperative, on how to utilize volunteers, and also served at the Calvary Episcopal Church, leading ecumenical career development workshops for college and adult groups. I saw first-hand how much people appreciated help in fashioning a career or just better utilizing their God-give abilities or gifts. I knew I wanted to help adults with career-related problems and challenges but had no specific idea of what, or where, or when**."

"In the spring of 1976, knowing that we wanted to drive back East. we bought a Chinese Red 1976 Plymouth Volare and like the Italian word and song "To Fly", that is just what we did in that magical car. Our trip east was more eventful due to the fact that my father had terminal pancreatic cancer and was told he'd only live into fall 1976.



We drove to Maryland and stayed with mother and Dad. My father was his usual positive self if a bit put off by his food not tasting good because of his meds. He and Jon and I played a game he loved: quoits which is done by throwing light metal circles to a hole of about 6" dug at a distance of 20 feet, much like horseshoes and scored just like it. Jon reveled in the new game and my Dad loved playing with us as he had with me years before.

***"I will never forget an encounter with Dad while we were in Maryland on that trip. He and I met coming and going down the basement steps at our Larch Avenue home and both paused and hugged. Dad looked directly at me and as I said, "You are a great Dad", he replied tearing up, "I hope I have been". I could only choke out "Yes you have!" My steady Dad, now feeling the killing effects of his cancer, still loved me dearly and wanted to tell me how devoted he was to me and our family and he did it this way and never again referred to his mortality.***

**What a model he was for me and still is, now 37 years since his passing into Heaven. His devotion to family kept Mother, Ronnie, and me together and moving forward with love, optimism, and yes, humor through those long years from 1943, Ron's birth, until his death in 1976."**

## Counseling can help

**"We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things, but the great point is, to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit"**

**By R. Cecil, from Daily Strength for Daily Needs, Tileston**

In 1975, with the urging of my then wife Beth, who was a complete believer in the usefulness of counseling, I talked with the career counselors at the university and over several sessions, identified my specific intention to pursue a doctoral degree so that I could get into teaching and higher education circles job-wise. But oh, what a slow process to initiate! With my counselor, Bob, we eliminated many possible career paths, using an old-fashioned card sort process: work most desired; less desired; no desire. It pointed to and affirmed my desire to help people in a coaching or recreational, or teaching setting.

***<u>Cue up "Bridge over troubled waters" by Simon & Garfunkel</u>***

**"Later in 1983, when pressed with an extremely demanding job situation, I also got counseling assistance which provided a revelation to me. Namely, that though my wife Beth was very bright and capable; she was not always right, even though she was persuasive and emotional. This revelation provided quite a bit of comfort for me at that time and allowed me to deal with our divorce, years later in 1987."**

**"Marriage is a challenging relationship between two people, initially drawn to each other by physical attraction and some unknown combination with the other's background, cultural mix, value system, and "life plan". Beth and I connected on all but the "life plan" in that I am not naturally ambitious; enthusiastic and determined yes, but never desiring great wealth or high level of work responsibility.**

**Much more important to me are working on a cause I truly believe in rather than a product or service, and working with people I enjoy being with; and with a schedule that**

**allows me to fully partake of leisure activities to the fullest; I never lived to work; I worked to live but it never owned my soul, not even one part of it!"**

## My Ph.D. program is born!

**I'd like to quote one of my heroes, Henry David Thoreau here who said this about your aim in life, "In the long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fall immediately, they had better aim at something high" For me, achieving a Ph.D. was aiming very high indeed. Wasn't I the guy who got average grades in high school and a 2.2 overall as an undergraduate?**

**Yes, but I was also the same guy who got almost 4.0 in my Master's Degree program at Springfield College! So, I picked up a new quiver and began firing my arrows one at a time, course by course, all the time pointing my aim at a Ph.D., the first earned in my family. Again, courage shows itself in many forms!**

**I started taking classes after work in the fall of 1975 and earned my Ph.D. in 1980, a total of five years of part-time and full-time academic work. I believe I am the first in my Chapman family to ever attain the Ph.D. degree! I thoroughly enjoyed the studies and being a student again.**

***My favorite classes were adult career development, the Philosophy of Education, and a group process class, taught by my advisor, Dr. Dobbs, which used a wonderfully simple method of conducting a productive discussion with a group. The process is as follows:***

***Simply have the group agree on a topic which must be in the form of a question, i.e. "What should we do for an office picnic?" Then the group must agree on an outcome, i.e. "What will we consider "being finished" on this topic, such as: work assignments, dates, types of foods, whom to invite, activities all recorded with the person charged.***

***Then identify the steps to be taken to reach the outcome, i.e."***

1. ***Each person writes down possible assignments, foods, invitations, activities***
2. ***Each person presents them to the group***
3. ***One person will be chosen to take notes***
4. ***One person will be chosen to follow up on assignments.***

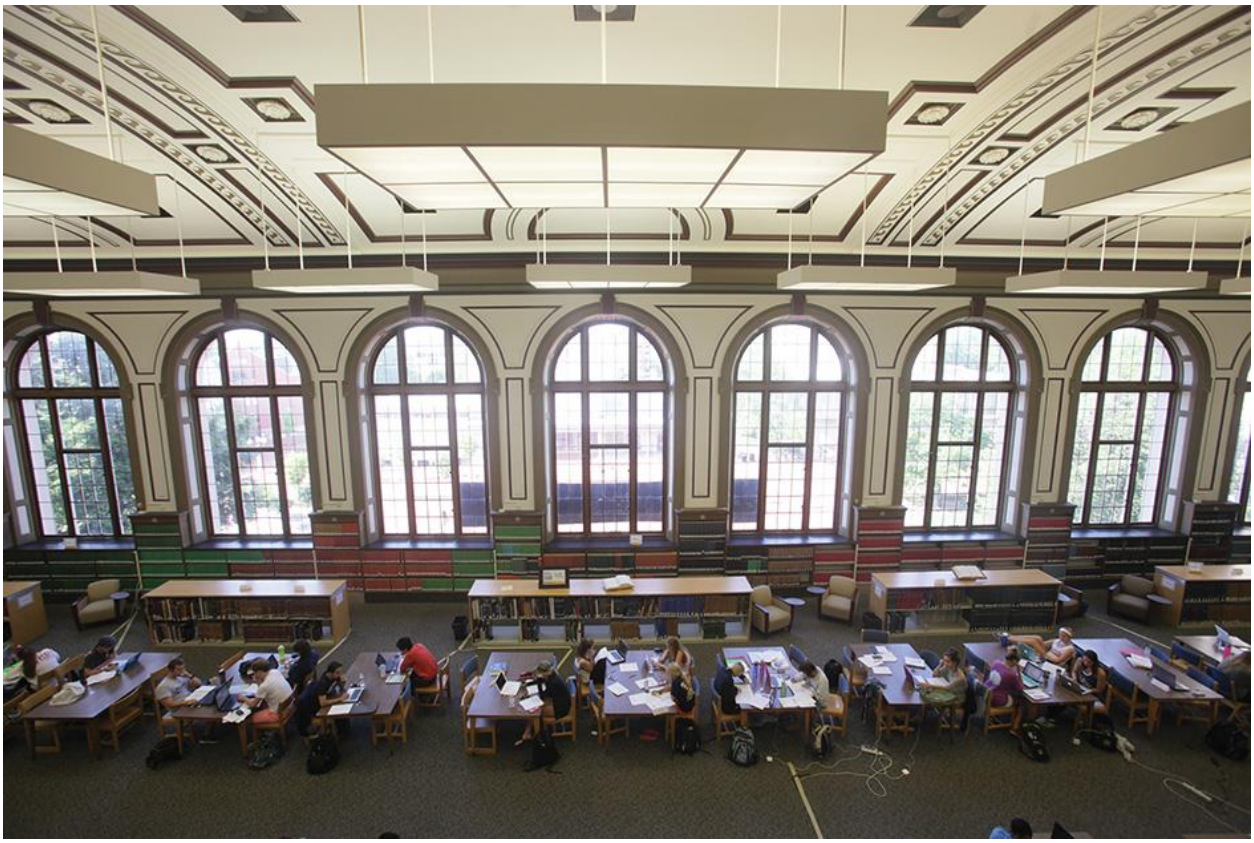
***This process works, even when there is competition and differences of opinion. Try it!***

**Class work and dissertation**

I taught graduate courses in the Department of Community Development: Group and Interpersonal Competence, and Management of Volunteer Programs (which I created) several times in the evenings, directed the Student Center for Voluntary Action as an internship, and took full-time classes, AND, fathered Jon and Dan while Beth worked full-time in the Journalism Department at the university.

**"I never really loved to teach since I felt there was, even in a good class, an artificiality to it plus I could not get to know individual students to the degree I wanted to really help them grow and develop. Later on, I would realize that I was destined to become a counselor in career development and also an excellent trainer in communications, career issues, management, stress management, and a consultant in the effective use of volunteers. That would be my true vocation!" I would much rather respond to a person's stated need than "pour learning" into him."**

***I spent one full year writing my dissertation, from summer 1979 to spring 1980 and during that time, was the parent at home except for stints at the library for research. Being a generally nurturing guy, I found this to my liking and would alternate activities easily.***



***My home away from home, researching and writing dissertation: 9/1979-5/1980!***

***This library at the university was my "home" for the school year 1979-80 where I did my tedious research pre-computer for my Ph.D. dissertation. Good news: there was a McDonald's right across the street! No computers; searching by hand in files; collating information; trying it on a small manual typewriter! "Those were not the days", to paraphrase the old ditty.***

*I chose* ***"Reasons why university students do volunteer work"*** *as my topic since many persons told me to pick a topic I was truly fascinated with, since you will spend so many hours researching and writing it. They were right. I had spent almost eight years directing volunteers at the YMCA and at the VA and had always wanted to understand my own motivations in life and also those around me. Why did folks decide to volunteer? And why in particular did college students decide to volunteer in social services?*

This one topic provided my strongest intellectual goad and kept me interested through the entire dissertation process. Some of my friends, notably David, was unable to identify an original idea to research, and never earned his Ph.D. But David and I spent many enjoyable lunches together, smoking our pipes, and mutually giving support to each other, commiserating on the undue amount of work involved, and the daily current events on campus and far beyond. I needed his friendship and he gave it willingly. I lost track of David but hope he has led a happy productive life!

**"I went to the library every day for probably six months and then spent another six months typing, editing, and getting reviews from my doctoral committee. And by the way, those were days before computers, so I was correcting errors and making changes on a manual typewriter at home in my den. This was laborious but I certainly knew every idea presented in detail, including all my references and could talk about my subject at will, much to the boredom I'm sure of some of my family and friends. Ha!"**

## A few of my important research references

**The following books are just an overview of what I studied in my Ph.D. program. Those of you not inclined toward academic pursuits can "fast forward" and escape my recollections of research and authors. I state why they were important to the creation of a philosophy of adult education of my own, while still admiring the "giants" in my field:**

**1. Daniel Levinson: "Seasons of a Man's Life"**

One of my favorite quotes from Levinson is:

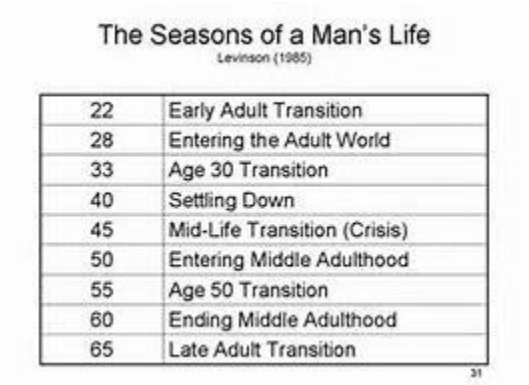
**"Adults hope that life begins at 40 but their greatest anxiety is that it ends there"**

**In my life, many of my best professional and personal achievements have happened after age 40!**

Levinson's book was a true eye opener for me in graduate school. I had sensed that I was going through various stages in my life—new challenges, new interest, new priorities, new goals but his book gave me a "coatrack" to hang my ideas on so as to better analyze their meanings for me in my life. It achieved commercial success too though never competed with the best of fiction, America's secret obsession!

Here is a summary of his theory (by Levinson et al.) and some limitations in its usefulness as we move more deeply into the 21st century in the US. In current times, economic downturns have made "searching for the perfect career" problematical but his theories still hold power. They are always useful in beginning to understand just how adults become adults and how they shift their focus and careers over a lifetime.

"**There are 6 stages of adulthood in Levinson's theory titled "Seasons of a Man's Life":**




1) ***Early adult transition (17-22)*** - leave adolescence, make preliminary choices for adult life
2) ***Entering the adult world (22-28)*** - make initial choices in love, occupation, friendship, values, lifestyle

3) ***Age 30 transition (28-33)*** - changes occur in life structure, either a moderate change or, more often, a severe and stressful crisis
4) ***Settling down (33-40)*** - establish a niche in society, progress on a timetable, in both family and career accomplishments; are expected to think and behave like a parent so they are facing more demanding roles and expectations.

5) ***Mid-life transition (40-45)*** - life structure comes into question, usually a time of crisis in the meaning, direction, and value of each person's life. Neglected parts of the self (talents, desires, aspirations) seek expression. Men are seen more as parents than as "brothers" to other men who are somewhat younger than them and this message comes as an irritation at first. Also at this time, men becoming increasingly aware of death and they are reminded of how short life really is. They become involved in trying to leave a legacy and this usually forms the core of the second half of his life.

6) ***Entering middle adulthood (45-50)*** - choices must be made, a new life structure formed.

person must commit to new tasks. * Some sources also stated that there was a ***late adulthood*** stage during which time a man spent time reflecting on past achievements and regrets, and making peace with one's self and others (including God).
** Daniel Levinson later went on to write a book titled “Seasons of a Woman's Life”.

**Problems with Levinson's theory:**
Daniel Levinson collected the data for his study many decades ago, shortly after the Great Depression ended. Due to the time period, the men used for this study have 3 things in common:
1) they come from stable families
2) they had realistic goals for their life
3) became adults in an expanding economy

Men who have grown up in the last four or five decades, however, have had to deal with less stable families due to high divorce rates, and they tend to have goals which are much more difficult to achieve. They have also had to deal with a fluctuating economy, and because of these differences it is difficult to apply Levinson's studies to today's generation.

**How does this theory apply to school?**
Since most sources state that Levinson's theory begins at the age of 17 in the “Early Adult Transition”, there isn’t any reference to how one develops during the school years.

**How does this theory apply to society?**

Firstly, many people are making the transition from youth to adulthood without any hope or optimism. This says that society as a whole throughout this age bracket is lacking enthusiasm and drive. When men near the age of thirty, they have new expectations in society such as to provide for their children and aging parents. They are seen more as fathers than they were previously. The occurrence of a culminating event in a man's life surfaces the midlife transition stage. When this happens, men usually become interested in acts of humanitarianism, and they are more cautious as they come to terms with the reality of death.

**How does this theory apply to the workplace?**

Once men reach the age of thirty, or so, they are taking more senior positions in their jobs as their focus is to provide care for their children and their aging parents. Once a man reaches his forties, he begins questioning, “Is this all I am going to do for the rest of my life?”. This often causes one to drastically change their field of work, an act that has come to be known as a “midlife crisis”. By this age, men have often made the amount of money that they desire and so they begin looking into jobs that benefit others.”

**Major references from my Ph.D. Dissertation, "University Students' Reasons for Volunteering", Terry H. Chapman, 1980. University of Missouri-Columbia:**

***1. Harriet Naylor*, Leadership for Volunteering, 1976 book, written by a federal government official charged with volunteer development in the US and someone whose opinion I valued.**

***2. Donald Super*, The Psychology of Careers, 1957, who presents an overall theory of career development that was germinal in its importance to me in doing volunteerism research.**

***3. Jon Van Til*, In Search of Volunteerism, in "Proceedings: Roles of colleges and universities in volunteerism", 1977. I met Jon at a conference on volunteerism in Pittsburg in 1978 and learned from him about various theories of volunteerism. Bright guy who was a model of sorts for me in doing serious academic research, coming from the field as a practitioner and not a researcher!**

***4. David Horton Smith*, "the dean of early volunteerism research" and one of my "mentors". I carried around both his books in my campus briefcase and referred to them often between 1978 and 1980 when I completed my dissertation. I loved looking into every fine detail that might explain voluntary behavior of humans, especially university students that were coming to my internship office in Student Affairs and asking to do community social service volunteer work for little or no pay. Why? That was the 1M$ question I had to answer and I did!**

**His books:**

**Voluntary Action Research: 1972 and Voluntary Action Research: 1973**

**Other career books of importance in my Ph.D. studies:**

**6. John Holland's book on Theory of Career Choice: here is a diagram that is useful in understanding basic personality types or leanings and what types of jobs might fit that personality type. They are merely guidelines and not firm determinants of career choice:**

**Holland's Hexagon**

John Holland created a hexagonal model that shows the relationship between the personality types and environments.




Notice that the personality types closest to each other are more alike than those farther away. You can see this most clearly when you compare the personalities opposite each other, on the hexagon. For example, read the description of the types for Realistic and Social. You will see that they are virtually the opposite of each other. On the other hand, Social and Artistic are not that far apart.

**7. Bolles, "What Color is your parachute?"**

**This book was in 1977 and still is today one of the best career planning books ever written! A former Episcopal priest got into higher education and counseling and developed a novel, stimulating approach to career planning which used creative graphics, varied exercises to "call out" a person's dreams and aspirations and help them find a good career match. The book connected what you like to do and are good at doing, with possible good career matches! This idea is revolutionary in nature!**

**I carried this book around in my briefcase along with Horton Smith's books on volunteerism and used it as a constant reference. I'm sure it helped me focus on a human services direction in my life and helped many thousands more. Hat's off to one of the best**
**authors in the field of careers.**

**8. Robert R. Blake and Jane Srygley Moulton, "Consultation" 1976.**

**This is the best book on understanding the overall process of organizational consulting I have ever read and used! The authors are meticulous in presenting a well-organized diagram of interventions into an organization at all levels from simply informational help to a re-vamping of the entire organization! Nothing is left out of their analysis and methodology. Although theoretical, it is backed up with the author's field experiences. Though dated in 2012, I suspect it would still be useful in the training of new consultants in human services, community organization and development, and counseling.**

**10. David Kolb's model of Learning Styles gave me a "coat rack" to hang my ideas of learning and teaching on. I read and re-read much of his writing about learning and still find it germane to the teaching and advising I do in a volunteer capacity as career counselor and simply helper. This is longer than I'd like but I want you to have a good idea of his thinking—maybe it could help you in your career choices or in your work.**

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Kolb's model of learning styles* is one of the best-known and widely used learning style theories. Psychologist David Kolb first outlined his theory of learning styles in 1984. He believed that our individual learning styles emerge due to our genetics, life experiences, and the demands of our current environment. In addition to describing four different learning styles, Kolb also developed a theory of experiential learning and a learning style inventory.

In his experiential theory, learning is viewed as a four-stage cycle. First, immediate and concrete experiences serve as a basis for observation. Next, the individual reflects on these observations and begins to build a general theory of what this information might mean. In the next step, the learner forms abstract concepts and generalizations based upon their hypothesis. Finally, the learner tests the implications of these concepts in new situations. After this step, the process once again cycles back to the first stage of the experiential process.

The learning styles described by Kolb are based upon two major dimensions: active/reflective and abstract/concrete.

**The four learning styles that Kolb identified are:**

**The Converger**
People with this learning style have dominant abilities in the areas of Abstract Conceptualization and Active Experimentation. They are highly skilled in the practical application of ideas. They tend to do best in situations where there is a single best solution or answer to a problem.

**The Diverger (Terry Chapman's dominant learning style)**

*Divergers dominant abilities lie in the areas of Concrete Experience and Reflective Observation, essentially the opposite strengths of the Converger. People with this learning style are good at looking at the "big picture" and organizing smaller bits of information into a meaningful whole. Divergers tend to be emotional and creative and enjoy brainstorming to come up with new ideas. Artists, musicians, counselors, and people with a strong interest in the fine arts, humanities, and liberal arts tend to have this learning style.*

**The Assimilator**
Assimilators are skilled in the areas of Abstract Conceptualization and Reflective Observation. Understanding and creating theoretical models is one of their greatest strengths. They tend to be more interested in abstract ideas rather than in people, but they are not greatly concerned with the practical applications of theories. Individuals who work in math and the basic sciences tend to have this type of learning style. Assimilators also enjoy work that involves planning and research.

**The Accommodator**
People with this learning style are strongest in Concrete Experience and Active Experimentation. This style is basically the opposite of the Assimilator style. Accommodators are doers; they enjoy performing experiments and carrying out plans in the real world. Out of all four learning styles, Accommodators tend to be the greatest risk-takers. They are good at thinking on their feet and changing their plans spontaneously in response to new information. When solving problems, they typically use a trial-and-error approach. People with this learning style often work in technical fields or in action-oriented jobs such as sales and marketing.

**Similarity to Jungian Personality Theory**

Kolb has suggested that his theory expands and builds upon Carl Jung's theory of personality, which is focused on how individuals prefer to interact and adapt to the world. Kolb's learning dimensions share a great deal in common with the dimensions found on the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator (MBTI). The Jungian learning styles are also based upon the types identified on the MBTI. I am probably a feeling, intuitive, judgmental style.

The MBTI is a personality inventory based on Jung's work that looks at personality across four major dimensions. The Extraversion/Introversion dimension on the MBTI is very similar to Kolb's Active/Reflective dimension. People high on extraversion and active experimentation tend to be doers, while those high on introversion and reflective observation tend to be watchers. The Feeling/Thinking dimension on the MBTI is also very similar to Kolb's Concrete/Abstract dimension. Those high in the feeling and concrete experience areas tend to be more focused on the here-and-now, while those high in the areas of thinking and abstract conceptualization prefer to focus on theoretical concepts.

## Support and Criticism for Kolb's Learning Styles

In one survey of students, Kolb and Goldman found that there was a correlation between student learning styles and their chosen departmental major. Students who planned to graduate in their selected major had learning styles that were strongly related to their areas of interest. For example, students entering management fields had a more accommodative style, while those pursuing mathematics degrees had a more assimilative approach. The results also indicated that students who were pursuing a degree aligned with their learning style had a greater commitment to their field than did students who were pursuing degrees not related to their learning preferences.

The concept of learning styles has been criticized by many and experts suggest that there is little evidence to support the existence of learning styles at all. One large scale study looked at more than 70 different learning style theories and concluded that each lacked enough valid research to support its claims. In a 2008 article, educator Mark K. Smith argued that Kolb's model is supported only by weak empirical evidence and that the learning process is actually far more complex than the theory suggests. He also noted that the theory fails to fully acknowledge how different experiences and cultures may impact the learning process.

***Other career theories: see my dissertation at #at 770 Salisbury St., or ask for Margaret Chapman, my dear wife, Worcester, M; it's in a turquoise binding!***

**Malcolm Knowles, a founder of the humanistic school of adult education, Director of Adult Programs, Boston YMCA, and Professor in several schools including Boston University:**

**I participated in a workshop on adult education theories and practices in St. Louis about 1980 where he was our main presenter and ate and talked with us between formal sessions. He was a wonderful teacher, mild and Socratic in manner, and always ready to adjust his teaching to what his students needed to learn! I have tried in my teaching, counseling, training, and advising to reflect the solid expertise he showed me by example so long ago in St. Louis. Thank you, Malcolm!**

**And still another author in adult development theory that I thoroughly enjoyed reading was Frederic M. Hudson His book, The Adult Years, Mastering the Art of Self Renewal. His concept of "cocooning", taking a quiet, reflective rest period after a traumatic career event has great field validity and I myself have "cocooned" several times after career and great personal challenges and adversities.**

**"But I did like spending long, intensive periods using my mind to put my thesis on paper and to find out who had discovered what about the specific topic. The dissertation was indeed my best piece of critically accepted intellectual work. Later on, I would discover that my best professional work contributions would be achieved in education and counseling, notably in career development consulting and not research."**
**I modestly hope that since 1980, at least some researchers have read my dissertation and been able to use it in further delineating the motivation of perhaps our greatest human attribute: altruism, helping our fellow man!**

## I become a stay at home Dad!

**"Love my kids; have manual typewriter and will work at home for almost free"**
**Salary: $2,000 for each college course taught**

**Quotation from Terry chapman**

*The role was unusual for a male in the late 1970's and sometimes I'd get stared at by the kids' mothers when I took the boys on a Monday morning to the Stephen's College Lake, ¼ mile walk from our house for the day. The boys would play and I could read and play with them too. We sometimes took sandwiches and a drink and there was a playground, trees, and a golf course surrounding the lake. We had many good times, the three of us boys, at Stephen's Lake. We always threw a Frisbee while on those trips.*

**"Jon loved to row a boat and swim and Daniel liked the water and eating out at the picnic tables around the lake. We would take hot dogs and hamburgers and use the grills that were stationed there. Jon also caught a bass with me on a spinning reel one day which surprised both of us, while we waited for our car to be fixed across the street at Alice's gas station. Columbia offered all the perks of a small city—easy access to all services, friendly neighbors and co-workers, and polite drivers, yes polite. They would literally motion you to go first when four cars were stopped at an intersection—believe it!"**

"I fished with spinning gear for bass which Lake Stephens held plenty of. I even caught a luckless bat one night fishing at dusk when I back casted into him and flung him into the trunk of a basswood tree. What a surprise for both of us! I was able to cut the line and he flew away. The lake was a 5-minute walk from our small cape house, crossing a country road and climbing over the fence. Those days seem halcyon to me as I write these words,

some 30 years later, here in Worcester, Massachusetts. Time filters our memories, mostly making them better, and leaving behind some of our troubles and challenges."

## LATE SUMMER: EARLY MIDDLE AGE: 1976-1987, AGE 36-47
## Cue up the music: Mysterious Mountain by Hovhaness!



**What you have done is pretty good but what still lies ahead beyond the**

**curve of the mountain? That is the question of middle age!**

**The other pressing question is "where do all the ear and nose hairs come from and why?**

# Forseeing

by Sharon Bryan

*Middle age* refers more
to landscape than to time:
it's as if you'd reached

the top of a hill
and could see all the way
to the end of your life,

so you know without a doubt
that it has an end—
not that it *will* have,

but that it *does* have,
if only in outline—
so for the first time

you can see your life whole,
beginning and end not far
from where you stand,

the horizon in the distance—
the view makes you weep,
but it also has the beauty

of symmetry, like the earth
seen from space: you can't help
but admire it from afar,

especially now, while it's simple
to re-enter whenever you choose,
lying down in your life,

**waking up to it**
**just as you always have—**
**except that the details resonate**

**by virtue of being contained,**
**as your own words**
**coming back to you**

**define the landscape,**
**remind you that it won't go on**
**like this forever.**

Excerpted from Robert Browning's The Wild joys of living":

***Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels waste. Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew unbraced. Oh, the wild joys of living! The leaping from rock up to rock—The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, --the cool silver shock of the plunge in a pool's living water, --the hunt of the bear, and the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair……And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell that the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well. How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ all the heart and soul and the senses, forever in joy!***

# Anthony Mello: "We don't fear the unknown: we don't want to give up the known"

**Candle Lighters**



**In early August, 1977, I returned from winning a golf bag at a tournament at Stephen's Lake, to find Beth and Daniel at home and Beth was upset. Daniel was short of energy, and had been getting continuous bruises on his legs and trunk, and they weren't the result of falling or fighting. Why? We took him to the university medical center and were told they needed more blood tests to determine the problem.**

**"Later that day, they took us into a conference room and a nurse and a doctor told us the news that would change our lives for years to come: Daniel had leukemia, Acute Lymphocytic Leukemia (A.L.L), a life-threatening disease. He was quickly admitted; we were in shock and partially retreated to a day or two of bouts of crying and asking, "Why?" until we were hoarse. We called our Episcopal priests, David Hegg and Stephen Hayward and leaned on them emotionally and spiritually and tried to cope. Their help was sorely needed and it continued as long as we knew them in Missouri. We reacted quite differently to the shock.**

**I remember that Beth, to meet her emotional needs, designed an entire funeral program for Daniel, so that she would have some "control" over such a difficult thought. For me, I prayed some; leaned on my friends and extended family, and tried to focus on using each day to move my family forward, including, once Dan was in remission, beginning my full-time student residency requirement for my Ph.D.**

**Life would indeed go on and I'm so proud of Daniel, Jon, and Beth and myself that we persevered, with hope, love, and excellent medical care and the help of friends and relatives, and made it through those long hard months and years."**

The best protocol through the University of Missouri Medical Center at the time recommended chemotherapy. Dr. Hakami tried to reassure us of its efficacy in previous

trials with other cancer patients. Many other protocols used radiation therapy alone or with chemotherapy.

We grew guardedly optimistic when his cancer went into remission in about 2 weeks of chemotherapy. Although many patients lose their hair, Daniel kept his and tolerated the chemicals very well, with some nausea and great dislike of the shots in his arm which were administered almost daily. Beth and I would take turns taking him for shots and worked hard at maintaining an optimistic but realistic face for the boys. I made Dan my first priority though I was already embarked on my Ph.D. journey—but that could wait for now. And we tried to do "normal" things with Jon during that period. Jon of course worried about why he was ok and not Dan, and would Dan die. We answered all questions truthfully and also got counseling as a family from social workers like Russ Breyfogel who remains a friend to this day.

**Son Jon took the brunt of our understandable pre-occupation with Dan's Cancer and we know it hurt him to know his brother might die and also, "why didn't he get cancer?" We were somewhat aware of his feelings, but counseling later on did provide some relief to unfair self-doubts that Jon might have had.** ***What a great son and brother is Jon! My oldest son has always been a true nurturer and loyal to all of his family and has continued to help us all with his devotion to this day!***

***Dan handled the stress, pain, and strain of leukemia with much bravery and my admiration and love for him then, and now, are of the first order. Later, Dan would walk to cure cancer and I walked with him and then volunteer at the Dana Farber Clinic in Boston and ride thousands of miles on his bike in the Pan Mass Challenge to help the clinic and to cure Cancer. Truly devoted to his cause, my son Dan raised more than $75K and is a sterling example of getting a lemon from life, and making some delicious and health-giving lemonade!!***

**We truly became "an island unto ourselves" in that we loved, encouraged, and supported every aspect of each other's existence though we did reach out with overtures and accept any and all love and help from family and friends and the churches we attended. Without that we might not have succeeded but we persevered and we succeeded. We would settle for nothing less for Dan and for all of us.**

We joined a parent support group called Candle Lighters which met weekly at our church in Columbia. It was really hard because some of those parents lost their child while we were members. Russ Breyfogel was the social worker who helped us with the group and we became close friends, going fishing and camping together at Bennett Springs, a trout park in central Missouri. Our priest, David Hegg and assistant Steve Heyward continued to be a big part of our support plus all of friends and relatives who sent good wishes and prayed hard for Daniel.

We got through it with superb medical care including the protocol (only chemotherapy), Dr. Hakami, nurses, social worker Russ Breyfogel, our church family, our extended family,

and of course, our friends. Our church prayed non-stop until we heard that Dan's cancer was in remission and he started to get better. Strong support from a loving community!

***"One time while Dan was recuperating, we attended a cocktail party, and were greeted by Robin Kennedy, wife of George Kennedy, the Editor of the Missourian newspaper in Columbia. She said, "So what's new in your life other than Dan's Cancer?" Her comment was so startling and yet life affirming that Beth and we laughed and talked animatedly with the Kennedys for quite a while and became their good friends. I'm sorry I lost track of Robin after my divorce in later years. Robin was a botanist and a true hedonist of the first order and tons of fun to be with!" Through recent Facebook contacts with their daughter Jessica I have once again established a tenuous but welcome relationship.***

Our life continued on in Missouri and the kids turned into full grown boys. I loved to play with them both outside and inside. We took many trips to Stephens Lake nearby and we swam, fished, tossed Frisbees, and cooked tons of hot dogs and burgers. Stephens Lake gave us a vacation-type venue, at a very low cost, and kept our family recreating and hanging together from 1974 until we moved in 1983.



**One of my favorite fishing spots ever: bass fishing with a spinning rod and rubber worm, daytime and dusk; lots of 2lb largemouth bass; good fun from 1974-79! I've fished in early dark of evening for bass lurking about 40' out from the bank in front of the smaller tree foreground left; then walked about ¼ mile up the bank to our small cape House that literally looked out on a bit of prairie. Columbia was unique and I will always hold a warm spot in my heart for such a friendly, productive, easy going spot! We cooked many a nice supper over charcoal as the dreamy warm air flowed all around us; good times for all of us and cherished!**

*"As to inside play, I used to tell the boys stories at bedtime on occasion, especially a story of a little guy named Homer who lived in a tree house and how he organized that house, and how secure and comfortable he was and how he grew a garden, and how he lived his life and interacted with the people he saw in the woods. Jon and Dan loved these stories and Dan later used the idea for a school brief essay which got great acclaim for him in grade school." Later on, son Dan wrote a cute story about a little creature curled up in a leaf sleeping as I recall. Creativity doesn't just happen; it is birthed.*

I gave the boys their baths until they were in Ohio later on at ages 13 and 10. We also watch lots of TV—Disney channel, sports, some news and lots of cartoons and kids' programming. We played some table games like the card game concentration but we preferred active games outside whenever we could.

Jon rode a skating board and broke an ankle bone as I recall. Both boys rode their bikes all around and they also had many adventures, some of which, I am only now hearing about down on Hinkson Creek, 100 yards from our house. As a matter of fact, son Jon lost a red coat one winter and we recovered it the following spring. Beth made Jon wear the coat home all dirty and wet, as his punishment for losing it carelessly.

## Another Fateful Decision

**The Road Not Taken made all of the difference!**



**Before Daniel got Leukemia, I had decided to resign from the federal government and had told my boss about a week before we learned of Daniel's cancer. What to do? We talked and prayed long and hard before deciding that if I was to be the person and father I wanted to be, it wouldn't do to have me angry about not going to get my PhD. Beth had a full-time job at the University of Missouri. Also, I would be covered for health insurance for a year after resigning, which made the financial difference. Additionally, I would be getting a small salary as instructor in the University's department of Community Development.**

**But many of my friends disagreed. They could not understand, even before Dan's Cancer appeared, why I would leave a good paying federal government position with promotion opportunities to become a full-time student! My leaving "held up a mirror to their souls" and in my leaving they saw whatever they wanted to see in its significance—right or wrongly. I pray that their life decisions have worked as well or better than mine.**

**In retrospect, I was very strong in making this decision. I still believe it was the wise thing to do. It focused my energies which I knew it would and I produced plenty of energy to both nurture my hurting family and also divert myself to some degree from Dan's pain with the disease. Plus, I craved the recognition which a doctorate would in part provide, sensing also that I wanted to move into more substantial ways to teach and help others.**

**My intellectual penchant had always been to learn profound insights from each new experience and this one had the potential of providing many insights and new career possibilities. No one in my family had earned higher than a master's degree and I have always liked adventures and this one seemed right up my alley.**

**It also gave me more time to be with our other son, Jon, who faced the uncommon dilemma of "not getting leukemia" and wondering why not him? Jon's response was to become an even more devoted member of our family, a role he has continued to play ever since! Jon has a large heart and demonstrates his love by his actions.**

**Dan's gift is acceptance and an overall joy in life and all of its trappings! What a marvelous set of sons I have. I am eternally grateful for their presence in my life and our many escapades, adventures, and laughs together through the years.**

## Why a Ph.D.?

**"During my undergraduate days at the University of Maryland, I never even thought of pursuing a graduate degree and certainly not a Ph.D. I didn't consider myself intellectually oriented but rather a reasonably intelligent outgoing social services worker who liked to interact with people and was always curious about why they chose to do what they did: vocationally, personally, and even why they chose their leisure time pursuits.**

**My grades were quite average but good in areas I was interested in like industrial psychology, US history of the Civil War and all the brave soldiers on both sides, physical education and the chance to learn and play new sports like Flicker ball and speedball, and some of the English courses. But my interests in college were secondary to my social needs and instincts as I joined a fraternity, dated regularly, and continued to help my parents at home with the time remaining when I wasn't living in the fraternity house.**

**In graduate school in Springfield College, I did get a 4.0 most of the time and enjoyed all of the classes. But the only time I thought about getting a Ph.D. was when the V.A. called me to offer me the Chief of Voluntary Services job in 1974 and I found out that the University of Missouri was just across the street! A light bulb lit up and my mind began to plan, however whimsically, to work and also take classes across that street!"**



**University of Missouri-Columbia campus from overhead view: prominent columns in mid background were main focal point on campus and I walked by them every day from 1977 when I started classes part-time until I earned my Ph.D. in 1980. Right**

**down the street, at the bottom of the picture was Shakespeare pizza (yum) and also Calvary Episcopal Church where we attended.**

**This area was "my work world" for eight years from 1975 when I started part-time class work until 1980 when I received my Ph.D., and then again from 1981 to 1983 when I worked with the University of Missouri Hospital & Clinics. I truly enjoyed those intellectually oriented and "stay at home Dad" years in Missouri!**

***I am thinking that the spiritual tune, All I can Be, fits this time in my life!***

***Margaret & I sang this beautifully worded song many times in the St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Worcester, MA choir, and I never tired of its meaning in my life!***

***William Himes: lyrics and melody***

***All that I am, All I can be***
***All that I have, all that is me***
***Accept and use Lord***
***As you would choose Lord***
***Right now today***

***Take every passion every skill***
***Take all my dreams***
***And bend them to your will***
***My all I give Lord for you***
***I'll live Lord***
***Come what may***

So off I went to school, a Ph.D. and the rest of my life! I wanted to be the first person in my family to earn a Ph.D. and use that "union card" to get into higher education in teaching or student services work. I achieved that goal as planned before reaching age 40. I must have thought of 40 as old at that time. Hah!

***I studied everything I could about adult psychology and adult learning and adopted experiential learning (learn by doing) as "my method" early on in my doctoral studies. My internship was directing the campus Volunteer Action Center and placed students in community agencies for two years. There was no computer, only a manual typewriter and the student affairs director gave me a small office to myself where I met students. Below my window on the second floor was a small tree lined square where we held volunteer fairs. The area fairly reeked of pleasant academia!***

***"My mind conjures up the sounds of the square below my window on a busy spring morning, with students walking around, stopping to get information from the temporary booths; happily chatting away, probably glad to be out of classes and "into the streets". Their interactions often lured me and I would happily leave my office and go down and mingle with them, promoting volunteer work in general and my services in particular! I loved being able to study once again and spend intense study time alone and with my classmates. I was following my heart and it was all good."***



***My support work was in career development and community development but my heart was always in personal career/life development and understanding how adults learn and grow as human beings, through work but also through their non-work lives, which I believe western society undervalues! I have always "preached" sound mind in sound body and tried to live this value.***

***Every life experience includes a learning component if we will only reflect on it and be open to changing our opinions and outlook. Most career changes I have made have catapulted me into a better level of human existence, even though there were failures, mistakes, and some pain contained in many of them. Stay positive; be prepared; and above all, be persistent!***

"I struggled with a required computer course but persisted and got the job done and my directions to the computer actually worked and the program printed. I was able to write the program by asking the instructor if I could leave the exam room and walk around campus smoking my pipe. He agreed and I strolled around campus for a while and a workable idea hit me! Let's call this technique "Zen test taking".

*"Dr. Adams was my statistics teacher, an old family friend from Takoma Park, Maryland days, and became a member of my doctoral committee. Thank God, for my dissertation topic required sophisticated statistics to explain the volunteer behavior of university students who worked for no pay in area social service agencies. I believed that they did it for career experience but also because they wanted to help people, which my committee didn't believe was a factor. My research indicated that they did in fact do it for both "work*

*experience in a chosen career" and "to help people", both of which were statistically significant!"*

My work experience and my intuition had been correct all the time and the statistics proved it. I was a very happy researcher when the facts became known and I thanked Dr. Adams profusely and repeatedly. And my doctoral committee was impressed by the results which they had doubted would be confirmed.

**My choice of volunteerism for my dissertation made sense in that it enabled me to "finish up" my career as a director of volunteers and make a small contribution to the knowledge base in that discipline. I hope that at least a few scholars have blown off the dust from its blue/green cover in the stacks at the University of Missouri Library!**

*My dissertation of 110 pages was chosen as one of the best of 1980 in the field of adult education and I was asked to present my findings at a national conference on Adult Learning held at my alma mater, the University of Maryland in College Park, Maryland in 1982. I prepared a short presentation on my work and anxious about fielding any statistical questions. My research design was solid and Dr. Adams had done some fine statistical work to help me identify significant factors associated with why students do non-paid volunteer work, but I was nervous nonetheless.*

But after I gave my talk, there were a few questions; mostly positive responses from the largely educationally oriented audience, and I was quite pleased to be the resident expert at my alma mater where I had been quite an average student!

## Terry the published author!

***I was able to publish ten (10) articles in professional journals, many drawn from my dissertation. Creating the basic idea for my research; conducting the research; drawing the conclusions based upon my statistical data collected; collaborating with my doctoral committee with their individual skepticisms and opinions; writing the actual dissertation; and orally defending it with my committee, constitute the most significant piece of intellectual work I have done in my life. Having said that, writing Suburban Odyssey would be in solid second place!***

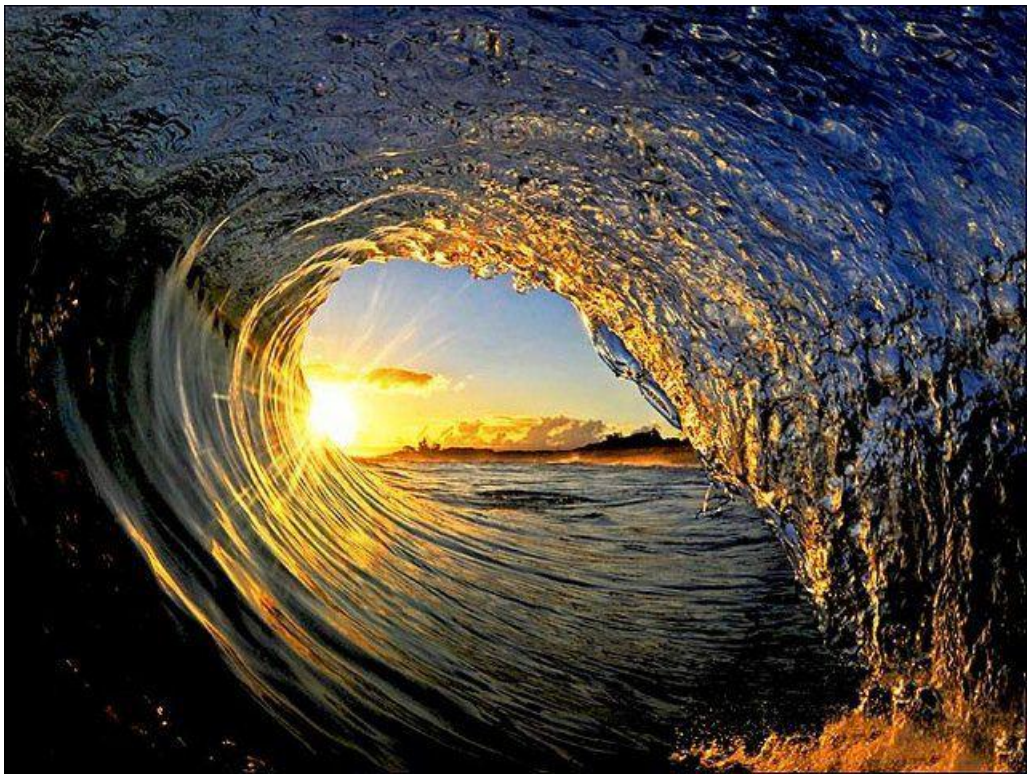
***I am grateful that I was able to pursue my Ph.D. with the love and support of my immediate family at that time: Beth, Jon, and Dan, who never faltered in expecting me to successfully complete my program and achieve my goal. I am eternally grateful to them and to all those persons, identified in this autobiography or not, who listened to my ideas, encouraged me, challenged my assumptions, and helped me reach my goal.***

My short list of thank you nods for reaching the "summit" includes but is not limited to: God, my Dad and my Mother, my brother Ron, every teacher who stimulated my thinking and challenged me; every work supervisor who expected my best, every co-worker, like Wes Geigel at HEW and Richard Dietrich at the YMCA, who brought out my best efforts

to help the team; every volunteer in the V.A. hospitals who inspired me with their sincere motivation to help veterans in need. Every experience in the YMCA with young volunteers and participants, every person in every audience who applauded my public speaking when I needed that affirmation that I was proceeding along a correct pathway in my career work, and special friends like Dr. Dobbs, my doctoral advisor.

Special thanks here to my good friend and fellow doctoral student David and for all those long talks over our beloved pipes! And other doctoral students, who talked ideas with me over many, many lunches between 1975 and 1980. I am most fortunate to have had their help through so many years of challenge and successful outcomes! God bless all of you.

## My Spiritual Development "story"



***Son Dan found this gorgeous photo and it reflects his love of the ocean and boogie boarding which he and Jon have done on Cape Cod through the years. Nature has and will always reflect God's love for us in his creation of Planet Earth and its creatures and glories!***

**This literary piece below, author unknown, from "Letter from the Scattered Brotherhood" has moved me deeply since I first read it in 1995. It manages to beautifully present a comforting exhortation, using visualization of nature—water, sky and stars—spirituality in a natural sense—and of course the key to me is the voyage or journey element that it ably depicts.**

***"Though you are moved by the might of oceans, the infinity of sand, the high ceiling of heaven and outward vastness awes you by its diminishing influence, though you see mountain ranges and forests, the night blue of the sky with stars and planets and worlds beyond, though you hear of remote frozen seas and desolate wastes—do not belittle yourself, for this spiritual concept within you is deathless and all-powerful, measureless.***

***Therefore, when you look through your eyes as immensities know that that which you hold within you is more powerful. Hold to this knowledge and fill yourself with faith, for it is your shield.***

***God moves in you now, through limitless space. Cast off your mooring from the land of fear and doubt, leave the prisons of despair and melancholy and set sail on a guided journey where the stars are in their appointed places and the voyage is true and beautiful and safe."***



***Casting off moorings***
***From a US Navy ship***
***Which I did***
***when a sailor in 1962!***



**Moraine Lake, somewhere in the Rocky Mountain Range-some of my most peaceful moments have come when skiing, and pausing at the top of a mountain to meditate briefly on the wonderful world we live in, and to gain some perspective on our small but**
**significant roles in it!**

***And also, this by Stopford A. Brooke***
***From Daily Strength for Daily Needs by Mary W. Tileston***

***"Go forth to meet the solemnities and to conquer the trials of existence, believing in a Shepherd of your souls. Then faith in Him will support you in duty, and duty firmly done will strengthen faith; till at last, when all is over here, and the noise and strife of the earthly battle fades upon your dying ear, and you hear, instead thereof, the deep and musical sound of the ocean of eternity, and see the lights of heaven shining on its waters still and fair in their radiant rest, your faith will raise the song of conquest, and in its forward glance upon the life to come, take up the poetic inspiration of the Hebrew kin, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."***

"I'm talking about my spirituality at this stage in my life story because a major turning point occurred in my approach to my spirituality in 1980, along with my earning my Ph.D. In retrospect, 1980 was a very significant juncture in my life in many ways. I realize that this demarcation is somewhat artificial because spirituality pervades all of my life, though I often ignore its meaning or its urgings. Later in my life story, you will see this spiritual thread re-appear in my choices of professional jobs and new volunteer work."

## My Parents' influence on my spirituality

**My mother's father, Romeo Etienne David, had been a congregational minister, with theology degrees from McGill University and from Le Sorbonne, before becoming a Boston lawyer, having earned his law degree at Boston University in about 1920. Mother always believed in God, even if frequently questioning his judgment, since her son Ronnie had multiple handicaps, but only attended church occasionally, usually at a church near our home, which turned out to be Methodist!**



***A classroom in Le Sorbonne University in Paris where I visited in 1996 and stood from this vantage point as my host told me my Grandfather Romeo David May well have attended lectures here when a theology student way back In about 1899-1900! Vive le Sorbonne~!***

**But more than religion, Mother believed in helping people through your generosity and positive interactions. I also attended several Unitarian services with her in Washington, D.C. She particularly liked their philosophy of seeing**

**Jesus as "the greatest man who ever lived" but with emphasis on his manhood, not his divinity.**

My Dad's mother had been a professional organist with the Cleveland Symphony and the church music director for many years. My father was the most moral, ethical man I have ever known, but disdained church attendance, and only went once or twice with me if memory serves me correctly. I think he "burned out" when he was a child being forced to attend so many services when his mother played the organ.



**View of the Cleveland Symphony where my maternal Grandmother Minnie Thayer Chapman played organ there at least once in her musical life and she also made wonderful cakes and pies. My Dad's sweet tooth resulted from this childhood wonderland of sugar, but also resulted in bad teeth.**

***Dad practiced morality by steadfast devotion to his family, career, country, and community. He served in WWII as a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, teaching hand-to-hand combat to Navy pilots in North Carolina, and in the Mojave Desert in California, when I was a small boy. He served for 27 years in the United States Veterans Administration, in recreation facilities management and later as a Management Analyst, creating an improved "work-simplification" system for the 171 hospitals in the U.S.***



**My Dad taught hand to hand combat for about 2 years at El Centro US Naval base in California but was one gentle guy.**

Dad and Mother helped save some woods of perhaps 12 acres behind our home at 906 Larch Avenue in Takoma Park, making presentations to city and State officials to prevent construction of high-rise housing where the woods still stand today! They worked as a team, with Mother strategizing and encouraging, and Dad making the formal presentations.

**"Overall, I observed my parents and from their examples, learned how to live morally, with an emphasis on helping others, starting with family, and extending to friends, neighbors, community, career, and country. I am still following their examples without thinking about it in any pointed way."**

When we lived in Hyattsville, Maryland, I attended the Ager Road Methodist Church and also participated in Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts, which met at the church. Mother and Dad attended on a sporadic basis to encourage me I believe.

**My early church activism!**



**Ager Road Methodist Church**

When we moved to Takoma Park, I went to the Grace Methodist church, just across the main thoroughfare of New Hampshire Avenue, which fed into Washington, D.C. I was vice president of the youth fellowship, ushered, and generally felt part of the community. But when I was told by the minister that I must join, I balked and stopped attending for years to come! Something about mandatory beliefs struck a very negative chord in my soul which I would deal with to a varying degree for about the next 14 years until I joined the Episcopal Church in Stratford, Connecticut.

My college years kept me so busy with socializing of all sorts, and studying too, that I rarely entered a church. I did attend one Episcopal service with my old high school girl friend at Christmas one year, but that was the exception to the rule. At the University of Maryland, I would walk to class, passing by the beautiful high-spired campus church and sometimes wondered about what went on within its doors. But I never ventured in.

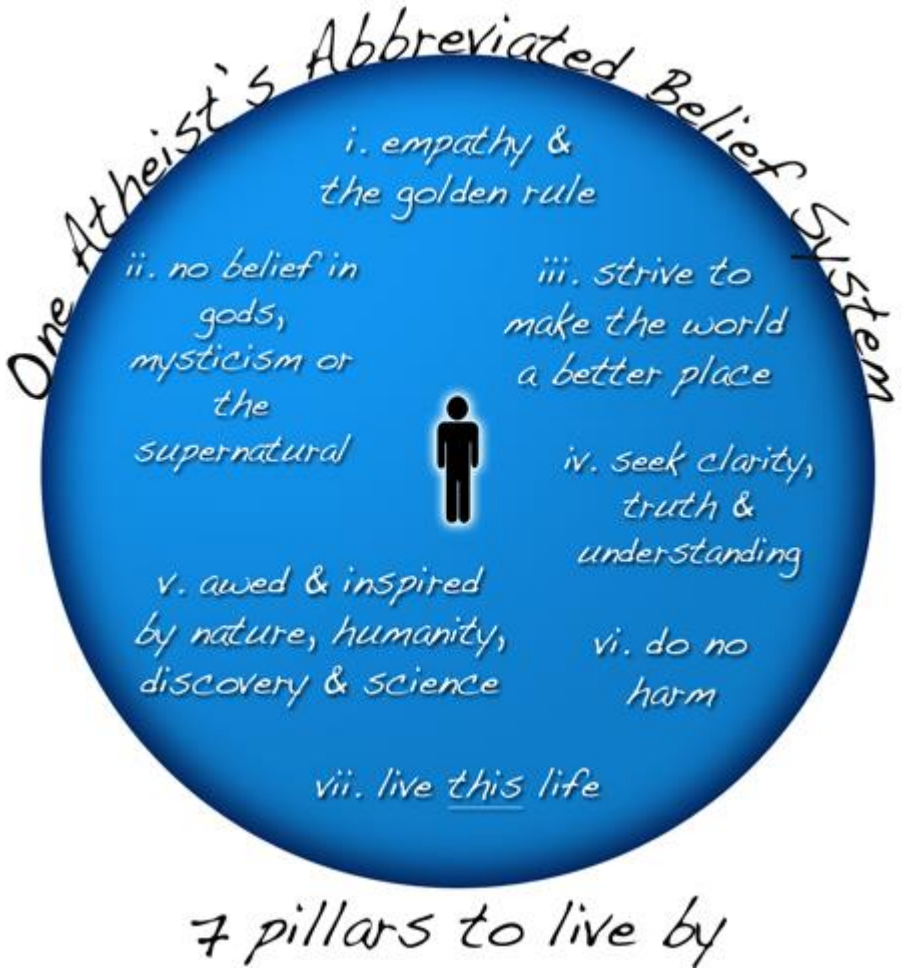
**During my Navy years, I certainly could have used spiritual support, but didn't move toward organized religion, but rather, I recall, self-talk to perpetuate a positive attitude toward life, and again, drawing heavily on how my parents had faced "the winds in their oceans". Not becoming a naval officer was the most devastating event I had faced to that point, with the exception of handling Ronnie's handicapping situation. I did attend chaplain services whenever they were accessible to me at the Little Creek Amphibious Base, in Virginia. My Navy dog tags said, "Protestant".**

Continuing through my early post-Navy years in Maryland, church life was far from my mind. I was Best Man for two guys, and of course appeared briefly in church, once in New Jersey about 1958 for Lewis Newkirk, and later in 1960, for Dick Pence, who married the girl friend, Judy Butramauwich, of my old best friend, Jim Anderson from High Point High School. Both those marriages ended in divorce. No conclusion is drawn by me as to any influence I had in the process!

**I never thought about attending church to further my spiritual development. I prayed a little, but not on any regular basis. None of my close friends were church-goers which may have made a difference. I tended to focus on the "here and now"**

**and pushed ahead in my life with a generally optimistic outlook on it all! As a young man and still today, I guess I just expect things to be "OK". Thanks Lord for all that natural optimism.**

No one talked religion or spirituality at graduate school in Springfield, Massachusetts, except perhaps humanism, a philosophy of the importance of the individual and helping your fellow man, which is really a religion of sorts. But Beth, my wife then, was a "cradle Episcopalian", who had attended church since a child, and she found a small Episcopal parish in Springfield, which we attended most Sundays, and for occasional pot luck dinners. Then the year of study ended and my church going was all over……. for then.




Good advice from an atheist, excepting belief in God!

Another quotation, this one from philosopher Blaise Pascal, "B*elief is a wise wager. Granted that faith cannot be proved, what harm will come to you if you gamble on its truth and it proves false? If you gain, you gain all, if you lose, you lose nothing."*

I suppose I am still "gambling" as I write this in 2016, having been a practicing Christian since 1970, more than 45 years. But more and more as I get older, I am quite comfortable at being a Christian, even though our ranks seem to be diminishing. Who ever said it would be easy? Christ certainly didn't! By comfortable, I mean that going to church continues to be meaningful for me; and that I have usually found my best friends from folks sitting beside me in church, but I continue to be uncomfortable in the small amount of good works I have managed to contribute to lessening the world's pain.

Yes, a few thousand people were probably encouraged having talked with me but there is so much that can still be done, not just in the career arena, but in the broader areas of erasing hunger, illiteracy, homelessness, drug addictions of all kinds, lack of self-worth felt by so many millions around our planet, and horribly degrading situations of political origin that diminish the lives of many at the improvement of the few, the so called, one per cent!

**A young man talks religion with an old priest!**



**But in Stratford, Connecticut, in 1970, things were different. Although my YMCA work and new parenting duties with Jonathan swamped me a bit, I sensed a need for something more in my life. We went to the Episcopal Church, a large, busy one in town and participated in the young couples' activities on a regular basis.**



**Alter at Christ Episcopal Church, Stratford, CT where I Became an official Episcopalian in 1970-a good decision for me as it gave me a solid foundation for my admittedly different approach to organized religion!**

I joined a class for persons considering becoming members in a formal way and met weekly for several weeks with the assistant minister, Reverend Monk, who smoked a pipe like me at that time and he had an approachable manner that I was drawn to.

One evening, before the class ended, I arranged to see him at his home, to ask some questions about joining. I was nervous, wondering what he would think about some of my doubts about all the miracles and other stories about Jesus. I shouldn't have been. He said that if the Episcopal Church couldn't deal with my doubts, it had no right to expect me to join! Doubts, to some extent, show a healthy mind and each person has the right to their own ideas of specific events and their credibility, granting of course, the divinity of Jesus and his ministry on Earth! That I could subscribe to and I joined in 1970 and have been an active member ever since.

**"By the way, don't think that I haven't questioned being a church member off and on through all these years, sometimes feeling that the most worthwhile spiritual life involves simply helping others and living the life God gave you to the fullest extent possible. Nothing more is required of you. However, there is something about worshiping in communion with others that adds an element of spiritual togetherness**

**not found alone, even alone on a lake at sunrise! Plus, many of my best friends have also been fellow Episcopalians. You have to think there is a reason for that!"**

Beth and I were also active in the church in Beacon, New York after Father Lindenauer visited us in our condo to welcome us to his parish, and supported our spirituality. He always seemed to love his fatherly activities, which helped me as a role model, and he was very gifted intellectually, teaching psychology courses for the local college, and we had some good conversations about faith and religion.

The Episcopal Church in Beacon was located in a beautiful setting, with an old graveyard; large parking lot rimmed with pine trees and set off by a mountain in the nearby background. Beth and I organized the youth ministry there and did dances, volleyball games, and car washes. Daniel was baptized there with our friends, Cousin Ken Coxon, son of my mother's only sibling, Eunice; Jim and Linda Doherty (now divorced as well); and Grandpa and Grandma Chapman (my parents) in attendance.



**Our pretty church in Beacon, NY**
**where son Jon and Dan were baptized.**
**Fr. Jon Lindenauer presided**
**1971-1974 and beyond.**

**I believe my successful participation in Beacon Episcopal church life was the start of many years of fulfilling church participation in the Episcopal Church, later on in Missouri, Ohio, and Massachusetts. Thanks Father Lindenauer!**

"When we moved our family to Columbia, Missouri in Spring 1974, we went to an Easter service on a snowy morning and were warmly received by a parish filled with couples of like ages with young children just like us. We attended regularly, often bringing cheerios for the boys to eat while the sermons and rituals flowed over and around them. I liked Father David Hegg; we played tennis; and he had been a Chemist before being called to his ministry. His life had been full of experiments.

***He told us he "chose the grand experiment of Christianity and if all of what it promised was true, he was the thankful benefactor, and if not, it had been a grand experiment nonetheless! That's an interesting and unusual explanation of choosing religion."***



**Just found in 2016 this wonderful photo of**
**Fr. David Hegg, my Episcopal priest and good friend and mentor in identifying my God given gifts back in 1980; David and I bonded quickly and had many meaningful talks and I helped him with career issues as well. He died age 64 in 2002;**

**I'm sure you are sailing around Heaven, David and I will simply try and follow you there. Being friends with you meant a lot to me; I believe you made the right decision when you left Chemistry and became a priest. Without you, I would never have found my essential God-given gifts, and my journey would never have been so adventurous or fulfilling!**




**A Spiritual Epiphany for me was "unleashed" here at this church in Columbia, MO in 1980!**

In spring 1980, Terry Swift, wife of associate Priest, Stephen Swift, at Calvary Episcopal Church in Columbia, Missouri, arranged a retreat in a catholic retreat center outside St. Louis. It was to be a "gifts retreat" and Father David Hegg, my priest at church, told me he would like Beth and me to attend with "two hats on". One would be just to enjoy the retreat and identify what our God-given gifts or abilities were and the second was to think about presenting a "gifts program" for our parishioners back in Columbia. Tragically Terry died in a car accident near Columbia several years later but that one conference had a lasting impact on my spirituality and probably propelled many more persons to identify their gifts and carry out needed ministries in their churches, communities, workplaces, and homes.

The retreat consisted of plenary presentations by a team of an ordained minister and a lay minister. Interestingly, the lay minister's gift was her obvious spirituality and joy, while the ordained minister's gifts lay more in organization and administration!
Exactly the opposite of what the average person would expect from their formal roles.

Following each general session, we would break into small groups and each share an achievement story from our life, which portrayed something we both were proud of and had enjoyed doing and which helped others in some manner, either obvious or subtle. My group confirmed that my gifts were "presence", which means I am able to help people grow and develop by being with them in periods of study, reflection, and activity. This gift can lead to counseling, teaching, training, or a host of helping occupations and activities. Hooray!

**"But the most exciting experience was still to come. At one general session, toward the end of the retreat, we were asked to pray and reflect on our gifts, which we did for perhaps 3-4 minutes in silence, all 75 of us in a large room together. Suddenly, but without seeming unexpected or strange, I heard a deep, male voice, come from deep within me, saying, "HELP THEM GROW". Just one time, not repeated and not encouraging any reply, but unmistakably God! I had no doubt as to who was speaking to me. That truly changed my life for ever after. My sense of mission in life was confirmed and it gave me the direct spiritual base for pursuing all the positions I've held since that epiphany. Thank you, God!**

***I had never before, or have I since, had any experience which rivaled that for drama, authenticity, integrity, or applicability to my life. Its message was inescapable and clear—go ahead in life and be present with people, in all situations, and help them grow, be that educationally, personally, recreationally, or spiritually—just do it!***

***In the years since, I have had "dry" periods of spirituality when I wondered if any religion was required to lead a good productive life. But on balance, I've had more "wet" periods than dry. And when I've meditated; prayed a bit and also went to church and prayed with others, plus been outdoors in God's kingdom, I've felt more in touch with my place on Earth and where I'm heading spiritually and eternally."***

**The following piece is taken from a book, When the Blue Heron Flies,**
**by Melanie Svoboda**

**"Make up Your Mind"**

**"Make up your mind once and for all.**
**Do you believe in the**
**ultimate goodness of life,**
**or not?**
**Do you stake your claim on the final victory of love over hate,**
**or not?**
**Do you trust in a higher power or not?**
**Why do you keep vacillating?**
**Is consistency that impossible for you?**
**Look at it this way:**
**Little good can come from living out**
**of a maybe.**
**A definitive yes would strengthen**
**who you are and all you do.**
**It would propel you forward**
**in a meaningful direction.**

## Come on now. It's either yes or no. Say yes already. Say yes".

**(My response: Yes to God)**

**Beth's gifts lay in celebrating life, expressing hospitality at every opportunity, and in capturing its joy in applying ideas to practical situations at anytime and anyplace. I am an idea person and she is an implementer, par excellence. We both returned to Columbia eager to talk with David Hegg and also to set plans to present a gifts workshop as soon as feasible. Two hats indeed!**

We gave the workshop at Calvary Episcopal in Columbia, and it was fulfilling to see people develop their appreciation for their gifts and how to use them. I was stronger at encouraging people to open up and share stories and Beth was stronger in urging their consideration of how to use the gifts in ministries, both in the church and in their daily lives.

We gave two ecumenical workshops open to the public, though mostly our fellow parishioners attended, and I did a college workshop with Landy Luther before we moved in 1983. My spirituality grew by leaps and bounds while living in Missouri and I have continued to grow spiritually ever since. I'll get back to our gifts work later on in my autobiography. Also see addendum "Statement of faith" at the end of the autobiography.

**"I also went to two retreats at the St. Louis center west of St. Louis with Landy Luther, which was a silent retreat. During that time, I realized after much soul searching and prayer that basically, since God loved me, I was able to love everyone else, which became transformed into all of my relationships with other people, both personally and professionally. Oh, and of course it helped that I was also loved by parents, family, and friends throughout my life. As long as that reservoir was full, I could "dip into it" and give love to others."**



I'd like to share a written piece of spirituality here, from a book, given to my wife Margaret in her acute time of grief, following the death of her twin Sister Michele, on August 11, 2012. It seems to summarize what I believe are three of the main tasks we face in life"

**"Your Task in Life"**
**By Melanie Svoboda, SND**
**From: When the Blue Heron Flies**

**This is your task in life:**
**first, befriend yourself.**
**Learn to enjoy being with you.**

**This is task number two:**
**Find good companions**
**who share your deepest longings,**
**and are good cheerleaders and goad for you.**

**And your third task?**
**Find people in need**
**and pour upon them the contents of your heart.**

I found that when I ignored my "reservoir" level too long and became too detail or work-oriented, my stress would rise and I would be generally unable to help people grow, not even myself! These were the so called "dry" periods of my life. Everyone has them and the "trick" is to cocoon by yourself a while; accept help from family and friends; then re-emerge out into your life and move forward with all the enthusiasm you can muster!



**My favorite fantasy of a spiritual retreat—soul fishing!**

cyclical periods of work and play, both active and quiet times, energized and re-vitalized my soul, spirit, and body and I could once again move toward wholeness, which is what I believe God wants from all of us, according to what our gifts are, and of course depending on how our basic wants for food, shelter, safety, and self-esteem are being met in the world

as we live it. Of course, at the time, I wasn't so aware of the cycles and often worried about my future career and what I should do next. There were often periods of ambiguity in my career specifics and it wasn't always easy to integrate my needs with those of my growing family.

**I had established a way of worshipping God, treasuring my attachment to our physical world, taking quiet time to meditate and generally be silent and refresh my soul, and importantly—begin down the path of helping others by helping them identify and better use their God-given gifts. To do this was the best way to use my gifts and I had found this out by trial and error and by God's intervention at the St. Louis retreat in 1980. <u>From then until now "Help them Grow" has been my calling.</u>**

**Quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson**
**"Every man has his own vocation"**
**From Daily Strength for Daily Needs by Mary Tileston**

***"Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side, all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea." This is one of my favorite quotations for all time and fits me to a "T" for Terry. But now let's get on with the rest of my life story.***

## Post-Doctoral Permutations: I could do this now, but also do that??

**The quote I'd like to share with you now is one concerning being an "overnight success": Carl Jung once said, "Instead of thinking about where you are, think about where you want to be. It takes twenty years of hard work to become an overnight success."**

**My years lived from aged 20 in 1960 at college in Maryland up to my earning my Ph.D. from the University of Missouri in 1980 were filled with doubts, worries, wrong career moves, and moderate success, but looking back at those years now in 2016, aged 75, I truly realize how each decision, however flawed, helped move me slowly but inexorably toward becoming the person I am now and especially who I was in 1980.**

**My time in USNR and failure to become a commissioned officer like my father was heart breaking to me but helped me learn how to deal with failure of any kind and we all are given a measure of failure from time to time if we try to live fully! Again, my move to NSA and its puzzles related to intelligence gathering showed me I could write and organize written products well even though I was quite frustrated at not being able to talk about it with friends at end of day.**

**And HEW further confirmed my writing abilities and also my capability as a solid team player. And at HEW the product was human service of the rehabilitation variety and I saw the positive effects of federal money I peoples' lives.**

**The YMCA enabled me to experience a demanding work schedule while raising my son Jonathan and how to extricate yourself from a work situation that is just not meeting your long-range goals of providing human service but is really more an administrative business position! And then as I moved to the VA volunteer sphere, I found a "home" of sorts occupationally where my sensitive, social nature was appreciated by management and colleagues alike, voila! And onward I went as the following pages will show.**

**But careers are a lifetime proposition, not a quickie one. Forge ahead with all your might and all your resilience and all your sense of humor, knowing deep inside that you will succeed in the end, if you never quit moving toward your own long-range goals, whatever they may be.**

So, I earned and received my Ph.D. in June of 1980, before my 40th birthday, which had been a prime life-goal and was tremendously pleased! The only cloud on the horizon had been the discovery that I had Graves Disease, in my thyroid, early in 1980, losing about 25 pounds, taking me to 163, almost my high school weight! I got a fast heart beat with only light exercise, which I thought was nervous exhaustion from my studies and family duties, but was I wrong. Later, friends told me they thought I had cancer but hadn't wanted to say anything. My full beard had partly hidden how much weight loss I had sustained.

I took radiation therapy--a small container of radioactive serum orally, and with one pill a day since, have been unaffected by the disease. I got better fast; shaved off my beard, and looked 10 years younger! My choices had been surgery, conventional medicines, or radioactive serum. I had a healthy aversion to surgery of any kind; the conventional meds would be difficult to regulate; so, I went radioactive!!

**"Mother came from Maryland for my graduation, aged 67, and was in good shape and outgoing, vivacious, and as talkative as ever! She, Beth, Jon and Dan waved to me from a raised seating area in the huge, filled basketball arena, as I moved up to get my degree and it was memorable to the maximum! I was so gratified to finally achieve this milestone; first in my family to earn a Ph.D. My heart was happy. I believe that next to the birth of my two sons, this occasion ranks second in total satisfaction."**



Now, what to do next? I had diligently read the Chronicle of Higher Education for years and looked for jobs to my liking, teaching or in student affairs. But when I applied, I never got an interview. I applied to the University of Virginia, for adult education assistant professorship, but was not selected.

## Missouri State Library, Jefferson City, MO, 1980

**Not a good match with librarians!**

**Salary: estimated $12,000**

**"Dr. Chapman, said my supervisor at the library where I worked, what color should we use to publish the catalogue of educational opportunities in Missouri?" My answer was "Blue!" "Is that all you have to say" was her disappointed rejoinder—oh so telling! She craved much more emphasis on detail from me than I could ever give her." This was part of a poignant conversation between Dr. Chapman and his supervisory librarian early in his job there—one was interested in the product and the other interested in detail!**

The University of Missouri, via Dr. Dobbs my doctoral advisor told me I would need to go elsewhere and then return to be chosen for a faculty job at the university! That's strange logic for sure. I talked with Dr. Joe Johnston, director of the university's career services Office and he referred me to a manager in the Missouri State Library, in Jefferson City, 30 miles south, for a grant-funded position in adult education and was hired on the spot. Wow! **When your timing is right, anything can happen with jobs. The keys are in order: 1. Be positive! 2. Be prepared! 3. Be persistent!**

Our project was to train reference librarians in the basics of adult psychology to improve their servicing of adult patrons throughout the State. I commuted to work, often with a friend from the university, who talked non-stop both ways, but made the trip less lonesome and saved money on gas. Beth, at the time, worked in continuing education, in the Journalism department, but we were short on cash reserves and worked very hard to maintain a decent level for the boys and ourselves.

The job was tedious; I had to develop a bibliography of adult psychology resources to please a librarian, very difficult, and then design training, which I did enjoy. We delivered the training about three times in St. Louis, in Springfield, and in Jefferson City, with modest results. I did get some initial experience in training program design and delivery, which would pay large dividends later in my life.

"Once, after returning from a coffee break next door to the library, I got a call to see my supervisor in her office. She told me that no one was allowed to leave the building on their break! I told her I couldn't believe that she said that and she repeated it. I left realizing that a job with any kind of regimentation would not work for me. So, I started looking again."

**Like a young heifer, I felt "roped in" by the library's expected code of behavior And chaffed at the bit to escape! I like independent working conditions that I would not find until well into my 40's in higher education as a professor.**

**"During this difficult transition time, working at the library, I would escape almost every lunch time to the city library where I browsed, read and replenished my energy level. That experience further increased my positive opinion of the worth of public libraries as havens of learning and quiet for everyone and years later I would be able to "pay back" part of their great gift to my mental health by volunteering at the Worcester, MA library. But at that time, I also started walking at lunchtime to offset the morning's stress buildup, a practice still continued today."**

**I quote Bette Howland who must have understood what I discovered by about this time in my life: "For a long time it seemed to me that real life was about to begin, but there was always some *obstacle in my way.* Something had to be got through first, some unfinished business; time still to be served, a debt to be paid. Then life would begin. At last it dawned on me that *these obstacles were my life."***

***Are any of your "obstacles" actually opportunities for you to move toward a better life?I had always, from time to time I, also, had felt this obstacle idea was the only thing holding me back!! Now I accepted the fact that as long as I live, there will always be "obstacles" or hindrances or pitfalls to be surmounted and overcome: always and as long as live is in each of us; I guarantee this along with death and taxes, hahha!***

***President Ronald Reagan, he having been a loyal democrat during his young adulthood in Hollywood, and later a Republican, was inaugurated in January 1981 and would serve until January 1989, when George Walker Bush would be elected. He was gregarious and upbeat but his conservative politics left me wanting much more for homeless, hungry, under-educated folks. I would have to wait until 1992 to get that wish fulfilled at all when William Jefferson Clinton was elected!***

## The University of Missouri Hospital & Clinics
**Honing my writing, program design, and teaching skills!**
**Salary: jumped to $21K**



*Over drinks at a bar one evening after work, I heard that another State agency was looking for a person in training and development, with an office in Jefferson City and called for an interview. I was asked to prepare a 10-minute talk on any subject and chose "the parts of an interview" which I had developed from my reading in career services and from my rapidly increasing experience base! This was, in fact, Networking, which would become well known in the 1980's and beyond as a prime method of finding job leads!*

*"I gave the talk to the prospective supervisor and his assistant. It went really well and they told me they thought I was a good presenter but that the job was already committed to someone else! But—they referred me to a friend of the supervisor, Dan Mueller, Manager of Training and Development at the University of Missouri Hospital & Clinics in Columbia.*

*Ironically, I had applied for a training position there several months earlier before going to the library job. Networking pays off big! You can never tell when someone will refer you to an active job situation, either then or later on when you least expect the referral."*

**I hit it off well with Mueller and he offered me the job by phone within a week of the interview. I quickly accepted at 21K yearly plus health benefits at the University which were excellent, utilizing the hospital and its services, very near our home. I began in April 1981 and started designing and presenting training programs to hospital employees for the next two years—a very rich and usually satisfying experience for me.**

"It was the first job which matched my love of talking with people; helping them grow and develop; and researching and writing educational materials to use in the programs and

classes. I designed several programs and earned excellent marks from participants. I also provided group goal setting help to departments. “

I got some badly needed recognition from my peers who awarded me an engraved plaque for “program design excellence” related to my originally designed training programs including: stress management; time management; and organizational communications. We designed and presented all programs: nothing “off the rack”. This was indeed gratifying and helped me feel that all my efforts in moving into direct people service when I had left federal government work in Washington, D.C., thirteen years earlier, had been worthwhile!

We offered most of our programs at a very nice venue: The University of Missouri Alumni Center, located on the golf course property! As I presented programs to nurses, staff, and professional workers at the University hospital, I could look out on the newly mown grass on the course and could even practice putt a bit at lunch breaks. Not bad, right?

***“Speaking of grass, a funny thing happened while I had just started presenting a training course at the Alumni Center, with its large picture windows looking out toward the golf course. My talk was interrupted by the very loud drone of a grass mower, driven by a worker with huge ear plug helmet, obviously unaware of our class. I tried to gesture to him at the window to stop but he ignored me. I excused myself and headed out to talk with him. At first, he didn’t understand what I wanted. I repeated it as I looked quickly back at my trainees who were smiling at me from the window. The second time he got the message and turned off his engine and we were able to continue. I will take whatever action required to keep talking!”***



I earned good ratings from participants and gradually developed a needed reservoir of confidence in public speaking, especially enjoying the give and take manner that continuing professional training requires. It was a match made in heaven—most of the time. My relative lack of ability with machinery haunted me a bit when projectors would malfunction but I quickly recovered with a bon mot or a laugh at myself to ease the stress.

My boss, Dan Mueller, was a gifted leader of groups and superb presenter, naturally funny and always seeming to be talking “in his living room to friends” even when it was an auditorium filled with 100 persons. He worked all day with no lunch, having been very fat at one time in his life and not wanting to return to that weight. His energy was irrepressible and he always expected his staff to succeed. He really cared about his team.

We worked in old Quonset-type huts adjacent to the hospital and the floors creaked when you walked down the hall. There was a CPR dummy in one of the nearby offices where a nurse on our team-taught CPR training. My office looked out on the medical school entrance and kept me involved in the flow of life at a teaching hospital from the years 1981-1983 my need to excel, in a larger setting, moved me to consider greener pastures.

**Another funny thing happened in my office!**

*“But before leaving Columbia and my work there, let me relate a funny experience that happened when Dan asked me to listen to a relaxation cassette and tell him if I thought it was any good. I agreed and closed the door to my office; turned on the cassette; and put my feet up on my desk to prepare to relax.*

*The next thing I knew, I awoke to a loud knocking on my office door and heard Dan’s voice, call out, “Terry, Terry, are you ok?”*

***I almost fell out of my chair; then jumped up; opened the door and told Dan I had fallen asleep and yes, the tape must be of good quality for that to have happened! He laughed, and then we both laughed, completely taken in by the moment. I’m sure if I called him today, at St. Louis University, where he is now Chancellor, he would laugh loudly recalling that incident, back in Columbia.***



**Terry not speaking?**

Oh, and another time, I suffered laryngitis for 2 weeks and was forced to carry a card, saying I could not speak! The frustration this gave me was of the highest order. For me not to be able to communicate was so hard and I kept trying to whisper answers until a doctor told me that even whispering would keep me from getting better. Unless you have had serious laryngitis, you cannot understand just how frustrating it is—all the time!

And what to do about public speaking in my job? Again, my boss Dan was superb and told me I could go to the library and research possible new courses and write up a draft of course descriptions. I did this and actually "made lemonade out of a lemon" by coming up with several new ideas! My voice returned just before the doctor was going to pursue more aggressive diagnostics and treatment. I was so relieved and ever since, am grateful when I am able to communicate freely when I want to. Don't ever take this gift for granted.

**"Am I still heading into the forest or am I headed out?"**
**A frequently held thought in middle age**



**Tiger Swallowtail, resting in my garden in Worcester, MA, about 2011, after sailing across the Atlantic from S. America, and about to sail away and begin its middle adulthood. How can a creature so small and vulnerable travel such distances and survive such challenges? By drawing on its strengths: adaptability, ability to fly, and perhaps a touch of God's power?**

One of my favorite bits of poetry, which I started this life story with on page one, is a poem that my parents "gave me" in the form of a copy of an artist's piece, which hung in our

dining room in Takoma Park, with a sailing ship in full sail, furrowing through a difficult storm at sea and the dictum below the picture read:

"**Like the winds at sea, are the ways of fate, as we journey along through life;**
**It is the set of the sail and not the gale that determines the way we go" I will refer to this as my "anchor" in facing life's straits and shoals but also its calm waters.**



**Painter unknown but gorgeous conception of a ship at sea or a metaphor for a person faced with difficult headwinds but setting the sails to move forward anyway!**

***Cue up any good sea related chant or perhaps the sound track from the movie, Endurance!***

Setting my own sails (goals) and determining the way I want to go is a major part of my life philosophy and I have tried to practice it as closely as possible, leaning heavily on the help of God, my family, colleagues and friends. I still have quite a journey to navigate but I look forward to setting new sails! At my best, I have helped other adults "set new sails"

in progressing on their journeys. The butterfly pictured above is a wonderfully strong example of "setting your sail and surmounting any gale."

***"During this time in my life, I sensed a specific and powerful need to enlarge my professional world. I listened to professional speakers at conferences and at meetings and had the bold thought that I could do a better job presenting to audiences, classes, and group, maybe on a national level. And I also knew to reach for such a job at that time and not later when the desire for "comfort" would take precedence. This is not an unusual occurrence to happen in middle aged decision making. Honor all of these types of dreams; seek out other's opinions but remember that your decision, knowing exactly who you are, will be the best compass to sail by"!***

## A position of prominence

**At this point, professionally, my work setting and duties were almost perfect. Almost! In early 1983, I still felt my skills were getting used by designing and presenting training programs, but I was getting the old itch to look into new ventures and realized that it might mean leaving Missouri. We had good friends and a good church and good jobs but I could feel the growing desire to get a really substantial job which paid more and would make me feel like a "bigger fish in a bigger pond".**

**Recognition was still a strong motivation for me in my professional and personal live and after attending several conferences and hearing speakers who were only fairly good, I resolved to find a position that would let me be an outstanding presenter covering subject matter that I knew better than anyone!**

**"Perhaps middle age is really only a matter of perception:**
**It just feels different and somehow more important than youth!"**

**Quotation from Terry Hughes Chapman**
**Meeting Planners International 1981**
**Salary: doubled: $40K**
**This was the most significant raise in pay that I would ever achieve and I earned it!**

**"Your reach should exceed your grasp or what's a heaven for"**



**Beth mentioned one day that a colleague of hers was on the Board of Directors for Meeting Planners International (MPI) and they were looking for a Manager of Education, for their office in Middletown, Ohio, north of Cincinnati. I told Beth I might be interested and then I talked with her friend at his home. MPI's mission was to provide professional continuing education to persons who plan conferences and meetings such as a city's Visitor Bureau and also for meeting suppliers who sell and market visual aids, technological specialties, food and drink, and other items. MPI presented their educational conferences twice a year plus an institute of a week's duration in Salt Lake City with classes in meeting law, food and beverage planning, public speaking and many other offerings. Membership at that time was about 6,000 and the annual conference could have 2,000 attendees!**

Beth's friend seemed to think I had the proper background and credentials although the MPI association served meeting planners which I had never been; that was Beth's occupation! But ambition is a powerful impetus, and I took his lead and telephoned Doug Heath, the Executive Director about the job. He had me send a resume and then called to set up an interview in Ohio. I was excited and nervous at the same time.

**"I truly wanted a national level job at that time, having been to several conferences where I felt I was more qualified and knowledgeable than the managers whom I met or who spoke at the meetings. Now seemed to be the time to "put my salt on the table" or never. That was a phrase that Dick Dietrich, the YMCA executive in Bridgeport used when telling me to "get my salt on the table by age 40."**

I drove to the interview, forgetting a hanging bag with my suit! I stopped in Indiana and bought a sports coat which I wore for almost 10 years and then visited with Jack Hair, an old friend from Springfield College days who was the executive director at the YMCA in Richmond, Indiana. We had a great visit and Jack told me how badly he missed all things southern, and grits in particular. Jack had his mother mail him Alabama grits when we had been in graduate school and his need had not diminished in the 14 years intervening. I left his home refreshed and ready for my interview to come in Middletown, OH.

The interview with Doug Heath went well and lasted about 2 hours I believe, followed by a dinner with Marna Petersen, the Meeting Planner for MPI, and more discussion about Doug's goals for the association. I remember that during the first discussion, he had asked what my salary requirement was and I had said 40K and Doug had said, "That's pretty high but possible". I was making about 23K at the time so I had taken a true leap of faith in requesting that much! But I stood my ground and it worked.

I got a call for Doug, from Hawaii, in about a week, offering me the job at 40K yearly. I said I would decide and call him within 3 days. Beth and I talked for a long time, covering all the pros and cons. She was surprised that I really wanted to move to Ohio, but was supportive. And I'm sure, in retrospect, that she herself longed for just such a prominent position herself.

**Conquering my greatest fear!**

**"Just take the first step to solve your problem; the other steps will follow more easily!"**
**Terry Chapman quotation**



"***One of the most difficult job factors was the flying required to be at conference sites all over the country. I hadn't flown since 1966! But I agreed to get counseling help to overcome my fears, which I did. I am still very proud of that achievement. It was definitely gratifying to conquer the fear. The sessions utilized self-hypnosis which worked for me. We would talk in sessions about flying, from easy to difficult—from sunny day flying by myself to flying through a storm with your boss beside you.***

***As I was led through these sessions, I wore a small black temperature band on my index finger. We humans show our stress somatically, by a lowering of body temps when we are nervous and an increase when we are more relaxed. Over maybe 12 sessions, I was able to teach myself to keep my body relaxed (and warmer) by some wonderful combination of control and a connection to my autonomic reflexes. Magic! My counselor, from the University of Missouri Counseling Center, met me two years later, while we were both on a business trip, and I heartily thanked him for helping me achieve my goals."***

**"Years later I would be even more grateful, having traveled to Europe, Hawaii, the Caribbean, Mexico, New Brunswick Canada for salmon fishing, and most major U.S. cities! It's so amazing what you can overcome with guts and some help.**




**I believe there are various types of bravery. One type would be the person who is brave in physical situations, such as a fireman who enters a burning building to save his fellow worker. Another type would be the older person who endures a life-ending illness and still presents a positive life-affirming attitude to others. And another would be my type which continues to confront life's new challenges and experiences, often daring to radically change my direction, much as a good ship shifts direction, based upon the weather, the winds, or other factors! I love a good nautical reference as you can plainly see."**

**Back East we go!**

**"Maybe you <u>can</u> go home"**
**Quotation from Terry Hughes Chapman**



**So, in April 1983, we pulled up our Missouri roots, found an apartment owned by MPI, across the street from the office, in Middletown, and I moved in, waiting for the boys to finish their school year in Missouri. Beth would finish up her job at the University and bring the boys to Ohio.**

***What a hard period of time until they joined me! Among challenges, our two-way radio and stereo was stolen from my car the first weekend and my air time as "bald eagle" was over. In Missouri, two-way radio was the rage and many people had one, even if just for local adventures. You could call ahead to learn of car accidents and local information. I was "bummed out" with my loss.***

**I typically worked from 8 until 6 every day, and though I jogged, and slept ok, I was worried right away about dealing with my new responsibilities, including managing a budget and choosing speakers for a conference to be held June 25, 1983 in St. Louis! An incredible number of arrangements and details to cover such as speaker pay, housing, travel, and of course, the part I knew best—what they would present. I got it done but had an inkling I had not made the right decision.**

**But I persevered, which is one of my strongest attributes and I managed to get almost everything in order for the St. Louis trip. Whew! What an extremely difficult job, full of many small but critical details and I had the final accountability. So, I simply shouldered the job as best I could, both the pluses and the minuses.**

**I was flying again! The trip to St. Louis was easy, chatting with new colleagues and there we were, in the bustle of opening a national conference for the meeting planners and suppliers who made up MPI—a very demanding group when they attended meetings they didn't have to set up themselves. Your professional peer group will always be your toughest critics!**



I think Beth made a presentation at the conference and between that and my efforts to be at every presentation to meet the speakers whom I had contracted to speak at the conference, we saw each other very little for the three days.

The conference was successful, the food great, and the people interesting. The speakers I helped hire performed well and I met people easily and had no problem learning faces, names, and where they worked. The suppliers, mostly hotel sales persons, were poised and outgoing and moved with ease from event to event. The planners were more stolid, quite

conservative in dress and demeanor, and more studied in their responses than the sales types. *I preferred the company of the salespersons!*

**"I still remember the joy when my boys joined me in St. Louis, showing up during a planning meeting at the St. Louis airport, while I was on site for the conference. My boss Doug Heath had told someone to let them into our meeting. They were excited to see me and be in a new spot—they didn't care where, if they were with their mother and father! Jon was 13 and Dan was 9, 8th and 3rd grades."**



**Son Jon and Dan as I vividly recall seeing them in 1983 at St. Louis Airport after several weeks' absence. These smiling boys could always lift me out of any temporary setback at work or wherever! We've done it all: the occasional drink, Frisbee tossing, fishing, golfing, trying to find the perfect hamburger, tried the occasional cigar together, laughed, cried, and generally hung out together whenever and wherever we could. Their successful adulthoods thrill me every single day and I revel in all that they are and also what they have and will do in their lives. Thank you Lord for my boys!!**

Let me add a few words about our house in Middletown. It was huge compared to Missouri and had cost $82K. It had four bedrooms, two bathrooms; medium sized living room; small dining room and mammoth family room, maybe 50'by 20', a log shed, fireplace in living room, a pretty backyard, well planted and abutting neighbors behind and on both sides. And a downstairs basement recreation room where we put up a ping pong table which the boys enjoyed. They also put down large cardboard box leftovers and practiced their spin around floor dancing and hip-hop stuff like whirling dervishes!



This photo looks a lot like our house in Middletown, OH where we lived from 1983-1985 until Beth accepted a position at the Financial Times in Newton, MA near Boston.

**Difficult work but Great Venues!**

**As time went on, I flew out to Salt Lake City with Bob, a meeting planner member of the staff, on contract, who had planned the institute there the year before and he mentored me as best he could. The program was 5 days long, with housing, courses, speakers, meals, and a host of other details to resolve on-site. There were about 15 participants from all over the U.S. and I bonded pretty quickly. But when they got into detailed discussions of meeting planning issues, my interest and ability to lead wavered.**

**We stayed at the beautiful Hotel Utah, and next door to the Mormon Tabernacle church which I attended. In the night time, looking out on a well-lit Salt Lake City skyline with mountains in the distance, I savored the fact of my new role! I also traveled on business to Columbia, MO; St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, New York City several times, Chicago, Nashville, Dallas, Fort Worth, and Mexico, Washington, D.C., suburban Virginia, and to Acapulco, Mexico to present a keynote address to meeting planners. New vistas! New challenges! "Just what this doctor ordered".**



Snowbird Resort, Snowbird, UT about 25M straight uphill!

**Working the institute at Snowbird Resort required a detailed understanding of MPI issues with its participants and more knowledge of the field than I had at the time! I did ok but was frustrated when they would ask about issues I knew nothing about. Bob, a meeting planner, intervened and Doug Heath flew in for the second night to help with the discussion group. Situated at 9,000 feet altitude and beautifully hot and dry in summer and a superb skiing resort in winter.**

I retaliated by doing what I knew best: socializing! I offered a dinner/dance combination program one evening and ended up dancing with most of the female participants. Many of the guys just didn't have it in them to participate but I filled the gap and everyone thought it was a novel idea. Talk about using your interpersonal skills!

"Doug was all business, very serious, and somewhat intimidating when he wanted to be. I must admit to being partial to people who smile easily. Doug was not a member of that fraternity. He had been a catering director for a large hotel in Washington, D.C. and an MPI member long before becoming the Executive Director in 1981. I worked my butt off to get everything right but still felt challenged about the results."

For example, one of the speakers was talking and I smelled smoke and saw that his overhead was on fire! He was way out in front of the projector and couldn't see it. I ran over and pulled it off and he just kept speaking and got quite a laugh. One small achievement but greatly appreciated by all! The institute received fairly good reviews by participants but somehow, I still doubted its success.

When the institute ended on Friday, I recall driving into the airport in town, and being exhausted but relieved that it was over! Most of my challenges had been logistical—meals, lodging issues, and occasional content/speaker problems. The long drive down from the mountains to the city gave me time to catch my breath and focus on the next challenges.

**I recall getting a "work hangover" for a few days following each conference or institute from 1983 until 1985 when I left MPI. Doug my boss seemed to feel good about the institute, but my attention would wander and I would tend to reflect a bit on where I was; what I was doing professionally; and importantly, what next??**

**Some of the MPI programs**

MPI offered classes in meeting management including planning for alcoholic beverages for meetings; catering issues; ethical issues; safety issues; negotiating skills; and many other topics.

I hired all the speakers for the conferences in San Francisco in December 1983; the Washington, D.C. June 1984; and the December 1984 conference in Houston, Texas plus the 1983 and 1984 institutes in Snowbird, Utah, about 100 different speakers! While attending the Snowbird Institute, I fly fished the second time, in 1984 with the Director of Facilities on the Green River. But what a ton of work it was to organize and run the institutes. This was before faxing came into being and before the cell phone and my briefcase was packed to its limits for that trip. I almost had to stand on it to close it for the home trip.

***"I created a closing keynote with slides for the institutes, which likened building your career to building your house, using house diagrams, starting with a firm foundation—education and life experiences—then moving to the development of your natural skills***

***(gifts)—and eventually creating a "roof-top" level career situation for yourself, as a logical conclusion to your earlier life and career experiences. I was inspirational at my best and received enthusiastically when I gave this talk. It is probably the best originally created talk I ever gave in my career. When you talk from your own hard-won experiences, you are your most convincing"!***

I also designed and used my own speaker evaluation forms and reused speakers based upon the results. I enjoyed coaching more than 100 speakers and they liked my input too. Additionally, I presented a program for planners, called Adult Learning in Meetings, which offered different learning formats to gain maximum interest from adult participants.

As I was being introduced, I looked across the long table at maybe 25 planners and suppliers, and out through the window across the Bay to Alcatraz, shining in the early afternoon fall sunshine. What a beautiful view! I was distracted and nervous as I realized that now I had to deliver my program to this national level crowd and I had better be good!

**My reviews were excellent and they really liked my content and delivery. I had "arrived" as a speaker of national prominence, at least to some degree. The conference was a success and the speakers I had hired and "coached" received good evaluations which pleased Doug Heath and he was solicitous of my reaction to my first conference duties and the result. I believe that in December 1983, he and I had the best relationship we would ever share during my work with MPI. But I still had 1 ½ years to go "before the mast". I think Doug liked my enthusiasm; admired my speaking and coaching abilities; but really would have liked a meeting planner PLUS all my skills.**

I enjoyed working with the speakers and learned from their successes and failures. We were working pre-computer, and all my work was done by phone and overnight mail! This position, in particular, would have been so much easier to execute with a fax or computer at my desk, plus of course, a cell-phone or I-phone.

**"The really hard part of the job was budgeting expenses/income for these events. I never had one business course on bookkeeping and budgeting and found it tedious at best and draining to the maximum! I would often be at my office at about 6 pm, still trying to balance some account for a meeting. It never came easily.**

**When you went in to talk budget with Doug, he sat across the desk with a large ruler and went from line to line, asking you about each expense and why/how it was there. This procedure was probably the most difficult and challenging interaction I have ever had professionally and one that would ultimately convince me that I was indeed a "round peg in a square hole" at MPI! Inspirational coach and speaker, yes, bookkeeper no."**



**Pre small calculators**

The committee work, staffing the National Education MPI committee, was also very difficult, with lots of strong personalities who were vying for power on the committee and in MPI and used our meetings as the means to achieve their ends. My agendas would get shifted and changed by them and once we recorded a two-day meeting and I had to transcribe it. No way! I used my memory plus the tape to do the minutes and it worked out all right in the end.

Doug Heath always wanted me to be more aggressive with the committees. He was aggressive in style and didn't realize it was not my style. He relished an argument and thought this was the "fun" in meeting planning! I can handle some degree of confrontation but do not like it as a main ingredient in my workday. Plus, I didn't have the credibility that a meeting planner would have had. But seldom does a meeting planner have the educational or inspirational skills that I brought to the position.

Overall, MPI did well in hiring me as I did strengthen the speakers' professionalism and helped them focus on specific goals in their presentations and I also helped provide a morale boost for the staff in our day to day deliberations.

***"This position was the hardest job I ever had, even harder than being a manager in the YMCA. This job had far more variables in terms of budgets, power shifts, personalities, and of course a subject matter that I had only adopted—meeting planning—from Beth's career! I also supervised a career information center at the University of Denver and handled job referrals through them for member planners.***

***Never casually adopt a new subject matter in accepting a new job. Strive to work with a field you really understand and enjoy and believe in.***

**The burden of financial budgeting weighed heavily on me to my core and many late afternoons I yearned to head home and not have this type of responsibility in my working life. I leaned on Sue Painter, our Finance Manager, who was very helpful, but often I would see the sun setting out my window at our MPI offices, and know**

**that I had at least another hour to try and make the numbers work out for my programs.**

**Doug my boss was unforgiving of financial errors or short falls of any size. And he focused on the institutes at Snowbird Resort in Utah, with unfailing assiduity. But how could I increase the income when participants made independent decisions to enroll and I had no control over how many did just that? And how could I cut expenses which were fixed to cover speaker fees, which I negotiated, and hotel and catering expenses which for this audience were expected to be first rate?**

***"This position helped me increase my resolve to find a position in education and/or social services which focused on relationship building and coaching and teaching and never again would I hold a full-time position which focused on the bottom line! Learning by experience, though painful at times, is in the end the greatest teacher."***

**I did see most of the major U.S. cities: New Orleans, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dayton, NYC, Houston, Dallas, St. Louis, Boston, Nashville, plus trips to Washington, D.C. and Acapulco, Mexico, where I delivered a closing keynote and enjoyed 3 days frolicking in the hotel pool; dancing in the night clubs and avoiding the local water! The quality of the meals in Mexico was superb and I thoroughly enjoyed that part of my position as Manager of Education. I also enjoyed the venues where programs and meeting took place."**



**While on duty with MPI in Acapulco I saw The Love Boat from the TV show of that name in harbor near our hotel!**

**"Venues, I've got Venues!"**

Specific venues from those two years that come quickly to mind are: **Snowbird Resort,** nestled in a glen at 8,000 feet, about 20 miles outside of Salt Lake City, with crystal clear air, cool nights, and a modern chalet design and ski lift to over 12,000 feet, which took your breath away. Then there was **San Francisco, at the Fairmont hotel**, on top of Nob

Hill, looking down and away to the bay area, Alcatraz, and the bay bridge in the far distance.

Also, the glitzy side of Nashville; eating cheese grits with my morning eggs and going to a country western show at the **Old Opry** (actually the new one at the hotel); ***Acapul*co**, with gorgeous bright blue water; the long cab ride from the airport, through the streets congested with the poor and needy, who also pushed against you on the beach near our hotel, asking for money at every chance. Seeing **the Love Boat from the TV series**, anchored in the harbor one pretty, sun drenched morning near the hotel was gratifying. Here are a few more highlights:

1. **The hubbub of Chicago, working a trade show with Sue Painter, standing on concrete for eight hours, selling MPI, and mixing with all types of persons; seeing the largest sand sculpture done by the San Diego Zoo, built right there in the Expo Center!**

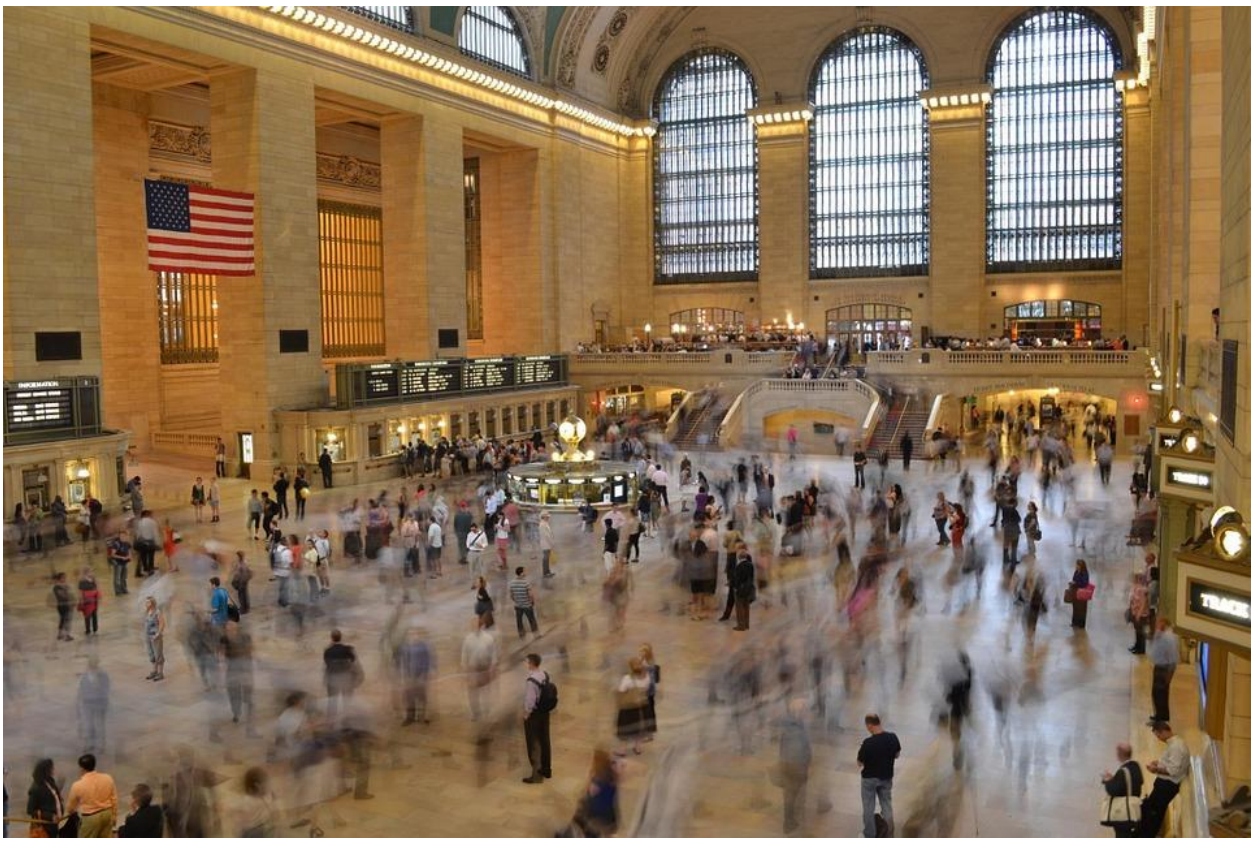
2. **The revolving restaurant, high above Chicago where the waiter cooked our meal at tableside while Doug and I and colleagues chatted of business and other subjects. Always top-notch meals and always wines galore and other drinks on occasion.**

3. **Watching the mechanical bull at the world's largest bar in Fort Worth, Texas, while tugging at our beers, having had the best Mexican meal I've ever had earlier that evening.**



**4. Running the MPI sport day events in Washington, D.C., in 1984, behind the Sheraton, overlooking Rock Creek Park, near where I met Beth Wiley.**

**5. Eating a large breakfast at the Grand Central hotel, following a harrowing 40 mph windy flight from Dayton to NYC, to attend a planning meeting with Doug Heath my boss. Doug had been worried about my reaction and several persons were unable to attend that meeting.**



6. **Speaking to a group of meeting planners at an MPI event at The Lodge of the Four Seasons, in Missouri; finding it challenging to speak to an audience member who had referred me to Doug Heath for the position with MPI, in the spring of 1983. His name has escaped me but I wonder if he truly thought I'd like the work at MPI?**

7. ***"The finest MPI meal I ever enjoyed was tucked between all-day difficult meetings of the MPI national Education committee which I chaired. Mike Diamond, the MPI supplier of the year for 1983 presided, and I bet we had eight courses, each with its own wine plus a creative rich dessert to boot. How I managed to return and direct the afternoon's business is beyond me, writing these words, so many years later."***

8. **Eating extravagant snacks during my work days like the free truffles at the Chicago Expo and scrumptious meals at night; finding it hard to believe it was all happening to me, the young professional from suburban Maryland, with a "big time" job, and hobnobbing with business executives, entertainers, hoteliers, lawyers, meeting planners, professional speakers, meeting providers of audio-visual equipment, special event professionals, administrative**

**personnel of all types, and probably a pickpocket or two over my two years in largely urban settings.**

**"I was part of the whole cavalcade of humanity—business and life on a grand scale! What an enriching experience that added to my sense of self confidence and my sense of mankind in its business settings, full of competitiveness, glamour, and hard demanding work."**

**By the way, never agree to give a closing address; it's far too hard to wait through the conference before giving your performance. My talk was on "Building your Career", a slide presentation I had created back in Missouri, and had given at institutes in Snowbird, Utah and to several other audiences.**

**It was successful and the room was terrific; it had an open ceiling which they then closed before I gave my talk. And when that ceiling opened up to a starlit sky as I walked to the podium, I was only too aware that the young man from Takoma Park, MD, who used to thrive in a leisurely suburban environment, had figuratively and literally, gone to "the big city!"**

Taking a post conference trip in San Francisco, to Napa Valley by coach, and visited Beringer Vineyards, and a champagne winery which was lots of fun, travelling with Sue Painter, our finance manager. Sue had saved me from many a bookkeeping error and was a good friend at the time. I had played golf with her husband several times and Beth and I had exchanged meals with them too. Sue's skeptical sense of humor gave me the boost I needed, feeling somewhat drained after the busy conference. But it was highly successful.



**Beringer Winery**

## Headed back East one step at a time

## Our sons thrive in Ohio!

**Jon and Dan had easily adjusted to Ohio and Jon spent one year in Jr. High; did well in his classes; tried running as a sport and found it dreary and boring; but found soccer to his liking. He played as a freshman at Middletown High School and made some close friendships including a guy named Jeff who tragically died in a motor scooter accident later on when we had moved to Massachusetts. I remember Jon sobbing out loud at his**

**loss. He and Jon were inseparable and Jon spent many a weekend day doing things with Jeff and his amiable parents. The move to Massachusetts was not easy for Jon who had jumped into high school in Ohio. But he took stock of his new surroundings; joined the varsity soccer and volleyball teams and did an outstanding job in his course work. What a strong and admirable young man and now thrives in his "middle essence".**

**Jon also played basketball down the street on a reasonably good-sized court at a home much more mansion-like than our 2-story colonial which was the biggest house we would all four ever live in as a family. Sorry son I never built you a basketball court but I did teach you golf, eh?**

Jon delivered newspapers and sometimes I would drive him around on bad weather days. Dan's turn at newspaper would have to wait until Upper Newton Falls, Massachusetts. Jon "discovered" girls in Middletown and would never really recover. He kept in touch with one girl for several years after we had moved on.

The family room was about 35x18 with living room, kitchen, dining room, four bedrooms, a woodshed, garage, front yard with a sizable tree and a backyard which was about 75x75, bordered by private homes on all sides. Our backyard neighbor was an old man of 85 years, who attended our Episcopal church, and the boys found him a bit enchanting, if unusual in their orbit!

We participated in church coffee hours and foyers, a program which has different couples host 4-5 other couples in their home "foyer" for refreshments and conversation. We always enjoyed these social events for the adults and many Episcopal churches and other denominations as well, find these programs worthwhile as they provide needed fellowship and often close friendships.

Jon was a Boy Scout, rising to Star level and Dan belonged to the Cub Scouts and enjoyed their activities. I assisted in a few activities as well. Beth worked in public relations in Middletown and was able to catapult that experience into higher level jobs as our future unfolded over time.

***The job at MIP consumed much of my available energy along with my family's needs. I had little interest in golf or fishing and did neither for those two long years. I tried to take Jon golfing, but a lightning storm ended our foray while still on the practice putting green.***

***And gradually, I burned out on the job and wanted to change to a productive if less arduous position without all the travel and high level of responsibility. I had achieved my long-held goal to hold a national level position and my priorities were changed forever.***

**I was greatly relieved when Beth decided to move back to Massachusetts, accepting a job in Newton with the Financial Times newspaper. I was able to leverage her job into a "dual career decision" and tell Doug I would be leaving MPI in June 1985. MPI was moving to new headquarters in Irving, Texas, outside of Dallas. No part of me wanted to move to Texas; my true home was and is the East Coast.**

I made a number of job enquiries in the southern Ohio area, including colleges and social agencies but was unable to find anything that called out to me to pursue. I was very uneasy about my career future along with another re-location of myself and my family. In retrospect, each career decision had a purpose, and each move brought new opportunities for personal and professional growth, though at the time they also brought stress, the occasional upset stomach, and a strong desire to "settle professionally". **All things in time young man (read: middle-aged) -- in God's time!**

**In May 1985, Beth accepted a position as Editor of the Financial Times in Newton, MA and in June 1985 she left us in Middletown, OH and stayed with friends in Newton at a reduced rental rate. Meanwhile, I kept working at MPI and took care of the boys until they finished the 1984-85 school year—Jon in Freshman high school year and Dan in 4th grade I believe. Her move at that time helped free me up to resign from MPI and move ahead in my life journey.**

**I told Doug Heath that I would not be going with MPI when it moved to Irving, Texas, near Dallas at the end of the year, and would be resigning. He, being a family man, and probably realizing that I had not been happy in my work for some time, agreed with my decision and they gave me a nice goodbye coffee cake party with the staff and also a gift of an MPI pen/pencil in marble which I still proudly have placed on my den desk, though behind tons of fly tying materials!**

I did most of the promotional writing for the June 1985 conference in Chicago and enjoyed the writing plus knowing the pressure would soon be gone! I am a strong writer and enjoy editing broken with conversations with other staff as I work. I realized that managing was definitely not my idea of a good time professionally, and although I could do it, I felt heavy pressure in executing what was required.

Once again, our church group became our friends in Middletown plus our neighbors the Guths. Jerry was a PR guy with US Steel in town and a charming guy, full of humor and stories. We bought a yellow VW beetle from him which we drove until Needham, MA, years later. While we were there, his family, including his wife and two sons, were converted to an evangelical religion and they became somewhat overwrought in their joy which they tried to disperse. Our sons Jon and Dan went to a couple of their church events, but we held firmly to our Episcopal roots and that was that. And the boys thought it was a little overwrought too.

**Middletown Episcopal church**



We also did two Gifts courses while living in Middletown and worshiped at a pretty church about 3 blocks from home, which was uniquely situated in the middle of a circle drive around and held the coffee hours outside in all but winter seasons. We helped folks identify their abilities and how best to use them in helping others.

Our friends, the Campbells, Tom and Eugenie, were wonderful people and we spent many a pleasant day with them for one or two meals at their nearby home, and these relaxing hours helped keep me able to deal with my challenging work situation. Eugenie had been Head Warden, a lay person in charge of our church, and had gifts of hospitality and organization. A truly wonderful person.

**Hanging in the dining room of their home, was a small plaque, which was embroidered with the phrase, "Fear not, little flock". In our hours with the Campbells, we did not fear much at all, except perhaps serious overeating!**

**Go farther East Middle-aged Man!**

**In January 1985, Ronald Reagan was re-inaugurated President of the United States, beating Walter Mondale and his running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, the first female VP candidate. I was disappointed, feeling that Reagan, though a wonderful speaker, had not helped the poor or middle class much in his time in office.**

So, in early 1985, Beth went to her new job in Newton, Massachusetts as Assistant Editor for the Financial Times newspaper. We drove from Ohio to MA in an old yellow VW Bug which had barely enough flooring to pass inspections! We had to stop at a clothing store on the way to buy boots because the cold air and freezing rain penetrated the car's passenger compartment and our feet almost got frostbite! Later we took both cars to MA: but the Bug got "squashed" in a parking lot, adding even more character to its demeanor and handling, though it did last until about 1986 when it was sold for junk as I recall.

But the bright red Plymouth Volare, bought in 1976, purred right along and went from Ohio to MA, finally quitting on a trip by me from Needham to Sutton, MA to attend a PGA golfing event at Pleasant Valley Country Club. The trusty Volare had managed to stay faithful through 167,000 miles and had proven itself reliable in Missouri, Ohio, and Massachusetts. It must have been produced by a proud car worker at a plant with high standards and came off the line at about 10:00 AM on a Wednesday, reputed to be the best time for a car to be well made in all aspects. It had lived up to its name: "To Fly" and then some. Photo below is similar to ours.



Later but soon I bought a Dodge small sedan as recommend and found by Jim Doherty, a good family friend and drove it until 1989 when I bought my first Subaru, but more about Subaru later on in this story.

*I stayed with the boys until they finished their school year in Ohio, Jon in 9th grade and Daniel in 5th. The boys were so flexible and even excited with another move but Jon had bonded at Middletown High and was on the soccer varsity and had made friends. It was very hard for him to move! And Dan had to move many times; new school for 5th grade in Middletown, OH; new school for 6th grade in MA; new school for 7th grade; and finally, new school for 9th grade as well.* ***Dan's flexibility and adaptability had once again helped him weather some rough seas****.*

We rented an apartment in Brookline for the summer of 1985 and then moved to the "stone house" in Newton Upper Falls that fall, which was picturesque but small for the four of us! The house was well known in the area and when you said where you lived, people knew where it was. It had an apple tree in the front yard and an old mill next door and a small side yard sunken below the ground level. W

We went to Grace Episcopal Church in Needham for several years, where Jon and Dan were acolytes in the services. Beth sang in the church choir and I helped put on a career workshop and helped with the annual book sale and Christmas Bazaar. It was a very large congregation, the biggest we had been involved with and there were many nice people and social events which we enjoyed. Coffee hours brought plenty of socializing and the energetic chatting among mostly upper middle-class professionals. ***Life went on in its intricately woven way, combining happy times and challenging times for our family.***



**Grace Episcopal Church in Needham where I worshipped with Beth, Jon and Dan from 1985 until Beth and I divorced in 1987. Project going on to add solar panels.**

## Career transitional period

**"Cocooning gives the individual time to rest; reflect; and decide what to do next"**
**From a favorite career book by Frederic Hudson, title not known**

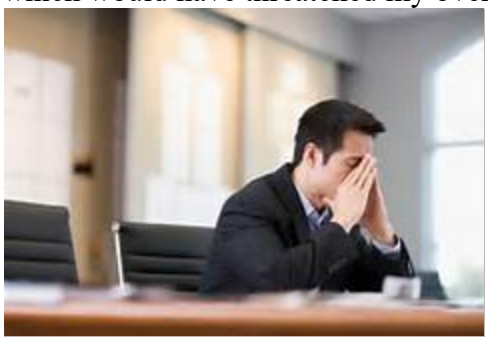
**Salary: variable: temping with Uniforce, at $9 per hour; later promoted to temp staff: $12 per hour-still later did PT outplacement work: $30 per hour**

***At this point in my life, I felt totally burned out from the MPI job and wasn't at all ready to jump back into a 9-5 administrative setting. I "Cocooned" and did some temp clerical work, sold pipes at a tobacco store, and set up a network of friends and persons who could help me reach a new career destination—unknown to me at that point! I know that Beth was "underwhelmed" by my relative lack of ambition during this transition but we really didn't talk about it.***

I knew full well that I would move into a full-time professional position, but wanted it to be one I could commit to and not just a required job. This was a difficult but critical cocooning period for me. I just couldn't go into another pressurized job situation; it just wasn't me.

The best thing to do in this situation, I realize now, is just what I did: I did not move to another

pressure filled work situation which would have threatened my overall equilibrium as a person!



**Much better to reflect on a better type of position to pursue, while doing what you have to do to provide funds for yourself or others. Usually, secure the next job before leaving your current one, unless extreme mental health issues or personal safety dictate otherwise!**

Since Beth was working and receiving high pay, this was possible. For others, this may not be a workable solution but if at all possible, do try dear reader, to cocoon a bit and look within to meet your innermost needs and use physical activity and quiet periods of reflection, guided or alone, critical analysis of your skills and weaknesses, and what you will be willing to trade to reach a more productive and comfortable state of personal affairs! Spend the time to do this and I suspect you will be heading toward a much more satisfying life. Of course, also reach out to others during the cocooning process to increase your opportunities and to meet social needs.

No one told me this; I had to learn it by trial and error, both of which I experienced at various times in my life. But I learned by about age 45 what I truly needed: to use my gift of presence, coaching, and teaching to help others grow and develop. Since then, when I am in "my zone" using these gifts, I feel God's presence though only as a supportive backdrop for my own decisions and activities, and the time flies by as I share what I've learned with another human being.

**I must have made 100 phone calls and visited perhaps 30-40 people. One of these calls led me to Peter Jones, with Right Associates, Outplacement consultants in Boston, who needed trainers and I jumped on that opportunity. I helped present about 8-10 seminars around Boston and enjoyed the trainer/counselor role without any administrative tasks to be done! I realized that my continuing skills lay in the counseling area with an ability to make presentations lively and useful to participants.**

**This was clearly a major gift area for me. And I also realized that I truly enjoyed helping adults navigate their career journey. Hooray! A real breakthrough—now where to deploy it full-time?**

There was a large need for more income for our family and I upped my search efforts including a visit with Cliff Hakim a career placement counselor with a holistic view of careers, who said I definitely would be a great trainer and should believe that as a fact. Good advice. He referred me to the Bank of New England for a training job. We had talked about what my skills were and

he identified professional training as a viable field for me to pursue. I had presented plenty of talks to groups in the YMCA and in the V.A. and liked to help people develop their skills.

I knew nothing about banking and when I took the interview, I remember feeling detached from the banking field and although I performed well in the interview, I never really envisioned myself going into a business setting. I would later find that the bank wanted to hire me but by then……well you'll see as my journey progresses!

Our Ohio house was on the market far too long! I believe we finally sold it in late 1985 and lost about 15K in the process. Moving west means lower costs for everything, short of the West Coast, but moving East means higher costs!

**"We bought a large house in Needham in spring 1987, which I totally re-painted inside, over a six-month period. It took all we had financially, and perhaps represented our desire to culminate all of our material goals as a couple in one last splurge. Purchasing such an expensive large house meant more to Beth than to me. I was concerned about taking on that size mortgage. We got the house but our marriage foundered. We had been faithful, loving partners and had reared two great sons, Jon and Dan, but we "fell out of love" I suppose. Beth used my loyalty in having me paint the entire house, knowing she would soon ask for a divorce. Beth's desire to be an executive and high salary as well collided with my commitment to only take on work positions that met my career and personal needs. That is at why we divorced. But we certainly produced and helped raise two sons to successful manhood! Nothing will ever change that accomplishment or lessen our pride."**

# FALL: LATE MIDDLE AGE: 1987-2003 (age 47-63)

**Cue up Autumn Leaves and please play it with feeling!**



## Divorce and other "things"

**"Beth, I hardly knew ye"**

**Paraphrased from Robert Burns**

**We had many generally happy years together although we probably never saw life the same way in terms of ambition and careers. Beth always wanted to climb the professional ladder as high as possible and that was never on my mind. I simply wanted meaningful work with helping people; relatively low pressure; and adequate salary to meet family needs, and yes, ample recognition.**

Our relationship seemed to change when we returned east in 1983 for me to accept my position with MPI. The pressure of my work plus her aspirations not yet met caused some mutual frustration between us. We continued our summer vacations, usually to Camp Week in Ohio in August, though by then they seemed different. I believe Beth and I grew less close in our relationship during that time, but very subtly and very gradually.

Probably the long stress of Dan's illness was a factor, though we handled it well I believe, and certainly we had different aspirations career-wise, and after 20 years together apparently, Beth wasn't feeling the relationship met her needs. I simply had continued my loyal support of all things family, including my marriage and never really thought of it ending.

**"The last vacation we took to the Cape was in 1987 and I sensed that Beth's approach to me had somehow and for reasons unknown to me, markedly changed. This was never discussed though I do remember her talking about getting a new engagement ring which I thought was not necessary. Who knows? Quien sabe?**

**Perhaps she wanted new excitement or new experiences? Or was it in fact excitement in her endeavors professionally. But whatever it was, I couldn't provide it. Certainly, we had some very good years together and would always celebrate our parenting of sons Jonathan and Daniel—the best two achievements we ever did together!" We always gave parenting our very best and were, in retrospect, effective in nurturing and raising Jon and Dan! So as my narrative continues, think of us as a faithful, loving couple, a marriage that would last twenty years before Beth asked me for a divorce in August of 1987, upon my return from 103rd Camp Week with sons Jon and Dan.**

I was surprised, shocked and deeply hurt since I had always been faithful, but our divorce went ahead and we arranged joint custody. I firmly resolved to be near my sons and to continue to be an active, loving parent, and Beth did also. Maybe we had "fallen out of love". If I'm truthful, I can remember our relationship had become less than satisfying in all respects though I had never thought of divorcing. Although there was no unfaithfulness, this was what Beth wanted. To this day, I do not fully understand why this happened. But the divorce would free me to find a new and far better relationship with far less expectations for both persons.

***A priest at Grace Episcopal, in Needham, created a special short service for me "to remove my wedding ring"; it was an important moment, and helped me turn forward to my new life ahead.***

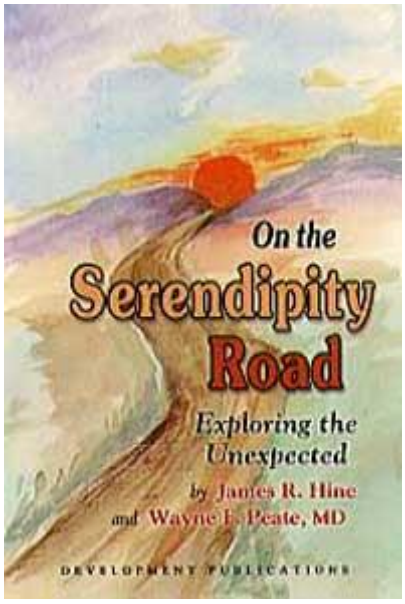
***We parted amicably, if painfully, and I moved to an apartment in Newtonville, MA, near enough to continue meeting my fatherly responsibilities and so I could remain a vital part of Jon and Dan 's life. There could be no other way to proceed. I am truly sorry that it was a painful process for them and not one I would have chosen. It was wrenching for me and it felt very strange and unnatural not to be with Jon and Dan but I could not remain so I left.***

***I have always dearly loved my boys and would not ever leave them for any job or any other reason! Beth and the boys remained in the Needham home, leaving in about 1997 when Beth moved to Medfield and then later to Jamaica Plain, and finally to Wellfleet. Actually, Jon stayed in Needham until 1992 when he joined Teach for America in Houston, TX.***

**Life is so very interesting in how you are "taken" from one geographical area to another in the context of simply living your life. If Beth hadn't decided to accept the position with Financial Times in Newton, MA, due in part to wishing to be nearer her parents in**

**Massachusetts, I may never have left Ohio or may never have left Missouri if I hadn't lusted for a national level job that took me to Middletown, OH and far beyond on my business trips crisscrossing the US and to Mexico.**

***And while we play "what if" what if I hadn't accepted the V.A. position promotion transfer to Missouri in 1974? I may not have been able to earn my Ph.D. or to teach or to become a professional trainer from all that related experience! There may indeed, be an X factor, at work when we make such significant life decisions. I do not believe that God knows specifically what each of our decisions means, but God is definitely a part of my decision making process.***




**But because of my sons, and thankfully and rightfully so, I chose to remain wedded to them and their and my future in Massachusetts, still co-parenting, as difficult as it became from time to time, continuing to interact with Beth and her tendency to dominate decision making and just the contact after such an unexpected separation and divorce as a couple that had been, in all major tasks, a successful union. But in retrospect, it was all for the good.**

***"I am so very grateful, from my perspective now that I remained near my sons Jon and Dan. Hopefully I provided and still provide the father they can come to and discuss anything with; the father who will still play with them as we are all able; and the father who can laugh with them and never at them. They have always been a wonderful part of my life, inseparable from who I am and who I would have ever wanted to be! I can say no more about my love for them than that."***

**And professionally it worked out very well for my development and transition into coaching, teaching, and advising and public speaking. From Wang to Northeastern**

**University to gifts ministry in church, community, library, fraternity and beyond, I have been able to marshal my abilities and use them in helping others at work, home, and in my community by volunteering in career work at the Worcester Public Library since 2003, now having served over 1,000 persons in five years. I still enjoy the work and meeting new people on different life journeys. I "sail" right along with them through rough waters and smooth sailing when they land a job which, though scarce, keeps me going. Remember, it is "the set of the sail, and not the gale, that determines where we go!"**

The Boston area held innumerable job possibilities but I would have stayed in the area regardless of work considerations. Family first; work came a distant third following "living a full and interesting life" which is second place for me. When I work, I work very hard but when it's done I play hard too and enjoy "down time" with reading, music, and reflection on my life. I would never "give my soul" to a job—never!

Initially, my only active friends from Needham, MA, were Bill and Dottie Hagar and the Mollenauers, who visited me in my apartment and who remained faithful and gave me emotional support when I really needed it. There is no way to fully appreciate how much this type of friendship meant to me at that time in my life.

***The well-known "Be not Afraid" piece, a spiritually directed tune, comes to mind when I remember this difficult period of my life. I reached out and got help from many sources and that helped me rebound and rebuild my new life.***

**"During the initial period of separation from Beth, and the knowing that our relationship had ended after twenty faithful years and the parenting of Jon and Dan, I cried quite often in frustration and pain, and in shock that this had happened at all.**

**But life went on. Work was a blessing at Wang Labs though during the early period of divorce I often cried when driving home to my modest apartment in Newton, occasionally having to pull the car over to the siding, and felt mildly disoriented in my living there, alone, after twenty years check by jowl, with my wife Beth, and later on with sons Jon and Dan. The days at Wang went by and my work gave me a focal point for my professional and emotional energies but there was a hollow place in my heart."**

**And of course, the pain continued as "our friends" disappointingly if understandably sided with Beth and remained in touch with her ever since. I retained some of the family friends like the Hagars and the Mollenauers and appreciated their friendship offered right after the divorce, and do to this day. We do get together with our sons every Christmas at son Dan's home in Ashland, since 2008 and it works out well for all. I have a cocktail and appetizers at Mark and Lisa's, Margaret's nephew in Shrewsbury, and then head to Ashland and Dan's place." Now in 2014 and beyond I go with Margaret to Gail's or Mark's for Christmas and am happy to be with her on that special day!"**

Marriages are unique in their web of relationships between two persons and their mutual and separate friendships and relations! My small family still living consisted of my mother, who was loving and supporting; my brother Ron who was "busy" living his own challenging life journey, my Aunt Molly, Erie's wife, whom I hadn't been very close to except for our love of golf at Inverness, cousins Connie and her husband Dick Riedel, who only saw me at Camp Week in Ohio on occasional years I attended, Harley and Fran, also the same Camp Week get-togethers, and finally my estranged Aunt Eunice and her son cousin Ken Coxen, who moved to Florida in about 1980 and never kept in touch. Mine was and is a small family, though when you add my second wife Margaret's relatives; it becomes at least medium sized.

My other paternal cousins were distant in location and never really close. My dad's family has the unfortunate habit of not visiting our family in Maryland through the years, except Uncle Thayer and Aunt Jo who did make the trip for mother and Dad's 25th in 1962, and brought them a necklace of silver dollars!

**I had few family members to lean on for support. My aging mother, who always encouraged me whatever the challenge, had her own issues to handle. My ego was intact, but my psyche was badly bruised, and I kept to myself, going to work, returning to my apartment, eating, sleeping, and deep inside, reflecting and "cocooning", trying to fashion a new model of life for myself. Oh, and the laughs and the optimism returned over time too. I am basically an optimistic, enthusiastic guy. I would not stay "down" very long!**

**I continued to attend church at Grace Episcopal in Needham; visit with Dottie and Bill Hagar and play racquetball with Bill at the University of Massachusetts; and had two dates with a divorcee at the church, one for dinner and the other skiing in New Hampshire. But it turned out to be platonic and that was that. I was still very much alone. It felt really strange and somewhat uncomfortable, but that too would change over time.**

I am very happy that Beth achieved so many of her personal goals. We have remained amiable since our divorce in 1987 and faithful parents who knew our children would always come first! Beth is extremely creative and very intense and she finally learned how to use it both skill and trait in her own career. Now in 2012, she may have to sell her treasured home due to the terrible economy since the bust of housing loans in 2008. I'm sorry for her loss but know she will rebound and her incredible energy will once again come to her aid. I have always wished her well.

**Siegfried Sassoon**
**"Everyman"**

***The weariness of life that has no will***
***To climb the steepening hill.***
***The sickness of the soul for sleep, and to be still.***

***And then once more the impassioned pygmy fist***
***Clenched, cloudward and defiant;***

*The pride that would prevail, the doomed protagonist,*
*Grappling the ghostly giant.*

*Victim and venture, turn by turn; and then*
*Set free to be again*
*Companion in repose with those who once were men.*




## Margaret Veleno & New Life!



**My pretty wife Margaret on our Civil War journey (too much driving) to VA in 2006 when the temperatures went up to 95 and muggy and we lost some of our touristy desires!**

**"I "cocooned" until February 1988, then, feeling interested in meeting someone new, I went to a singles dance in Worcester and met Margaret Schell. She was (and is) pretty and we danced; she gave me her phone number and I called her to ask for a date that Saturday. I**

**picked her up in my gray Dodge sedan and we had wine at Piccadilly Pub in Auburn and talked at some length, mostly about family, work, and interests, and realized some common interests and attraction! I kissed her on her front porch at the mobile home park where she lived near her twin sister Michele which surprised her but I knew she enjoyed it!**

**She had a natural appeal and nothing is affected or contrived! She was as honest a person as I and not any more ambitious or assertive than me. She was younger at 41 than me at 47 and I felt like I was dating a young woman which was good for my ego. We were very comfortable and happy being together. Margaret was secure in her spirituality and she let me be me! And that is what I truly wanted and needed, nothing more and nothing less. We fell in love."**

**We played lots of Gregory Norbert's music during our courtship. We loved his sincere baritone voice and the lyrics spoke of hope, forgiveness, and friendship and it gave me and Margaret a lift that we both have spoken of since, with gratefulness and thanks.**

**I saw her for the entire time I worked with Wang and the frequency of my visits increased as our relationship deepened. We went out dancing and for a glass of wine on several occasions and I brought her to my apartment in July, 1988 for 4th of July fireworks. My mother visited during that time and liked Margaret's natural appeal as a person. Mother and Margaret got along very well and when we'd visit her at Leisure World in Wheaton, MD, Margaret would walk Mother up to the golf office to sign me in so I could play there.**

**I moved in with her in her mobile home in Auburn, MA, in July 1989. Michele, Margaret's twin sister and her significant other, Paul Berryman, lived in a new mobile home near us. We got married October 12, 1990 at St. Luke's Church in Worcester, with family only—Jon, Dan, Gail, my mother and Margaret's mother and father. The minister was Ed Greene who did a good job in counseling us. Margaret's Catholic marriage was annulled and I had done a special ring-divesting ceremony with a priest at Christ Episcopal Church in Needham, MA.**



**My church: St. Luke's Episcopal!**

"Car-wise I bought my first Subaru in 1990, a subdued red stick shift (one more time please) sedan and I could "move it". I dubbed the car "Linky" stemming from a vacation property called Linganore, that mother and dad bought in about 1972 but never built a home on. They'd drive there on occasional weekends; take a swim and have a meal; sit in lawn chairs on their property, and then drive home to Takoma Park. New iterations of Subarus have been called, "Link" and

my latest, a 2008 has to be "fishmobile" and it shows by its proud dirt when I clean it thoroughly in the Spring and again when fishing ends in late October. I would go on to own and love six Subarus

Though fun to drive, it ceased to be so when I began commuting Auburn to Boston to work at Northeastern University. In 1994, I bought a shiny new Impreza, somewhat small for such a large commute but I loved it's get up and go and it reminded me of my Corvair from back in my youth. We bought the car from Bob Lacrosse who is a wonderful salesman and has sold us 5 cars so far! With a name like his he has to be good, right?




**2012 Forester like mine ☺**
**Name? Hi-Oh! Silver of course!**

**"I hereby give my unconditional endorsement to Subaru's since they have served me well in over 13 years commuting from Worcester to Boston, countless trips Worcester to Maryland, and Worcester to central Virginia and also to northern Ohio to attend Camp Week with the Ohio 103rd on Lake Erie in 2010. What a dependable car and it never shimmies even on the wettest or roughest roads; it just keeps moving along. Plus, with its large rear compartment I can easily handle two trash cans for dump runs and it has been my go-to "fishmobile" for many years.**

**The one drawback is its' relative lack of speed but this has probably been a Godsend since at age 73 I still tend to be competitive even behind the wheel. I am not proud of this tendency and I have been a very good safe driver for many years but if you put me at the wheel of a Corvette or even a hot Chevy I just might burn a little rubber in salute to all those happy times wheeling around suburban Maryland in my "hot" 1953, Baby Blue Ford convertible. Happy times indeed and somehow I lived through them to write this life story for your hopeful enjoyment."**

We've been very happy ever since. We share the common values of family, very similar spirituality, and enjoy a "laid-back" type of togetherness, with few demands on either of us and it works! Margaret accepted me just as I was and wanted me to just be me. She also had a strong sense of Christianity and spirituality, having led prayer groups at St. John's Church in Worcester years earlier. We both liked Gregory Norbet's music and went to a retreat with him in Vermont.

His piece, “” There is a River”, is one of my favorite pieces of music, combining the idea of God and running water, which has always moved me deeply. Nature shows us God’s love for us in addition to giving us his main gift: our life on Planet Earth.

wedding photo Here: M&T

We attended services at Our Lady of Angel’s and then visited several Episcopal churches before choosing Luke’s late in 1990, which was small, friendly, and welcoming. The following poem captures both St. Luke’s character and Margaret’s gift of letting my soul soar as if in song!

***Every one sang by Siegfried Sassoon:***

***Every one suddenly burst out singing;***
***And I was filled with such delight***
***As prisoned birds must find in freedom***
***Winging wildly across the white***
***Orchards and dark green fields; on; on; and out of sight.***

***Every one’s voice was suddenly lifted,***
***And beauty came like the setting sun.***
***My heart was shaken with tears, and horror***
***Drifted away….O, but every one***
***Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the***
***Singing will never be done.***





**Margaret Chapman, my girl, with a large smile, sitting in her brand-new Buick Lacrosse in fall 2011-I love to see that girl smile!**

It fit our idea of church and we sang in the choir together for ten years before Margaret decided to return to her Catholic roots at St. John's in Worcester, where she had led prayer groups before. She went with my blessing, though some Sunday mornings; I still miss her presence at church, now several years later.

***"Margaret and I are soul mates in a natural sense of being grateful for our lives, our families, our life together, and for any and all good things that we have enjoyed before meeting in 1988 and of course ever since. And when the storms inevitably have come; we have met them together and helped each other weather them with grace we hope.***

***We will always be together, physically on Planet Earth and then forever in Heaven we pray. There is just a rightness when we are together that never diminishes or changes. I am eternally grateful for her presence in my life and know she feels the same for me."***

A typical Sunday then would be like this. We leave at 9:15 to arrive for choir brief practice before the 10:00 am service. The choir swelled to about 20 persons with a large bass section of 8 men.

Mary Been was our director and she was earnest and talented in leading us into and through many memorable pieces of music including "All you can Be" one of my favorites and "Be Not Afraid" another favorite, "How Can I keep from Singing" and more. We sang two times at Easter services with a good meal in between and two times at Christmas thought we quickly chose not to sing at the children's pageant, preferring adult parishioners as audience!



On occasion, when singing in the choir, I felt spiritually rich in feeling and fervor, but gradually after 10 years my fervor faded and I left the choir much to the disappointment of Mary who had been my advocate for so long. But I can't do things I am not feeling and "for everything there is a season".




**Margaret on left and her twin sister Michele, at UNUM fall outing in 2011. They had such a special bond, one that no one can fully understand except them, and were inseparable for 65 years. Michele passed away on August 11, 2012 and we are all the poorer for it. I miss**

**her—her generosity, her great sense of humor, and especially seeing her come into our home on Thanksgiving Day with lots of bags of candy, lemon squares, and other treats!**

**"We shared many holidays together including Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and 4th of July and Labor Day celebrations, often at our home and also Christmas at Michelle and Paul's home in Auburn, MA, and a few with Pat and Paul in Worcester."**

***"A typical Thanksgiving, which for me started in the family in 1988 in Auburn and from 1995 on in our home in Worcester, would host: Margaret and me; Michele and Paul; Paul's daughter Karen, Gail and Dan Hunt, Margaret's daughter and son in law; my sons Jon and Dan and Dan's wife Carolyn; and since 2006 Emma and Wiley, Dan and Carolyn's twin daughters (more on them later); often Joe Zupan, a member of Gail and Dan's performing groups; Pat and Paul Zambarano, Margaret's sister and brother in law; Margaret's parents Mike and Sophie; for a few years also Paul, another musician friend; and occasionally Steve, Dan Hunt's brother. And on occasion, Mark, Margaret's cousin through Sister Patricia and his wife Lisa and recently their daughter Marissa. Quite a gathering!***

**"*Our meal would consist of a large turkey, usually 18 pounds or more, whipped squash and potatoes, peas, cranberry sauce, carrots, tons of stuffing and tons of gravy made from Heinz bottled gravy plus drippings and giblets from the turkey. And plenty of desserts from Pat's truffle to Michele's lemon squares to my bread puddings plus ice cream and pumpkin pie and often apple pie as well. Wonderful aromas and flavors were enjoyed once I had arisen at 4am; turned on the turkey; fell asleep in my easy chair; then got up when Margaret woke up and both worked steadily until folks started arriving by noon."***

**"Margaret and I always toasted the holiday with a glass of wine before anyone arrived. It felt so good to anticipate the coming pleasures and know that we had it all prepared before anyone arrived! That's the best way to entertain; then you can chat with folks as they arrive and get it off to a good comfortable start.**

**I can smell those aromas now as I reminisce about those family holidays we thought would last forever. But in 2012, after Michele's death, Gail offered to start hosting Thanksgiving and Margaret agreed it was time. Gail has more than offered us her home and good food; she's given us her heart in all that she does." My sons Jon and Dan alternate having Thanksgiving with us and then heading to Weston for another meal with MacDuffies and the next year going to Cape Cod to be with Beth. This has worked out well over time."**

**It has been hard to see Margaret's grief extend over time however well justified. If I could relieve her pain I would but I can't so I just love her always and in my unofficial role as "family recreation director" I work toward fulfilling activities for us together and I also cook pleasing meals I'm told—hell, I'm surely gaining weight eating them. Margaret**

**since retirement in 2013 has formed a lasting social group of her daughter Gail and some work friends as well. She has dinner out with Gail weekly and now since late 2013 she works out at Planet Fitness in nearby Shrewsbury and they both enjoy the time together. Margaret's day frequently includes TV movies and reading book after book of her choosing including mysteries, spy books, or romance-related items of less interest to me. Her retirement has given me the opportunity to spend more time with the girl I love and it has worked out well as of this writing in early 2014. I'll share more about this aspect of life later on in my story.**



**Photo previous page is Gail Hunt, Margaret's daughter in about 2010; rarely is she ever this serious looking!**

Gail is married to Dan Hunt who is a carpenter and also an excellent luthier (guitar maker) and guitar teacher. I call her "Steppie" since she is my step daughter. Gail is full of healthy attitude and opinions on everything just like me! I always enjoy her company and admire her great musicality. She taught herself to play bass guitar!

They live with two ragdoll cats named Gypsy and Django (famous guitarist) in Worcester. They throw two wonderful and huge music-driven parties at their home every year. They invite literally everyone that knows them and/or their music which is really the same thing! I'd estimate that about 100 or so arrive at some point in the proceedings. The music and the food are first rate and a ton of fun. Jon and Dan have gone to the summer party where the different music groups play for several hours in their backyard and so have our granddaughters Emma and Wiley. Thanks Gail and Dan!

The Hunts play in two bands: Jubilee Gardens plays folk/rock every month at the Sahara restaurant in Worcester and they also play with Red Riders, a swing band too. We would go hear them play more but often they start at 10pm which is just a little late for us. ZZZZZZ!

**Wang Labs—all the performing I ever wanted to do!**

**Salary: $41K ($1K "raise")**

***"The times, they are a changing", a la Bob Dylan. George Walker Bush would be elected President in 1988 and serve one term. He did a fairly good job; stopping aggression in Kuwait but was not liberal enough to suit me. In 1992, a very young Bill Clinton would stop him from serving twice and I was very pleased at the outcome!***



***William Jefferson Clinton***
***US President 1992-2000***

***Bill Clinton would achieve a budgetary surplus; promote education and the arts; establish good international relations and keep us out of war in his tenure. But he was not a perfect man; no one is, and he was an unfaithful husband and was unsuccessfully impeached for his transgressions. It was indeed his Achilles heel and history may hold him accountable well into the 21st century despite his successes.***

***A wonderfully sensitive man in times of community disaster; Clinton traveled to Worcester in 1999 when six Worcester firemen lost their lives in a warehouse fire trying to rescue two vagrants they thought were inside. Since then a new firehouse sits proudly where the old warehouse stood, just beyond the overpass across the street from Union Station, a proud reminder of the bravery and selflessness demonstrated that cold December day."***

I attended several American Society of Training and Development meetings in Boston and that is where I met Peter Jones and also Dick Kropp, a Director with Wang Labs who was interested in hiring a trainer for supervisory training duties at Wang. I interviewed with him and impressed him with my energy level and speaking abilities. Maria Grasso, his assistant, also interviewed me, along with the HRM manager at the manufacturing facility where I would work, Roger, and a Director in charge of Materials, whose name escapes me. It was a full day of interviews and they all approved of hiring me!

I began in October 1987 at the Pawtucket Blvd plant that made computer boards for installation into Wang computers. Dick Kropp and Maria were housed at corporate headquarters in the towers off Rt 495 and Rt 3 north in Lowell.

"*In early spring 1988, I presented a 4-day supervisory management program to supervisors and managers from manufacturing and it was deemed successful by all in attendance. Whew! Most programs were presented at the Wang conference center in downtown Lowell, a modern facility, with a decent cafeteria, and plenty of nearby shops to visit at lunch. In addition to the training presentations, I also led some teambuilding sessions for managers and their work groups which went pretty well."*

My knowledge of group work from Springfield College days helped me sense when to push and when to let them decide what to do next and how to do it! I much preferred the classroom environment and a solid training program to conducting group discussions of a topic I knew little of! Yes, you can team build without being a content expert, but it gets pretty dry after a while.

And when it came to managing evening meetings at the 12-story headquarters office in Lowell; it was not my cup of tea and I had to steel myself to present a quick summary of manufacturing developments and then introduce whoever was our speaker for that meeting. We'd eat a good meal but I have never been truly comfortable eating over business; it's just not good for the digestion.

**Dr. Chapman bumps into Dr. Wang—literally!**

**"Once, when I was leaving a training room in corporate headquarters, I literally bumped into Dr. Wang himself who was peering into our room! I excused myself and he asked what the program was and seemed interested in what I was doing. I gave a brief explanation and he walked away with a pleased look on his face. At least that is my interpretation of the incident! That was the only time I ever saw him during the two years I worked for Wang Labs but I can picture his face vividly to this day."**



Dr. An Wang, President of Wang Laboratories in Lowell, Ma



**Headquarters, Wang, Lowell, MA**

I worked closely with the training program designers, who wrote small case studies to train communications, problem solving, and performance management on the supervisory level. My clients were supervisors and managers who needed to improve supervisory skills.

Meeting with all of the Directors, who at Wang directed the Managers, was a large if interesting task. Some were positive about the training, and some thought it should have been done internally, without a consultant writing the training program. I stayed positive and marketed the training very hard for the entire time I held the position, from 10/87 until 7/89, during which time I presented fifteen (15) four-day programs to over 100 supervisors and managers.

**"Receiving an average score of 1.3 where 1.0 is perfect and 5.0 is abysmal, confirmed my high level of training abilities. This was probably the most outstanding piece of training work I ever did and it felt really good to be recognized by the trainees and my bosses as having done such a good job. Once again, I was clearly a round peg working in a round hole—my skills fit!"**

Sitting here now, I can clearly remember the jitters the night before delivering the first session! I went shopping with Jon and Dan to the Arsenal mall in Watertown, MA and was very preoccupied to say the least, with the butterflies at work! But—as so often happens in life, when you are committed to achieving a goal, there is an extra flow of adrenaline which pulled me through. I would get ready in a small break-out room near the training room, and look across the city to a large media sign which read, MAKE IT HAPPEN! and this inspired me to do just that, even with the jitters! Then I would stride confidently into the training room, and greet the participants by saying, "Boy, do I have a great training program for you!" and the next four days would begin.




**Before each training session I Would say to myself out loud: MAKE IT HAPPEN!**

We designed a training program led by a strong training designer out of NYC and they visited several times and met with us to develop the needed management training. It was called, "Maximizing Work Performance" and featured a large case study involving the reduction of scrap waste by the improved inter-workings of several manufacturing departments. I led the trainees through the case study and we had a very nice venue in the Wang training building near the waterways leading to the textile industries in Lowell.

I also taught an introduction to the psychology of motivation in adults with several pertinent theories but kept it light with the best visuals at that time: movies and slides! I called on many Wang Directors and VP's to make presentations in their specialty with varying results.
Some knew their content but were not good at presenting. I intervened as necessary to liven up the proceedings and keep us on track.

We also included a module on how to conduct performance evaluations and had participants do mock evaluations with their fellow trainees. We had plenty of side rooms off our main training room to use for this work which made it fairly easy to handle. I went room to room seeing where I was needed and disappearing if not!

At the end of each day, I would ask them to write down something they might use when they returned to their work sites and would then give them "previews of coming attractions" to interest them in the next day's work. We met two days each week for two weeks for 8 hours a day so we could get into some depth in the training. *The participants rated it as very successful and useful which pleased me greatly.*

**The program, called, Maximizing Job Performance was my ticket to training success and I am pleased that I was able to help so many Wang employees develop professionally. That training, done two day's weekly for two consecutive weeks, was probably my best professional teaching and/or training. When I have a small group and I am talking about something I believe deeply in—recognizing employee development needs—I am able to surmount most obstacles and deliver a high-quality program that really helps meet individual needs.**

**My confidence in myself professionally was sky high following the 15 programs I delivered at Wang Labs and I took that confidence into the future and transferred those skills in many different settings and educational needs. And the small amount of group decision making meetings that I led helped me realize once and for all that I am a counselor and teacher/trainer and not a community developer. I want to be able to ask the person or group I'm helping: "How am I doing?" What can I do to make this more worthwhile for you?" Then I'm a happy professional and have limitless energy to get 'er" done.**

**Outplacing the Outplacer!**

**What next?**

***As 1989 began, Wang's fortunes in the computer industry waned; perhaps there were just "too many mousetraps" or perhaps that plus a lack of vision by the Wang family as other raced into PC's. Wang's son never wanted to run a corporation and said he would have rather been a teacher but his family loyalty forced him to comply. Wang had superb products but we fell far behind the customer demand curve when PC's flourished and we never recovered. We were fast becoming a dinosaur in a rapidly growing field of newer creatures!***

One morning at our weekly staff meeting in the tall Wang Towers building, Dick Kropp, my supervisor, told us we would now be doing outplacement training at the small facility near headquarters in Lowell. Dick told us honestly that we would lose our jobs within the next 3 months! Although I had made a significant contribution in my role of senior trainer, I quickly got over the shock of having my job terminated. I was emotionally and professionally ready to move on.

There were so many persons whose jobs had been terminated that four of us worked almost full-time for several months to provide the counseling outplacement services needed. I taught a class which covered goal setting; learning to live with your job termination, and job search techniques and resume development. I learned the lessons well. And…I was finally a round peg in a round hole, jobwise! I liked helping folks in a time of real need when what they learned would help them move ahead in their lives and not be "educational window dressing".

**"In July, 1989, Wang terminated the jobs of all the trainers, including me, and I had finished that part of my career journey. My work had been consistently outstanding at Wang as rated by trainees and supervisors and I had enjoyed the strong feeling of competency and purposefulness. My participants had rated my work as outstanding, even**

**in such a tough downsizing environment; I had won the support of my boss and his colleagues, including Mike Downes, the Sr. Vice President for Manufacturing, who continued to participate in day one of our training programs, and I further sharpened my presentation and speaking skills. Those two years represented some of my best work in helping adults grow and develop and I cherish the recollections of that period as a senior trainer in my field of management development and adult education."**

## Networking works!!

Refreshing my network of contacts as my days came to an end at Wang, included checking out several possible teaching jobs at the University of Lowell, in education and Psychology, but these positions were not what I wanted then. I have never really been a verbose teacher, in the sense of repeatedly giving long lecture-type deliveries on one traditional subject, i.e. Psychology, Sociology, etc. Rather, I have relished teaching, training, and counseling, in the application of Psychology, spirituality, and adult education to other adults who are striving to better continue their journey!

I contacted Peter Jones, of Right Associates, who I had worked with during the 1986-1987 career transition and he was willing to "keep me in mind". He called me about a month after we had met in Boston to say that he thought I would benefit from talking with a woman who was an education instructor for Nichols College in the Worcester area.

I met with that woman in Auburn, where we lived from 1989-1995 before we moved to our home at#7 Bay Edge Drive in Worcester. She and I talked about adult education and what my work experience had been and when we finished, I recall feeling that nothing would come of our meeting.

Here is a relevant quotation from Amelia Barr about "little events of great importance":

**"*There are no little events in life, those we think of no consequence may be full of fate and it is at our own risk if we neglect the acquaintances and opportunities that seem to be casually offered, and of small importance." See how true this is with a networked casual meeting with someone I was referred to by a casual colleague!***



***Networking is the key to successful job searches!***

**"I couldn't have been more wrong! About another month later, she called me and said that she had heard about a job at Northeastern University in Boston in cooperative education. They were looking for someone with recent business experience who could counsel students and teach. I thanked her and had lunch with Mike Ablove, a Cooperative Education Professor with the Business group, in Marlboro. He and I had fast rapport and Mike thought my skills and interests matched what they were looking for and said he would tell Dean Paul Pratt about my interest in the position."**

Dean Pratt called and I went for an interview. The Dean was eccentric, and asked me if I was married and could I commute from Worcester to Boston and I said yes. I met with a committee of coordinators twice and responded to hypotheticals on everything under the sun! They liked me and after an affirmative action challenge, I was hired as an Assistant Professor of Cooperative Education— Professor Chapman at last, nine years after earning my Ph.D., the supposed "key" to a professorship. I was finally outplaced in style! Since that happened to me, I have emphasized networking in all of my gifts work with library patrons, church friends, family, and fraternity brothers. Who you know is simply the key to unlocking important and rare career leads.

**Northeastern University—Cooperative Education PROFESSOR!**

**How about a rousing chorus of The Impossible Dream, which I achieved?**




**Northeastern University Boston, MA as I knew it 1989-2003**

**Salary: Starting in 1989: $40K; final professional FT salary in 1999: $53K**
**I'd say I'd come a long way financially: $6K to 53K-900% increase**
**from my first professional job 25 years before at NSA in Maryland in 1964**

I began my work at Northeastern in November, 1989, when Jon was a sophomore at the University of Massachusetts and Daniel was a sophomore at Needham High School near the big house Beth and I had purchased as "our last married project" together.

***Since earning my Ph.D. at the University of Missouri-Columbia in 1980, deep down I had always wanted to be a Professor and now I had achieved it. It seemed to be outer confirmation of an inner conviction that I had done what few other than my parents would have predicted from me, as they observed my often-mediocre academic results through high school and extending to required subjects at the University of Maryland for my Bachelor of Arts Degree in 1962.***

***But when I am determined and pursuing a goal that I have set and felt deeply, there really is no stopping me, period! Invincible no; self-directed hell yes!***

John Curry was the new President and had graduated from the Co-op program; he had taken co-op as a student and still sang its praises to everyone! I remember meeting with him and eight of us who had been hired as Assistant Professors, one bitingly cold December day in 1989, in his office, where they poured fresh coffee and served fancy Danishes for all of us. This was clearly the top of the heap in terms of academia—the President's office!

**"He asked each of us about our background and our goals and then told us it was probably not going to be possible for any of us to gain tenure in the co-op department due to attitudes and relative lack of funds to grant tenure! What a disappointment since I went to Northeastern, delighted to finally achieve faculty status as a professor, which I had wanted since beginning my Ph.D. studies, in 1977 in Missouri, 12 years before. Now tenure was not possible. Curry was hospitable but adamant about our chances. But I still felt good about being a Professor, which I had wanted for so many years."**

**Early recollections of Northeastern University-Assistant Professor of Cooperative Education**

**Here is a quotation from Dr. William Menninger that has meaning for all of us who want a more satisfying life: "The amount of satisfaction you get from life depends largely on your own ingenuity, self-sufficiency, and resourcefulness. People who wait around for life to supply their satisfaction usually find boredom instead." The trick is to find the right balance of excitement/ boredom for you!**




**I** ***had always wanted to be a professor though for years I had no idea in what subject area! But career counseling always came easy to me and I found it fascinating to see what each person wants to do with their "life" and cooperative education also let me interact regularly with professionals in all types of business to line up jobs for students; and that I found***

***stimulating. I could be in my office 3 days a week and out visiting employers and doing research the other two days: almost perfect for my temperament and skill sets.***

I began my work during an extremely busy referral week with the Business coordinators where I would spend the next 10 school years, advising and coaching all types of business students, from all over the world. I would teach orientation classes; career planning class for seniors; I would visit maybe 100 employers and I managed to add about 50 new employers over time for my program, which had been left unattended for over a year.

My predecessor, for whom I continued to get phone calls for 2 years after I started, had been a "phantom coordinator", prone to lapses in his attendance and participation. I don't know why he wasn't fired but it did make an opportunity for me.

I inherited a co-op program in very bad shape. The previous coordinator had been a "ghost" worker, often not appearing for days at a time and doing little to help students or employers. I got phone calls for him for about two years after starting in November, 1989. I worked with Candace Herene, a very good counselor who had managed the program during the interim and had done well in a very difficult situation. In my interview for the job, I believe one of my most important answers was to the question, "What would you do before making changes in the co-op program you inherited?" and I responded, "I would check with Candace!"

**"When I began I had my own office with a window, "dumb computer", phone, and one secretary for 22 professionals! Do you think a modern PC, cell phone, and laptop on the road would have helped? Ha! Within a year, I had a real computer and I also had control of the heating/air conditioning in my office. My window opened to look down on a small quadrangle with willow trees and a sunken terrace to an American flag and State flag.**

**This view was a saving grace through the many years of work there when I would turn to that view as I grappled with developing a solid program for business students from the dregs I had inherited, and tried to remember the "big picture" of my life and its ups and downs. But yes, I was now a Professor."**

I impressed students by being available and always offered walk-in hours to see them. Visiting employers, both old and new was always interesting, and within several years I had approximately 75-100 listed on my ACCESS files for coop. I would often head right out of my office to visit a new or prospective Co-op employer after talking to them on the phone but in later years realized that many of these could have been more efficiently managed by phone or computer.

But, again, that was before email and I have always done best person-to-person—not phone, not mail, but in person, "pressing the flesh", probably inherited from my maternal grandfather Romeo, the Boston civil lawyer, who knew the name of every merchant, client, and passerby within a mile of his Huntingdon Avenue offices.

Within a year, I could see the patterns of the referrals, advising, and job hiring done by our employers and had made many productive alliances. Our group, which I called Team 4 since we were on the 4th floor met almost weekly in a conference room that was mostly for our use and talked about everything from special events to employers, to problem students, to current events, where we also had our Christmas parties and did interviews for new coordinators. I have many pleasant memories of that room and its activities.

My team members were Mike Ablove, team leader, Bill Sloane, previous team leader, now a fellow bird watcher and friend, and navy veteran; Charlie Bognanni, now team leader, a great colleague, family man, and supervisor; Elizabeth Chilvers, from Wellesley, kind of snooty in a nice way who had great employers and far too many students but would never relinquish them. Then there was Barbara Lechner, sensitive, and committed to helping students, now at MIT, Joyce Fletcher, who fought and earned tenure and then left to do consulting and women's' studies work; and others too numerous to mention.

We were all housed in one Center for Cooperative Education, the Stearns Center, on Huntington Avenue since 1976; before that co-op had been in student services offices on main quad on Huntington. I could walk a student to another coordinator within our building and introduce them and ask for their help—all at the same time. That's very effective in community building.

**Visiting employers every week was interesting and stimulated my work with students assigned to me to find jobs. It kept my work setting varied and challenging and was probably why I was able to sustain my interest in this position far longer than any previous one I had held. What aspects of your work motivate you? How can you move to a better job that lets you do more of what you like to do?**

**And I could sign out from the office; see a few employers, and then head to a library in Needham, from 1989-1992 when Daniel was in high school, and also to Clark in Worcester or WPI or to the Boston Public Library for a look at literature and to read the periodicals. I also read my professional periodicals like Adult Education and the Journal of Higher Education newspaper and such. I would also read Time, Life, People, The New Yorker, and a variety of popular magazines.**

"Most students tried hard to find co-op jobs and I was eager to help! But solving the problems of changing divisions—each student was assigned to a co-op division and they studied for a semester and then worked for a semester—required written petitions that were excruciatingly problematic. I often had to run interference for their petition to stay in class or to change from class to work or vice versa, often incurring the displeasure of higher administrative staff like Dennis Ramsier, who chaired the College of Business committee that approved them.

My main concern was to be the students' advocate, not to appease higher education management. I had to handle disappointed students when their petition was disapproved and I didn't like it at all." Dealing with those arduous administrative details was unpleasant and caused me to flush and get anxious when I thought a student should have been given what he had asked for but I knew the overall job was a good

match for my gifts and abilities and I persevered and got it done and done well most of the time! Years later I tied a trout fly for Dennis and framed it and also wrote a poem for him saying in part, “In all matters in which he was vested, Dennis has never been procedurally tested”. He loved it and we’ve become friends over time and meet in Boston every year for pizza with anchovies which most of us also love.

## Employer exploits!

**“Sometimes visiting employers has taken a surprising turn of events, like one time when I got a call from a uniform manufacturer in East Boston who wanted a co-op student. I drove out to visit and when we met, he asked me to follow him to his office. No problem except that the route there was over to the backside of an old building with an equally old fire escape ladder. This guy jumped up on the first steps and said, “hey, we’re not fancy here but it works.”—follow me—and with a bit of trepidation—I did. We got several jobs with that company and it all worked out well, but I had my doubts at the start!” I later found out that they were fixing the elevator during my visit.”**



Another time, more humorous, I was visiting a prospective employer at Goodwill of Greater Boston. I told the secretary whom I was visiting and she pointed to an office adjoining a nearby hallway. Go ahead in and take a seat; he expects you and will be in soon. I did as instructed and went in to his office, which was laid out differently than most offices; with the desk at an oblique angle to the window and the doorway.

I went over and took a seat, and noticed a nice montage of personal photos displayed on his desk, and as I thought it was strange to point them toward visitors; he entered, laughed, and said, “Hey, you’re in my seat!” and I bolted up and took the seat across from his seat. We got over the very awkward start and had a good session but I was never able to place a student there since no position was ever created. Could it have been my first impression, ensconced in his seat?!

## Color Blind!

**"On another firm visit to a bank, I had been in such a hurry at work before leaving, that in my mind I was headed to Fleet Bank but actually I went into the offices of a different bank and went to my appointment. I was speaking with a high-level executive and I told him how much I liked their business cards and especially the colors (picturing green and blue) but thank God, I never said which colors. He concurred that black and red had been the unanimous choice and I inwardly gasped to realize that this was not Fleet Bank but another one! I regained my composure and did a good job of selling Northeastern and cooperative education."**




My visits included Enterprise, Scudder Investments, Gillette, Staples, Fleet Bank, Shawmut Bank, Cambridgeport Bank, Anheuser Busch, UPS, and several jobs at Northeastern University. I learned to deliver a prepared but peppy 5-minute talk on the benefits of hiring a Northeastern co-op student and could answer almost any question they could throw at me. In early years there, we would take employers to the University alumni center for a wonderful buffet but later on that was curtailed, due to budget cuts across campus and across our society.

**My major employer addition was Recoll Management Corporation which handled accounts when Fleet Bank was absorbed into Bank of America. I coordinated this program and invited senior managers and tons of our students to a huge auditorium, working with Mike Ablove, and zestfully presented the benefits of hiring our students, who were there and ready to set up interviews for employment. It worked; I looked good; and we probably employed over 100 students there for the 4-year period it was in service. And this success also helped me earn a promotion in the future.**

**I chaired the Cooperative Education faculty's training committee and made a few presentations myself. My training background with Wang Labs helped me do this and my training credibility was high. I also served on several other Co-op committees, for example, liaison to the College of Business faculty committee on Cooperative Education. Throughout**
**Those years though I really never enjoyed running committee meetings. I would rather be the one person responsible for producing a given result. Just too many variables when you assembler 4-8 persons to accomplish a task.**

How many, many meetings I ran and also participated in on the 4th floor of the Stearns Center! We also celebrated birthdays there with cake and coffee and it was available for lunches from time to time. I was also interviewed there for a NU News article on my fly tying hobby and tied a fly for the interviewer as we talked. Many memories come to mind of those colleagues and co-op employers whom I met with in that room for so many productive years.

***"I worked hard to maintain "parity" with the Business faculty, after Dean Paul Pratt decided to change the coordinator position from a faculty level to an administrative level. I spoke bravely at a co-op faculty meeting when Dean Pratt asked what we thought of his decision. I said I believed that we would never maintain parity with the tenured faculty if we became administrators. It's similar to a hospital setting, where only those staff who actually work directly with patients, have any real power or status in the hospital hierarchy.***

***And I was correct! We lost parity; the business faculty gave us less of a voice in meetings of all kinds and I still believe that cooperative education at Northeastern went downhill steadily from that point to today." I'm glad I served there during its hay day.***

**Today co-op is optional for most majors and not considered an integral requirement to earn a Northeastern degree. The co-op portion of the NU degree made it unique and more valuable in the marketplace and NU will never again regain such a vaunted position in the United States higher education circles. And I saw it all coming!"**



**Son Jonathan Hughes Chapman at play, in Plymouth, MA 2010**

## My son Jon and best golf buddy!

**"First of all, let me say that I couldn't have a better, more enjoyable elder son than Jon! He is intelligent and well read on all current events and has an opinion on every topic of concern known to mankind. Jon will hold you to details and correct you or challenge any statement made that he deems suspect, and they are many in number! His sense of humor is unmatched in my lifetime including any and all friends and acquaintances and other relatives. His quips, analogies, and crisp observations on all topics are top drawer and he draws listeners into his web with ease and alacrity."**

**My Son Jon had graduated from the University of Massachusetts, Cum Laude, in 1992, majoring in Political Science and was serving with Teach for America, in Houston, in a magnet school. He taught drama for grades 4-6; producing several musicals and plays in his stay there. I regret that I never visited Jon at that site, but I was alway proud of him and his high degree of compassion shown by the jobs he took and how he worked hard to help others.**

His compassion would continue to manifest itself as the years sped by as he took jobs with the American Red Cross, and at Crittenden House, in Boston, where he became the mainstay senior teacher in GED education.

Later on, Jon would be asked back to consult on several occasions and he always agreed. Jon's contribution to Crittenden was recognized by them and by his family and friends. Jon simply loves to commit to helping folks achieve their goals, regardless of their impediments. God bless his efforts! Jon worked in the campus recreation center; became an absolute pool shark, and played volleyball, competing with other colleges in the area, until his shoulder required surgery and that ended his active volleyball days.

Jon was an all-star at Newton South High School; also, lettered in soccer, and could spike a ball at 400 mph; and had the loudest and most persistent way of vocally goading his team mates to good play I've ever heard! He was completely hoarse after each and every game!



**Best buds son Jonathan and a happy pops clown around after a chilly round at Packy, a local 9-hole course that we both enjoy playing. Jon's endless good humor is demonstrated as he snaps this almost candid, in-your-face shot at #7 about 2007?**

**My Son Dan**

**Son Daniel doing his golf thing with Pops (me) and Brother Jon in 2010: Dan has the best attitude for golf that I have ever seen: "Enjoy the moment-hit the ball-find it and hit it again"**

**Daniel Wiley Chapman, all round good guy; fun to hang with; fish with; play golf with too, and generally enjoy life together! Photo was taken about 2010 at Pinecrest in Holliston, Dan's home course and site of our semi-annual golf outings. Nobody has a better attitude for golf than Dan: Hit the ball; find your ball; hit it again; enjoy the moment.**

**Son Daniel with Twins Emma on the left and Wiley on the right in 2015.**




**Daniel has been a wonderfully caring father for Emma & Wiley since their births in 2005. He has taught them lacrosse and Uncle Jon has taught them tennis and golf and to appreciate a Healthy sense of humor. I realize in Dan and Jon just how much humor has helped me through my life and added zest, fun, and smiles that have given me my only wrinkles, eh? Photo about 2016**



**Son Dan at his new hobby which he enjoys: trout fishing on the Quinnipoxet with Pops: Summer 2012. Dan is fun to fish with as in golf since he is so patient and enjoys the moment; a prime requirement in fishing of all kinds! He and I like to hang together.**

***This is a certificate I gave to Dan Xmas 2010 at his home in Ashland on Prospect St., their first home. Dan really liked this and so did everyone in attendance. I wanted to let him know how much I value the art of fly fishing and how pleased I was that he liked it and we could do it together; therefore, I had to create this certificate and give it to him!***

**Vesting of Daniel Wiley Chapman**

**Xmas Day, 2010**

*December 25, 2010*

**By the power entrusted in me, Pops Chapman, by Trout limited, The ancient order of the Brotherhood of all faithful anglers, and by my own unfailing optimism that recreation and particularly fly fishing can cure all the ills of life, I hereby:**

**Grant Daniel Wiley Chapman a full, lasting, and complete vesting in The Fly Fishing Fraternity with all rights, privileges, and responsibilities inherent thereto, specifically:**

**Always fish whenever possible!**

**Always focus on the day at hand—its natural beauty and opportunities and not your catch!**

**Take a friend fishing (sometimes)!**

**Teach your children to fish!**

**Learn about fly tying, fish biology, stream ecology and preservation, and all flora and fauna found in or nearby Trout Streams!**

**Enrich your fishing tales but never stretch them beyond a reasonable degree!**

***Lastly, be grateful that you have found such a pleasurable past time since many are never granted a gift of this magnitude.***

## Patience, Endurance, and Persistence

***Cue up "Climb every mountain", and keep on playing it until we reach the summit!***

***During this period of my life, William Jefferson Clinton was elected President of the US in 1992 and served for two terms until 2000, and ushered in a national term of peace and successful administration of the federal budget, yielding several billions of savings at that high level! Yes, Margaret and I voted for him both times. Clinton would serve until January 2001, increasing educational programs, supporting the arts, and making strong international relationships. Clinton was one of our strongest presidents though his fatal flaw of infidelity to his wife was a painful experience for his family and for my country.***

***And then George Bush would usher in a period of national decline, including fighting an unrequired war in Iraq while the Islamic extremist murderers of 9/11/2001, would go unpunished, hiding in Afghanistan! I believe he will be judged one of the worst US Presidents we've ever elected and we did it two times! The Supreme Court decision to make him President in 2001 was politicism at its worst. As for the second time, I was so disappointed in the American public; how could they re-elect him?***

During the period 1992-1997, my son Daniel was a student at Northeastern University, having his tuition paid with my job made it all possible, private tuitions being prohibitively expensive. Dan took to co-op like a fish to water; doing work on campus in Admissions as a Tour leader and in a special education office on campus. He also got co-op jobs at the Copley Marriott, and later became a full-time employee, running their business center, having exhausted his tenure as a very high paid bell hop a la concierge! Dan knew Boston; its bars, restaurants, and historic sites and could direct you there with solid directions.

**"Dan would poke his head into my office while visiting his coordinator Felicia Wiltz on our floor and I loved to grab the latest bit of his exploits in class, with friends, or on co-op. Northeastern opened up the world for Daniel and he grabbed every chance to broaden his horizons, much to his credit. He also enjoyed quite an active dating life at NU, and more than one young lady had her heart broken by "the legend of Big Dan". I was so proud of my big young son!"**

**Dan the Lacrosse Man!**



***"Dan took to lacrosse like a Native American to nature! He loves all of it: the practices in all kinds of weather; the competition; the companionship with other players; and later on, coaching and playing indoor lax long after his joints wanted to practice three times weekly— he still loves the game! And he studied Native American Culture in a Sociology course which featured lacrosse as their favorite sport and Dan cherished diversity in all its aspects and still does.***

**Dan has an unbelievable ability to accept every person he meets and that will never change. I enjoyed watching him play Needham High School lacrosse as starting goalie and even more watching him play starting goalie for Northeastern University.**

**Sometimes he played at WPI in Worcester, where I managed to take my best sports photo ever and maybe my best photo period. It was at MPI; Dan was not playing but Northeastern clinched the national championship for their club level league and Husky pride is very much evident and exemplified in this photo! Here it is: taken May 1, 2005.**

**And now since 2012, Dan coaches the goalies for Becker College in Leicester and serves on a grant to increase sophomore retention. Dan loves to be called "Coach Chapman" and he still plays indoor lax every winter in the evenings."**




**This is one of my very best photos, taken at WPI, Worcester, fall 2005 when NU won The national club lacrosse trophy. Can you feel the Husky pride? My camera? Trusty Olympus S series: shock proof and waterproof; takes underwater photos!**

**Going down deep with the "Big Book" lure to catch the "Big Fish Promotion" ***



**Above, A Native American fisherman "going deep" to catch his quarry with a compelling lure-probably a small fish! This copy of an oil painting is the epitome of Native American virtues to me: Patience, being at one in nature, practical approach to life, and silent settling into one's environment. This print rests peacefully in our living room at #7 Bay Edge Drive, Worcester and is liked by everyone who spends time with it when we entertain. The "book" was my huge 3-ring binder filled with achievements which earned me my promotion to Associate Coordinator (really Associate Professor) in 1995 and enabled Dan to finish his degree at NU in 1997 at no cost to his parents!**

***"So, time moved slowly on at Northeastern. Some days were hard and some were easy. Some days, I felt that I was making a major contribution by counseling young adults on their career journeys. On other days, I felt not so much. I made the commute from Worcester in about an hour's time and didn't really mind the ride most days. In winter, my Subaru vehicles, priced then about 15-18K, served me admirably, often getting me to my office before colleagues commuting from suburban Boston! This gave me time to walk for 30 minutes in Fenway Gardens which I always enjoyed! That walking truly enabled me to rebound on my longest***

***days at NU and head back to Boston, my one hour plus commute the following Monday as well. Once again, as my Dad instilled in me: Do some regular physical activities and you will live a much healthier, enjoyable life!***

**One of my God-given gifts is hardiness and only occasionally did I fight the dreaded head nod, while heading home after a particularly stressful day. I often bought coffee or a snack to have just before starting the trip home. I also had a ritual of thinking of my work day only until I reached the Framingham area, and then focusing on my evening with Margaret, the good warm meal to come, or other events to look forward to. This helped me greatly as the years at NU sped by. In my life, when I get into something that's important to me, my stamina goes up and I just keep performing."**




**Stay awake, Terry!!**

***There was pressure to be promoted to Associate coordinator from Assistant Coordinator, to ensure that Dan's tuition would continue to be paid by NU. I failed to earn the promotion the first time in 1993 and when told the result, asked myself, "Why?" and was told that I hadn't listed enough achievements and that was that. I was disappointed but continued to work hard; adding employers; serving on committees and helping students, and documented each achievement in writing which I put in a chronological folder entitled "Promotion Stuff".***

The second year's effort was also a failure and again I asked a question, this time it was "why not?" since I truly believed I deserved the promotion. Several committee members told me in private that they didn't understand why I had been refused promotion.

**"Some mornings in Boston, near Northeastern University, I would walk past the statue of the Native American seated on his horse with his look of bewilderment or is it acceptance? I would throw my voice to the Indian on the statue, asking about my promotion, "Why not?" and half expect an answer from above!" That statue and I became very well acquainted! And my love of "things Native American" became more intense.**

**Years later I would visit the National Museum of Native American Life in Washington, D.C. at the north end of the mall and learn more about my fellow Americans. Their nature-based spirituality; their loyalty to their culture and tribes, their ability to use bow**

**and arrow (my favorite weapon if I had to have one), and their simple direct approach to living honestly as oneself have been somewhat of an informal guide to me in my quest to live a spiritually directed life on Planet Earth."**



***This is a photograph of the Native American Statue in Bronze that I fixated upon while working toward my promotion from 1993-1995—three very long years. First try I envisioned the Indian saying, "Why?" and the second year again not getting promoted, I thought he said, "Why Not?" and the third year when I earned and received promotion I thought, "It is done."***

***"There comes a time in a man's life when to get where he has to -- if there are no doors or windows -- he walks through a wall. "Bernard Malamud, novelist and short-story writer (1914-1986) which is exactly what I did to earn my promotion. Persistence indeed!***

**I have always greatly admired Native Americans and believe we had not right to slaughter them with superior armor and depose them from their God given lands! I may take a DNA test and would hope I have just a bit of Native American blood in my veins as proud as I am of my lineage!**

I didn't quit my quest and the third year I decided to present a carefully composed and designed presentation in notebook format, professionally printed, which would attractively portray all that I had achieved in my position and would be easy for committee members to use and to understand. This made all the difference plus Charles Bognanni, my Business Co-op team leader, chaired the committee and I knew I'd get an unbiased or better hearing!

**In my oral presentation, I focused on specific achievements and gave a few specific examples of what I had one, emphasizing that I had replaced a "phantom program" with a coordinator who had little desire to help students or create a learning environment. I had delivered measured results in both categories.**

***Later, when I did get the promotion and felt totally relieved, proud, and just a little cocky, Charlie Bognanni told me that my "big ass book" as I had described it to him informally over coffee one winter morning in 1995, was what closed the deal for the promotion. Margaret had helped me organize its design which I am eternally grateful for. It worked! My lure had caught a truly huge "fish" --promotion.**

**"Highlights included my teaching a credit course entitled, Co-op 1314: Career Development, my presentation on Shaping Student Visions to the national level Minneapolis Cooperative Education Conference (with very strong reviews); my employer development successes; and perhaps most convincingly: several letters to the committee from former students who told of my commitment to helping them achieve their goals.**

**The letters were most gratifying because my main reason in working in cooperative education was to help young adults travel successfully on their new career journeys and I had done just that. And that was plenty for me."**

**Dan would be able to graduate from NU with free tuition and my objective had been reached. He thoroughly enjoyed his Anthropology/Sociology major; he traveled to Ireland his third year and worked in the Irish parliament; stayed with Irish residents; and generally soaked up the history, culture, and yes, the beer of Ireland! That experience greatly broadened Dan's approach to life and made him even more tolerant. He developed a marvelously nuanced world view that knew no strangers and doesn't to this day!**

The moral of this story in my life is quite clear. Never give up! Always persist in reaching your goals, even if they take three years or more. Stay open to suggestions as to what to do better; stay upbeat and positive; and usually you will win out over any obstacles. In 3 words:

**Dream---focus--P-e-r-s-e-v-e-r-e!**






**Ernest Shackleton's ship, Endurance, locked in Antarctic ice but he would not Be stymied long and rallied and saved his men by his dogged and devoted perseverance!**

***In 1996, President Clinton would be re-elected for a second term and I voted for him both times. He has an excellent mind, able to digest tons of facts and weed out fictions and was able to produce a workable plan for our country's progress. We prospered under his leadership, financially and internationally. Unfortunately, his Achilles heel was "malignant" and his unfaithfulness in marriage was of epic proportions and he was almost removed from office. The following quote was said many times by my mother and clearly applies to President Clinton and many others including me:***

**"There is so much good in the worst of us,**
**And so much bad in the best of us,**
**That it hardly behooves any of us**
**To talk about the rest of us."**

**Edward Wallis Hoch, Governor of Kansas,** ***(Kansas) Record***
***(1849 - 1925)***

## An overall look back at 1989-2000—my best professional years!

### Helped approximately 5,000 students grow and develop; but also moved from Professor to Administrator— an unwanted step downward from my chosen values.

Now in 2012, cooperative education coordinators, have all been dispersed like so many seeds in the wind, but will bring a bountiful harvest of student growth and development anyway! The formal term is de-centralization. There is no longer a Dean of Cooperative Education or a Vice President of Cooperative Education. Cooperative education is not what it used to be and in some cases, is an elective, not a requirement for graduation. Learning by doing is a basic tenet of my learning philosophy, especially for adults of all ages. Indeed, Northeastern has missed the best boat to provide the highest quality of education and time will be the judge of this decision by top management.

Bob Tillman, who we all respected, was dean until he confronted the VP of coop Rick Porter and the Board of Trustees about the de-centralization process; was defeated and then resigned his deanship. He still advises engineering students but seems less than his former professional self and is quite embittered. It's sad when careers take a turn that stifles or thwarts personal growth, and the use of God-given gifts and abilities.

**"How can I capture the ten plus years of joy, frustration, disappointment, tedium, and life? The regular use of my gifts of personal interaction and inspiration is what helped me become and stay successful at Northeastern University. It helped me work well with colleagues, students, employers, and inspire students to look for the best in themselves whether it was selling stocks; managing an agency; problem solving a transportation puzzle; or serving in any one of a million challenging human service positions in our modern society.**



**My professional domain from 1989**
**Until full retirement in 2003**

**<u>I functioned as a career counselor and secondly as an administrator. But my heart favored the counseling and that is where I made the greatest contribution. I was able to offer regular one-to-one coaching for young adults, something I needed but never had at college.</u>**

**I suppose that counseling and advising and inspiring are my three greatest gifts from God. I'm very grateful I have found ways to use these gifts to help some people along my way. These people have, without knowing it, inspired me to continue hoping, dreaming, and working to enrich my life journey and to help others in their journeys. What a fascinating journey it's been so far!"**

**So, yes, I finally did succeed in getting promoted, and Daniel did graduate with a 3.0 average and he worked at MIT in Freshman Affairs from June 2001until May 2012 Worcester. Dan's contributions to MIT include having set up a strong successful mentoring system for incoming freshmen; enriching and improving the orientation programs; providing caring mentoring and advising himself to hundreds of freshmen; and involving more faculty in the orientation and mentoring programs. Dan's informal leadership has always marked whatever he's done in his career and this was no exception. Dan doesn't cause fanfare but simply gets the work done in an upbeat, casual way that people just like!**




**My buddy and Son Daniel Wiley Chapman, poised in front of the Johns Hopkins Lax field on a trip we took in 20012. The lax national museum was disappointing with no interactive displays but still interesting to us both. My son Dan embodies many Native American qualities such as highly observant and respectful of his environment; capable bicyclist, walker, fisherman, accepting of all cultures and their mix in our lives!**

His new job entails creating higher retention of sophomores at Becker. Dan is well qualified, having created a welcoming advisor program for freshmen at MIT and demonstrated his uncanny ability to enlist the support and participation of faculty, staff, and students, in any program he designs or is charged to manage. He can transfer many of his ideas to involve more persons at Becker in achieving higher retention of sophomores.

**In 2012, Daniel resigned from MIT, in search of being "a bigger fish in a smaller pond" and was hired at Becker College in Worcester, on a grant project to increase sophomore retention. By repeatedly putting himself out for job interviews, Dan was able to land the Becker job at the same take home pay and a better health plan! Dan is thriving there and enjoys the informality and greater freedom to make his own work decisions on projects. We love having him nearby for lunches and drop-byes. Only time will validate his major**

**career change and only Dan will know for sure. But I'll be surprised if it doesn't turn out to have been a pivotal turn in Dan's career satisfaction!**

His gift of total acceptance of people rubs off on all who know Dan and his vast experience in lacrosse—high school varsity at Needham High School as Goalie, and as Goalie for club Lacrosse at Northeastern, have served him well and he understands the athlete's psyche and will be able to interact with Becker athletes who often experience academic problems by their second year. I'm delighted about Dan's decision to become "a bigger fish in a smaller pond" with more recognition, and much more freedom to manage his job himself. I know he will be successful and I hope happier on Monday mornings.

***In 2000, he married Carolyn MacDuffie, from Weston, Massachusetts, a social worker, with many strengths which complement Daniel's strengths and weaknesses. They had a dog, Parker, a boxer, who visited us at #7 Bay Edge and we enjoyed his antics, especially his sustained barking out to accompany Dan on the harmonica! He was our "Grandog" while we tried to patiently wait for grandchildren! Parker passed on in 2011 and we miss him. Belle is the "replacement" dog and meets their needs for a pet dog. And recently in 2015 a new Boxer, Gus, was obtained and is a Godsend for the family.***



**Son Dan with Parker performing melodious duet to help us digest our meal** at #7.
**About 2008**

## Move to #7 Bay Edge Drive-On the Water at Last!"

In 1995, Margaret and I lived in a mobile home in Auburn, MA, and wanted to buy a house. We looked at lots of neighborhoods in Auburn and Worcester until we spotted an ad for a house on Bay Edge Drive, overlooking Lake Quinsigamond, near Rt. 20. If they hadn't re-listed it as a 3-bedroom (counting the sunroom) we would never have known of its existence! Such is the serendipity of life. Or put differently, expect good things to randomly happen.

**"We fell in love with it immediately and our first bid at the asking price of $115,000 was accepted and we moved in in late May, 1995. The house is a small cape with two bedrooms and an all year sunroom with sky light, that looks across the street about 100 yards to the Lake! I had always wanted to settle on water and we got close with this move. Every season holds its pleasures, from sailboats and canoes in summertime to ice fishermen and skaters in the winter. From my upstairs den where I tie flies, I can look out over the Bay and see about one mile north up the Lake towards the University of MA Medical Center and many more people."**




**Lake Quinsigamond photo on Lake Ave, in Worcester, looking across to Shrewsbury, MA At the Marine Corps landing**



**"Marie's Rose", in the front yard next door, named for Marie McGrath, wife of my friend and neighbor, Bill, who always kept his garage open for me to borrow anything and was a WWII veteran.**

## Tying and framing trout flies as an Art!

**Cue up the 1940's tune, "It's only a Paper Moon", up in a cardboard painted sky, but it wouldn't be make believe, if you believed in me!" Like the paper moon, sometimes trout believe in me and rise to my man-made offering!**

I set up my den at #7 Bay Edge Drive to accommodate my growing interest in tying flies. With many books and photos of good flies as a guide, but no teacher, I started tying flies and framing them and included a haiku poem about the person I created the fly for. I have done about 40 so far and thoroughly enjoyed the creation and presentation to family and friends.

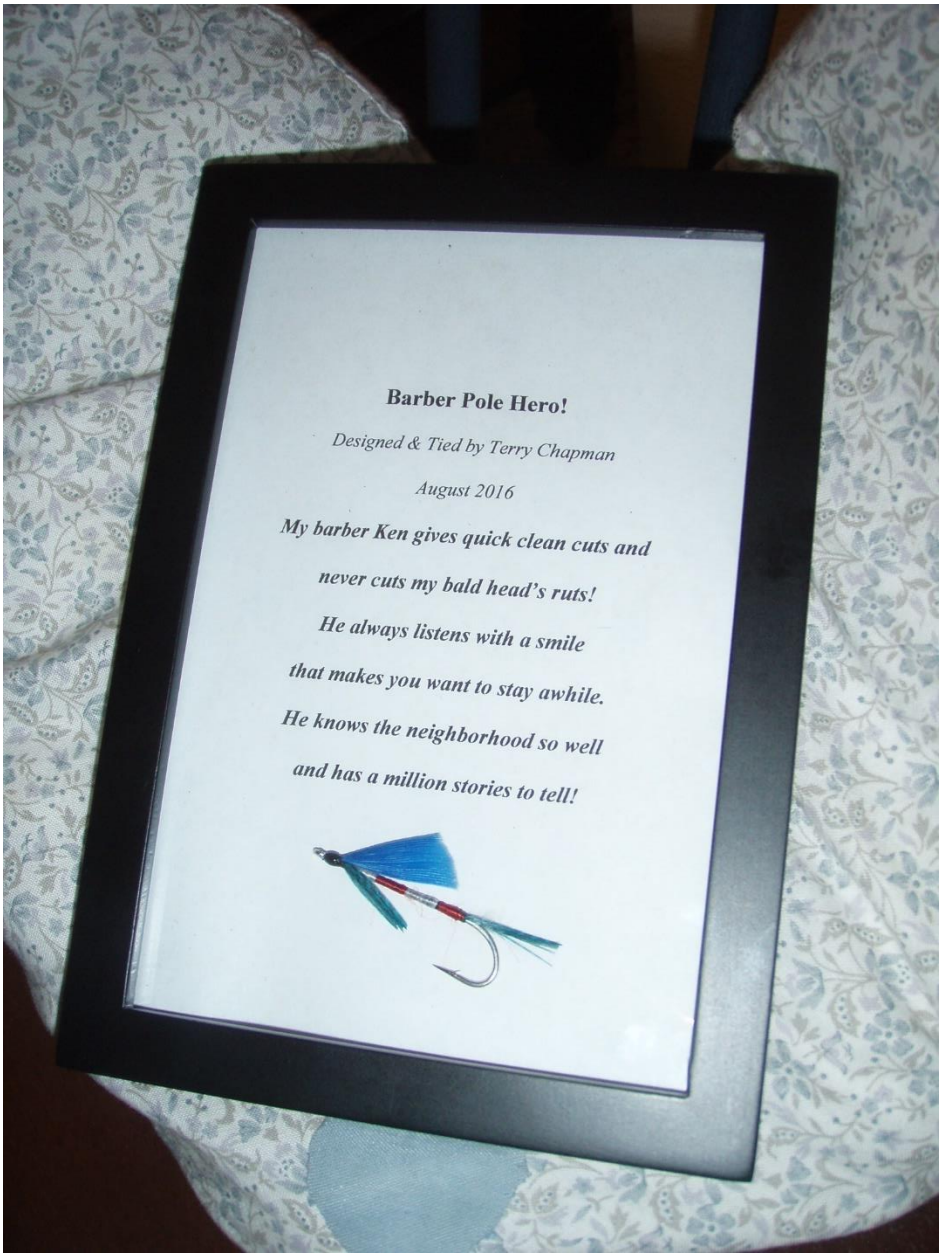
See Chapman and Hughes Family Histories for more of my commemorative flies and here are a few I did and gave to family members and close friends:



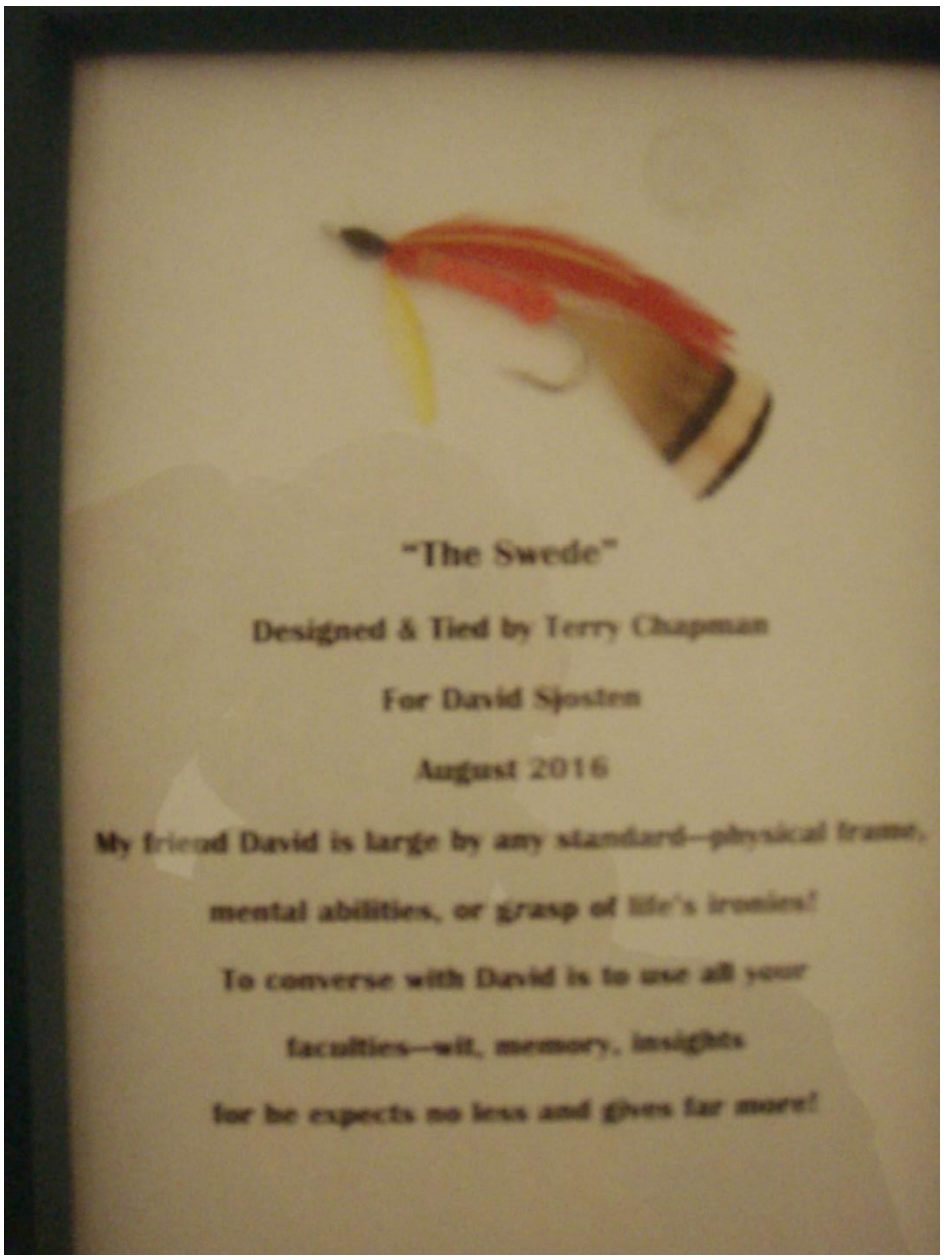

**These are the Hughes commemorative flies.**




**Kent Conner urged me to try fishing in high school but I wasn't interested; in 1966, we fished for bass from a canoe with fly rods near Harper's Ferry, VA, and I was hooked! Many thanks, Kent, for connecting me to a pastime which matched my need for quietude plus sport plus adventures unexpected (greeting a live black bear close up) and breathing in the very good central MA air and seeing all kinds of animal creatures including bear, trout occasionally, all kinds of birds like Gt. Blue Herons, squirrels, ducks of many species, otter, beaver, fisher, snakes rarely.**




**Did this one for my barber and friend, Ken!  Pleasant and good cuts!**




**Bad focus; nice fly for new friend David, a Swede, 6'5" tall and excellent raconteur and host, with his wife Arlene; they live in our condo building!**



**Presenting framed trout fly to Joe Criscuoli, a Phi Sigma Kappa ETA leader at reunion On Fraternity Row, U. of MD in 2014**

**Birding adventure from my front door!**

**"One winter day in 2004 I was talking to my best friend Jon Seale, when I saw a flutter of action out on the Lake and realized that an eagle had taken down a Canadian goose! I ran out with camera but with little lens capability, got only a dot on the ice to document what I was seeing. Around the eagle and its catch, there were arrayed maybe 20 small birds of all kinds, showing respect to the eagle with bowed heads. What a sight! I reported my observation to an eagle hotline and he told me this was a rare sighting since only a few eagles every worked the Lake here. This sighting has been my only birding recognition so far but who knows what I may observe tomorrow?"**



**Imagine this eagle heading down over your head to pick you up for supper?!**

**And now something a little less dramatic:**

## #7 Bay Edge Drive: "Our creation together"

**For Margaret and me, #7 Bay Edge Drive has been "our child" and we have lavished many happy hours and much less happy money on adding improvements such as: a large backyard shed, white permanent fence, vegetable garden 12x15, new oil tank, greatly improved landscaping and flowers in front and sides, automatic garage opener, irrigation system, New steps and front porch landing with stone wall in front, year-round lawn maintenance program since about 2000. I estimate spending 15K overall, and though Better Homes and Gardens magazine hasn't called to do a photo spread, we are very proud of our child who is now really a young adult at 69 years of house age!**

We have worked hard on improving our landscape, getting help with an irrigation system and with lawn maintenance since about 2000. Our vegetable garden usually produces plenty of cherry and large tomatoes, zucchini for years, herbs in recent years and bush beans which Margaret and I love sautéed in butter and herbs and salt. Yum! I've also tried all kinds of peppers with mixed results; some good eggplants. Carrots and lettuce have not worked well but hope springs eternal in gardening!

**A poem from Earth Prayers, sourced earlier: "Cycles of Life" by Wendell Berry, one of my favorite writers, and poets.**

***Sowing the seed,***
***My hand is one with the earth.***

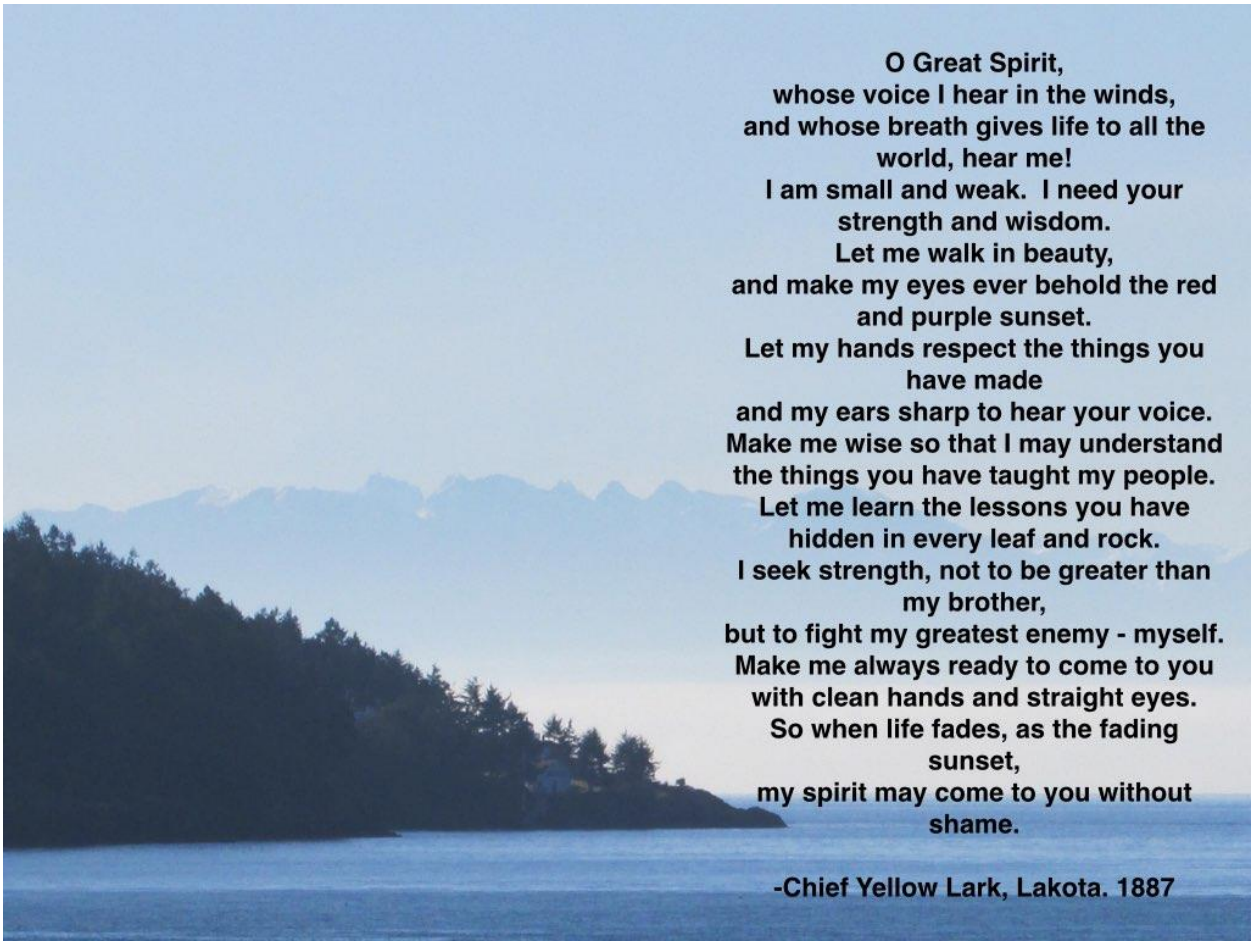
***Wanting the seed to grow,***
***My mind is one with the light.***

***Hoeing the crop,***
***My hands are one with the rain.***

***Having cared for the plants***
***My mind is one with the air.***

***Hungry and trusting,***
***My mind is one with the earth***

***Eating the fruit,***
***My body is one with the earth.***




**I have always admired Native Americans—their culture and devotion to Planet Earth and its resources of all kinds. I will never accept how we decimated them in our "manifest destiny" takeover of their territories and people so long ago. May those that remain in the US take continued courage and know that many of us are thankful for their presence in our collective histories and in our lives today! And they were good gardeners as well!**



**#7 Bay Edge Drive, Worcester, MA, our home and comfort! Built in 1941, it's just a little younger than me. We probably put in 15K in renovations and landscaping improvement since moving here in 1995 from a mobile home in Auburn, MA. Until 2012, we hosted an annual Thanksgiving Day Gala Meal and have had as many at 20 folks at a time come by for food and fellowship, both relatives and friends through the years. Entry is to the right through a year-round sunroom which could double as a 3rd bedroom.**

***If it had not listed it as 3 bedrooms (using the sunroom as a bedroom), we would have never found this gem. Paid $115K, meeting the seller's first price as Terry defied the realtor's advice to get them down lower. It worked and we have been comfortable and proud since that important victory!***

## Gardening



**My loyal veggie garden at #7 Bay Edge Drive; most years we enjoyed good tomatoes! I quickly add, that this photo was the day I started planting veggies that May; later large healthy specimens would appear!**

***"I like the smell and feel of the damp earth in my hands and the smell of growing healthy grass and because of this I enjoy gardening and yard work." Terry Chapman quotation.***

***I estimate I mowed our lawn about 500x from 1995 until we moved to our condo near Holden, MA fall of 2014! Mowing was ok; dealing with snow and ice not so ok, hah!***

In 1996 son Dan helped me dig the garden with hand shovels and its 100 square feet have brought me plenty of good moderate exercise and many a superb tomato and "fill in the blank" sandwiches through the years. I am however, not a very dependable weeder!

**"I do the cooking, using my garden's herbs, and fancying pasta dishes; crock pots with chicken and beef; soups, salads, egg dishes galore, and homemade breads thanks to the**

**bread maker my sister-in-law Pat gave me. Bread is my weakness and like my mother, good bread and good butter can make a meal divine. Lord help me!"**

Our crops have included mostly tomatoes; both large and cherry sized; zucchini in the early years; bush beans since about 2009; herbs starting in earnest this year (2012); banana peppers this year; okra this year; peppers and eggplant with great success!

On an earthier level, let me talk a bit about one of my new interests: cooking!
I have always been sensually oriented, whether in food or other pursuits (ha!) and cooking gives me the opportunity to work with food every day by cooking for Margaret and me. I like to cook breakfast foods, anything with eggs, and also salads. As I get older, I crave more varied flavors and textures in my food though I try hard to avoid too much salt in my diet. See the Appendix for my favorite meals list and wine list. Margaret is easy to please since she doesn't like cooking and is certainly not a foodie by any means. She does enjoy our suppers if I don't use too much seasoning, like the freshly grown herbs from our garden in the backyard! I like lots of basil and oregano but she doesn't so now I add my herbs separately to keeps thing going smoothly at our meals together. I do the food shopping and enjoy the process most of the time. I do not do well cooking with any time constraint but on winter days, with little outside pursuits, this is not a problem, and I luxuriate in doing it right, taking my time, and imparting as much flavor into every meal as I can.

**It's an artistic thing and I have found that I am far more artistic than I ever believed, although I knew I could play clarinet, sing well, play a harmonica, write a decent story and poem, get published in professional journals, dance an artistic dance step, and tie reasonably good trout flies which I frame.**

**So, it should not be a surprise to realize that art is an integral portion of my life here on Planet Earth. Yes, I do love saying Planet Earth, a reminder to me and to you the readers that we are only visitors, whirling through space, over a limited time, and destined for only god knows what or where!**

## Church activities




**Wonderful photo of "the gang" at St. Luke's Episcopal Church: Terry Chapman is back row in red sweater! John Zeugner is right below the hymnal sign; Kristen has helping dog and leads the bible study group; Barbara Groves, Head Warden emerita, is front right with white hair and long scarf; husband Don is just under and left of light on right side; Madelyn is far left front row; I helped her with her resume years ago; Deacon Donna has bright green shawl and is a nice lady who has the faith of a Saint Bernard, meaning, solid! To her left as you look, is Sharon Stralzskowky, blind but can see through duplicity; Our new Music Director, Ken, has white vestment on far right; I helped hire him for St. Luke's! This was taken after our annual meeting in February 2017. I don't recall who took the picture!**

**Margaret and I sang in the St. Luke's Episcopal choir for 12 years, 1995-2007 when Margaret decided to return to her Catholic church after a long absence. Mary Been did a superb job as our choir director and coaxed the best from us. I still miss Margaret's presence but am pleased about her spiritual health. I attend her Mass occasionally and she attends our**

**communion for special events from time to time. I sang bass and many of my good friends, Jon Seale, Sam McClure, and Greg MacGilpin, sang with me.**

Performing music, at times, has seemed to have spiritual essence connected to the doing of it, and for those times I will always be grateful. Music is essential to my life's satisfaction. Many a cold New England afternoon has been spent comfortably tying trout flies in my den while listening to Joe Zupan, broadcasting jazz from station WICN, in downtown Worcester.

In 1994, I offered a Gifts workshop over 4 Thursday evenings, complete with supper before the program. Father David Stoddart, the best priest I ever had, worked with me and we helped about 20 people identify gifts and possible ministries to use their gifts in. Since then I have helped maybe 20 more parishioners from St. Luke's and also 20 from other parishes with resumes and gifts work. This work has helped me reach for the vision I received way back with my epiphany in Missouri in 1980, 14 years earlier.

**Trade-offs!**




**"A rolling stone may gather no moss, but it certainly gets well-polished"**
**From a painted wooden sign, which hung over my Dad's workbench at Takoma Park home**

**I know I have made a major "trade-off" in my life since I chose living as full a life as possible instead of putting down roots in one area and developing lots of long-time friends. I would do the same thing again, but sometimes I do miss the old friends I knew and wonder what they have done and are doing as I write this autobiography and recall the "old times". Am I polished? I suppose so but certainly an informal type of guy.**

"***I have seen Jim Anderson, best friend from high school when I gave the NU Student Visions program in Florida in 1996. Jim had re-married after his college year's sweetheart Peggy had died of cancer in about 1990. His new wife Kathy (ironically the name of my high school girl friend) was very nice and they took me out to dinner and actually got me quite potted the night***

***before I gave my presentation. It went very well probably because I was so hung over that I couldn't get nervous and just did it!" In 2016 Jim is seriously ill with a mysterious throat infection that prevents his normal eating patterns. I talked by phone with him recently and told him I love him. I've known him as a good friend since 1954, over 60 years!***

***And fortunately, I found John Asaka, one of my best high school friends in 2007; visited him in Maryland; met with him and his wife at High Point High's 50th reunion in 2008; and stayed twice with him at his Washington, D.C. home where we played golf and also hit some tennis balls for practice." As of 2016, John is divorced but has taken up ballroom dancing and is dating once again. He is a very young 75!***

For years, I mused about Art Hermann, my Phi Sig best friend, who played #1 on our golf team; was a superb speed chess player, bridge player, and could make all the money he needed by playing pool at the local bars. He and I would go out for beers and I'd get nervous we would be beat up bad when he lured guys into games for chunks of money and then we'd just leave! We never got into one fight and I can't figure out why. We were just really lucky?



In about 2005 I found Art through Classmates online and he lives Rockville, Maryland, happily married with kids and still doing computer work. I've had dinner with him several times in Maryland since, while visiting Brother Ron. I stayed overnight with Art and wife in Gaithersburg, Maryland Fall 2009 and heard about his sojourn living in a commune in late 60s; he found Christianity and has become a devout practitioner. What a surprise! He has recovered from heart surgery and prostate cancer and continues as a computer consultant working from home. I also played golf with Art and other Phi Sigs at an enjoyable reunion in Ocean City, MD with Margaret along in 2007.



**My cabin at the Savage River Lodge, western Maryland, where I stayed and fished with a guide following my visit with good friend Art Hermann in 2009. The place reeked of rusticity and the food and staff were good. Approximate price for the trip per pound trout caught: $1,000**

And from my Columbia, Missouri days, where is Dan Mueller, my boss at the University of Missouri training department? Dan was a great speaker, Peace Corps veteran, and could swear as good as any sailor I worked with! In November 2003 I found Dan, now a chancellor at Washington University in St. Louis, recently divorced, but highly successful career wise, with 4 grown children.

**On the plus side, I have made new and loyal friends in each place I've lived including Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, and I keep in touch with John Asaka, Kent Conner and Jim Anderson from high school and Art Hermann and Wayne Robertson from Phi Sigma kappa days at the University of Maryland. For some reason, I haven't contacted anyone we lived near in Missouri, Ohio, or New York and Connecticut.**

**Life forces pull us forward and not backwards which is probably a good thing overall. But sometimes I do wonder what they've all done with their lives since our paths intertwined.**

Friendship requires some effort and I try to reach out to some friends who seem to expect the effort will all be done for them! I recall that my Dad organized lunches in Washington, D.C.

with his Oberlin College cronies for years and then finally realized that no one else cared enough to pitch in on the work. So, he finally stopped. Speaking of friends, let me introduce my best friend Jon Seale:

## My Best Friend Jon Seale

***Jon Seale has been my best friend since moving to Worcester's St. Luke's and getting married there in 1990. Jon is a great listener (which I truly need) and he and I enjoy golfing; wine drinking; eating out and talking about it; and are loyal husbands who still enjoy "looking at the women" but faithful to the end!***

Jon's politics are moderately conservative but he believes in outreach to those in need and has led many successful projects at church to help our communities around St. Luke's. He and I have kept in touch at least weekly for many years and enjoy each other's company and share a wry ability to see humor in our individual and institutional lives. Ha! We always end up laughing when we're together and I'm grateful he's my friend! Jon is always upbeat, and can put a positive spin on just about anything that happens. He will not whine no matter what and that is a good model for me.

**Jon's gifts include an unusual combination of compassion, humor, and old-fashioned practicality. Plus, he is very frugal (see Jon, I was kind in my description) and loves to tell you about a purchased item--from golf balls to a house that he has bought for less than expected! His other gift is his ability to really listen to others and for that I will always be grateful.**




**Jon Seale, my golfing, fishing and wine drinking buddy, during golf round at Ct. National, about 2010**

**And on next page, strange but valued photo of Jon Seale and me pausing for a break on a damp day at the Breechway near their RI Home 2013? Why my expression? I have no idea!**



**Above photo of me left and Jon Seale at RI getaway at the Breechway Striped Bass spot in about 2012; the cold made me look somewhat like a Pelican!**



**Golfing and breakfast buddies: l to r: Terry, Greg McGilpin, Sam McClure, Jon Seale, on a wet cold morning in 2006, helping buddy Greg's CASA (court appointed special advocate) program charity tourney by shooting very little under par: best ball! At Gardener Public, MA. Sam almost froze from the chill that day and we made sure he got hot coffee and food upon our finish. Sam and wife Janet spend winters nowadays in Florida!**



**Our minister, Warren Hicks, in a Zen moment**
**On a mountaintop on his sabbatical in Bantry,**
**Ireland, May-August, 2012**

***Again, play "Climb every mountain; cross every sea"***

**Father Warren Hicks is our minister and a good one at that! He delivers excellent homilies; leads thoughtful and welcoming adult education classes at our church, and also plays golf and is a superb cook. Warren grew up in Boulder, CO which he doesn't let us forget and I believe may return to the western US when his son Jonathan graduates from high school in 2014.**

**I attend 8am service at church and enjoy the quiet after all the years of babies and singing and such. I have a standing offer to help anyone, anytime on anything related to career help and have helped more than 30 folks over the years.**

**Warren is a good friend of mine and visited me 3 times when I was hospitalized in 2014; never expected anything but "being" together! Warren is now in charge of Worcester Common Worship activities in Worcester, MA and is eminently qualified.**

## St. Luke's Men's Group

**Several of us from the 8:00 am service have met for fellowship and breakfast on Thursday morning since 2005 and members have included: Father Warren Hicks (occasional); Tom Jones (occasional due to infirmity); Don Groves (regular); Terry Chapman (regular); Jon**



**Our St. Luke's Men's group breakfast home every Thursday since 2005!**
**Rt 122 Diner, across from Wachusetts Regional High School**

**Seale (mostly regular except June-September in RI home); Dr. John Ferris (regular); Sam McClure (regular and late); Bob Lambert (regular since 2011); Greg MacGilpin , regular; Larry Bush (occasional and then not at all); Patrick O'Reilly (regular); and Bob Paulson in recent years and Andrew Boyd, rarely. Sons Jon and Dan have also joined us on occasion!**

**I love to gather and chat and eat breakfast stuff! Sons Jon and Dan have both joined us also. Jon loved the audience and talked almost non-stop, hah! Bob Paulson joined us also in 2015. We lost Bob Lambert in 2013 to heart problems; he was a smart and kind man and loved fly fishing—I miss Bob!**

**We meet starting about 7:30 and order no later than 8am, now changed to finishing by 8:15! Where in hell are we hurrying to?? We chat about vocabulary words that Don brings from his calendar every week and current events and a little church stuff but try to steer clear of political acrimony. Several are conservative and Patrick, Bob, and I are liberal so it gets interesting! Also, we share life stories and talk sports and we swap leads for movies, books, and other cultural stuff. We never have an agenda and my suggestion that we might swap travel stories or give semi-formal talks never drew any interest so I dropped the idea.**

**Just being together is probably the "best medicine" we could enjoy together! Lately we have brought in photographs from our "youth" which has been enjoyable despite the inevitable ribbing. The aging process can be cruel and we do change so very much in our physical appearances that it can be hard to recognize each other, hah!**

**We also swap "war stories" about our lives which is probably the most enjoyable part of our discussions. Don was a waste management expert and marine veteran. Doc has been a Rheumatologist, soon to be a history teacher in western Ma. Patrick does tax work PT; Sam is a retired high school vice principal and bypass survivor. Bob was senior counsel for U/MA Medical. Greg McGilpin is a health administrator connected to U/MA and still sings in the church choir where, Jon Seale, Sam, and I sang for more than 10 years, circa 1994-2005.**

**Jon Seale is a retired VP of Becker College in Worcester and now spends his time either in his Holden, MA condo or in his vacation haven in Kingston, RI. And I round it out as the retired career counselor from Northeastern University in Boston. I am the only member who did most of his career work in Boston.**

"**We lost a fine member as Bob Lambert died last week (June 6, 2012) with a heart attack while characteristically driving home after a Wednesday morning prayer service. Bob was a wonderful friend; full of spiritual hunger and the mental ability and discipline to study and learn all through his lifetime. I miss him very much though I have several beautiful fishing books from him to cherish. Rest in peace dear friend, and "May all your fish in heaven be beautiful to behold; exciting to catch; and plentiful in number" Amen."**

**I had pushed back in 2005 for a men's only breakfast group and it has worked well for all of us. The atmosphere is relaxed, but tends to encourage lively exchanges and storytelling of "back in the day" type subjects including but not limited to: work, hobbies, families, church stuff but not very much, the occasional dirty joke, and plenty of repartee and laughs. I thoroughly enjoy the camaraderie this group brings and would greatly miss it if it ended**.

**More good friends!**




**In every place, I've lived; I've made some close friends. Some were tied into spouse-type activities with children in programs at church or school. But still others were my personal friends, people like Dave in Stratford, CT., with whom I shared some of my career issues and hopes. Like Roger Pilkington in Columbia, MO with whom I spent some special trout and bass fishing time. And in Massachusetts, Charlie Bognanni, my supervisor at Northeastern university and birding buddy along with Bill Sloane from the university and Scott Weighart's as well, have greatly enriched my retirement. Each gives or gave his best to me in friendship and sharing and I truly appreciate how they enriched my life.**

Still others have been priests—David Hegg in Columbia, MO, who directed me to the "gifts workshop outside St. Louis that set me on the way to my ministry ever since 1980! David and I played tennis on several hot humid Missouri evenings and I enjoyed his companionship. And his assistant, Fr. Stephen Hayward, who played golf with me; listened to me; reminded me that "everything I do is spiritual" and held my hand during my father's bout with Cancer in 1976.

And Terry Swift, wife of Father Swift in Columbia, who organized and did the on-site work for the gifts workshop, but died shortly thereafter in a tragic car accident. Who knows when our timing in choosing and not choosing events to attend may make a world of difference in our lives and the lives of others?

I have always made friends with my priests in the Episcopal church, feeling that though they delivered professional services to me and my family, still, they were persons who also needed friendship however long the stay at my church! With them and through them, I have been able to sustain a fairly deep spiritual resonance over the years which I am grateful for.

And of course, in tough times of death or unexpected job changes, or other challenges, I have gone to them and shared my hopes and fears and have usually been met with sincere friendship

and counsel from them. And I also hope that in some instances, I may have been able to help them on their journey as well. Certainly, that was part of my friendship agenda.

**For those persons and names forgotten over time I am sorry but am aware that many more have helped make my life so full and well spent. Never hesitate to reach out to another human being if only to say hello to a stranger or to smile at a young or old person you meet in your everyday rounds. Some will respond and others won't but all we can control is what we do individually—so do something for someone else and the world will be better for it!**

**RETIREMENT!**

***Retirement is a challenging word that no one is truly prepared for!***



***Hey, I'm not as old as this dude! This wooden piece, would make a great piece of scrimshaw!***

**Finally, all of the repetition of the Cooperative Education position at NU--the increasingly administrative nature of the job, and the de-centralization, caused me to consider leaving my position. Also, and importantly, Mother had left me a nest egg, which together with my commitment to part-time work and Margaret's agreement and desire to work full-time, made all the difference. We decided we could manage well with just the interest from mother's legacy gift. But the stock market dropped dramatically and we lost 18% of the savings and were totally shocked and disappointed.**

***"Coincidentally perhaps, George W. Bush, son of George Walker Bush was unfortunately elected President following the positive growth Clinton years. Then came the horrific unprovoked strike on the Twin Towers in NYC on 9/11/01 and America would never be the same again. In reprisal and I believe justifiably, Bush attacked Afghanistan in areas known to harbor Al-Qaeda and training facilities to train terrorists.***

***But he followed in 2003 by initiating an unjustified war in Iraq and militarily toppling their military in short order but: he was never able to prove that they had weapons of mass destruction (WMD) and his bad decision doomed thousands of American troops to death, severe injuries, and/or repeated trips to serve in Iraq."***

***Eleven years later I am still sickened by thinking of how unnecessary this was in the first place! I believe that George Bush's presidency from 2000-2008 was the worst served presidency of all time. His lack of vision; his unabashed aggressive approach to world affairs; his lack of sophistication in all matters international; and his cutting of education and cultural programs of all kinds has not served America well and we are still digging out of the hole, with hope, but ever so slowly, thanks to President Barrack Obama, elected in 2008 and still serving as we head to the 2012 election. I pray God he is elected over candidate Mitt Romney, who is an "empty suit" with little empathy or plans to serve the middle and poorer classes."***

**Indeed, Obama was re-elected with a good-sized majority and has continued in a deliberately steady manner to move our country toward its chosen goals. He is not perfect; I believe he should have been firmer in persuading Republicans to move ahead with needed policy changes and programs. He is not an arm wringer type of politician and never will be. But his community organization background does give him an ability to move issues forward while trying to maximize the level of involvement in decision making.**



**And now in 2016, as I watch Obama's last year in office, I realize just how hard his job has been and how much he managed to get done despite Republican bitching and moaning—improved health care for millions more Americans; saved the US auto industry; created many millions of new jobs and lowered unemployment to 5%!**

I had gradually burned out in my desire to continue the job and the 82-mile round trip 5x weekly also contributed to the buildup of stress. I believed that my hearty hobby life plus church plus publishing would fill the bill and I anxiously but with great anticipation announced my intention to Charlie Bognanni, one morning in May, 1999. Charlie was happy for me but sorry to lose such "a good colleague and friend". His words were very gratifying. I also talked briefly with then Dean Bob Tillman, who I told, "I am very excited about this change" and he thought I

should be! The Team 4 gave me a luncheon at the Cheesecake Factory in Cambridge, with Jon and Dan there, and gifts of books, picked out by Scott Weighart and a wonderful card with all their names and good wishes. Bon Voyage! August 1999 and pulling up anchor once again and sailing back into harbor at #7 Bay Edge Drive, Worcester, Massachusetts. Oh, the relief of it all! After 10 years of driving to Boston every working day, in winter and rainy summer days.

**And from earlier journal notes in about 2004: "Only one accident, in 1997, kept my record blemished, but I was fortunate not to have been killed. I had left work early during a snow storm along the Boston-Worcester path and I beat the snowplows.**



***Moral: It's far better to follow a snowplow than run ahead of it!!***

**"When I got to about 15 miles from home on the Mass Pike, I seemed to be the only car on the road. I was in the center lane going about 50 and felt I should go slower and changed to the right lane, feeling a lack of purchase immediately.**

**I tried to feather the brakes, but continued to lose traction and realized I would be sliding off the road, across the shoulder and probably into the metal guard rail. I tried one last time to brake and felt the car wildly spin completely around and throw me, pointed back toward Boston, into the guard rail, going about 20 miles per hour! I was stunned, but not unconscious, as I quickly assessed my situation and saw that I was in the road, having bounced off the rail.**

***I floored the accelerator; moved off the road just as an 18-wheel semi shot past me going very fast indeed. I would say the leeway was maybe 3 seconds or I would have been smashed by that truck. Thank you, God, I am not done living yet and have miles to go before I sleep, from Robert Frost's poem that I admire.***

**The Subaru, beat up, but still running, drove me in the breakdown lane back to our house at #7 Bay Edge Drive, shook up but intact! Daniel Chapman was given that car in 1999 and only recently in 2003 sold it!**

**Just think about it a moment. Twelve years, ten of those commutes five times weekly to Boston from Worcester, and only two accidents—and only one serious. I give thanks for my safety during all those years of travel and also believe I have very good driving skills."**

**And the other accident? I grazed the rear fender of a school bus that made a strange right turn then slowed at an intersection near NU. We both got out; exchanged information and I headed to work. As I recall, it happened in 1998; had no effect on my insurance and fortunately no one was injured, with the exception of my driving pride!**

## *Retirement to what?*

**"Whither are you tending?"**
**Attributed to Abraham Lincoln**

So, at age 58, and in good physical and mental health, I retired to #7 Bay Edge Drive in Worcester, filled with energy and good spirits and vowing to use my retirement to pursue unfulfilled goals, both personal and familial. Let my journey continue!

Although I enjoyed re-cycling my energies starting in August 1999, the evening teaching for Nichols College plus all the golf and fishing and the trip to Rome with Margaret's Data General Million Dollar Club in 2000 plus church choir and friends did not meet my requirements for intellectual and social stimulation. I wanted to use more of my abilities.

**This Portland lighthouse represents my retirement to me: security, comforts both mental and physical, yet also the challenge and responsibility to shed light on my fellow human beings.**



**Yes, it's me, Terry Hughes Chapman, "old Navy leather face" in a stiff breeze in Portland, Maine, summer 2011-various lighthouses have sent their "light" to me and called me to shine it on others to the best of my ability.**

**Writing small and large**

**My ego let me take another stab at writing with the goal of publishing, but found that my well was dry and that the needed stimulus of new professional experience had ended with my last drive to Northeastern University in 2003. What I truly enjoy writing are recollections of personal adventures and life challenges. After all, each person is the only real expert on his or her own life! I post almost daily on Facebook and share mini stories with family and friends from time to time. Most are observations on my life and the world as experienced day to day; yes, I can usually live well in any moment! Yoga and mindfulness practice and rare meditations have helped.**

**Not realizing then that my biggest writing chore was still to come—the completion of this autobiography you are reading right now. Every life is so significant and so much can be learned if we have eyes to see, read; and ears to listen to the life stories of others—both family and friends. No life should end without some type of a "hearing" or a "reading" as to what that person experienced, both ups and downs, and the funny and the sad and how their life made a difference, however modest, to the forward movement of mankind.**

**This conviction is my most deeply held one with the exceptions of "love your neighbor" and "Use your God-given gifts to the fullest". These last two are dictums that I have distilled**

**over more than 70 years of living. They work well for me and have also worked for many others through time.**

***I do realize the dangers of self-aggrandizement in writing such a long story about myself. My only defense is to say that I have tried diligently to say the truth and not just what would be interesting, comforting, or entertaining, though I may have done a little of those things as well. And I have also tried to focus on the people in my life and not my life in the people!***

It's amazing that after a lifetime of working almost every week day, I could not be satisfied with a steady diet of staying at home every day. I found that I became far too self-centered and tended to snack too much and get bored. Also, with few of my friends retired, especially on Monday mornings, I would feel "way out of the mainstream" and even working sounded pretty good.




**Again, readers, be sure you have a solid idea of how you will use your vital energies, when you decide to retire! Make a list of projects; then double it in size. You will have much more time than you realize before you retire. You'll finish the list within a year I'm sure.**

**Include some activity that requires you to help other people, whether it is driving someone to church; reading to the blind or infirm; church volunteering; social agency volunteering; hospital volunteering; political volunteering; helping the hungry or walking for the disabled. Do something good for another person. They will benefit and your life will be the richer and more complete. And yes, take up a new activity: sport, game, class at a local college, or a new hobby such as stamp collecting, coin collecting, travel, or even try writing something based upon your life's experiences.**

## *Senior Career Counselor for R.L. Stevens: Too much angst and too little dollars!*

I met Charlie Bognanni, Bill, and others for a lunch in December 2000 at a Boston restaurant. Mike Ablove had received services from RL Stevens, a full-service career placement agency headquarters in Boston, after leaving NU in May of 1999 and had been hired by them to do sales at their Bedford, NH offices. Mike told me I would be excellent in presenting services to professionals, including resume development, interview practice, and helping them identify jobs—but not doing placement accountability which sounded good to me.

I worked for R.L. Stevens, a career search firm during 2000 for about six months, three months driving to Bedford, NH, a 1.5-hour commute! I enjoyed having fewer clients with deeper

interaction, helping them identify career goals; write strong resumes; analyze their performance in a video recorded interview. My skills all were put to good use.

But, then they were launched and expected to keep in touch every week about what letters, interviews, etc. they had accomplished. They never did this and only those with problems called back. I found this to be far too much pressure with no way to control it—we were not a placement agency but I felt responsible for them getting jobs.

**I took only a month to decide that this was not for me. Maybe if I had started this type of position in my forties I could have managed the stress, but not now. The pay was not very high either. It was time again to head back into harbor and re-equip my boat. So, in October 2000, I "returned" to #7 Bay Edge Drive, Worcester.**

***Sailing back into familiar straits!***



**"It's nice to feel needed again"**
**Quotation from Terry Hughes Chapman**

***Feeling a little "down" after my somewhat mediocre tour of duty with R.L. Stevens, I went into Boston to NU in early 2001 to see son Daniel for lunch. He was completing the second year of a Master's program in Student development at NU. I went by the Stearns Center, where all of co-op staff had been housed from 1976 until July, 1999, when the decentralization of co-op to the academic offices had begun to say hello to former colleagues. And voila!*** **Charlie Bognanni just happened to be at Stearns offices helping an employer set up interviews and we talked. I told him about having left RL Stevens and he asked if I wanted to return to coop at Northeastern University (NU). I said I would consider part-time and by January, 2001 I had been hired by the Business co-op group, helping with students and orienting two new coordinators.**

**"So, I returned to part-time work at Northeastern University, working with Economic students in 2001 and Margaret continued to work full-time and we cut down on many purchases and it worked. I placed Economic students which was much harder than placing business students since they have less career focus and skills. I never enjoyed dealing with the subject matter but I gave it my best efforts and did develop a few good jobs." Heck, I never even took one Economics course so it was not a match made in heaven!"**

I was housed in Hayden Hall and worked 3 days weekly, totaling less than 20 hours. It felt good to "be needed again" professionally and I enjoyed the almost daily give and take of being on

campus and working with students. The difficult part of the job, as usual, was finding good jobs for students.

They had only funded my job through graduate assistant funds! I remained for two additional months, covering Sociology, Human Services, and Anthropology coop while a search/hire was completed for the job. I worked in Holmes Hall, and enjoyed assisting the students who were far more open about career possibilities than Business students had ever been! I spent my last three days orienting/training Lisa Worsch, who filled the spot. This time I knew I was actually retiring from paid work for good, but I didn't tell anyone. I just knew.

**Years later, on a good month, we don't have to dip into savings to make ends meet. Thanks to my mother's generosity, I was able to retire from full-time work in 1999; pay off our mortgage at #7 Bay Edge Drive in Worcester, and move on to try new things and meet new people! I am so very grateful for all that my parents achieved and their unselfish acts over time. Mind you, we are blessed and very appreciate of the high level of life we are able to lead and pray regularly for those less fortunate than us.**

**The Canoe Years—on the water!**



**Replica of my Old Town canoe owned from 1998-2008**

**"When we moved into 7 Bay Edge in May 1995, I was fifty-four and had always wanted to live on or near a body of water—now that had been achieved as the 5-mile long Lake Quinsigamond, lay 100 feet across the street from our home and beckoned me to come and play! I responded by buying a handsome 13' Old Town composite canoe forest green in color. It had a square stern which nicely held a fishing motor operated by battery (10 pounds of bulk to carry); and could be rowed, paddled, and sailed as well.**

**Owned that possession and loved using it for ten years until 2008 when it had largely sat unused in the backyard on carpenter struts for a while as it got harder and harder to negotiate the 150 feet since it weighed 85 pounds plus carrying another trip with all the gear: battery, oars, fishing gear, lunch, thermos, and other paraphernalia. I pulled it to the lake on a wheeled conveyer "thing" which had a mind of its own and could be counted on to add adventure of an arduous kind on many an outing.**

**The wheels would lock; the canoe would slip on the down grade to the lake, and on one occasion, the entire apparatus failed; and started to throw bolts and nuts willy-nilly rolling across Bay Edge Drive as I tried to pull it to the dock near Flanagans at the end of our**

**street. It took a lot of energy and stamina to get to the lake and after that trip I decided to sell it and move one in my fishing career.**

**It was sold to a young father who wanted to take his daughter fishing; I bought it for $1,000 and sold it for $400. It pleased both of us and for $60 a year I had plenty of enjoyable hours on the lake, going as far as the 290 bridge on its maiden voyage under a small gas engine with friend Bill Hagar as helmsman. We breezed past Margaret who was sailing that day at Regatta Point and she was partly amazed and partly impressed that we had gone that far, about 3 miles or so. I caught a bass on the return trip and Bill recommended I get a battery powered engine for my boating trips.**

***"The canoe's fondest memory is about the shortest trip of all! One morning in 2005, I headed out early and stood at Flanagan's dock and threw an absent-minded cast with a large surface lure out about 25 feet. Bam! Wham! Shazam! I was onto a large bass and the surprise almost pulled me out of the boat. I managed to bring it in; it looked huge; ran with it gripped at the jaw up to our home, now breathless and tried to summon Margaret who was getting ready for work.***

***She thought I'd had an accident but I clamored for her to record this record setting bass on camera and she did. I ran down to Shakour's landing, right across the street and within a few minutes of pushing and pulling the water through its failing gills, it hesitantly finned off back into its element. Five pounds and 2 ounces was its official weight; the largest fish I have ever caught so far and probably will ever catch! And the total trip was about 350 feet from my doorstep to Flanagan's landing. The photo hangs proudly in my upstairs den and I'd be happy to fill in any details I may have left unexplained if you ask me".***

**On balance, that Old Town canoe provided years of adventure and solace for me in a major period of transitioning from working professional to confirmed retiree and was one reason I was so satisfied with so many summer mornings during that time in my aging life. Oh, I took Margaret out one time; battery failed when we were near the Rt. 9 bridge, and the row home against the wind was not pleasant for either of us, especially Margaret, who never again wished to ride the waves with me. I also took Jon Seale and son Dan out separate times. Dan loved it though the fish he caught were small in size; Dan's approach to life is wonderfully accepting and he was delighted with all catches. Jon Seale was of course grateful for the offer and we had lunch on the little island out about ½ mile in the center of the Lake. Good times!"**

**I don't often get the chance any longer**
**to go out alone in the green canoe**
**and, lying in the bottom of the boat,**
**just drift where the breeze takes me,**
**down to the other end of the lake**
**or into some cove without my knowing**

**because I can't see anything over**
**the gunwales but sky as I lie there,**
**feeling the ribs of the boat as my own,**
**this floating pod with a body inside it ...**
**also a mind, that drifts among clouds**
**and the sounds that carry over water—**
**a flutter of birdsong, a screen door**
**slamming shut—as well as the usual stuff**
**that clutters it, but slowed down, opened up,**
**like the fluff of milkweed tugged**
**from its husk and floating over the lake,**
**to be mistaken for mayflies at dusk**
**by feeding trout, or be carried away**
**to a place where the seeds might sprout.**

**"Green Canoe" by Jeffrey Harrison, from Feeding the Fire. © Sarabande Books, 2001. Reprinted with permission**




**The view looking north to the new bridge about 2015; I have gone that far with a troublesome trolling motor; and with Margaret onboard, I rowed home against the wind on a blustery, hot summer day. That was her "one and done" trip in the canoe. Derrick is rebuilding the bridge: beautifully done!**

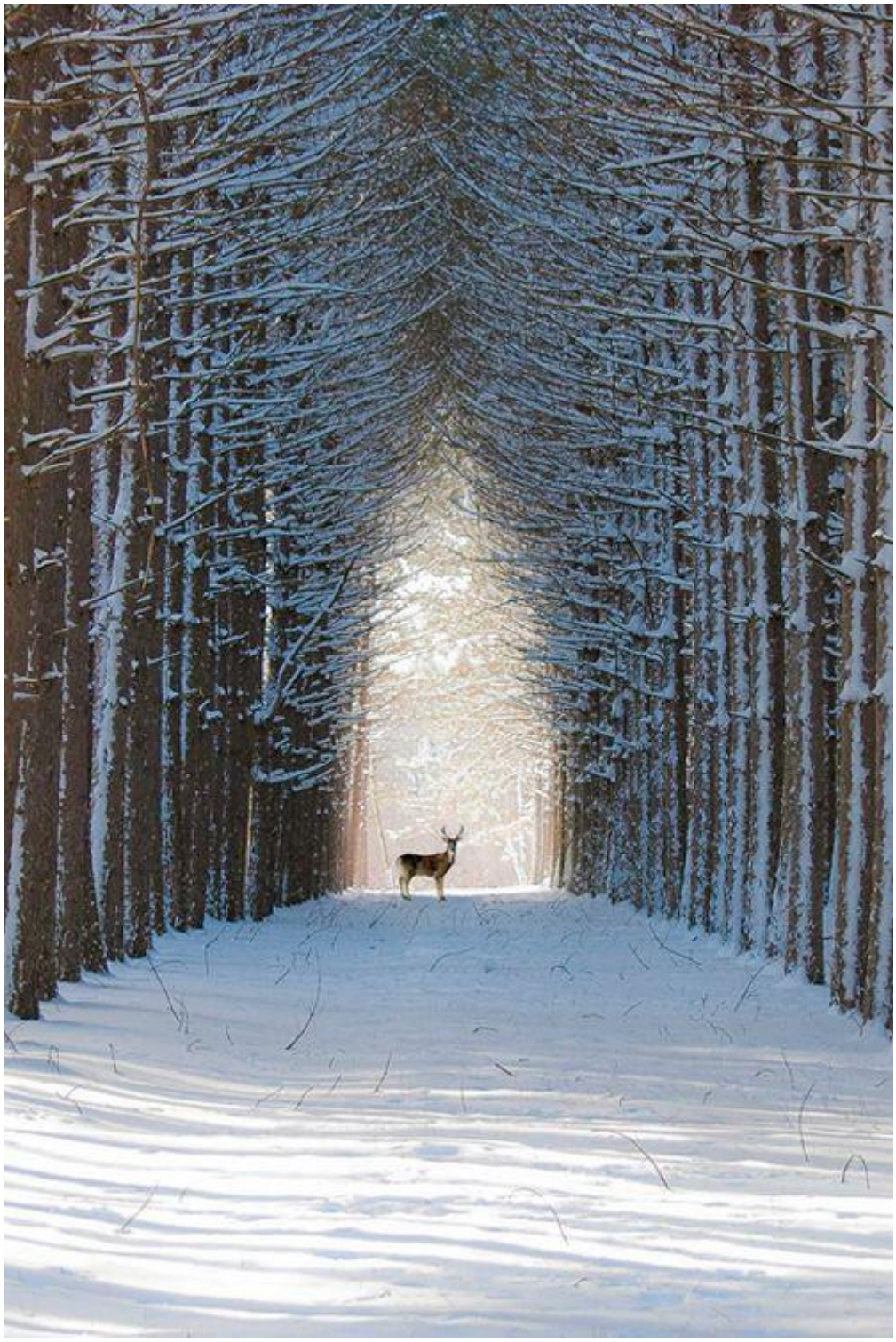


**Looking north on Lake Quinsigamond, my "neighborhood" the 10 years I owned the green canoe: lots of bass caught and released; lots of fresh air; and the holy gift of freedom, to pursue happiness at my leisure; how grateful I am!**

# WINTER: OLDER ADULTHOOD: 2003-PRESENT (AGE 63-NOW)

## Robert Frost: "And I have miles to go before I sleep"

***Cue up "500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, I have 500 miles to go before I'm home!"***



**How pretty is this scene of winter: woods, creatures, and sensing your next steps to take further into your life journey, just like the dear ahead!**



**This photo shows a stone "post" of unknown origin or purpose located near the hatchery on the Swift River where I head every spring to catch trout. Let's just call it "the tomb of the unknown angler".**

## "Maybe old age begins when you say it begins"

**Quotation from Terry Hughes Chapman**

**"The sense of wishing to be known only for what one really is like putting on an old, easy, comfortable garment. You are no longer afraid of anybody or anything. You say to yourself, 'Here I am --- just so ugly, dull, poor, beautiful, rich, interesting, amusing, ridiculous -- take me or leave me.' And how absolutely beautiful it is to be doing only what lies within your own capabilities and is part of your own nature. "It is like a great burden rolled off a man's back when he comes to want to appear nothing that he is not, to take out**

**of life only what is truly his own." David Grayson, journalist and author, (1870-1946) Grayson writes as an "old time" writer, full of reflectiveness and gentleness; I truly like his work and would have liked him in person!**



**Another "totem" on the Swift River on the path from the car to My secret hot spots. Note the spikes—what purpose?**

"You the reader, will notice that much of the next period in my retirement is presented somewhat as a "stream of consciousness", meaning that I kept some notes and journal entries, but as is my

custom, not religiously. Travel with me as you follow the flow of my life journey recollected from my journal, with all the twists and turns of an average sized stream in the woodland, and with interesting rises and falls of energy, again much like a stream. Perhaps this can also be understood by the fact that, the further away I get from the somewhat rigid schedule I kept while working full-time, the more I tend to meander, yes much like a stream!"

**"Time flows by in 2003 and Brother Ron and I grow older together, though separated by 400 miles of highways and rivers and life experiences**. I love my brother very much and am so proud of all his achievements: working for more than 30 years in sheltered workshop situations; earning money for savings and recreation expenses to supplement the Maryland funds; his quick recognition of me and Jon and Dan and Mother and Dad all through the long years, with no verbal confirmation of any relationship with anyone or any real understanding of how the world works.

Of course, some have said that "ignorance is bliss" but surely they underestimate how essential self-knowledge and knowledge of our world is in living in "the pursuit of happiness" as stated in our Declaration of Independence." But Ron has pursued happiness nonetheless and I know he has found life most fascinating and at many times enjoyable. What more can we ask of this world?"



**Pumpkins adorn the front porch steps at son Daniel Wiley Chapman's at 153 Prospect St., Ashland, MA in 2011—late Fall in New England once again.**




**A classic New England scene and drawn from the recollections of the artist, Charlotte Chapman, my artistic mother, who was a superb dancer, conversationalist and friend to so many. Done in 1950, under the tutelage of Lewis Newkirk, our neighbor in Hyattsville, MD, an art restorer at the United States Mellon Gallery in Washington, D.C.**

**Here I share my one published haiku*, done in about 1994, in Auburn, MA, while looking out the kitchen window of our mobile home: Years later, I did a few more; read on!**

***Out my window, ice-held tree,***
***Captives of the season***



**"Freely translated: Both the tree and I are held captive by the weather."**

***This poem appeared in a modest published compendium that I have managed to misplace in about 1998? I'm quite sure it was an attempt to lure authors into thinking their future royalties were assured, ha! I have tried to write more haiku and other poems over the years but have not found much of a "gift" in so doing. I have a good ear for words and a poetic spirit but am apparently too grounded in everyday realities to produce many good poems. I am much better writing non-fiction materials like this autobiography and the 10 published items shown in Terry's Lists, a later section of this autobiography.**

**Hopefully you can sense that I the writer am also a "captive" during many long icy New England winters. I sometimes miss the warmer climes of Maryland but there is a timing for all things in this world and I enjoy most of what Massachusetts has had to offer, if not the month of March here.**

## *Is this all there is? What now? Some questions which started being raised in 2003*




Since 10/30/03, I was quietly at home-- resting, praying, and deciding how to proceed in this next chapter of my life. I believed a combination of volunteering and part-time work—at least

through the long winter months would be good. Then I could concentrate on improving my golf game and doing a series of day fishing trips in good weather.

***"As my new retirement time deepened through the first few months, I luxuriated with sleeping in some mornings; watching a complete morning news show; doing my errands as deliberately as I wanted to; tying trout flies all afternoon (which did increase my tying ability); cooking good meals for Margaret and me, and generally living the good life! But as often happens in life, I grew somewhat bored with it all. Something was missing; I believed it to be mainly human service."*** Here were some of my thoughts as I recorded them then:

**"Home again, my ship lies at anchor, the weather is fair, and the horizon beckons! What now to pursue? What goals to set? What projects to complete? My questions go on and on. My health is good. My memory is good. I forget to close drawers and the garage occasionally and a few names and words have disappeared, but recall is generally excellent. I enjoy writing this autobiography but I don't really want to go sit in an office anymore. I don't have to!**



**At anchor, once again; another voyage in store for me?**

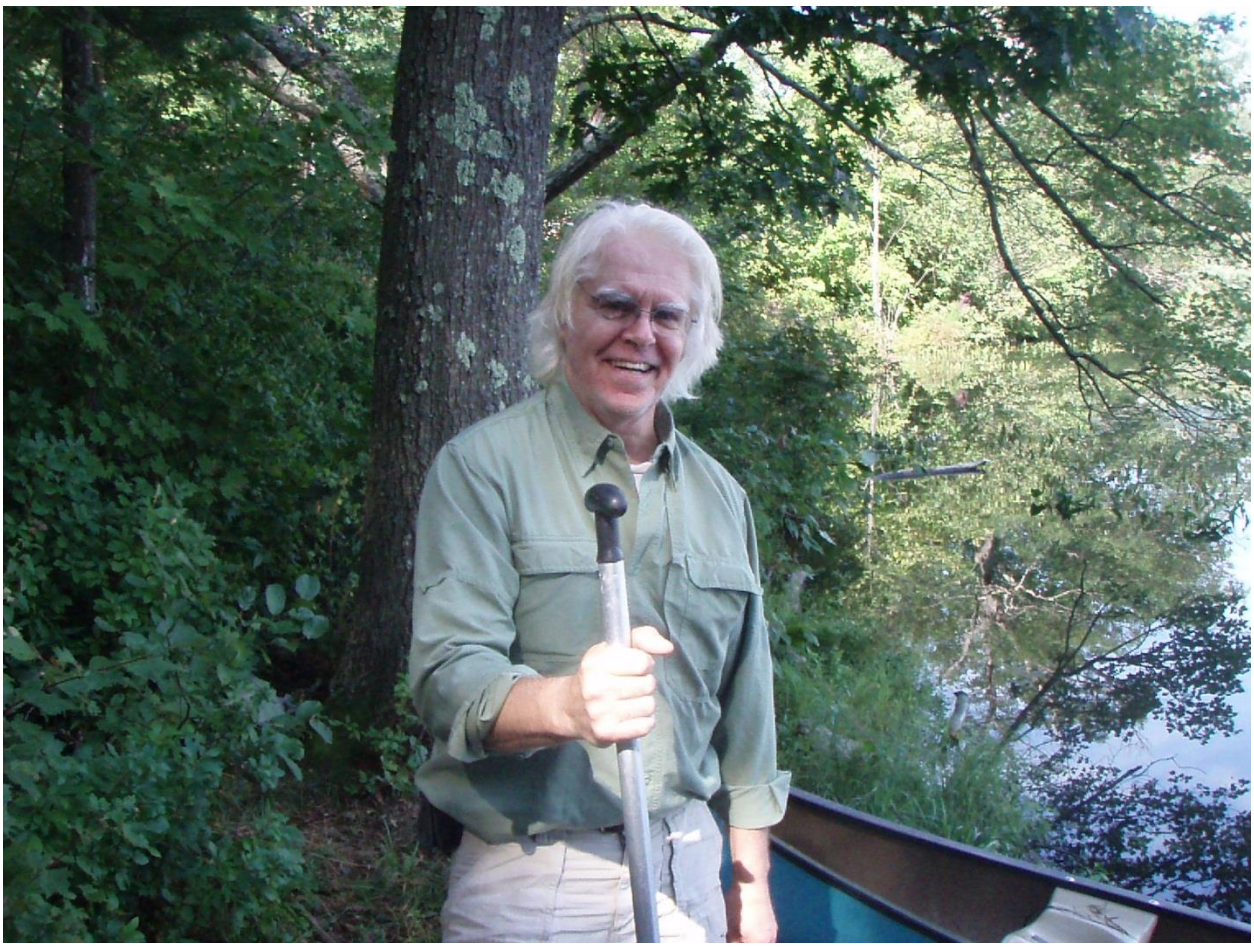
**The paragraph below was written 13 years after retiring and summarizes my outlook on the trajectory of my careers from age 18 to 63.**

**"*Looking back on the entire span of my careers thought of as one arrow shot from my bow when I first started working, say my job at Internal Revenue Service summer of my senior year in High School, and landing back on Earth when I resigned from my position as Cooperation Education Coordinator at Northeastern University, the achievements at Northeastern were the apogee. I probably did my best professional work there by using my gifts of presence, passionate concern for others, and a bit of showmanship in presenting classes and talks to students and potential employers!***

***There would be other achievements notably the five years volunteering at Worcester Public Library where I helped more than 2000 persons with resumes and career counseling informally done. But the thrust of my career efforts culminated at that point and my mind turned to retirement and other personal hobbies and pursuits. Later in this work you will see what I chose to do, sometimes why, and how I've utilized my precious time on Planet Earth."***

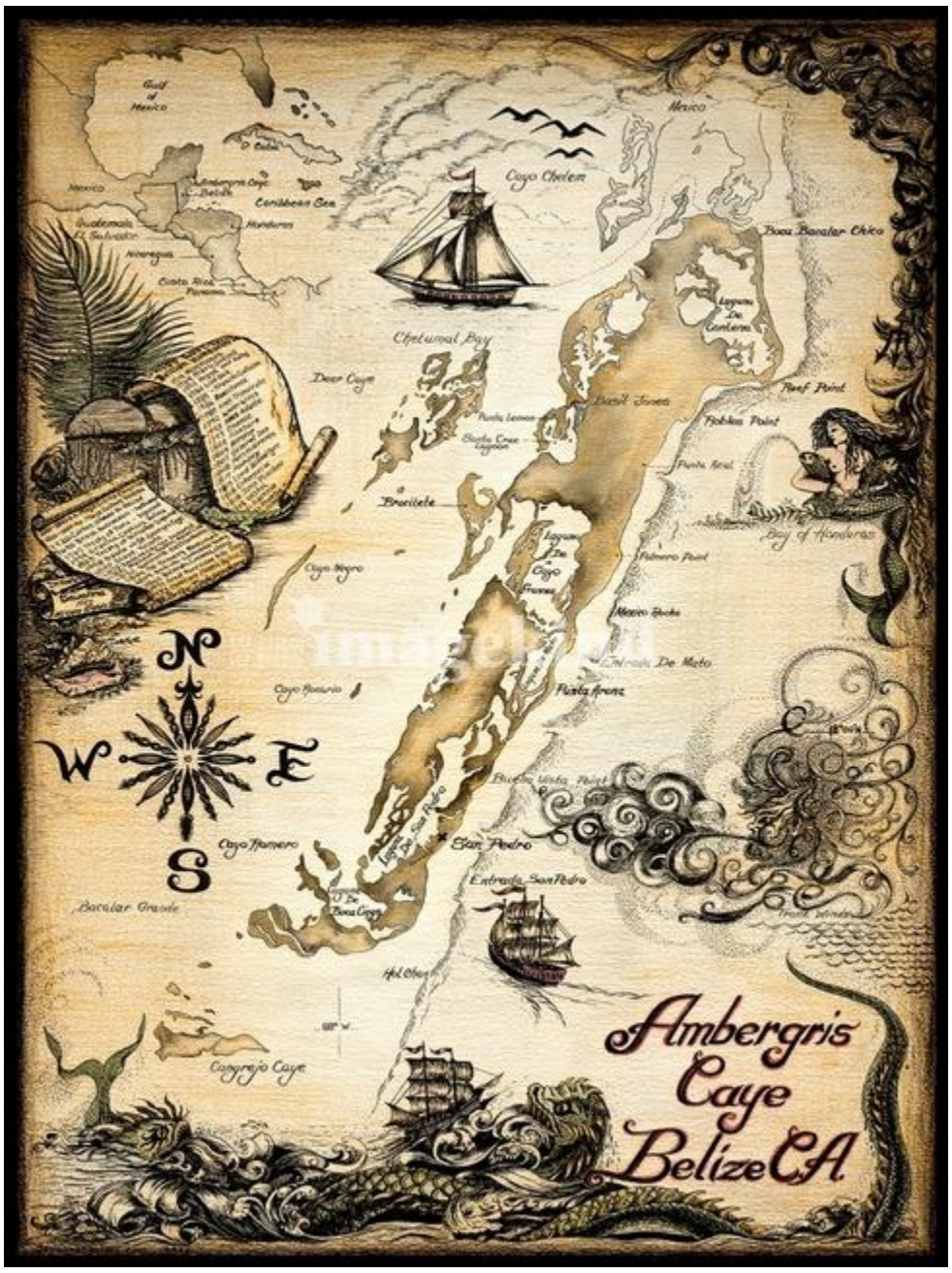
**Now we return to my thoughts in 2003:**

**I have a beautiful, comfortable home that is across the street from Lake Quinsigamond and I have a loving wife and two successfully grown sons nearby to play golf and fish with. And I also have good fishing friends like Geri Blouin, an oil painting artist who lives in Holden just off the Quinnipoxet River. And also, my friends Jon Seale, Greg MacGilpin, and Sam McClure are usually ready to golf on occasion."**



**Taken in about 2012, above photo is my friend Geri Blouin—artist of landscapes, fisherman, retired PR executive, intelligent, liberal conversationalist, and much more. Geri has more vitality than any two of my friends! A fascinating character indeed. He's even more enthusiastic than me. We swap ideas and books when we meet periodically for lunch.**

## Possible new Voyage!




**"Get out your charts"**
**Quotation from Terry Hughes Chapman**

And in 2004 I explored the use of my abilities in offering resume services to the diocese. Father David Stoddart has agreed to take copies of my proposal to the next meeting of the priests in our diocese and tell them about me and my offer. I would help anyone to define career goals and develop a resume at no charge and I would meet them at St. Luke's or at their church or home if necessary. I am also spending time each day to pray for guidance and strength in making this transition work and work well for me and others. I am optimistic it will happen! Winter is the

hardest time to deal with a transition since it hits you head-on without being able to use fishing and golf to "escape" from your questioning. Perhaps that is a good thing!

**"I continued to pray regularly and do some quiet meditations ranging from 5-20 minutes, often ending in a pleasant drowse. The quiet times have helped me cope with my transition—basically 13 years at Northeastern except for brief breaks at RL Stevens and teaching evenings for Nichols. 20% of my lifetime—that is a long habit to break. I was in the process of replacing those activities with new activities and increasingly using my time to read, meditate, and generally enjoy my life. At that time, I hoped I could find a way to use my coaching gift through our church or beyond."**

**Part of the issue of course is that our society stresses activity, mostly of the paid work type so that when you are not doing that you feel less than what you should be!**
**I know that is flawed reasoning and that God expects only for me to use my gifts to help others, whether family, friends, community, church, and couldn't be less interested in a paid setting. I received almost 12K in monthly payments that equal 60% of my previous Part-time pay at Northeastern. It looked like we could cover most months' expenses with Margaret's good job at Unum Provident. Trips, car purchases, and major house expenses (new appliances, etc.) would have to come from savings/retirement accounts. As long as Margaret works, we will do fine financially. When she retires, we would have to draw about 2,000 monthly, from savings or 25k yearly. At that rate, we could exhaust our savings in about 8-10 years! We would have our house, which should sell for maybe 250K by then so we are really in pretty strong financial shape"**

***Note: This is a prayer I said sometime back in 2004, wondering if I was doing what I should be doing at this point in my life:***

**"Thank you, God, for all these blessings: our health is good; we have family in the area; we have the Lake for sailing and boating and fishing, and we have each other to love and cherish and enjoy for the foreseeable future. Thank God for all of this we have. Help us help others who are less fortunate in their lives."**

**So, in concluding that juncture in my retirement life, I decided not to return to paid work unless we absolutely required it. So far this has worked out well. Again, I'm very fortunate that my wife Margaret likes her work so much and is willing to continue working until age 70. Time will tell!**

In September, 2004, I visited some parish priests to offer my services in Gifts work/resume writing and there has been some moderate interest shown. Hopefully this will produce some chances to help people in their career journeys. I am still searching for a better balance of work/play/reflection. I came up to one year fully retired at end of October, 2004 and here is what I "knew":

**It's nice not to jump up every day and drive to Boston, work, and then drive back! To fish as often as I want and to golf as much as I want.**

**It's also nice to listen to as much music as I want, when I want. Music helps me live life and re-live life in reflection. I need somewhat more mental stimulation to be perfectly happy.**

**I will continue to develop my Gifts Ministry but that may not be enough, during the long winter months—January-April when golf/fishing and daily walks aren't available. Fly tying and computer projects plus church choir are pleasurable and productive to a point, but I want to help people and interact with people a little more than now. I see friends on Thursday and Sunday. I am striving to also interact more with people.**

**My other hobbies include doing Jumble puzzles; starting crossword puzzles; chess on computer; fishing on computer; golf on computer; writing this autobiography; reading books more; art projects framing and re-arranging my pictures and collectibles!**

**Margaret and I go out to dinner about once a month and maybe take one other "trip" either shopping or a movie about once a month. I would like to entertain more at home. Margaret prefers our quiet evenings together. We could have a party this winter when everyone needs an "upper" and invite Seales, Hagars, again for dinner/wine and also invite the MacDuffies? We can also have dinner with MacDuffies again soon and go to dinner/movies with Seales every now and then.**

**I can also arrange lunch with my friends more like Mike Ablove, Charlie Bognanni, Bill Hagar, David Stoddart. I need this companionship on a regular basis but I will need to be more assertive in getting it!**

**Skiing Adventure-non-voluntary!**

**Here is one of the trips we took early in my full retirement. "We have also gone cross-country skiing several times, notably to the Trap Family Lodge in Stow, VT, in 2006. We had quite an adventure when I confidently led Margaret up a snow-covered slope (sign also partly covered appeared to read: Telema when it really said TELEMARK!?**

**When we crested a very long, steep hill and looked down the trail below, it was as steep as any downhill run I'd ever gone down. What to do now? We slowly walked down the siding until Margaret lost a ski which cascaded way down the trail. We stood, getting colder by the minute and then an elderly but capable couple of women arrived and offered to retrieve our ski! Why yes, that would be nice. One of the women quickly skied down and returned with the independent ski!**

**Then we half-skied where it wasn't so steep and walked where it was and covered the ½ mile back to the ski shop. By the way, when we had initially left the shop, we had to return and buy total face masks due to the low temps in the teens plus the 20mph wind.**

**Lesson learned: Be sure you are reading all ski signs correctly before departing. Amen."**




**Severe telemark trail!**

**Trip to Ronnie's plus trout guided trip in Maryland are coming up and I am getting excited about going. Also, High Point 50th anniversary is 10/23/04 at High Point and I will go to see the old school and celebrate with everyone! The school first offered classes in 1954 and I was there on that first day so long ago.**



**This proof is a poor picture, of Margaret actually XC skiing, somewhere in NE, about 2004. Note: She *is* smiling!**

## Emma Day and Wiley Rebecca Chapman—I'm a Grandfather!!

**"Emma and Wiley Chapman were born December 15, 2005, at Massachusetts General Hospital, where their Grandmother Karen MacDuffie volunteers, and are bright lights in our firmament!! Twin granddaughters are more than we hoped for and are a true joy. I visit the girls during the week for lunch and activities occasionally and of course we exchange suppers together as their busy schedule allows. Carolyn is a committed extrovert with plenty of friends, many from college days, to fill their weekends with guests at visits to friends both near and far away. Their home in Ashland, MA is pretty, if now small for their growing family. Dan enjoys the yard work and it relaxes him after his work week."**



**Happy new mother Carolyn with Wiley on left and Emma on right in early 2006**



**Pops Chapman doing what comes naturally with Emma on left and Wiley on right.**

**Margaret and I kept a first year scrapbook and filled it with hundreds of photos. Have you ever tried to catch the fleeting smile on a toddler's face? Almost impossible.**



**Above is Papa Dan with Wiley Rebecca Chapman and Emma Day Chapman, at #7 home in Worcester, MA, about fall 2006**

***Brother Jon helps a lot in raising the girls and is perhaps the perfect Uncle of all time! His humor and loyalty to them and all of our family is a wonderful gift we all share. Jon gave them small tennis racquets and golf clubs by the age of 3! He is always playing with them; making them laugh; and generally, a mainstay in their young lives.***



**Wiley and Emma Chapman playing happily at 153 Prospect St., Ashland, in about 2010**
**And they like tons of snacks!**



**Jon Chapman:  World's most devoted Uncle by far!**

# Wiley!

Wiley is an artistically oriented girl who likes art work of all kinds both at school and at home; and also likes to play cards, and beat her Grandfather (POPS). She has taken Yoga, and also likes to swim, watch Television, talk on the phone to Pops, and visit with her Pa, Grandfather John MacDuffie, Pa and her Grandmother MacDuffie, Nana.



**Wiley Chapman, once again being artistic, on her swings at home in Ashland, on one of my lunch visits, in 2012.**

# Emma!

Emma is an extrovert and loves to smile, talk, tease, and play with everyone that comes near her! She is a talented athlete in swimming and soccer at age six (6) and I expect her to excel in all sports she tries. She is very competitive in cards and sports and likes to get your attention and keep it. As a toddler, she would start prepping for a photo when she saw the camera being taken from its case!!



**Emma, being her most extroverted self, pretending to be on her cell phone! On one of my lunch visits, 2012, at home in Ashland, MA**

## Some of my 2005 Thoughts

**"By 2005, after a rousing 65th birthday celebration at Worcester's Peppercorn restaurant and 30 people attending, son Jon gave a very funny keynote to start things off, "Welcome to my Dad's 65th! Also notice out the windows near our tables that there is a tattoo emporium. My Dad will receive a free tattoo, making him look like an aged biker with no home but don't worry; I'll keep him on the straight and narrow!"**

**Now I began to feel like my retirement had some heft, more satisfaction and some direction and purpose. My gifts work increased and I was able to make deeper helping interventions with individuals and not do much group work or speaking gigs. I'd much prefer to work with one person, sharing each other's ideas and needs and being able to correct how I'm helping by simply asking the other person, "Is this helping?"**

And other interests and social connections helped satisfy my restless spirit! My physical health was still good; my energy level excellent, though after lunch naps started to be a mainstay of my days when I was at home all day.

In June 2005, I reflected: "I am now doing resumes and gifts work on a volunteer basis and with a little momentum. The Episcopal Diocese did a feature story on my work in their newsletter which was sent to many churches and already I am helping a woman in our church who contacted me to help her gain a full-time job in higher teaching after many years of church and primary education."

Also, I connected with my college fraternity, Phi Sigma Kappa, through Wayne Bethards, our president when I was in college, and he has notified all Phi Sigs from 50-present and their families to contact me for help on resume writing! I have already helped his son-in-law and that guy's friend, both of whom were transitioning from the military to civilian work and needed help. It's been great to use my skills helping them and others at St. Luke's and I hope it continues and grows over time. Even doing a couple of resumes a week seems to fill some of the "empty intellectual box" in my psyche!

### Civil War Trip: a shared interest!

Margaret and I took a 6-day trip in 2006 to see Ronnie and Civil War sites in Virginia in June 2006 and we had fun though there was a heat wave and it was humid which was harder for Margaret than me. Ronnie seemed in good shape and has healed following his broken ankle of a year ago. We took him magazines which he loves to look through and has since he was a young man. On the trip to Maryland, we blared out the Gettysburg movie CD which we both love. It set the theme for our trip and stirred up all those goose-bumpy patriotic feelings we both have about the personal bravery shown by both sides in that storied conflict several generations ago.



**Depiction of a horrible battle at Gettysburg, in the summer of 1863**



**Family photo of Harlan Page Chapman, my father's father)**
**Born in 1844, son of Thurot Chapman, died in 1912 at the Hedges home in LaPorte, OH**

My Great Grandfather Harlan Page Chapman, on my father's side, fought with the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry in Knoxville, and received a life-threatening ball strike to his hip which necessitated his departure from the war. He carried that ball the rest of his lifetime, while in Elyria and later at their home, the Hedges, in La Porte, Ohio.

His brother, Degrasse Chapman, also fought in the Civil War, in the Ohio 23rd Volunteer Infantry, and was killed June 17, 1862, at the Battle of Antietam, where Margaret and I had visited several years ago, before learning of his death there!



**Margaret in pink was trying to generate some cooler air at Monticello—during a heat wave trip in 2006. Jefferson's home was absolutely amazing; perhaps the most creative human being I have read about. I plan on reading John Meacham's Jefferson book to be released in 2012.**

We stayed at a Bed & Breakfast north of Baltimore, the Hill House, where I had stayed last fall when visiting Ronnie and the breakfasts and hospitality were good. Bill Riley is a fly fisherman, guide, real estate broker, carpenter, and runs the B&B! His father in law, Jack Wright and Dollie his wife had done 500 catered dinners there since 1978 when they bought the place. Jack has given me two bottles of wine, a great sherry and on this trip a 1985 Grahams port! He showed me his wine cellar and is a personal friend of Robert Parker, world renowned wine expert.

We then moved on to Fredericksburg, VA and stayed at the Richard Johnston house for two nights while seeing battlefields at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania courthouse, all worthwhile to visit. Guided tours at Fredericksburg and Manassas where we stopped on the way back. We went on to Charlottesville, VA and stayed in the Inn at Monticello, a pretty farmhouse B&B and had crème Brule pancakes which were really tasty. Margaret loves the sugary treats and this was no exception!

**"Monticello was fascinating and our tour guide was amusing and knowledgeable too. What didn't Jefferson do? He was Governor, President of United States, founder of U. of Va., passionate author of religious liberty in Virginia, author of the Declaration of**

**Independence, superb gardener; the list goes on. Jefferson is one of my favorite American heroes." Others include Barrack Obama, Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy, John Glenn, Thoreau, Wendell Berry (author), Robert Frost, Copeland, composer, Dave Brubeck, Jazz great, and many others. See Terry's Lists for more!**

**We agreed when we returned home that interesting as it was, we will not take any longer extended trips with that much driving. We would rather get someplace and stay 2 days and then be home. We are weekend trip people for sure."**

**Birding**

My new hobby of birding is going well thanks to trips to Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Boston. I have about 55 birds on my growing life list and especially enjoy the warblers! I went there with Bill Sloane, Charlie Bognanni, and other friends from NU in May this year 2005 and it was 46 sunny degrees and we birded from 7:30-10:30 and then had coffee and donuts at a nearby spot. It's great fun to be with my old NU cronies and enjoying the birds as well. I am reading books on birding so my book collection will continue to grow well beyond the approximately 1000 books now on hand.



**Warblers are my favorite bird!**

In 2005, I had helped 7 people through diocesan ministry on gifts and I am enjoying the contact with people this way. I intend to nurture this ministry and grow it to a size that meets my needs to help people and stay involved in life!

*Also in 2005, I had a super fishing season: caught a total of six (6) pounds of trout at Swift River in Ware including 15" rainbow, 13" rainbow, and two 1-pound brook trout plus lots of smaller brook trout on homemade flies. New friend Larry bush and I fished several times and it was fun to compare notes on fly fishing. Larry is a serious fisherman who keeps his feelings pretty much to himself. I respect his wished but would like to know him better.*

**"Margaret's work still fascinates her and she has received nothing but commendations and raises in the past 5 years, when she left DG with a major layoff. I am so happy that she enjoys her work and am so fortunate that I can be retired and do what I want. What a**

**wonderful luxury. I have tried to use my time to best advantage and keep helping others as best I can and will continue to do so as long as I am able."**

Jon broke up with his girlfriend April due to many significant differences and Jon is staying at Crittenden House after not getting any scholarship assistant ship help at Northeastern. I am disappointed at NU and Jon deserves better. Jon did win his "fellas tournament" in golf and he is very proud of that. Canadian friends journey down every year to play a mini Ryder cup type event and the bragging rights are very important to the winners. In 2003, I joined them for lunch and they brought me a 2003 Canadian Open golf shirt which I'll wear until it turns to rags!

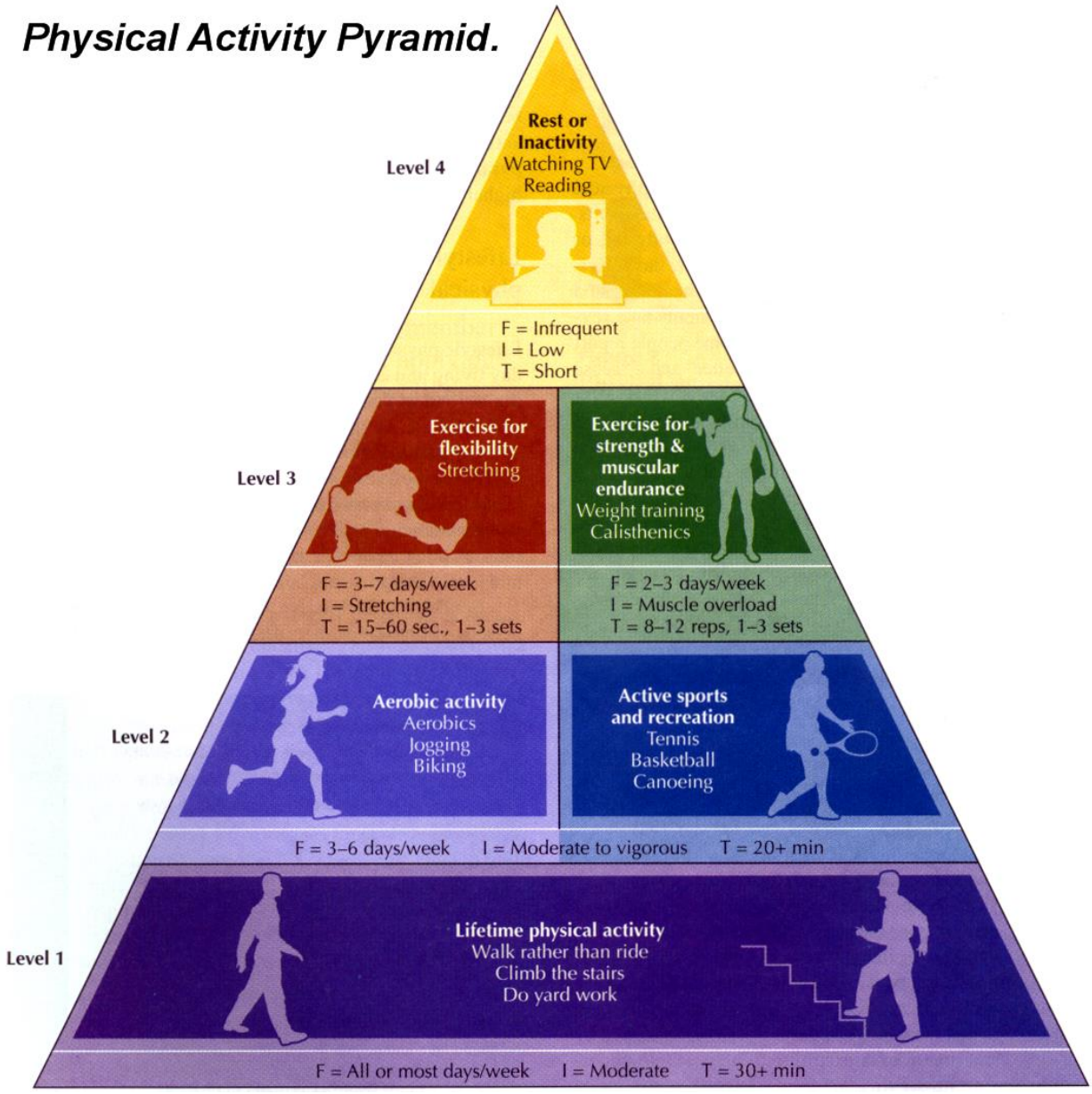
**My chess game slowly improved on line and I thoroughly enjoyed competing on a computer fishing game online. I was probably best at chess ag about age 21, but Art Hermann, a fraternity brother of Phi Sigma Kappa, University of Maryland, was excellent at speed chess! I can't play chess or cook or do math quickly or under pressure. It's just not a God-given gift for me, period.**

**Digital photography is fun and going to live music is also enjoyable. I am aware that pushing myself to be physically active on a regular basis will pay dividends in the years to come. And also, to push myself to read more; do more mind-challenging puzzles and word games, and finally to try new hobbies and activities.**



**In spring 2013, I enrolled online for Luminosity Brain training, which at 15 dollars monthly is a true bargain. Almost every day I play interesting challenging games including taking orders at a diner and trying to remember names and orders correctly to remembering where birds flash up and disappear on the screen to building a list of words from a prefix. I currently in July 2013 am in the 89$^{th}$ percentile for my age group, having improved from about 50$^{th}$ when beginning! Later I learned that the research establishing that Luminosity could make you smarter and quicker, was severely questioned, I stopped the daily challenge. But I do Jumbles and TV quiz shows and do quite well.**

**By active, I mean that I typically walk 2 miles every other day and/or ride a stationary bike in the sunroom every other day. I also do 20 minutes' yoga stretching every morning and lift light weights (8lbs) every other day. And I stretch using a PT rubber band on my bedroom door. But I'd like to do more to keep in good physical shape. My life depends on it and so does yours!**




**Where do you fall on this activity level chart?!**

***Jon was accepted into Harvard graduate school! We were so proud of him. Jon earned his Master's Degree in Higher Education in June 2007, with Environmental emphasis, and we were there to see him get it and later had lunch together: Jon, Dan, Carolyn, Beth, Margaret, and me. Jon is such an intelligent caring man. I only hope some woman with excellent "credentials" finds him absolutely irresistible and he marries and has several superb Chapman children! Keep reading and learn how Jon "meets his match" in women and…..?***

I helped for a day at Overlook Farm with resident volunteers who need resume or career help. I offered to go back there once a week to see who needs help but got no response. Sometimes it hurts a bit when an offer to help is not accepted, but it must be that way. A person or a group has a "readiness" to receive help or they do not. It can't be manufactured.

**"I tied 300+ flies the winter of 2007 and bought a great book: Forgotten Flies at $300.00 to use and pass down as family heirloom and another by Dave Hughes which shows in detail how to organize and tie your flies for best results; should have had these books years ago. I'm very grateful to be able to get them now. What an engrossing and fascinating hobby that has taken me through many a long winter's day and kept my eyes open to the beauty of our world. Amen."**



**These flies, not tied by me, represent a few of the possibilities for "streamer" flies which Imitate small bait fish that trout love to devour.**

Ronnie is doing ok in 2007. It seems that they believe his hearing is normal after all these years but I find that hard to believe. What does it mean functionally? Who knows! Also, we (me, Jon, Dan) are writing personal cards to Ronnie to stimulate his sense of family and give him something to get in the mail. We'll see how it works. Visited Maryland and Ronnie sometime in April 2007 and also did a guided trout trip, staying at a hotel in western Maryland, where I had always wanted to go fishing on the Savage River.

I also found John Asaka, Korean friend from High Point High and will see him maybe in April on visit. Also, found Judy Butramawich, now remarried after Dick Pence. I was their "Best Man". Dick died recently although they had been divorced for 20 years or so. Great old friend and one of the nicest women I have ever known. I hope to see her sometime while in Maryland. Also found are Larry and Phil Kupper, living in North Carolina, friends from Takoma Park days where we played sports all day every day on Larch Avenue. Good old friends and great to re-connect with.

**#7 has some serious problems**!

***At the end of April, 2007, a plumber was spot welding pipes in our basement when he heard faint water sounds and when we both pressed our ears against the front facing wall, he said he thought city water main had ruptured. Oh my God, my heart beat really fast and I faced the reality of a major house problem, for sure!***

***The city fixed the water break, backhoeing 9 feet down in front of brick walk in our front yard and broke irrigation pipe and sewer pipe which I found out about the following week as sewage seeped out a pipe near basement sink and into the cellar! Terrible cleanup and rotor rooter went out 50 feet and didn't feel any blockage. City sewer came and after plenty of debate about whose fault it was--dug up the hole again and fixed the sewer! Irrigation got fixed and we waited impatiently for the re-sodding of front lawn. Too bad, that year's grass had looked super just before the incident.***

***Major Volunteer Work Begun!***



***Worcester Public Library***

***Here is a wonderful piece of prose writing by Melanie Svoboda, taken from her book, "When the Blue Heron Flies" which reminds us to treasure every bit of outreach we can muster here on planet Earth.***

**"Every encounter is sacred"**

**Every encounter is sacred,**
**whether with loved one**
**or stranger;**
**whether brief**

**or prolonged,**
**planned or unexpected,**

**Every encounter is sacred,**
**for it can open us up**
**to wider possibilities**
**and impel us toward caring,**
**thus, freeing us**
**from a pinched life**
**of self-preoccupation.**

**"*I started volunteering each Tuesday morning starting in December, 2008, at the Worcester Library, helping folks write their resume, prepare for interviews; and simply encourage their career pursuits. I love it and have helped more than 1200 persons so far (2014).*"**

***I* have met with many health care workers, many administrative workers, many finance people; some software people; some warehouse and distribution workers; a neurosurgery Ph.D. who studies house flies to learn more about tissue life; several people wanting to change direction in their vocations and recently a very interesting person: a small man physically, Eddie, who smiles brightly as he talks about his love of making and teaching folks to make Native American Dream Catchers!**

***He needed a resume for a Worcester grant to teach at the Sr. Center and we wrote one together. He showed his thanks by appearing the following Tuesday with a dream catcher made just for me.***

I have always been admiring of Native American culture and Eddie has re-kindled this interest. We plan on attending a powwow soon where Eddie will sell his dream catchers and I will just soak it all in. I had reached over 500 people as of summer, 2011 and hoped to reach many more. By June 2012, I had reached over 1000 persons as of the fall of 2012.

My supervisor Doreen Velnich is a wonderful woman, Head Reference Librarian, and easy to work with. Together we make a good career services team! Doreen was laid off from the library in June 2013 but we are still friends and have lunch together on occasion. I've had the opportunity to meet many fascinating people with interesting life journeys! Several have been persons from African countries who have immigrated to America and are pursuing "the dream". Tough time to pursue it with our sluggish economy but they are trying very hard to succeed.

Later on, I have helped a Vietnamese man who has been unemployed for a year and will soon lose his unemployment benefits. But he keeps trying and is always upbeat and hopeful. I am touched by his perseverance and he usually comes in to see me for new ideas and support two times a month. His English is not perfect and I miss some of his words but I hear his heart. He wants to work and I pray he finds a job soon. We also share an occasional laugh at life's hardships together and he appreciates my friendship. Alas, he became a problem, coming to see me every week, and then trying to tell me a resume done by another person was far better. He is

entitled to his own opinion, but if he no longer trusts me, we cannot work as a team. Perhaps, I helped him in the long run?

***One man had no resume, no written notes, but remembered most of the job facts from his fork-lift work in several locations and companies! As we worked; he became more confident and when we finished and I printed up some copies of his newly minted resume, he beamed with happiness and thanked me profusely. I was reminded of how important it always is to get to know the person you are helping and find positives about them that you can encourage and affirm. This is probably as or more important as helping them write their resume.***

**"I help them with resumes and answers to their varied career questions. I have listened carefully to their life stories. I have helped them write up their God-given gifts and skills and I have encouraged and hopefully inspired a few of them to continue to find the best in themselves to share with our world. Every spring the library gives us a recognition program but I should really thank the library for giving me a venue within which to use my gifts which greatly enriches my life and pleases me almost every time I'm there."**

**"*Recently in March 2014, a middle-aged guy came in to see me and said that he was working on a 20-year plan for his career development. He had served as a CPA for 20 years; then when burnt out on that he learned to do landscaping and became a landscaping consultant and did that for the next 20 years!***

***What he wanted from me was a good ear as he works through what he wants to do next. This person was a perfect client for my strengths. His core gifts are:***

***1. Endless curiosity about himself; his abilities; and life.***

***2. Strong physical stamina***

***3. Ability to visualize anything he wants in 3-dimensional detail***

***4. An overall enthusiasm for life and its challenges and opportunities***

***5. Intellectual ability to organize theories, concepts and ideas into a usable whole***

***We have now talked on about 5 visits over a 6-week period and we are "in the thick of it" which we both enjoy. Sometimes he will get a bit irritated at me when he is theorizing and I try to move him to a conclusion and he balks! But then I slow the process down and he is able to overcome his dyslexia which he now believes has enabled him to work as hard as he does to fully understand all that he has experienced and in analyzing his skills, God-given gifts, and what to do next.***

***We had an epiphany last week when he told me I didn't have to feather down saying my volunteer work is a ministry. He is a Christian and understands what ministry means even for a layman like me. This has created a fairly strong bond and I certainly hope we can continue***

***to reflect and analyze his many options. He recently identified some artistic skills and tendencies which he thinks he wants to utilize in his next career. If I am right and he about 58 he will have had "three (3) careers of 20 years each by 2034 and he'll be 74 and I may be 93!? When we are engaged in reflecting and talking together, the time flies by since I am in my "gifts zone" in helping another adult along the paths of their life journey, my favorite way to spend my time other than doing things with my family and/or fishing or golfing, or perhaps cooking on rare occasions, no pun intended!***

***It's fascinating to see how much energy is released by both his efforts and mine in about a 30-minute session. When two human beings are so engaged, I believe God is smiling (excuse my attributing human attributes to God, but what else can I do?)***

***Jack refuses to rest on his laurels and also refuses (much like me) to do any work that he does not truly believe is his best work and work that he can enjoy fully using his God given gifts—as I call them—or talents as he seems to prefer. He has offered me the chance to do some true career counseling and I realize that I enjoy the whole process but particularly getting to know another person deeply, at least in terms of their gifts, skills, work history, and innermost thoughts, hopes, dreams, and fears about how best to lead their work lives. To me, there is very little enterprise worthier of my time, attention, and intuitiveness. I am very grateful that after five years someone came to the library whom I could help at this somewhat intense level. Again, God is smiling I hope."***

The following quotation conveys my idea of every human being's work being heroic in a sense:

**"In our world of big names, curiously, our true heroes tend to be anonymous. In this life of illusion and quasi-illusion, the person of solid virtues who can be admired for something more substantial than his well-knownness often proves to be the unsung hero: the teacher, the nurse, the mother, the honest cop, the hard worker at lonely, underpaid, unglamorous, unpublicized jobs", Daniel J Boorstin, historian, professor, attorney, and writer, 1914-2004.**

## My seventieth Year!?

**I kept a log of my 70th year but only made periodic entries, alas. I'm not a good journalist. So, this autobiography will have to serve as my "grand journal"—grand in volume if not in content, ha, ha! I have sprinkled notes from my journals over much of my presentation of my retirement years, but especially since about 2005. They seem to portray the movement of my activities, my thinking and feeling, better than a dry recollection would do.**

**More of my reflections are on the passage of time, how to proceed in life and what to expect:**

**In the conclusion to Walden, Thoreau wrote, "I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life**

**he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours." That's been my experience!**




**Scene of so many pleasant creative hours! My fly tying bench in the upstairs den at #7 overlooking Lake Quinsigamond. Oh yeah, I have two dens, the other one is in our finished basement room. I've tied more than 5,000 flies in my life and the majorities were tied here. It's the visceral pleasure of working with the multi-colored and multi-textured materials and ending up with a tangible product when you're done that's kept me going--bless this mess Lord!**



***This is the place on the Swift River in Belchertown, MA, one hour from home where I have caught most of my larger trout! To the right at the bend is a sign: Cady lane. I stand in the water just off the far bank where the bare spot lies and cast upstream to my left, and to the right reader for you, and hope for a strike as my fly comes drifting down. I have to remind myself that I don't own this spot on the river; its public not private! I was quite unsettled one day when upon my arrival, I found a beach chair with umbrella sitting on the bare spot shown above upper right. The trout fishing Gods were not pleased.***



***This photo looks quite a bit like what I saw a few weeks ago, in the Fall of 2016 walking along the Swift riverbank heading to the wooden bridge near the hill to the parking lot.***

Some comments from my logs kept intermittently through the years; especially in retirement:

"These days, since about 2005, the year I fished a lot with new friend Larry Bush, I tie flies in the winter (5-8 hundred); fish April – November, and golf a lot with son Jon. I am a 16 and he is a 12 handicap and our match extends over the entire season when we declare a winner! Jon is way ahead in the win column, but of course this is a win-win proposition. Dan joins us on occasion." I treasure the time spent with both sons and we laugh a lot and we enjoy each other immensely!"

**"I am quite at peace with retirement but watch my balance of mental, physical, social, spiritual activities to keep at a happy, comfortable level. While you are working full-time you don't realize how active you are, both mentally and physically! As with most of life, it takes some effort to make it all work well. But for now, I have it figured out. My physical stuff is all good; high blood pressure and cholesterol lowered and steadied by prescription and regular exercise; weight ok at 205 but would like it at 199! Lately it is 205 and holding. It's amazing how well our body does in regulating our systems-mental, chemical, electrical, muscular, joints, organs, and that we usually feel pretty good all the time. What a blessing**

**from God!" I exercise vigorously by wading streams, walking, riding the bike, mowing the yard, or golfing about 3x weekly. I may walk the Boston Marathon route for Cancer in September 12th, 2010. My serious training starts right about now! Ha! Later note: Did not compete; my interest flagged. Trips include heading out to Falmouth on the cape in the summer of 2010 to see friend John Asaka and his wife play in tournament in July and off to camp week, driving my 2008 new Outback Subaru August 19-24th. Margaret and I will also have stayed in Portland, ME overnight and joined the MacDuffies and Chapmans for special dinner summer 2011at their beautiful condo situated on a gorgeous wetlands venue. Trip now planned for Block Island in early September 2012. Life is good!**



**Dutch Island, RI lighthouse**

We took the high-speed ferry from Pt. Judith, RI to Block Island Old Harbor and we lurched up and down the whole way. Several persons got seasick and Margaret got queasy and I got a little anxious as the lurching never stopped. We learned that we were heading directly into 30 knot winds which caused the problem. The return trip was a breeze, literally and figuratively. We stayed at Island Home Inn, perched on a promontory and less than a mile from the town of Old Harbor where the restaurants and shops were located. Our innkeeper, Dave Chieffo was warm and friendly and chatted at length on the island, his family, and most of all his captaincy of a charter fishing service out of Block Island. I loved to hear his stories of catching stripers up to 80 pounds and winning several regional tournaments and almost ditching his boat in 17-foot swells when he saw his antennae touch the wave crests! Good stuff and very exciting and inspirational. He gave me a natty baseball cap with the Mustad Hook logo which I am proud to own and show folks who cross my path.

We also took an hour-long taxi tour of the island conducted by Craig, a native who gave us a good overall understanding of the island's geography and social culture and some good rumors as well. Mopeds competed with us as we wove our way along the small paved roads which twist and turn up and down all-around Block Island. We were happy to get back to our inn; clean up and then enjoy lobster and mussels in Jalapeno and wine sauce that though quite spicy, tasted good in the clean salt air on the island.

Two days with deteriorating weather and a cool rain kept us inside some but we managed to visit the historical society and see pictures of the old folks back in the early 20th century as they fished for a livelihood and raised their children, most of whom departed for wider experiences in the next generation. If you go to Block Island, you should have an abiding interest to visit there since there is little entertainment. By that I mean you should be ready to go fishing, walking, hiking, swimming, bicycling or some combination to keep you busy and happy to be there. Is it charming? Yes, but is it exciting? No.

**The Asaka trip to Cape Cod, was very gratifying as we watched my old friend play very good tennis; then all had a scrumptious buffet dinner at a country club on a promontory overlooking the bay in Falmouth area. I am so proud of my friend John Asaka.** I visited him in 2009; played golf at Sligo Park and also practiced tennis with John. He gave me a very good racquet which I would like to use. I would see John once again after a long period of time in Salem, MA where I drove to meet him and a girlfriend; he having been divorces for two years. Same John—quiet and introspective but with a ready laugh. It was gratifying to spend time with such an old friend from the 1950's at High Point High School.

Tennis is a grand sport and one that my father excelled at. He and I played often together when I was growing up. We played in Takoma Park at the courts along Sligo Creek Parkway and we also played earlier up at Grandpa's Camp I Billerica on an old clay court nestled in the pines. Dad continued to play doubles until a month or so before his death in 1976. Dad and I were probably the most "in touch" with each other on those fine days playing tennis and not one bit worried about the rest of our world!

**And in 2009 after having sung in the church choir for about 10 years with Margaret, I felt I had used up my singing gift and decided to step down. Here is what I wrote then:**

**"I go to St. Luke's Episcopal Church every Sunday at 8am service which is quiet and refreshing spiritually. Our priest, Warren Hicks, plays golf, and is my friend. I believe I helped him by just being his friend; I truly hope so. The gift of presence, genuine presence to another human being, is perhaps the greatest gift you can give. I don't miss being in the choir."**



**This charming old stone church was in a living, active town, near Worcester before they created Wachusetts Reservoir in early 1900's and flooded this town and several others. Large Lake trout are taken from the reservoir every season; hopefully I will catch one soon!**



**This painting could be along the Quinnipoxet River in Holden in spring time flooding.**

Life is a continuing challenge to balance one's need to work, play, be active, be at rest, be intellectually active, and be reflective. I will always search for the perfect balance. I am very grateful for having had such wonderful life experiences, excellent health, and the love of parents, family, friends and the stimulating if sometimes challenging companionship of some truly great colleagues through the years. Yes, there have been large problems to solve but there have also been lots of laughs and enjoyments that leavened the mixture that has been my life.

"**Thank you God for such a wonderfully rich mélange of experiences—from my childhood traveling through several US states with Mother, Dad, and brother Ron, to my days at good old High Point High and the University of Maryland and the halls of Springfield College and all the US federal offices to my major decision to leave the "easy life" in Maryland and "get out in the trenches" of community service; to Navy service and also YMCA, VA, University of Missouri, the Missouri State Library, MPI, Right Associates, Wang Labs, and Northeastern University. And all the many temporary jobs I endured along the way while I worked and prayed at discovering what my real life's work should be.**

**And for eventually, in God's time, experiencing the epiphany in Missouri and hearing God tell me: "Help them Grow" which led me to a commitment to Gifts work and teaching and training, always with a healthy dose of mentoring in it.** ***In many ways I have always been a coach and mentor whether I've been hired as a teacher, trainer, consultant, or professor!***

**Finally, once again, extra thanks to the needed and received love of my family and friends everywhere I have lived. Truly, life at its best is, indeed the journey and not the destination! God bless you; if you know me a little from reading this, I am smiling and my only prayer for you is that you will live your life to the fullest, always trying to use your God-given gifts and abilities to enrich your life and others. Let's sail on!"**

**Camp Week Visit 2010**



**Great and appropriate photo of my 1st Cousin Harlan (Harley) Page Chapman, honored and admired US Marine pilot who spent 71/2 years as a POW in Hanoi, Vietnam from 1965 until his release in 1973. Harley has successfully navigated every bit of challenging waters his entire life and though a very humble guy, deserves the gratitude and respect of everyone who knows of his storied career!**

***Members of the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry began camping on the shores of Lake Erie soon after the ending of the American Civil War in 1865. They put up tents where the "encampment of homes" now stands in several years later. Members have met every year since 1866 and may be the only such organization in the United States. You must be a member of a family whose ancestor served in the Civil War with the O.V.I. to enter the grounds or be closely associated with such a person! My father and mother, Ronnie and I went to Camp week many summers when I was growing up and his father and Grandfather did as well. A very long, very unique family tradition of which I am very proud of to this day.***

***The members meet the 3rd week in August every year and hold flag raisings and lowerings, bugle calls for reveille and taps; and varied social events from scavenger hunts for all ages to plenty of square dances to walking and running contests to golf trips to historic trips to Cleveland to presented programs ranging from CPR to camp history to religious observances. There is literally something to please everyone!***

**"In August of 2010, I drove by myself to Camp Week in my recently acquired sky blue 2008 Subaru which performed perfectly! I had not been to Camp Week since 1993 when Margaret and I attended a Friday night dinner and program with Harley and Fran. I arrived on Thursday, having left home on Wednesday and stayed over in a motel in Syracuse, and stayed through the last big meal on Sunday which is a special meal with lots of trimmings."**

**Folks were glad to see me and I felt happy to have made the effort to re-unite with my father's family. I had seen Harley and Fran and Shelle and Rod and Kalee, at Kalee and Matt's 2003 wedding in Annapolis. I truly wish I had spent more time with all of them more during the years, but as you know, raising children, pursuing careers, and just generally being so far apart geographically, does limit what one can do. Maybe it all works out for the best; who knows?"**

Margaret has never been very interested in large group occasions or long car trips so she stayed home and I'm sure enjoyed the quiet plus several good movies on TV. I enjoyed getting back to Ohio and seeing a few of the camp regulars from yesteryear like Lou Wagner and Bill the dentist who loves fishing, and others with names long forgotten. I stayed in Aunt Jo's old house right on Lake Erie, on the front porch. Folks would go in and out, long after I had turned in. *At times, it felt like, "Take a look at Terry asleep on the porch. He hasn't been back to camp week in 17 years!?"*

Camp Week keeps late hours and someone is always ready for a nightcap and a chat in one of the cottages. I would wake up during the night, hearing the gentle chatter of folks still visiting far into the night, sitting in all manner of lawn chairs on the bluff, overlooking Lake Erie with their gaze pointed north toward Canada in the distance, where my mother's side of our family lived, but with no semblance of interest in that fact. My Chapman relatives never seemed interested in my mother's relatives. I have no idea why.

My relatives in attendance included Connie (Thayer's daughter); Harley (Thayer's son); and his wife Fran; Shelle and Rod Knutson (Shelle is Connie's daughter); Cliff and Rich and their families from Colorado; Kalee (Shelle's daughter) who is a former Navy pilot and married to a Navy pilot, stationed in Newport, RI. They met on the USS Enterprise when both were fliers! Their son, Rod Knutson, about 4, held court and entertained all with his quick quips and constant physical activity.

***Generally, we would congregate on the winterized side porch, looking out on Lake Erie and chat and snack and drink all kinds of stuff until late every night. I had taken two sets of my framed family trout flies: The Hughes men and the Chapman men. I set them up on the porch and often I would just hang out on the porch and chat with whoever came by, explaining my somewhat unusual hobby of trying flies to represent people! Everyone found them at least somewhat interesting which pleased me greatly. We can all contribute something to our extended families; in my case, framed trout flies!***

**Camp is a wonderful place for kids and teens and there were probably 30-40 there as part of a 250-person registration. They have a volleyball court set up and my son Jon loved to play; swing sets for the tiny ones; ping pong in Casement Hall activities center; and of course, a 90' pier for jumping into and swimming in Lake Erie. Son Dan also liked Camp Week and intends to return with his daughters sometime in the future.**

**The dances every night last until midnight and all are welcome to join in, regardless of ability, age, or degree of alcohol intake! Bands are hired and one band with a large, intense heavy-set woman singer with plenty of singing endurance, must have played there for more than 30 camp week celebrations. She had a honkytonk style and hit the keys hard and the sound of her playing probably kept the neighbors up at night wondering when she'd stop! "I danced so many square dances and ballroom dances with Connie one night that my head was swimming and I had to actually hide from her since he never gets tired…at age 86!? Talk about a gift of vitality! A live band of about 15 pieces led us through our paces until late that night. I can still hear the thunk of happy feet pounding the old wooden floor of Casement Hall with its hanging framed photographs of honored members of the storied companies, of the Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry. It must have brought a smile to their resting faces!"**

**I'm glad I made the effort to attend, after an absence of 17 years. I refreshed many relationships and since then cousin Shelle and I have exchanged ancestry.com family stories, pictures, and insights and Facebook exchanges starting in 2012. I truly hope that Jon and Dan and families can return there in the future. I imagine my Uncle Thayer, President Emeritus of the Sons and Daughters of the 103rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, is also smiling down on all these family happenings!" BTW, I am a descendant of a Company H OVI veteran: Harlan Page Chapman**

**Here are some other notes I took about the persons at Camp Week:**

**My "oldest" in age, but youngest a heart--Connie Chapman Riedel** (husband Dick Riedel had passed away in 2009, aged 85)

**Shelle Riedel Knutson**: Connie's daughter, full of vitality and attitude, owner of a "Curves" weight and fitness facility in California for several years. She and her husband Rod schooled their children aboard a sail boat, living and traveling off the coast of California for years! Their whole family is very conservative as are Harley and Fran. I just don't bring up politics but don't shy from giving my opinion if asked. That seems to be the civil way to deal with an awkward situation. My politics are moderately liberal with a streak of conventional values. Shelle and I have always gotten along easily and well. I admire her joy in life and wish her all the best.

**Rod Knutsen**: Shelle's husband who was a Marine P.O.W. with Harley in Viet Nam and returned to US with Harley and met Shelle in Ohio and were married shortly thereafter. They live in Thompson Falls, MT; Rod graduated from U. of MT and loves the wild nature of his home state. They have children: Kalee: She was a Navy pilot and met Matt and are now stationed in Newport, RI with children: Rodney and a baby boy. Kamee: She is a wine administrator in California and a very pretty blond woman as well!

Here is a wonderful and true story which rod told all of us as we gathered in the comfy sunroom overlooking Lake Erie:

**"A group of hunters including Rod were bow hunting for elk in Montana, Rod among them; they finally sighted an elk and took him down with an arrow! Quickly out of the woods, rode in some real Native Americans, in a pickup truck and told Rod: "We have a problem here since you are on protected reservation land:**

**Rod thought about what the Native American had said and then responded, "*You know there is a problem and also something awfully funny about it—here we are—a bunch of white men with bows and arrows, surrounded by a band of Indians with hunting rifles!" Everyone laughed which defused the irritations and they parted—the white guys with an elk and then Indians, still amused by the white men's humor! Excuse use of "Indians" as Rod delivered this with respect for all involved!***

**Harley Chapman**: Uncle Thayer and Aunt Jo's son and brother of Connie. Harley and his wife Fran came for dinner on Friday night and we chatted. They still like to travel and spend winters with Rod and Shelle in Mexico, returning to Ohio about May. They did own a 28' sailboat and competed in sailing competitions for many years and both did real estate appraisal work for years as well.

**Cliff Riedel**: Connie's younger son, who is a D.A. in northern Colorado and comes every year to camp week where he is a leader and has managed the mess hall and held other positions too. His wife is Carla and their children's names escape me. He seemed to resent my coming back to Camp Week after a 17 year absence. You know, he and his family never visited me once my

whole life except for my father's funeral. I do not fly and he knows that but apparently I did not pass his muster as loving his Dad, whom I admired and loved my entire life!

**Rich Riedel**: Connie's older son, who works in emergency medical position nearby his mother Connie. His wife is Jo and they have two sons, both of whom I chatted with. They liked seeing me at camp week.

**I also chatted with Lou Wagner, one of my favorite Camp guys through the years. He always acted in camp skits with his brother Clare and they were such good sports! Lou's wife has suffered with mental problems for years but Lou has been a loyal husband and is always upbeat with a great sense of humor.**

***"The camp maintains a civil war museum, housing hundreds of Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry artifacts including a framed trout fly commemorating my relative in the 103rd, --Harlan Page Chapman. I gave the gift to Olive Bemis Gerber during my visit which has been displayed near his memorabilia in the museum.***

***There's something special that's hard to define about being in the museum, knowing of its origins as a barracks for the 103rd soldiers when they camped here shortly after the war. But my thoughts quickly turn to Harlan Page Chapman, my father's Grandfather who served with them. Their spirit seems to be present, nodding in appreciation as group after group of visitors enter the museum; pause, and learn about them and their brave actions during the American Civil War! They were good men but only men and it must have been difficult to leave your family to fight, not knowing if you'd ever be home again."***

The food at the mess hall was as good as ever and very cheap to purchase. You can buy tickets for the entire week or on a daily basis. Most people eat all their meals at camp but I "sneaked" out twice and headed to a less sheltered environment to refresh my visit! Every evening there is a formal flag lowering ceremony with maybe 10 persons serving as officials. I have done it in years past and once did it with my Dad which was a proud moment!

**"I must be honest here and say that 3 days at camp was plenty for me as I grew tired of hanging out at camp and not having enough adult activities. In previous years, there was a walking, jogging race, a trip into Cleveland to the Civil War statue with 103rd information; and sometimes meals "off the reservation" with Uncle Thayer and Aunt Jo. I know my mother would quickly grow tired of the reservation through the years but my Dad loved the place and was generally happy to reminisce and just "be there".**

Dad wrote new verses to the old camp favorite: "Tenting Tonight" which was well received and I believe gets sung from time to time at camp weeks since his last one in 1976. Dad also worked with Uncle Thayer, Dick Riedel, Harley and others, in the early 1970's to reinforce the pilings off the cliff, since the cliff had eroded 100 feet since earlier times when there was a full tennis court in front of the mess Hall! Now, there is barely enough room to hold a swing set and a

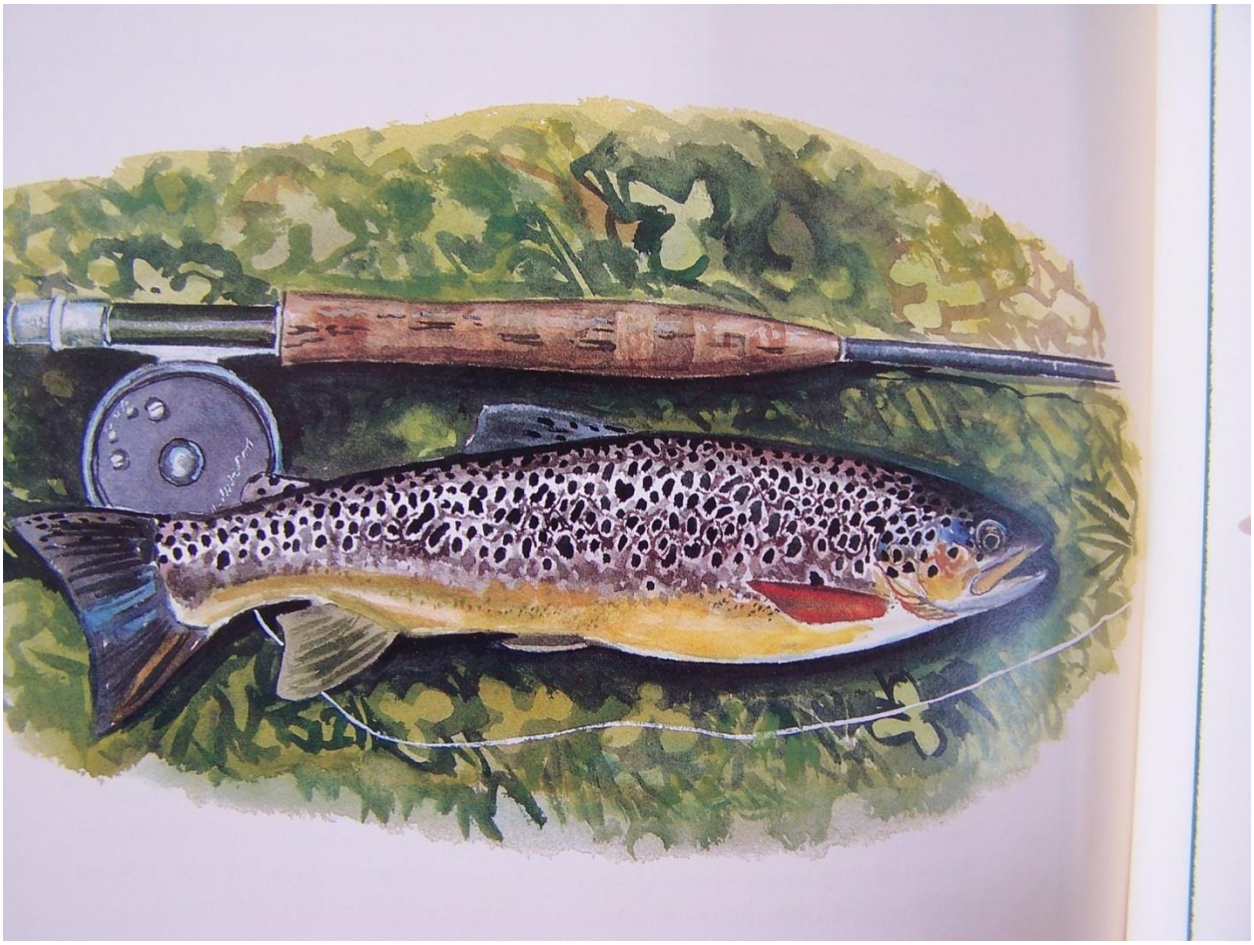
bench on the side of the cliff, probably a distance of 60 feet to the cliff. The cliff faces north to Canada, a trip that would be fun to make in a boat sometime.

**In November, 2008, America wisely elected Barrack Obama, 44th President of the US and the first African American to be so chosen. Barrack's presidency has been characterized by greatly improving our international relationships, shoring up the absolute inability of George Bush to handle this level of job complexity; supporting education and the arts despite absolute intransigence by the Republicans in congress; passing the Health Care bill despite Republican refusals to negotiate; and finding and killing Osama Bin Laden, the mass murderer of September 11, 2001. Not bad results in 3 ½ years in office!**

**I have never witnessed such lack of bi-partisanship and outright self-centered politicking as I've seen the Republicans sink to in the last 3 years. I'm ashamed of their behavior collectively and can only hope that we can work together on education, job training, welfare reform, and the provision of health care to every American, period!**

**Gifts Work since 2008**

**"The tragedy in the lives of most of us is that we go through life walking down a high-walled land with people of our own kind, the same economic situation, the same national background and education and religious outlook. And beyond those walls, all humanity lies, unknown and unseen, and untouched by our restricted and impoverished lives."**
**Florence Luscomb, architect and suffragist (1887-1985)**



**Beautiful brown trout, drawn by James Prosek, the "Audubon of fishing": I just had to put another trout picture into this autobiography! I suppose it related to "Be fishers of men".**

**"Volunteering can open an individual to greater diversity in their life. My library work continues, having reached over 500 persons as of 2010 since December, 2008 and it's still gratifying to help 9-11:30 every Tuesday morning at the Worcester Public Library. I welcome people of all levels of ability, education, ethnicity, and background and their diversity calls out to me to further enlarge my "suburban leanings".**

**After all, I grew up with most people looking and acting pretty much just like me! That is not a bad start but the world is full of diversity and when I have reached out and not been judgmental I have usually been rewarded with a fulfilling, broadening set of experiences."**

**And occasionally, a person of humble origins has moved me to tears, in reflecting upon our interaction and something they did or said, often an enthusiastic "Thank you so much" that rings in my ears!" No, thank *you*.**

I have also done 5 resumes for University of Maryland Phi Sigma Kappa since their re-charting in March 2011. I was unable to attend but offered this gift to my fraternity brothers, almost 50 years since my fulfilling time at #7 Fraternity row. Glad to help!

***I offered to work with our priest, Warren Hicks, on his gifts understanding and ministry, as he plans a sabbatical in summer of 2012. He has agreed to write some stories which will portray his "gifts" and we will talk about them. Later on, Warren decided not to work with me which was disappointing. I want to be sure that he understands where his true gifts lie and how best to use them in his vocation.***

Fr. Warren is in Dublin, Ireland now as I update my writings in summer 2012 and he is totally immersed on his journey. I was an active proponent of his taking a sabbatical to replenish his familial and spiritual energies! I'm pleased for him and hope it is a life changing experience. His gifts include homiletics (sermon giving); an authentic gift of presence; and a complete openness to new ideas of all kinds. His teaching is also of a gifted nature, somewhat Socratic in concept and reality.

"Warren declined to do the gifts stories, but his sabbatical is well underway and he seems to be thoroughly immersed in doing it. I like Warren and his gifts of acceptance of diversity of thought and his ability to preach and teach. It will be interesting to see how his ministry unfolds with St. Luke's upon his return in late August, 2012."

**Warren returned a changed priest though he hasn't detailed the changes yet. He gave an hour's view of two weeks selected from the twelve he lived there in Ireland. Notable were his trip to Skellig Michael, a craggy mountaintop monastery that moved him deeply and took lots of physical effort to reach, traveling along often broken and uneven shards of rock, built there originally in the 11th century by monks building their eyrie 650 feet up high. He also spent a week at a Tibetan-type retreat center and the views were spectacular! He plans on giving more talks which I will gladly attend. I greatly admire anyone who takes a risk to grow mentally, physically, or spiritually. It's the kind of risking that I have been willing to do.**

**The "flow" of my life as my retirement progresses**



**My favorite running water photo, I took while fishing on the Quinnipoxet in Holden, about 2009. The flow of water over the rock in the right center foreground is the closest I've come to adequately capturing the fluidity of water. Water is the liquid embodiment of all of life and at my best I flow with it and not against it! I have a good eye and have taken some good photos according to my friends, but don't have the patience for doing all the intricate settings for great photos. Oh well, such is my life.**



**Nice photo of a rainbow trout, reminiscent of the real rainbow, caught and held reluctantly and briefly on the Swift, specific location not recalled, Summer 2012; over 3 pounds and probably about 17" (maybe it was a secret location?)**

***Then in 2012 I wrote this:***

**Margaret is still going strong working at UNUM in Worcester after twelve years, managing databases and she makes more income than I ever made with all my degrees! She richly deserves it with her perpetually excellent work performance. She and I go out to eat maybe 2x a month and Margaret goes out to eat once weekly with her sisters Pat and Michele and daughter Gail. I would entertain more but Margaret loves her rest, TV; snacks and quiet when not at work and I grant her this request but: we will have a few good friends over for BBQ on our new grill this summer (2012).**

**Margaret plans on working in the new Unum Building, starting in winter 2013 though her twin sister Michele is retiring this fall in 2012. They will miss the daily contact they have enjoyed since 2000! Unfortunately, this would not happen.**

**"Our Granddaughters Emma and Wiley are thriving and playing soccer; doing yoga, swimming, and doing ballet. We attended an adorable if tiring recital recently and they looked beautiful in their tutus! This year they started enjoying a brief chat on the phone and I call and ask for them by name. The twins call me Pops."**




**Emma (1st row, turning left with trophy) and Wiley, (last 1st row on rt.) in 2013; both girls are athletic though Emma has the "killer instinct".**

Son Jon had a sweetheart Hannah whom he met last winter 2011 and it looked serious until their age gap proved to be just too much dissonance. They came over for BBQ this Memorial Day and Hannah is a very nice person who will do international agriculture work after a master's degree at Cornell by 2014.

"Jon has dated a wide range of attractive women but so far has not gotten married. He deserves a woman who loves him and likes him and is in step with his compassion and dedication to helping disadvantaged populations of people. They will also need plenty of good humor to keep up with his antics and humorous approach to life's vagaries."

***My latest mix of reading, fly tying, fly fishing for trout, cooking, wine exploring and drinking, day trips with Margaret, occasional shopping trips by myself to the malls, my church involvement, especially the Thursday Morning Men's group, and my golf and book collection and now divesting unneeded items plus gardening May through hard frost in October have been enjoyable.***

***And of course, birding at Mt. Auburn with Northeastern friends and seldom missing a good bird in our yard at #7 or down at the lake, have all proven a welcome tonic to my fleeting restlessness. When I am active, physically, mentally, spiritually, I am very pleased with my abundant life on planet Earth and never tire of pursuing and sharing with others my daily peregrinations and observations on all things, trivial and important.***



**Looking into my future, down the late winter trail on a cold walk on the rail trail in Holden, 2011.What lies ahead? What new ways can I divine to live a fuller, more caring existence? How can I further use my God-given gifts? Only time and my soul and God know!**

## Losing family and friends-a difficult process!

"Sadness" by Michael Blumenthal, from No Hurry: Poems 2000-2012. (c) Etruscan Press, 2012.

**"Sooner or later it comes to everyone:**
**the beautiful prom queen who has lost a breast,**
**the Don Juan of the tenth grade who has**
**turned up impotent, the fleet chiropodist**
**who has developed a limp. Sooner or later it comes,**
**and you are never prepared for it quite yet,**
**you who had hoped to be spared through another epoch**
**of your rightful happiness, you who had always**
**given to charity.**

**Like a gargantuan tackle**
**lumbering toward you, it comes and comes,**
**and--though you may double lateral all you wish,**
**though you may throw a perfect spiral**
**up the middle to some ecstatic receiver**
**and be blessed blue-green some night**
**by the ministrations of strangers--it will not**
**spare you. It comes and comes, inevitable**
**as sunrise, palpable as longing,**
**and we must go on**
**laughing it right in the face until it learns to sing again."**

***When a close family member dies, everyone feels a hole in them where that person used to "fit". And it's very painful and doesn't ever go completely away. In July of 2012, my Sister-in Law (Sis to me) Michele got suddenly sick while doing her normal shopping trip to Price Choppers near their mobile home in Auburn. She left her cart half full and managed to get home where she felt worse and was taken to U/Mass Memorial hospital on Belmont Street in Worcester.***




***Here is a "rare" photo of Michele, Margaret's twin and beloved sister, about 2005, doing what she loved: helping us all celebrate another Thanksgiving Day at #7 Bay Edge Drive. She and we hosted those dinners from about 1989 (when I joined the club) until about 2012 when Michele passed away from us. Michele thoroughly enjoyed this meal and coming with bags of treats to our home across from Lake Quinsigamond in Worcester, MA. I love you Michele and call you "Sis"; boy we sure had some fun times, didn't we?!***

***Others from 6pm and going "later in the day" are: Joe Zupan, WICN disc jockey, Myrna, his wife, Dan Hunt and Gail Hunt, Dan Chapman, Carolyn Chapman (wife), Paul, a guy we invited to share our meal most Thanksgivings for several years, Michele, and Margaret characteristically serving and making sure we all are served. I did the photo and am very glad we have this memento of so many good times together!***

***Margaret, I, and other family members rushed to the hospital and were told that she had failing organ responses from an unknown cause and was on life supports. But how could this be since she had been in good health beforehand and even got positive results from an extended health checkup within the last two months! But it was happening anyway. We were shocked and incredulous.***

Doctors there found a leak in a heart valve and transferred her to U/Mass Lakeside Medical Center in Worcester, down Lake Avenue from #7 Bay Edge Drive, where the pulmonary staff went to work to see specifically what could be done to improve her condition. It turned to be a weak heart valve that several Veleno women have. She contacted a mysterious infection that proved fatal.

Her organs continued to fail and her condition went to critical as her lungs worked hard even with machine support to provide oxygen for her body. We called early each morning to get bedside reports but her condition didn't improve and they couldn't operate on her heart because her overall body health was so low that it wasn't possible to do. We cried often and long and prayed for her as days became weeks. We spent many hours in the ICU waiting room and also in Michele's room. The Doctors were excellent and tried everything they knew to revive her. And the nurses gave Michele superb caring bedside treatment every day she was there.

**"But finally, her brave and generous heart gave out and she moved on to heaven on August 11, 2012. Sis, I miss you very much and thank you for all the years of good humor and generosity to all of us. I'm glad I made you laugh some through good and bad times and I'll especially remember all of those Thanksgiving Day meals at our home with you and everyone enjoying all the turkey, stuffing, squash, whipped potatoes, peas, carrots, Cranberry Sauce plus tons of desserts including your famous lemon squares. And oh, how we'd laugh together and at each other and kidding all the time! I always said I didn't have any sisters but that's not true since you are my sister now and forever!"**

And losing friends is never easy, whether there is a falling out of interests; career or other moves away from each other; or deaths which are the hardest losses of all. Within 2 years, I have lost several close friends including two neighbors: Bill McGrath, our next-door neighbor for 17 years, a WWII veteran, and his wife Marie, who died several years earlier. We liked each other and Bill's garage and tools were always available to me through the years.

Bill helped us plan on our gardening tactical missions and was an unyielding weeder of the first degree! He also helped me put in a night light post in our front yard and its beacon is still filling the night with light ever since. Bill and I would compare notes on happenings both personal and neighborhood-wise from time to time. Bill was conservative and liked to put a sharp retort on most issues but we managed to develop mutual respect that resulted in many pleasant evenings together in their backyard, sipping beverages, and swapping life stories.

Bill used to get impatient with me when I would forget the names of his friends in the neighborhood, though some of them ignored me even when I helloed them. I will always cherish his neighborly approach to life on Bay Edge Drive.

**Francis Xavier Bohl**

Frank served with me aboard the YFNB-12 out of Little Creek, VA from 1962-1964 when we were discharged. Along with Al Martin, who I knew less well, we were the 3 Musketeers with college degrees aboard the ship. Frank served also as my best man when I married Lisbeth Wiley February 4, 1967 and he married much later on. He died in 2005 and I talked recently (2016) to his widow on Long Island. She said Frank liked me and I know I liked him. He was the first one to encourage me to get further degrees after the Navy and I thank him for that.

Frank struggled to carry out faithfully his ship board duties but we kept each other going and both got honorable discharges. He taught eleventh grade English on Long Island for many years and I'm sure his students had an extremely qualified teacher in Frank. Rest in peace old shipmate; I'll see you on the other shore!

**My famous friend: George Fox, US Marine Patriot!**



**Iwo Jima US Marine Memorial, Va.**

The other neighbor was even closer to me: George Fox. George lost a brother while fighting in Tarawa and never failed to repeat this fact whenever he saw me for the fifteen years he lived nearby and later when I visited him at least monthly for several years at the St. Francis Center in Worcester. George also fought in battles with the Marine 2nd Division on Tinian, Guadalcanal, and other island battles.

George told me about his youth, including his time working for his father who was an Iceman in Worcester. George had to lift his weight in ice packs, wearing a black rubber sheath over his shoulder! This gave George tremendous core strength for all of his 160 pounds and 5'7" height. He lettered at St. Johns high school and played one year of varsity football at Holy Cross but

only appeared in one game. He decided it was just too much effort for too little return. But he kept his scholarship and parked cars at the games for pocket money.

When George joined the marines, he was offered a commission as an officer but declined because he wanted to serve with his Brother. He never regretted that decision but found it extremely difficult to "leave his brother" on that island in the South Pacific so many years before. At each of my visits over a three-year period, George would always greet me and then say, "You know, I lost my brother in WWII." And I would always respond saying, "Yes I know George and I am so sorry." We would talk a bit about Bay Edge Drive and he'd want to know if his house was being looked after. I brought him a photo framed of his beautiful house and a flowering tree and he kept it prominently displayed in his small room.

***Beyond losing his brother, his greatest disappointment was that he was not hired by the Worcester school system when he returned from the war. He said that the administrator asked him what experience he had in teaching. George answered, "I have war experience and haven't had a chance to teach". But in his life, he gave many hours to volunteer work with the handicapped and organized annual picnics which gave him great satisfaction. His formal work was with the City of Worcester and land claims and conducting auctions for dispossessed properties. I'm sure he was capable and probably gave everyone a good laugh now and again.***

When I'd get up to leave I'd always give him a salute which he would return and we'd laugh and off I'd go to my active days and his reflective quiet ones at St. Francis. I've always felt a bond with older veterans I guess because my father became an "older veteran" in his later years and had given so much of his life to bettering the life of handicapped veterans through the US Veterans Administration.

The US government ordered George home to serve at the Brooklyn Naval Yard and then a significant event occurred that in my mind gives George a claim to real fame in the United States Marine Corps.

***"Here is what happened. His Chief in charge called George to his office one bitter cold winter morning and told George that he had been selected to be a model for one of the marines lifting the American flag on Mt. Suribachi—the most famous US Marine photo of all time and possible the greatest military photograph as well! George agreed and as it turned out, what they used him for was to be the model for the forward leg of the first marine in the group, whose leg is prominent in the famous photograph and in the statue."***

**Margaret and I visited the monument in Virginia, just outside D.C.; took pictures; and framed one which I took to George at his residence. George was absolutely thrilled and every time I visited, he would point to the photograph and smile broadly and tell me a brief repeat version of his adventure as a marine model.**

**I loved this guy! My father would have loved him too as would any patriotic American he met. God bless you George and the un-named thousands like you who defended the world in WWII, the last "just war" in my mind.**"

# Bob, I hardly knew you!

Recently, in early summer of 2012, a new yet close friend, Bob Lambert, died of a heart attack, suddenly while driving home from a Wednesday morning prayer service. Bob loved Episcopal Church services and also discussing anything and everything related to being a new Episcopalian! He and I exchanged many a spiritual view of things at church programs and both of us took our spirituality seriously. We knew Bob had heart problems, having had a bypass procedure and then within the last 6 months a stent inserted in his heart. But still, it hurt and stunned us all to get the news.

Especially his breakfast buddies from St. Luke's Church who have breakfast every Thursday at Dinky's Restaurant in Shrewsbury. Bob added so much to our group with his sage observations, questions, and dry sense of humor as needed to leaven the conversational mixture. He had been chief counsel for the University of Massachusetts medical center but he never threw his wisdom at you. You just knew you would get a level-headed, well considered response when you asked him a question or wanted an opinion.

Bob loved trout fishing and fly fishing and fishing books, the latter almost more than me. I visited him in his home in Leicester and bought a dozen of his finer books, notable one about trout fishing in the Catskills, a most beautifully illustrated and written treatise on both the factual and romantic side of that area. Based on our friendship and that book, I plan on fishing there perhaps this fall of 2012 and if so, will say a brief prayer of thanks that I knew Bob. Anne, Bob's wife, gave me one of Bob's fly rods, saying he would want me to have one. I am honored to accept "his" gift to me and will fish it and remember a really good friend that I wish I had known longer, but am glad to have known at all!

**"I first fished Bob's rod in July of 2013 and brought to net a beautiful rainbow trout! Bob will be pleased I'm sure. As I moved on to the next fishing spot, I saw ahead of me crossing the path a Black Bear of about my same size. He paused briefly; looked at me; then scampered on into the woods. I did an about face and almost walked over a huge black squirrel! Then walked briskly to my car; ate my sandwich; and drove to another spot downstream several miles. When I got to the spot, I hit the window control and heard my rod snap! Bob's rod given to me to care for and use respectfully! I almost cried. Then realized I could have it repaired and use it again in several weeks. Bob is in heaven and I can't "fix" that; it's a good place. But the rod I can simply repair."**

**Now in 2016 I will be fishing the Catskills that Bob talked to me about and then gave me a gorgeous coffee table book about that area. I will do a ½ day guided fishing tour, staying at the Arnold House in Livingston Manor, NY and also visit the Fly Fishing Museum nearby.**

## Mr. Radio: David Muise

**And now, let me tell you about my good friend David Muise, superb radio announcer and historian, who had perpetuated interest in old time radio shows like The Lone Ranger and others by presenting a "radio show" which included audience participating in a mock radio show drama. David gave this program in local libraries and community agencies.**



**David died in the winter of 2012 but lives on in my heart as an extremely good conversationalist with endless enthusiasm for music, live programs of all kinds, good books of all kinds, and an enduring love of the 4th of July!**

In a phone conversation, about 3 weeks before his death, David and I talked a bit about lots of things when he paused, and said, "Terry, are you familiar with the Desiderata?" "Yes" I said. "You know, he said roughly quoting from The Desiderata, everything is probably unfolding just as it should here on Earth." I swallowed hard and said, "Yes David, I truly hope that's so." What a humble way to deal with the approaching end of his life. David was brave and seemed to sense, though not religiously, that there was a larger plan for our lives on Earth.

David had the gifts of wonder and hospitality. He and his wife Angela, also a very nice person, loved to host us at his home in Shrewsbury New Year's Eve and we would stay up until at least 1:30 am which is unusual for us to do. We'd just talk and eat and talk and eat some more. I never tired of talking with David about jazz or current events or history or food or whatever! His tireless mind demanded that he stay mentally active, even when making his garden more beautiful at home, when he must have also been planning his next program or book or project. What a wonderful guy!



**left to right: Angela Muise, David Muise, Terry Chapman on 4th of July 2011 at Muises home in Shrewsbury, MA. David reached an acceptance of his fate with cancer and it shows handsomely in his face. I love you David!**

**Drummer Boy**
**Written for my buddie Joe Zupan**

## Drummer Boy

### For Joe Zupan

**By Terry Chapman**

**Sing to the tune of "Nature Boy"**

**"There was a boy, a very cool and special boy. And though he played his drums from sea to sea, this is what he said to me, "The greatest gig you'll ever know is just to play and be heard in return."**

**Joe said his words from NPR and WICN, but this he said to me, "To speak is good but to listen is divine"**

**Now listen clear, this drummer boy is both near and dear and though he's traveled far and wide, this he said to me, "The greatest thing you'll ever hear is just the words "I love you."**

**He rode his bike, Indianapolis there and back-- to points both near and far but this is what he said to me, "The greatest trip you'll ever take is just to live fully now and be!"**

**So, Joe we've traveled far and wide with you and heard your music glad and true, but now we know the finest thing we ever do is just to live and be friends with you!**

Joe Zupan arrived in Worcester in 1997? to accept the position, he wanted as Jazz Director of radio station WICN and boy did he do it proud! His mellow convincing yet warm voice played thousands of hours of good jazz—all of it delivered in the spirit of a musician who both loves and respects his medium and this particular music.

I listened to Joe on hundreds of hours driving between Boston and Worcester in those years I worked at Northeastern University in Boston and he often kept me awake and alert and happy even if it was snowing or sleeting or raining or horribly hot on the softened tar of the Mass Pike!

And I also listened while I tied thousands of trout flies up in my den overlooking Lake Quinsigamond during many a winter day. His ability to pick jazz of a high degree of quality and appropriateness and his skill in drawing out a jazz player he interviewed on the air was amazing. I felt like I was there in person as he would ask them, "So do you write music every day?" or "How do you handle the business of getting gigs and air time and your CD's purchased?"

**Joe had the stamina of a healthy horse and the appetites that go with that breed! He loved beer and a good meal though when we met for lunch he often seemed to gulp down the meal and be distracted by some as unknown future adventure stirring in his blood. Once he rode his bicycle from Worcester to Indianapolis, a trip of over 900 miles, highlighted by toking up in his tent in the backyard of a local police station in rural Pennsylvania! And I would occasionally see Joe whisking along on his bike on various streets and venues in Worcester.**

His drum and bongo playing were stellar and he played drums for Jubilee Gardens and Red Riders with Gail and Dan Hunt and with several other bands. His beat was strong and steady and could keep a gig sensing the thrust of each piece played and where it was headed—good stuff!

**Joe contacted pancreatic cancer at age 63 and though strong as a mule, just could not beat it. He kept playing his drums and performing and also riding his bike almost until he died. Margaret and I heard him play with the group "We and Mrs. Jones" 10 days before his**

**death and we loved it when he sang the song: Whatever way the wind blows with a strong falsetto voice that never wavered or gave in to the horrible disease wracking his body. That was just who Joe was and will always be in my heart.**



**Joe Zupan doing what he loved to do: hang out with super close friends Gail and Dan Hunt on their back porch and probably just about to engulf a hearty meal or gulp a beer or two. Ride on Joe and pull us along to your next adventures!**

"I take great solace from the poem by Noel Coward quoted below. I believe no nuance of personhood is ever lost but will be remembered by someone or passed on to one of their descendants or maybe just become part of the "eternal now", a term coined by I believe Paul Tillich, to suggest that each of us experiences a sense of "all time" in every moment we live as we recall our ancestors and momentous moments of our human species. I have my father and mother reflected in me and I hope the same holds true for my sons Jon and Dan.

Also, and often cited in angling literature is the idea of standing on the bank of a fast-moving trout stream as the water courses by you, and you realize that you will never see the same body of water flow by you ever again as it is always the same and yet always a new scene. Our lives

are somewhat like that—always flowing on with much the same dimensions and activities as human beings but never exactly the same from person to person and generation to generation.

Whoa! I'm getting a little under water in this expansive discourse on grieving and life itself but it's a topic we tend to ignore as human beings. It's easier to discourse on thing ephemeral and pleasant. To undertake a better understanding of our live on Planet Earth will always be of great importance to me and I hope for anyone who is well fed, well sheltered, and is loved enough to look beyond everyday concerns and consider the "eternal now". Amen.

**Nothing is Lost**

by Noel Coward

Deep in our sub-conscious, we are told
Lie all our memories, lie all the notes
Of all the music we have ever heard
And all the phrases those we loved have spoken,
Sorrows and losses time has since consoled,
Family jokes, out-moded anecdotes
Each sentimental souvenir and token
Everything seen, experienced, each word
Addressed to us in infancy, before
we could even know or understand
The implications of our wonderland.

There they all are, the legendary lies
The birthday treats, the sights, the sounds, the tears
Forgotten debris of forgotten years
Waiting to be recalled, waiting to rise
Before our world dissolves before our eyes
Waiting for some small, intimate reminder,
A word, a tune, a known familiar scent
An echo from the past when, innocent
We looked upon the present with delight
And doubted not the future would be kinder
And never knew the loneliness of night.

"Nothing is Lost" by Noel Coward from *Collected Verse*. © Graywolf Press, 2007. Reprinted with permission.

***I face a challenge to my overall confidence***

**I share this story at some length because it may help someone who reads it who has or is facing a challenge that others may not find so difficult. But to that person it truly is.**

**"During the summer/fall of 2012, I had become anxious about swallowing food, due to having a chunk of my beloved Caesar salad lodge in my throat and paying a visit to U/MA hospital ER down the street. Though I was able to breathe almost normally, it distressed me considerably.**

**They looked down my throat with a long metal device (not a lot of fun) but found nothing. Apparently, it had finally dived down the proper way. It took two months to quiet my gag reflex and return to eating my normal meals and then another month to join other in meals. But with Margaret's constant support, saying, "You're fine!" plus prayer and meditation, and increased physical output, I recovered and am in good shape.**

**I saw an Iranian Doctor at U/MA office who had me tested for swallowing and they found that I had the normal reflexes and capabilities of a normal 70-year-old! With that knowledge, prayer and meditation, physical exercise, and encouragement from Margaret and Carolyn, my sons, and Jon Seale; gradually, over a four-month period, my fear disappeared; my comfort zone foods increased and I quickly put back the nine pounds that I had lost from the incident.**

**I was a bit humbled by how little it takes to upset the human equilibrium! But I am comforted and encouraged that the human spirit will usually overcome this type of challenge and you can regain your former joie de vivre!"**

***But do not be misled; I stayed mentally uncomfortable for a long time and couldn't even join my church friends for our every Thursday breakfast at Dinky's, an event I dearly love for the companionship. I didn't want to eat out because it was easier to control my intake at home. But finally, near Thanksgiving, that came back and I regained my social composure as always.***

**During the most difficult periods, I prayed and meditated to start each day, and again at bedtime to alleviate my concerns about my general welfare, stemming from feeling physically vulnerable at the time of the choking event. Margaret was instrumental in helping me by making little of it and when I started eating a bit more, she would say, "it looks to me like you're shoveling it in". Ha, ha, ha; that really helped me settle down and just eat and live!**

**"From this experience, almost a year later, I feel stronger mentally and physically for having surmounted the challenge and deep down I know God is there for me and so are my wife, sons, family and friends. I reached out to Jon Seale and told him what was going on and told the bare details to other friends, all of whom were able to commiserate and wish me well. Never be afraid to ask for support and help when you face a challenge. Reaching out shows that you are stronger than those who can't do so."**

***Ancestors, I've got ancestors and I'm an artist?***

**"How much of me am I, how much of days gone by?"**
**(taken from a crocheted saying framed and at #7, Bayside Drive. My mother loved this phrase and would quote it from time to time when reflecting on her life)**

**I began researching my family, both paternal and maternal in about 1992. I used the Canadian Archives and the old mail service in those pre-computer days and found new material on my 4th Great Grandfather James Hughes. Over time, especially since getting my computer in 1998, my family research got better. And starting in 2007 up to the present, Ancestry.Com has produced a large body of detailed facts, stories, dates, and photos of Chapman and Hughes families.**

***"In our sun room are three large framed sets of originally designed and tied trout flies, representing the Chapman men, Hughes men, and Hughes women. They represent my best artistic ability to convey my love and respect for all of my family ancestors and immediate family. I also tie and frame flies for family and friends, using their favorite color or something about their life to represent their persona. I will continue to create and tie trout flies along with an accompanying haiku for each person that becomes part of my circle of cherished persons.***

***So far, I have created about 66 in total including family commemoratives, and framed gifts for church friends, immediate family, to Beth and her extended family and friends, and to high school and University of Maryland friends. It is a work that I'd like to pursue forever for the sheer pleasure of the creativity required and how pleased recipients have been. It has compassion, artistic aspects, lots of color and texture in the materials, and lets me reach out to others in an unspoken way, which for me, is unusual, you'd have to agree. Vive le troute!"***

Here is a sample of my work, done in 2010 for the Ohio 103rd museum in Ohio: the museum is privately owned and maintained and contains a comprehensive "picture" of the Ohio 103rd!



HARLAN PAGE CHAPMAN COMMEMORATIVE FLY

Displayed in the Ohio 103rd Museum, Avon Lake, OH

**"Company H"**
**Created and tied by Terry H. Chapman, Co. H**
**August 2010 in honor of my Great Grandfather**

***Harlan Page Chapman***

**who fought with Ohio 103rd Volunteer Infantry,**
**Co. H**
**in the American Civil War to preserve our Union**

**A Chant:**
**"Ohio One Hundred and Third,**
**One Hundred and Third!**
**Sound the trumpet and spread the word:**

**That we're tenting tonight--let our voices be heard:**
**Giving thanks for the glorious**
**One Hundred and Third!"**

***Transitional thoughts along my way***

**It seems appropriate, if a little early, at age 72, to share this poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson at this point, but I will anyway:**




**This drawing was done in 1792, the same year my 4th Gt. Grandfather James Hughes had an oil painting of himself done.**

***Crossing the Bar***
***Sunset and evening star,***
***And one clear call for me!***
***And may there be no moaning of the bar,***
***When I put out to sea,***

***But such a tide as moving seems asleep,***
***Too full for sound and foam,***
***When that which drew from out the boundless deep***
***Turns again home.***

***Twilight and evening bell,***

***And after that the dark!***
***And may there be no sadness of farewell,***
***When I embark;***

***For though from out our bourne of time and Place***
***The flood may bear me far,***

## *I hope to see my Pilot face to face*
## *When I have crossed the bar.*

Here then are a few tentative conclusions drawn from my life of 71 ½ years, now in June 2012 and comfortably writing these words at my computer on a partly sunny afternoon at #7 Bay Edge Drive, in Worcester, MA:

**As I write these words, we are approaching the 2012 presidential election; we're hoping that Obama is re-elected and that the terrible extended recession since 2008 will finally be overcome. We are trending toward more jobs and less joblessness but housing and full return to comfortable times continue.**

**We have left Iraq but are still in Afghanistan, planning to leave there by 2014. Iran is building a nuclear war capability; Middle Eastern unrest is rampant including Egypt, Syria, and there have been riots in the Philippines (largest population of Muslims in the world as well, with our US Ambassador to Libya having been killed. Nevertheless, as I've quoted before: "It's the worst of times; it's the best of times. It's up to us, passengers on Planet Earth, floating and turning through space and struggling to improve our lot as a species and to at least slow down the pollution and destruction of this beautiful orb!**

**As I** ***write this in November 2012, we have just suffered perhaps the worst hurricane storm on the East Coast ever recorded with over 175 persons killed and thousands left homeless and millions without power. President Obama showed his compassion and leadership by repeatedly visiting and staying in NYC and New Jersey to comfort and to provide needed financial and logistical help. We are so grateful; we never even lost power at #7 and only on large bush fell to the ground. Thanks Lord!***

**As life went on in 2013 Margaret and I ventured out by ferry to Block Island for two days in a quaint, friendly Bed & Breakfast called The Inn on Block Island. We enjoyed excellent seafood; paid 50$ for a wonderful van tour of the island by a guy who has lived there for 28 years. We also took several walks into town which was a little over a mile away which let us eat more from the exertion! I was so pleased by our trip since it had been planned a year before when Margaret's Sister Michele had died suddenly and left us unable to take the trip.**

**Margaret enjoyed getting away and we confirmed that we both prefer 2-day jaunts and then returning to the comforts of #7 Bay Edge Drive once again. We always joke and say, "I guess we're not quite ready for Australia yet!" Hah!**

**And I have driven down to Maryland every spring and fall since 1985; with Margaret until mother's death in 1998 and alone since except for occasional trips with sons Jon and or Jon by my side. My visits with Ron are short, usually lasting about an hour as he pores over the magazines I bring each time. Then I'm off to usually fish or golf if Jon is along or fish if he's not.**

**Ron is failing**

**Ron has been using a walker since about spring 2013 after a fall in his bedroom and also a fall earlier getting out of his van that takes him to work at New Horizons and brings him home each weekday. I'm told he uses it but he always leaves it when I visit and heads to the table to pore over the magazines I have brought to him for so many years.**

**This week, December 18th, I received a phone call from Ransome Stanley, "Stanley", Ron's caretaker at his home, saying that Ron was in Cheverly Hospital a few miles toward D.C. from his home, having fallen during the night. He seemed OK but protocol indicated taking him to the ER. The MRI came out fine but the M.D. found a severe foot infection and kept them there for two days to apply and monitor appropriate treatments.**

**Ron came home Saturday night and is OK. This is a sobering reminder that all of us in older age are subject to falls, somewhat of a chilling prospect as often it leads to broken bones and hospital stays with concomitant inbred infections and often death. But that is the way of all flesh so we must deal with it and prevent falls to the maximum. Ron is no exception and even his excellent balance is now weakening as is his overall physical self after so many active years pursuing everything from tree climbing to running to looking into everything mechanical in his environment! I'm grateful he has had such a strong body for so many years.**

**This September 2013 I am headed for a little longer adventure in Maryland area. I will visit Ronnie right after Labor Day and then drive to Richmond, VA to visit Civil War sites; then drive 3 hours east/northeast to Antietam Battle field to see the statue of the Ohio 23rd Regiment, with whom my 2nd Great Uncle DeGrasse Chapman fought and was killed on the bloodiest day of the American Civil War, September 17, 1862.''**

**"Thankfulness is the beginning of gratitude. Gratitude in the completion of thankfulness. Thankfulness may consist merely of words. Gratitude is shown in acts.**

**My visit to Antietam was one small act by me in thankfulness for a giant act of courage and devotion by my 2nd Gt. Uncle DeGrasse Chapman, way back in1862, so many years before my birth.**

**Here is a story, written by me, 151 years after Degrasse died fighting to save our union, about my Antietam visit.**

## From the granite and stone emerged my Uncle!

By Terry Chapman

September 17, 2013



**Battle taking place near Antietam; Burnside bridge in center, near where my Uncle Degrasse Chapman was killed by confederate fire. I've walked through there several times now and honor him by doing so and greatly admire his courage!**

"*On September 5th, 2013 I visited Antietam Battlefield and was amply repaid for my efforts in driving there from Richmond, VA where I learned more about the confederate causes and persons such as Jefferson Davis as I toured the Confederate White House. I had left my home in Massachusetts two days earlier; visited my brother Ron in Maryland; then driven down to*

*Richmond. And now, after a 4 hour drive up from Richmond, I had arrived at my destination: Antietam Battlefield!*

*I picked up a map and materials about the Ohio 23rd at the Visitor Center and proceeded to the Burnside Bridge parking area and walked down the winding trail some 100 feet to the bridge where I paused to soak up the atmosphere on the partly sunny day, perhaps somewhat like the weather that day long ago in 1862 when Degrasse Chapman, a 21-year-old father and Union soldier from Lorain, OH, faced a harrowing rain of fire coming down from the hillside woods near where my car was now parked. How terrifying to look death in the face of your enemy who had the commanding position above the brave union soldiers of several union regiments!*

***"I finished walking across the bridge and looked for the 23 Ohio on several prominent statues but it was not there. Again, I paused and as I began looking again at my map of the area, to my right I saw an old man in well faded clothing and an old hat and a dog seem to appear as if by magic out the woods and come toward where I was standing. I said hello and he responded, "I am Mr. Pales Terry, 85 years old and I grew up nearby and have always lived here. I used to play around these statues as a boy and fish this creek which holds some nice trout and bass." I was entranced by this character who seemed to have stepped out of the 1860's alongside Burnside Bridge. I asked if he knew where my uncle's regimental statue was located and he pointed back to the woods he had stepped out of and we walked and talked our way back the way he had come.***

***Up the hillside we walked to where a fairly new statue looked out and back toward the bridge at a distance of several hundred yards. But it commemorated a Connecticut regiment and I grew rapidly disappointed. I had left my map back at my car so I said goodbye to Mr. Pales as he walked again back into "his woods" and was gone. To me he was a distinct link back to my uncle and I smiled recollecting how homespun his manner of speaking had been and how his eyes lit up when he told me about catching a 20" Small Mouth Bass recently with a popper fly! I could imagine Mr. Pales as a young man back in the day perhaps working, perhaps not, but still "playing" by fishing the Antietam Creek very near and downstream from the famous bridge but caught up in his ordinary daily living."***

*So up to the car I returned; got the map and as my A/C revived me I saw an older couple get out of the car next to me and said hello. I told them I was searching for a relative's statue and he asked to see my map and suggested another roadway that had led me to the Burnside Bridge parking area: Branch Avenue. "My statute" was #19 and it was clearly marked on the map though the artist had taken liberties with the scale and directionalities. But his upbeat manner picked up my spirits and before he left he said that if I didn't find it he would take a photo and make it look like I had found the Ohio 23rd one! Hah, a new friend who would commit fraud so that I could present my proof of having found my Uncle's statue. Now this was true friendship if not indeed matching one of my core values: honesty.*

*I laughed as he drove away with his wife; then took off for Branch Avenue to continue my quest. I parked and saw a line of maybe a dozen statues; none was mine and again my determination wavered. Then, magically, my new friend re-appeared and got out and walked briskly to where I was standing in the September grasses near one of the bogus statues. "Let me see that map again", he intoned and I handed it to him. Quickly he said that I had inverted the map's directions and then pointed up always to the one lane road that led to God knows where. "Up there on that road and somewhat isolated" he said. "Follow me" he half shouted as he walked up and got into his car and took off in a cloud of dust. One way to where was my next thought?*

*But I followed him for about 1/4 mile and he braked suddenly and gave thumbs up and got out of his car, smiling broadly. I pulled up almost hitting his car's rear end and jumped out and almost started crying as there it was in all its glory! I had a photo of the statue from Ancestry.com but the real thing was somehow statelier, prouder and more deserving of respect, love, and gratefulness than the photo.*

***It was located at least 50 yards from any other statue and looked down on the small one-way road from a ridge that ran along most of the road. Its height was about 10 feet but since it stood on land about 8 feet above the road it seemed much larger than the cropped photo I had at home. Granite and stone artistry telling briefly of the deeds of the Ohio 23rd and stating that amazingly, two United States Presidents had served honorably in my uncle's regiment before rising to the country's highest level position of service! Yes, the engraving was difficult to read but I sensed its significance and eloquence and it said just enough to be both compelling and informative and most of all: inspiring.***




***I had achieved my goal of being at the statue and I brushed my hands across the spiky rough granite and thought about the sacrifice of this notable regiment; of my uncle's giving the greatest gift of service to our country: his very life, and said a short prayer of thanksgiving and gratefulness to him, his regiment, all the American Civil War veterans, and to all veterans who have fought and those who have died for the United States of America.***

***Having served myself in the United States Naval Reserves during a peacetime period of the Vietnam era, I realize full well what military service demands even in peacetime and how much more is demanded in mortal combat like Degrasse Chapman had endured. Perhaps as we have all heard said from time to time, it's the quality of each life and not its duration that truly counts as the wars, the eras, the generations roll on."***

***I'm sure Degrasse never knew just how significant his life and his service would be to preserving our country. But that day as I stood there touching the statue, I knew and prayed thankfully; then backed the several steps down the ridge to the road; looked one more time at the OHIO 23 VOLUNTEER REGIMENT inscription; gave my best US Naval Reserve salute. The sweet smell of the summer ending September grasses wafted up from the fields nearby and up the 600 yards from the fields surrounding Burnside Bridge where on that sunny***

***September day so very long ago, my uncle played a significant role in fighting on the bloodiest day of the American Civil War. He died and was buried at Butternut Ridge Cemetery in Ohio; and as I pray and believe, is now in heaven, smiling down on all of our efforts to end wars forever. And on that day standing at the statue, Degrasse the man emerged from the granite and stone and became*** *a real living, feeling human being to me and yes, became my Uncle!"*



**Then, after visiting Antietam Battlefield and honoring my Uncle Degrasse, hoped to visit college fraternity brother Art Hermann; and then drive down to Takoma Park to stay with high school friend John Asaka and attend the High Point High 55th luncheon reunion in Columbia, Maryland, staying overnight with fraternity brother Wayne Bethards and wife Betty, a High Point graduate herself.**

**I'm taking with me gifts for my friend who I'm staying with. I've designed, tied, and assembled a framed fly with suitable poem and inscription for John Asaka and Wayne Bethards for their gracious hospitality. I love doing this for my friends and family and have done about 50 by now since 2004 when I started the practice.**

**My visit to Richmond was interesting as I visited the Museum of the Confederacy which is co-located with the home of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy.**
**Our tour guide was excellent, full of anecdotes and good humor which made it fun.**

**I also took a tour of the Tredegar Iron Works which made most of the South's railroad steel work and other items and after the war helped the South regain some of its industrial strength. Richmond felt like a southern city and its citizens were friendly and informal and everyone wanted to make me feel at home in their "town". They should be proud of how they receive "northerners"—ha, ha!**

**And now back to my earlier notes: Margaret's work at Unum goes along nicely and she seems to still enjoy most of her days there. She has work chums who she joins almost each day for lunch either in the Unum courtyard, snack bar, or across the street at St. Vincent's medical center food emporium. She has become quite the socializer which I believe is helping her cope with not having her best of all friends, Michele, beside her at work and in her life.**

## Unum terminates the job of a highly-valued employee!!

**Now in November of 2013, Unum, in an amazingly dumb top management decision, eliminated all three employees in Margaret's group!? She will finish her last day on November 27, 2013, the day before Thanksgiving. It was a hard slap in the face for my wife who has produced such a successful large body of work for Unum. Today's corporations are heartless and only react to the bottom line. In this case, they didn't even take that into consideration as they will be jammed with undone cases that Margaret's group would have finished on time.**

**They've hired a young MBA from Clark to "take over" Margaret's duties, but that will never really happen as she created a unique database using Access that provided report services for the entire corporation and provided unique and creative solutions to any and all problems that surfaced through years of experience and positive tweaking of all of the details.**

## Margaret made many professional contributions while at UNUM, but her greatest achievement was creation of an Access Database, which is still used throughout Unum!!

**The saving grace is that Margaret will now have time to do what she chooses to do: even more immaculate housekeeping if that is possible, more activities with me and daughter Gail, and surprise: she has joined Planet Fitness where Gail works out and will go regularly with Gail to improve energy and fitness levels.**

**I am very pleased about this decision and look forward to a little more entertaining at #7 and a few more weekend trips in New England and in the Washington, D.C. area in the next few years. But it is indeed a major adjustment for both of us and we would have preferred that she be able to work until age 70 which had been her goal.**

**Margaret and I cherish the many years at Unum where she liked her job and also loved to take lunch walks with Michele down to Elm Park to see "Bluey" the heron and then tell me about their walk over our supper together each evening. They can't take away those pleasant years spent together at work and they also can't take away her marvelous professional achievements. I could not be prouder of her.**

**Margaret is a solid problem solver who has greatly helped me solve life problems and is my true soul mate. I pray for her to thoroughly enjoy her "later years" free from the vexing problems that only a challenging job can endow. Now on to the fun stuff!**

**But before we leave the apropos of "heron" let me share a photo I took, a poem and a personal anecdote about herons.**



**This is taken from an email I sent to my friends with my personal adventure on the River Swift and a poem I saw about a heron.**

"Yes, another poem for your pleasure and consideration. This one captures some of the bird magic I've seen mostly on the River Swift, early on a summer morning when I've thought I had the place to myself and rounded a bend and sensed; then saw another creature. One time I was largely (pun intended) concealed in some streamside bushes to camouflage my presence from the trout, with my fly rod extended out over the water maybe 3 feet from the bushes when suddenly I felt a living presence move across the tip of my fly rod from right to left, partially turning me 90 degrees in the process! What in hell?

It was a huge heron who had staked his claim to those bushes long before my arrival and had no intention of being interrupted in his fishing. No way. I stood surprised and spell bound for almost an entire minute as he lifted slowly up, up, and away into the brightening sunshine of that wonderful morning."




**The Heron**
**by Jack Ridl, The Writer's Almanac, 10/22/2013)**

**Whenever we noticed her**
**standing in the stream, still**
**as a branch in dead air, we**
**would grab our binoculars,**
**watch her watching,**
**her eye fixed on the water**
**slowly making its own way**
**around stumps, over a boulder,**
**under some leaves matted against**
**a fallen log. She seemed**
**to appear, stand, peer, then**
**lift one leg, stretch it, let**
**a foot quietly settle into the mud**
**then pull up her other foot, settle**
**it, and stare again, each step**

**tendered, an ideogram at the end**
**of a calligrapher's brush.**

**Every time she arrived, we watched**
**until, as if she had suddenly heard**
**a call in the sky, she would bend**
**her knees, raise her wide wings,**
**and lift into the welcome grace**
**of the air, her legs extending**
**back behind her, wings rising**
**and falling elegant under the clouds:**
**For more than a week now**
**we have not seen her. We watch**
**the sky, hoping to catch her great**
**feathered cross moving above the trees.**

**"The Heron" by Jack Ridl, from Practicing to Walk like a Heron. © Wayne State University Press, 2012 Reprinted with permission.**

**Margaret regularly attends St. John Catholic Church in Worcester where she led prayer groups back in the 1970's. I go with her on occasion although their pews are perhaps the most uncomfortably I have ever sat in. But we are of course together which is a good thing and I feel very comfortable wherever I am with Margaret.**

***We celebrated the one-year Anniversary of Michele's death with a mass at St. John's and a luncheon at Maxwell Silverman's where we met the day of her funeral mass in 2012. Sons Jon, Dan and family, many family members, and probably a dozen former colleagues of Michele were there and the mood was pleasant, recalling Michele and her sense of humor and how much she meant to us all.***

**Paul Berryman went to the church but was overcome with emotion and chose not to attend the luncheon. He doesn't believe in "celebrating" a death which I completely understand though I'd say it is the celebration of the life not the death. I would want the same type of ceremony and please don't skip the food anyone!**

**"My Thursday morning St. Luke's Men's breakfast at Dinky's continues each week with varying numbers in attendance. Our typical group in the summer includes: Don Groves, Patrick O'Reilly unless he's camping, Greg MacGilpin about every other time, Sam McClure unless his Mason work or home duties are pressing, Doc (John) Ferris, unless he is vacationing at his spot in Vermont on Lake Champlain, and Jon Seale but not in the summer when he lives at his RI home in South Kingston near the Breechway where we fish for Striped Bass.**

**Our topics tend to range from obvious current events to sports to "war stories" and occasionally we dip into church affairs but often are at logger heads since Don doesn't like our current rector Warren Hicks, claiming that he is wrecking the parish by not being a good administrator.**

**I often take up the role of mediator saying that we all have different gifts and that Warren has marvelous preaching skills and is an excellent teacher and group leader. Patrick, Doc, and others tend to demur for what reason I can't determine yet. But we are close friends and we will back down to not hurt each other's feelings, for which I am glad. Life is too short not to focus on each other's positive attributes and I for one much prefer a good war story to disagreements.**

**Every Sunday Don and Barbara Groves, Janet and Sam McClure, Greg and Peg MacGilpin, Patrick and Linda O'Reilly and the Seales when in town, all go to breakfast or brunch following the church service. I don't usually go since I see the guys at church and the coffee hour plus breakfasts on Thursdays and that's plenty though I'm fond of all of them. And the men sit together and the women sit together and they have separate conversations. When I go, I purposely sit with the women to catch up with what they are doing which is fun though the guys don't seem to get it!**

**I would say on balance that I am very satisfied with my life and my retired life as well. I enjoy the warm months when I concentrate on outdoor activities of walking, fishing, and golfing and tend to take day trips to see things in our area. In winter, I focus on reading, art projects such as fly tying and framing flies for friends and doing family genealogy and of course continuing to write this autobiography."**

## "*Thoughts*"

**Another winter morning here at #7 Bay Edge Drive in January 2014 with a slightly pink tint to the coming sunrise at 7:24 AM in this hemisphere and location. Nothing remarkable or unusual about it except that I am appreciating my very existence this morning and I have no idea why but that I am very much alive and happy and ready for whatever this day brings or I bring to it!**

**What lies ahead? Tuesdays, I volunteer at the library and Thursdays I meet my church friends for breakfast. But today I have a dentist appointment to start and then a bank stop and perhaps a brief browse at a favorite food store nearby for a good loaf of bread or some freshly made soup or even to try a new food item. I am somewhat of a gourmand who is always trying to reform and not eat greedily but I never fully succeed. There is always another way to eat eggs and another new type of pasta which I dearly love to eat. And there will always be another new bottle of wine.**

***"Wine replaced my love of pipe tobacco in which I used to search far and wide and sample as many tobaccos as I could find. But bronchitis returned regularly and I stopped smoking in***

***1993 except for an occasional cigar when I go fishing but I never smoke in cold weather months."***



***I love to look for new wines and have recorded notes on more than 200 or so over the years. My wallet is not sufficient to cover my palette's desires and I often settle on average wines which I can afford from time to time but never enough for a "cellar" though I do store wines in a reconditioned ice chest in the front hallway. The temperature never goes above 70 and is usually about 60 in the winter which is good for storing wines.***

**And later today I will probably play chess online which I enjoy though I seem to have peaked in my ability to improve. I play in a ladder tournament with computer generated opponents based on my rating. I am able to win with spurts of semi-gifted aggressive moves but then succumb to stupid moves costing me my queen or other important pieces, much to my continuing aggravation! But it "scratches an itch" in my brain to be challenged, especially three dimensionally, a dimension I am only average in at best.**

**And then perhaps I will also play a Civil War game online called "The Scourge of War" including Gettysburg and Antietam battles. Again, I win a few and lose many battles due to my difficulties in reading maps and translating them into what I should do to win. But as in chess, it provides good mental stimulation and gives me a unique look into the major Civil War battles which engage men personally as well, having a 3rd Gt. Uncle who fought and was killed at Antietam: Degrasse S. Chapman.**

**Another activity might well be riding for 30" on my stationary bike: a trusted "friend" that I have probably ridden over 1,000 miles on in the fifteen years I've owned it. I aim for exercising at least 50% of my days every month and record my performance on our kitchen calendar. I averaged .56 in 2013 and am proud of this achievement. It helps my weight control and ups my self-esteem and body image. I also do stretching exercises from 10 to 15 minutes every morning and again for 5 minutes' late afternoons to keep limber.**

**Rounding out my typical day might include catching up on email and Facebook duties and checking Ancestry.com and also Class Mates which covers my high school friends and their activities.**

***Lastly, I try to meditate regularly but my performance has slipped in recent months and I have no idea why except poor self-discipline. I do centering breathing and strive for Zen or quiet mind and body without falling asleep, all the while saying out loud or internally, "Thank you Lord for today" or "Help me Grow". Then I say personal prayer of petition for my loved ones and for our planet and am usually asleep by the for 5 to 10 minutes. Not a bad way to lower stress and increase a sense of overall wellbeing.***

**Meanwhile Margaret is doing Margaret things: housework, computer management of our finances and bill paying, watching movies on TV or reading another novel. She can blaze through a novel in a day if she chooses to though I swear she must be skimming main ideas!**

**We'll supper together; watch some news shows and perhaps a favorite serial like Chicago Fire; then I'll leave her for more TV as I get sleepy and take another look at my email or work on my autobiography as I'm doing now. And then head upstairs to my den for a bit of fly tying or music listening or jumble puzzle solving and/or some of all of these delightful activities at end of day. I usually turn in by 9:30 or 10 at the latest and sleep 7 hours, arising by 5 am most mornings to begin another enjoyable round on planet Earth!**

***This autobiography has gripped my enthusiasm for sharing in the written form far more than any other project in my life! It seems the almost perfect vehicle for reflection on my life and for sharing it with others except that I can't get instant responses from those that read these words. I'll just have to accept the fact that it won't become an immediate "hit" but may be quite interesting to Margaret and my sons and close friends, years from now and in particular for my sweet Granddaughters Emma and Wiley!***

**"I also visit my Granddaughters Emma and Wiley at their Pond view home in Ashland, MA, about a 30-minute drive from home. They are starting to fish the pond a bit and last visit son Jon and I played a little tennis at the circle at the end of their street, which was frustrating but so good to see them embrace the game that my father loved and that I was perhaps the best in of all the sports I played. Viva la tennis!"**

***Current affairs of note as I continue my writing include the horrible truth that Assad, President of Syria, has used chemical weapons on his own citizens! President Obama, our US President, is carefully considering his options including military action against Syrian forces. I pray for peaceful resolution of this situation but am somewhat cynical of the eventual outcome of all the trouble in the Middle East, as America tries to extricate itself from Iraq and also from Afghanistan. God bless America and God bless Planet Earth as we struggle to survive and endure as a species.***

***Our current President Barrack Obama is now struggling to implement his ambitious health care act which made sweeping changes in who could get insurance and included those with pre-conditions formerly not insurable, and also punished insurance companies who denied coverage for people who "got***

***real sick"! The rollout which began in middle of October 2013 has failed miserably due to a huge management mistake in not having the software ready for such a gigantic program. I am very disappointed in Obama for this mistake as the Republicans are of course jumping on this as "proof" that the program itself is flawed. Hey, we're all in the same boat: grab an oar and help us row forward to better health care for the millions who have tried to live their lives without it for centuries!***

***Elsewhere Iran is probably building a nuclear bomb and Secretary of State Kerry is working 24-7 to diplomatically dissuade them but with no agreement in place yet. Syria has a terrible dictator who has been killing thousands of his citizens, yes, his citizens claiming that they are threatening his government. Horrible misuse of power.***

***Meanwhile Iraq is still cloaked in blood in a never ending civil war between the Sunni and the Shiites. The length of this conflict is very disturbing with is commensurate loss of life and personal freedoms. The world is swarming with disenfranchised human beings, carrying a sack with a few personal items and permanently on the road looking for a safe place to "just live in freedom" and maybe a chance for a normal life.***

***And in March 2014, President Putin of Russia has overtaken the Crimean area of The Ukraine and the entire world has watched but not reacted militarily. Most of the Crimean voted to join Russia and Putin happily obliged. Will he take over the rest of The Ukraine? Only time will tell though President Obama has increased economic sanctions which seem to have slowed Putin down for the time being.***

**Having said all this about international affair today, I am one of the first to want the US to focus on alleviating domestic suffering of our own people first! Let's work on hunger, homelessness, drug addiction of all kinds, joblessness and under-employment whereby a person is working in a job that does not utilize their God-given gifts fully and may also be paying them a "slave's wages". Again, this saddens my heart and soul.**

**Between wars, environmental warming and commensurate climate changes for the worse, collapsing world financial markets, and sadly enduring poverty, hunger, sickness, and lack of housing, education, and job opportunities, prospects of world peace and well-being are not bright but I will always pray and hope for peace and improvements in living conditions for all mankind and try in a very humble manner to live my life as well as I can, trying to help everyone I can in whatever way I can. That is all I can do as one person, but that I will do!**

***Martin Luther King said, "A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death."***

***"All life is worth living and should be lived to the fullest extent possible with whatever is presented to each individual. Early on in my life, my Brother Ronnie showed me that truth and all my life since then has only further confirmed this deep belief."***

***Here are a few other beliefs and thoughts as I write these words as the middle of November 2013 as a cold 38-degree sunshine falls weakly on our dining room and I suppose on my reflective face as well:***

**There is indeed a God, as some of us call it, a supreme force for life and a force for love of all kinds, which moves human beings toward their better selves, over each lifetime, however small the movements. And I dearly hope that force also continues after death. I believe that it does, based upon the positive influence that those I love, notably my mother and father, and a few close relatives and friends now deceased, still exert on my "better self".**

## *God gives us our life and our gift to God is how we use our lives to help others.*

***Some pain and obstacles and challenges will always be a part of human life and we should try to accept this fact and surmount our hardships and still work toward leading as productive and loving a life as is possible. Here are some further thoughts:***

1. **Our perception of time here on earth, appears to speed up and increase in speed as we age! This is not a welcome condition, but one that we all can agree does occur.**

2. **Therefore, there is all the more reason, to strive to find your God-given gifts or special abilities now, so that all your time on Earth can be lived to the fullest use of your gifts to help others and to enrich your life journey in total.**

3. **No one person is gifted in all areas of life. Some are teachers; some are mathematicians; some are politicians; some laborers; some cooks; some artists; some athletes; and some simply have the gift of presence: meaning that just by accompanying other persons through life; they seem to improve the lives that they touch by their presence alone!**

4. **My gifts as confirmed in my prayers and by those who know me, include compassion and presence; vitality; an ability to live in the moment; and a high level of verbal skills. All of this gets used in my gift of helping others with their career**

**journeys. My other strong skills include the artistic skills of fly tying; singing, public speaking, and coaching adults in their life journeys. Thank you, God!**

**5. I am still trying to more fully utilize my gifts to help others and enrich my own life.**

***6.*** **This is never an easy goal since distractions abound and can range from overeating to over TV watching to not getting enough exercise to the very real limitations of handicapping physical and mental conditions that many face daily.**

***7. But still most human beings do strive to do good works in their daily lives and are generally honest and capable of enjoying a good laugh during their daily rounds.***

**8. Physical activities must be emphasized both in school and home settings. I was blessed with parents who were physically active; especially my father who was a Physical Education graduate who did exercises all his life when he got up in the morning and lived what he preached about moderation in all things including work; play; drinking; eating; and even exercise itself! It worked for him and it has worked well for me. And my mother had to keep up with my brother Ronnie plus she taught dancing 2 nights a week for several years and sometimes worked a full-time job simultaneously!**

**9. Music has been instrumental (pun accidental but usable) in adding to my pleasures in life! Whether listening to classical or jazz or folk or New Age, and whether live or on recordings; it has provided me with countless hours of relaxation, meditation, and even increased my ability to "free range" my mind, especially classical, which to me seems to be "music as life without words" that calls up mental images which are rich and diverse. Strange but fascinating!**

**10. Fishing, taken in its entirety as a past time, has slowed me down and helped me focus on just one visual and physical part of my environment—namely the rising fish—and then act to catch that fish—hold it for a moment in time—and then happily release it back to its environment. Very pleasurable and quite spiritual!**

***Brief 2013 fishing summary:***

***Fished the Quinnipoxet about three times; caught no fish and saw no fish. Fished the Swift 12 times and caught one or more trout 50% of the trips, totaling about 15 trout from 8" to almost 18". On September 25, I had my best day ever on the Swift, just upstream 50 yards from the hatchery as I:***

***a. Found the right "spot" to fish***
***b. cast to approximately 10 fish (with self-tied weighted nymphs size 12-14)***
***c. hooked eight fish***
***d. brought to net six fish***

***e. successfully released 6 large Rainbow Trout to 17" and average was about 15"!!***

**11. I have also worried about wars between the US and other countries; the loss of life and the fact that the money could have fed so many millions and provided so much relief from world suffering! Peace is a worthy goal for mankind but may not be achieved lastingly. But we can hope and take a step at a time toward that end.**

**12. My friends have provided perhaps my best defense in not taking myself too seriously. They have chided, kidded, challenged, competed, confronted, taught, listened, not listened, and generally been my greatest allies beyond my family.**

**13. I may have spent too much time in my life with "possessions"—books, music, collections of all descriptions, but if repeating my life, would probably choose to do the same thing. My god, it is fun!**

**A few of my interests have grown over time: cooking (and eating); wine drinking; fishing and fly tying; book collecting; coaching adults in their life journeys; golfing with my sons and close friends; entertaining close friends and family at our home; spending casual close time with my soul mate Margaret; and lastly napping, ha! I pray that I may continue to follow these interests and new interests to my drying—ha, ha--, meant to say dying day. May God grant me the serenity to accept what I can't change, the courage to change what I can change, and the wisdom to know the difference!**

## Another Christmas has come and gone in 2013 and I'd like to describe it since we have followed this pattern for about 5 years now:

**"We get up and have breakfast and read in our comfortable living room which insulates us against any cold drafts or bad weather. From where I sit on our sofa I can see the Mountain Laurel bush sway with the wind and I feel grateful to be so protected, knowing that others may be on the street on Christmas morning looking for food and shelter.**

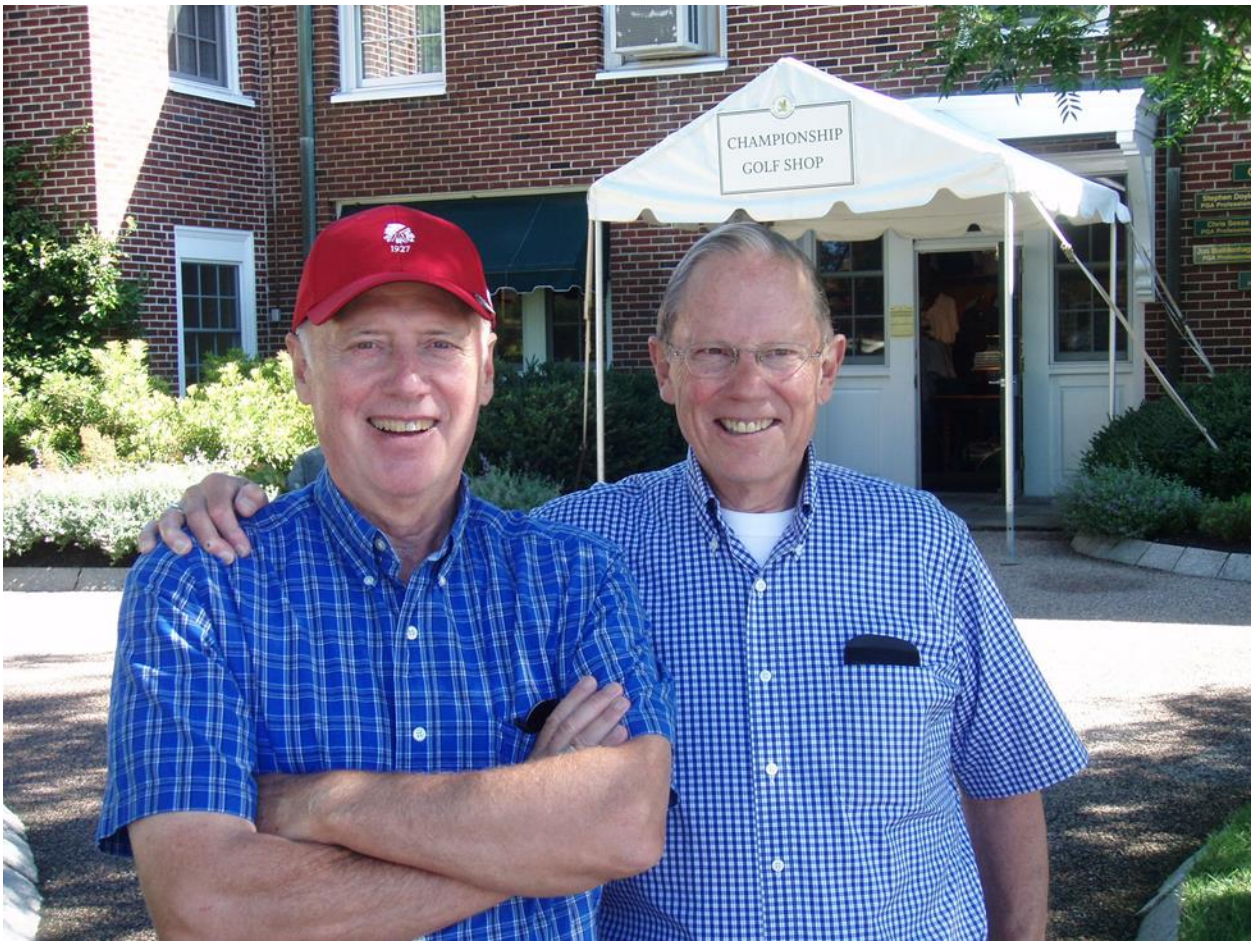
**We are so blessed with material and spiritual gifts and I am eternally grateful. At noon, we both drive our cars to Mark Paige, Margaret's nephew by her sister Patricia Zambarano where we eat lavishly prepared appetizers before a scrumptious Christmas meal. Lisa, Mark's wife, is a gourmet cook and always produces a feast."**

**I enjoy a wine and food and then, just before the meal is served, I bid fond adieu and head for Ashland, 30 minutes distant toward Boston, to spend the rest of the holiday with my son Daniel, his wife Carolyn, and our "full of life" Granddaughters Emma and Wiley. Margaret stays until 4 or so and then heads home to "recover" with a good book or movie. This year I took Monopoly, jump ropes which they had requested, and yo-yos for gifts.**

**Wiley was jumping in the slight rise of snow just outside the picture window and we all watched her and clapped for her efforts. Monopoly seemed not a great gift but perhaps one they will grow into. The yo-yos also were not a hit since they couldn't "sleep" and therefore not perform the tricks I loved to do as a boy.**

**Margaret and I enjoy having dinner and socializing with John and Karen MacDuffie, Dan's parents' in law who live in Weston, near Boston. They belong to The Country Club in Brookline and have been members for several generations. They enjoy gourmet food and drink and John also enjoys talking about golf which he used to play.**

**He got us tickets for the 1999 Ryder Cup won by the US in what is probably the best cup ever! We also went to the 1913 US Amateur matches at Brookline.**




***Left to right: Terry and buddie John MacDuffie at the 2013 US Amateur at Brookline Club. John has been a welcome addition to the greater Chapman clan and I hope we have enriched their clan as well. Here's to true friendship!***

**Throughout the gifting process, many more appetizers are served, as a pork tenderloin and all the trimmings await us about 6 pm. My framed flies for Dan and Jon, a "Pan**

**Mass" and "Ostiguy", Jon's place of work, respectively, are big hits and we all tear up and then John MacDuffie says, "Geez, what a happy Christmas!" and we all break out in welcome laughter and the gifting goes on.**

**My Ex-wife Beth attends these gatherings and we have reached an "agreement" never stated to be good forever, parents for our boys, though I guess we did talk about the importance of that back in 1987 when she asked me for a divorce. The boys appreciate our maturity**
**and Christmases have gone smoothly since beginning this arrangement.**

**Formerly we had hosted Jon, Dan, and Carolyn until the birth of the twins in 2005 when Dan told me he would host from now on. For Thanksgiving, we have alternated between my sons going to their mothers on Cape Cod and being with me and Margaret—for many decades at our home—and at Margaret's daughter Gail Hunt's home since 2012. Gail does it well and so full of attitude and vigor that we have a good time. Others at Thanksgiving include Paul Berryman, Mark and Lisa Paige, and sometimes Dan's brother Stephen."**

**As I write this, winter 2014 has arrived and it is 10 degrees, dead still, with a partly sunny sky and I am turning to my hibernation-like activities such as reading, working on this autobiography, fly tying, work on ancestry.com to further elucidate the facts about my Chapman and Hughes ancestors, play Luminosity, a brain developer series of games that I pay 15$ monthly to play. Currently I am in the 94$^{th}$ percentile for brain power in my age group 70-80.**

**I also am playing Scourge of War, a marvelously complex civil war game that requires me to move armies of soldiers using maps, a skill I've never really had, and which is another way to stimulate my aging brain and also to learn more about the war three of my Uncles fought in: Harlan Page, Degrasse S., and Alonzo Chapman.**

**I also read much more and am currently reading "Walking the Amazon", Walking Through, which is about a man regaining his mental and spiritual equilibrium following the death of his wife, by walking the entire Appalachian Trail. Adventure stories still inspire me, especially when they have significant effect on the character's spirituality or adult development. I still enjoy a good physical challenge and may walk in the 2014 Walk for Hunger with friend Mike Ablove and/or son Daniel.**

**Margaret is now a month and counting into her well-deserved retirement from Unum in Worcester and as in all things, is handling it very nicely. She loves not driving out to work in bad weather and seems pleased to entertain herself with numerous books, read cover to cover almost non-stop, only interspersed with a TV movie now and again. I will announce the coming dinner and get her "approval" and we both happily pursue our chosen activities quietly and respectfully of our beloved partner. What a solid marriage and sharing of our spirits!**

**Upcoming projects and challenges in 2014 include but are not limited to:**

1. **Getting some weight off my belly as I've gained 5 pounds in the last 3 months!**

2. **Publishing at least part of this autobiography for sons Jon and Dan and Jon Seale**

3. **Major car trip to Maryland and Gettysburg in April with Margaret—done in 2014**

4. **Breaking through a "brick wall" in my ancestral research**

5. **Learning to play a chromatic harmonica!**

6. **Playing better golf with smarter equipment (hybrids and new wedges) and stronger core and upper body**

7. **More Skype visits with Brother Ron!**

8. **Plan a trout trip following Ron visit, to the Catskills fall 2014! Done in 2016!**

***Tonight, is New Year's Eve, 2013, a year, like all of my years, filled with surprises, excitement, sadness, and the usual challenges of growing older in the early 21st Century. Syria just balked on meeting a deadline to cut back on chemical weapons; Russia has experienced several severe bombings with just a month until the 2014 Winter Olympics in Sochi, Russia; a traitor is being protected in Russia after having given away many of our top secrets about spying domestically and abroad; The Boston Red Sox won the World Series again which proved a dramatic and welcome counterpoint to the terrorist bombings which took place at the Boston Marathon in April this year.***

***On the plus side, housing prices are rising steadily; the stock market is high though this benefits mostly the rich and not the poor or middle classes. Unemployment is at about 7% but corporations seem unwilling to expand their work forces and are pessimistic about future expansions and new missions and products. Meanwhile the far right politically***

***talks about repealing the Obama Healthcare programs which will provide health care for millions who never had it before!***

***Governor Christie of NJ will probably win the Republican nomination for President and Hillary Clinton, if she runs, will be the Democratic nominee for President for 2016. Hopefully I will be writing a bit about this outcome in my continuing narrative of my life on Planet Earth in the early 21st Century, God willing and the lake don't rise. Ha!***

***"Margaret and I are spending a quiet evening together with a good meal of baked chicken in prune and herbs sauce, a glass of Riesling wine, a slab of peach pie, and the usual laughs we have together either from something on TV or something one of us says. Margaret is amused by my occasional forgetfulness at this point in our life together. Hopefully, if it continues or gets worse, she will continue to see the humorous side of my aging. We have aged gracefully I suppose, though I must admit I miss the earlier years as a couple when we took more risks in travel and in everyday adventures together. That's not a complaint, just an observation in a marriage that has brightened my life to a degree I could not have imagined. Margaret accepts me as me and that has made all the difference. I call her "Little One" with great love and affection."***

## *What will 2014 bring?*

**To the New Year**

by W. S. Merwin

**With what stillness at last**
**you appear in the valley**
**your first sunlight reaching down**
**to touch the tips of a few**
**high leaves that do not stir**
**as though they had not noticed**
**and did not know you at all**
**then the voice of a dove calls**
**from far away in itself**
**to the hush of the morning**

**so this is the sound of you**
**here and now whether or not**
**anyone hears it this is**
**where we have come with our age**
**our knowledge such as it is**
**and our hopes such as they are**
**invisible before us**
**untouched and still possible**

**"To the New Year" by W.S. Merwin, from *Collected Poems 1996-2011*. © Library of America, 2013. Reprinted with permission.**

## Goodbye Brother Ron until we meet again on the other shore!

**2014 was a year filled with joy and difficulties as my brother Ronald Thayer Chapman, Ronnie, died on May 22 at his home in Maryland. His body simply had given him everything possible in terms of living a worthwhile and generally pleasant life, filled with all the visual events and things to watch and see the he depended on to live fully! I conducted his funeral service in Silver Spring and it was attended by Margaret, sons Jon and Dan, and about 15 of the staff persons who had loved Ronnie and cared for him with plenty of heart for so many years as his residential home in Cheverly, MD.**

**"Rest in peace dear Brother! Part of me has gone with you but we still have our collective memories of your time with us to be grateful for. What a full life for one challenged as he was with deafness and mental retardation to his communication system. Ronnie indeed demonstrated "islands of intelligence over his lifetime! In my heart of hearts, Ronnie is together with Mother and Dad in heaven, spiritually for sure if not in body and mind. But hey, that's not a bad deal in life, right?"**

**Cue up a famous Richard Strauss Tone Poem, "A Hero's Life" for my brother Ron was indeed a hero in terms of always finding things to see, taste, and do for 70 years!**

New workers with Ronnie always noticed his intelligence and mechanical abilities as he pored over thousands of issues of Mechanics Illustrated, a subscription which my father kept going for Ronnie for many years. Ronnie would have been Dad's best helper if "normal" but they worked on projects around our home in Takoma Park and burned many a fine blaze in the brick fireplace that Dad had built in 1955.



**"Now looking back on this sad time, I am reassured of Ronnie's presence in my life and in my heart and I thank God, we were together for so many years, as often one so challenged doesn't live a normal life span. But Ron enjoyed many good trips to Ocean City md beaches and to Virginia Beach with workers and fellow residents. He loved a good car trip which gave him so many visual stimulants to enjoy. My warm thank you extends out over the 72 years of his life and 75 of mine to those folks who cared for Ronnie and helped him in everyday tasks and also simply were present with him in the tough times he experienced."**

## A personal experience with mental illness

**"You just never know what's coming around that next bend in the river"**

**Terry Chapman quotation**

**"Ron's death and perhaps an accumulation of life's challenges led me to a clinical Depression in the summer of 2014 which came as a stark surprise to me and to those who love me. This shouldn't have been a complete surprise because my mother, Charlotte had two manic depressive episodes in her 50's and 60's but was successfully treated with Lithium for years until she asked to stop taking it. She had good mental and physical**

**health until about age 82 when she became somewhat unable to process what was happening to her.**

**Fortunately, with expert medical care and the love and attention of all of my family and friends, I recovered completely by Christmas 2014 and have regained about 30 pounds lost during my illness. My priest, Warren Hicks, "Padre" to me, visited me in the hospital several times and was present as well when we moved to our condo during my recovery period of time. My church breakfast group sent tons of get well cards which kept my spirits up during the worst of it. By Christmas I was driving again and generally enjoying life as I have always done. Thank you, Lord!"**

**I should add here how much I now realize what importance mental health has in conjunction with good physical health have in us maintaining an active successful navigation of life's issues and challenges! I work even harder to maintain and further develop my physical wellbeing through combination of walking, stretching religiously every day, taking yoga classes in bad weather months, and golfing and fishing (wading and casting for trout). For improving my mental health, I also do quiet prayer and meditation sessions several days weekly and practice taking deep breathing periods, drawing air from my "bowels" upward to chest and lungs before releasing it for as long as I can. This helps center me. I also try to get at least 7 hours of sleep though sometimes lately I do dream heavily after about 4 hours' wake up; say a short prayer; and usually fall back asleep.**

**Moreover, we must all pay close attention to our loved ones and our friends we know, being aware if they show signs of mental disturbance as demonstrated by long absences from social events and withdrawing into their own space. Do reach out with love to them and offer your help. This may also require professional help. I have used counselors at many points in my life with marriage issues, career issues, and personal development concerns. Each time I have received at least some help in improving my mental health and wellbeing.**

**We should strive to more fully fund community and hospital and clinics which offer mental health services and better educate our general physicians about mental illness and its forms and how to work with someone who is your patient to support their full healing. My M.D. is a nice guy but was completely unable to digest the fact of my mental illness and had nothing to offer but attempts at humor which did not go over well with me or my family.**

***"Again, Depression is a serious illness and can masquerade as listlessness or a lack of interest in pursuing one's life. All the years before being depressed, I took my alert, positive, enthusiastic nature as a given, but how wrong I was. Fortunately, with good medicine and an outstanding Psychologist, Chris Van Kleek, who became my friend, I healed and recovered fully and my old self: enthusiastic about life; full of stories and laughs; and still trying to cut down on my gourmet tastes.***

***Now looking back on this sad time, I am reassured of Ronnie's presence in my life and in my heart and I thank everyone who helped me get well, with much love and attention from my family and Margaret in particular, I recovered fully, and am now pursuing the life I choose to lead, full of family, golf, fishing, chats and meals with family and friends, family research, occasional wine sipping, cooking new meals for Margaret and me, and reaching out to help anyone I know who needs career support of any kind. For this I am very grateful to all including God, who knew all along that I could get well and I never felt alone!"***



**Looking toward our condo Heritage, Fall 2015 at its peak colors!**

Our condo has provided a cozy nest for Margaret and me since we moved here in October 2014! It is one floor and adequate size with large California closets, well finished flooring, and its 1982 construction was very sturdily built and affords us advantage against the winter winds and snow storms we get in NE. WE have made many new friends at our condo and enjoy a comfortable clubhouse which has a free library and holds social events from time to

time. We are situated in western Worcester, about 25 minutes across town from our old residence at 7 Bay Edge Drive off Rt. 20. My church and most of our friends live within 10 minutes from our new home. We exchange suppers and other events together and meet for breakfast after church most Sundays.

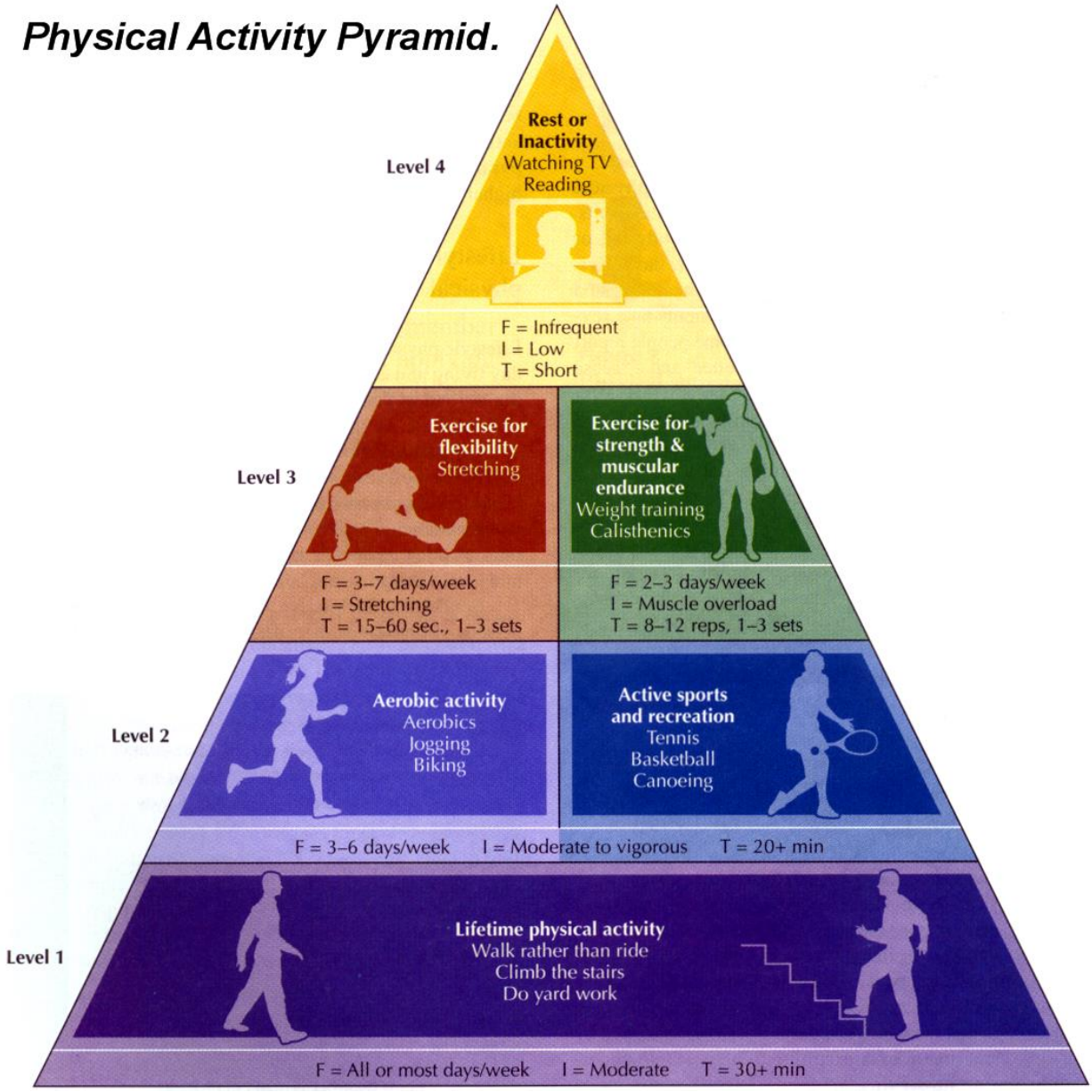
**We also learned to play Pickle Ball on our new tennis courts and occasionally swim in our pool. Mostly we just "veg" poolside with a good book, happy to be interrupted for conversation and whimsy. We walk almost daily around our property which is heavily forested and has a smooth walking roadway which is about .6m around. We can get to shopping centers, doctors, drug store, and pizza store within 10 minutes' drive and the Jewish Community Center which we joined is one mile away.**



**Pickle Ball is played on a 20/40 court 1/2 size tennis dimensions. You**

**Return the ball (whiffle) either on the fly or on the bounce and eleven points**

**wins the game. Lots of fun and less effort than tennis! The paddle is like a ping pong paddle on steroids!**




We work out so far 3x weekly, using the treadmill and assorted weight bearing machines. Margaret has more workout than me so far as she also meets daughter Gail and works out most Wednesday at Planet Fitness for $10 monthly—a low fee. The staff at the JCC is attentive and friendly and we both are pleased we have made this commitment to our health and well-being.

Further activities include church on Sundays—Margaret to her Catholic St. Johns and me to my Episcopal Church St. Luke's, both in Worcester. I am enrolled in WISE, Worcester institute for senior education, which offers a panoply of non-credit courses on subjects ranging from religion to music to art to disasters at sea to travel writing to Robert Frost poetry! It's stimulating to meet

with folks my age and learn new things about topics of interest. The travel course I am currently taking should be most interesting and may enable me to talk a bit about my autobiography!

Here is another Facebook post from Spring 2016 when I took a W.I.S.E. course on hiking the Audubon trails:

***"Hiking along a winding, up and down trail with 17 other men and women at Eagle Lake in Holden this morning. Knowledgeable naturalist persisted in pointing out amazing bits of nature trivia such as how Latin names can sometimes tell the story of a plant such as "Trout Lilly" whose leaf has he mottled green look of the side of a real trout! And on and on until at one point, about 12 noon, now feeling the heat of the 78-degree sun, I began to fixate on the huge salad I had planned for lunch--yes, I kept thinking about my lunch--as the naturalist talked on.***

***We completed almost 3 miles but it took 2.5 hot hours together, some of which I spent smiling and some of which I spent dreaming of crisp lettuce, quartered artichokes, black olives glistening in a stream of Trout Lilly--oops! --back to reality--and olive oil and marinated vinegar, yum! Oh well, it's not like I was paid to endure such a marathon--I chose to do it for nothing!"***

We haven't traveled much since Ronnie died in 2014. I had made the Maryland trip to see him since 1985 and I must admit I don't miss the car travel though I did have some good adventures fishing and sightseeing while there. The trip took about 8 hours depending on traffic with stops a Katonah, NY and CT. on the way. We also took the Tappan Zee Bridge route through Rt 84 in NY; across the Garden State parkway in NJ and on down the coast to Maryland. Margaret and I made two stops in Gettysburg as we have always been interested in the American Civil War.

**I take Yoga at our church for free, offered by a fellow parishioner Ginny Wholley. Every Monday night I contort and stretch, trying to increase my flexibility for general health and freer movement. My best friend Jon Seale is in the class and we smile try to regain lost physical capabilities. Jon is 72 and I am 75 and so far, we are in good health, excepting the typical aches and pains of aging a good life like aging a good bottle of red wine.**

**I picked up yoga first in Missouri when a guy at an arts/crafts fair on campus asked me what I did to handle stress and stay limber and I told him all about my immersion into football, baseball, basketball and other stuff. He was quite unimpressed telling me that yoga would "slow me down" and give me inner peace and he was right. I enrolled in one of his classes and then**



**No, I don't do these weird postures!**

**practiced it at home ever since. I do stretching yoga every morning right after breakfast and it has helped me stay fairly limber though that will never be my claim to being an athlete!**

**Ginny Wholley taught Mindfulness this June 2016 at St. Luke's and I was the only male in a class of 10 persons, hah! Ginny combined yoga exercises and sitting meditations and concentrating on the moment which I am usually pretty good at doing. It was worthwhile and I will incorporate some of here activities into my "quiet" time at home.**

I continue to walk the .6M around our condo property most days which gives me additional quiet time to think and reflect and "not to think". Margaret walks with daughter Galadriel every Wednesday eve in good weather and then they go to supper or home. They thoroughly enjoy each other's company which is a very good thing.

**Margaret's devoted parenting as a single parent for years resulted in a daughter who cares about here and spends time with her on a regular basis. Time is the greatest gift you can give someone you love. Whether walking, listening, hugging, or whatever the activity is; try to increase this allotted time.**

I do the cooking for Margaret and me and specialties include soups, meat load, spaghetti, any kind of eggs dishes, chicken dishes which we both enjoy, and the occasional piece of cake, pie, or cookies. We have cut down on sweets of all kinds including cookies and both have lost a bit. Time will tell as to our real commitment to weight loss as eating is so self- indulgent and very hard to regulate.

**My church breakfast group each Thursday morning at local diner Dinky's continues to sustain my social needs and the guys are all good friends who look out for each other. Our conversations are a healthy mix of humor, both suggestive and self-deprecatory, current events and the occasional church event like this year 2016 when we will provide our second Pancake Supper.**

**Last year we had 20 folks attend, with some snow to contend with; this year looks like snow on the ground but only showers for the date. I help with setup and can flex my "new" muscles; we'll see just how much stronger I have actually become from one year ago.**



**Terry standing on bow of US Navy Cruiser at Battleship Cover, Fall River, MA**

**in spring 2016 (St. Luke's Men's group trip) "a little larger**

**than the YFNB-12 Cable Layer out of Little Creek!"**

I am looking forward to fishing and golfing on a regular basis this year and hope my increased strength will result in longer drives and shots. I know I have to practice at least once and play every week to score well against myself and son Jon who is a doggedly persistent player with a 12 handicap to my 17 handicap. We play a summer long match and he keeps track of wins and losses. It's very enjoyable to consort with Jonathan who has such a pervasive sense of humor.

Jon and I played some rounds but not a lot in 2016 as he and Jess married and settled in a condo in Cambridge, MA. My hcp soared to an 18; longer shots have become more challenging and my putting has not improved for quite a while but I still love the physicality of striking the small white sphere and also the companionship of son Jon, other friends, and the occasional appearance of son Dan who enjoys his semiannual rounds with us.

**"Jon is recently engaged to Jessica Lockwood and a wedding is partially planed (the date) for this March, venue as yet unknown. Jess as she prefers is an intelligent, refined, good looking lady and they are obviously in love and spend most of their time together, having just moved into a condo for rental in Cambridge, MA near Jon's teaching position at Ostiguy High School across from Park Avenue in Boston. Jon and Jess got married on March 25, 2016 at the Somerville, MA Town Hall with immediate family attending.**

A very cute couple has a condo in Cambridge and are very happy, planning for children before too long we all hope. This is an answer to a specific prayer request I have made for years!

Jon and Jessica got married on March 25, 2016 at Somerville Town Hall, MA and her parents and brother and Dan and Carolyn and Emma and Wiley and Margaret and I attended, followed by a nice luncheon at the Red Door in Cambridge, near their rented condo.

They will leave on July 11th this summer for a 3-week honeymoon to Spain and Morocco. Jess plans on being fluent in Spanish, Creole specifically, and working or teaching in that community of Spanish speakers at some point. Jess is a Socialist and active in political affairs and adds an even stronger liberal influence to our flock. God bless our differences!




**Jon and Jess just before tying the knot at Somerville Town Hall in 2016!!**

**May all their troubles, be little ones, hah, hah!**



**Jon and Jess (Lockwood, now Chapman) exchange rings and vows; this was a day I had asked for heavenly intervention to achieve: finally the day arrived and I am pleased!!**



**This photo is called "front row seat" and that is how we feel, comfortably ensconced in our Condo in western Worcester, MA, near Holden, MA The world is our oyster and we journey out for JCC workouts, church services, supper with friends, shopping weekly nearby. Life has been good for us as a couple and individually rich in life experiences. Thank you, God!**

**Son Daniel takes on a large professional load and pulls it off!**



**Son Daniel continues a successful trajectory at Becker College in Worcester and has office there and in Leister, an additional campus. He is in charge of all students in transition which includes Freshman programs, emphasis on retaining sophomores, and also Travel Abroad. Additionally, Dan helps in handling sexual harassment issues which he finds challenging but rewarding as well.**

***Now in summer 2016 Becker College abolished Dan's position on the grant project but offered him another position working with advising and career planning and a 15% raise. He literally landed on his feet for which we are very grateful.***

I have enjoyed attending classes through the WISE Worcester Institute for Senior Education, which offers non- credit courses ranging from poetry to drama to history at Assumption College, a mile from us. I am somewhat critical of the teachers after all my speaking and teaching but generally they are sincere and know about their subjects. I will be taking 4 courses this fall including "The misunderstood Jew: Jesus"; Ships at Sea; Kunitz poetry and an environmental course featuring Thoreau, hooray! Should be an interesting fall again in Worcester which is actually a fairly intellectual place to live even though there are a large number of Republicans!

**So, there is a capsule of our life as I see it in February, 2016, with a fresh 12" of snow on the ground and our hopes as high as a billowy cloud above us. Life is good, with all of its unexpected twists and turns and we are grateful for all of it and each other.**



**Son Jon, this cloud's for you!**

"And I am also reminded of the scripture that speaks of "finishing the race" as a metaphor for finishing your life well lived to the best of your ability and this photo portrays the spirit of that effort on my part. It was published by Boston Magazine in response to the horrible terrorist assault on the runners of the 2013 Boston Marathon in April last year which killed several and terribly injured many more. But the survivors and their families rose up and stayed "Boston Strong" a phrase coined to express the admiration and pride we all feel for Boston amidst the assault and its aftermath."

**The unspeakable terrorist tragedies that have beset our planet, especially since September 2001 (9/11) have continued world-wide and stop us if only briefly, in our tracks as a species on this planet. To accept that a human being will willfully kill another innocent human being, whether it be for religious, political, or personal reasons, is anathema to the human soul! It should never happen but it does.**

We must as a species work to improve living conditions world-wise so that less persons will feel so alienated and/or angry that they choose to kill others in revenge or demonstrated desperation. Hunger, homelessness, lack of those to love and be loved by in return, and yes, lack of educational level that pushes one into menial, unsatisfying work lives, all together can lead to this horror of terrorism and wanton destruction of another or another's property or another's loved ones.

> ***"I would place hunger at the top of my list of "must improves" since without food, anyone will be a slave to those that feed them, of whatever political or diabolical persuasion. Next would be dependable shelter from the elements and next to that would be persons to love and be loved by in return. With these necessities, a person can then turn to finding work, more reliable relationships, and even some purpose for living, beyond just living."***
>
> **To pursue a purpose in life is a profound blessing and one I have been able to follow in my modest ministry of "Gifts" work whereby I try to help people identify their God-given abilities (gifts) and how to better use them here on planet Earth. This purpose has made my life very satisfying, always interesting, and hopefully worthwhile. I look forward to helping more people for as long as I can."**

## Overview of Life Accomplishments

**I decided to include a brief rendition of my life accomplishments so that anyone not inclined to read the whole tome can still get a "bottom line" reflection by me on what I've accomplished and some sense of my values. Of course, if you choose not to read on you will miss some good stories and some laughs that you might enjoy; I'm just saying.**

**By the way, I also point out in several places, my failures, weaknesses, and eccentricities, so I am trying to give a realistic, truthful portrayal of who I am and what I did and didn't do in my life!**

**"Not cited in any order, but of great importance to me is that I have tried to be a good brother to Ronnie Chapman, who lives in Cheverly, Maryland. Ronnie has led a full life in spite of challenging deafness and mental retardation. Gifted mechanically and visually, he doesn't miss anything in his visual range: people, things, and more things! Ronnie has added so much to my life and because of him I have tried especially hard to use all of my abilities in life: not so much to be successful but to live fully and to help people too since God gave me such a complete body, mind, and spirit!"**

**I have also tried to be a good friend to those in my life and have had and continue to have many friends and a handful of close friends whom I depend on for sharing life's experiences and vicissitudes. And I have tried to be a good husband in both my marriages, each of which produced "fruit on the tree of life": the first: Jonathan and Daniel my two sons and the second: the fruit of deep and abiding peace of mind together, love, and companionship of a very high order. Margaret has been, is, and will always be, my soul mate. Where she sails; I sail. Where she anchors, I anchor there too.**



***Margaret and I have sailed literally and figuratively since we met in 1988. We have faced calm waters and some stormy seas but we always Knew we would be all right together. We are the best of shipmates: Honest, hardworking, hanging out together, and enjoying plenty of Laughs as a couple; even simple things are shared by the two of us!***

While I am waxing poetic, let me share a poem that captures what life should require to be happy. "Character of a Happy Life", by Henry Wotton, 1568-1639 (!)

***How happy is he born and taught***
***That serveth not another's will;***
***Whose armour is his honest thought***

*and simple truth his utmost skill!*

*Whose passions not his masters are,*
*Who soul is still prepared for death,*
*Not tied unto the world with care*
*Of public fame, or private breath;*

*Who envies none that chance doth raise*
*Or vice; who never understood*
*How deepest wounds are given by praise;*
*Nor rules of state, but rules of good.*

*Who hath his life from rumors freed,*
*Whose conscience is his strong retreat;*
*Whose state can neither flatters feed,*
*Nor ruin make oppressors great;*

*Who God doth late and early pray*
*More of his grace than gifts to lend;*
*And entertains the harmless day*
*With a well-chosen book or friend;*

*This man is freed from servile bands*
*Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;*
*Lord of himself, though not of lands,*
*And having nothing, yet hath all.*

**And here is some of what I consider my accomplishments, somewhat in order of importance, just to get us "going" and for some of you, this might be quite enough!**

**1. Living fully and always pursuing new experiences; sports; games; music; books; live entertainment; education, both formal and informal, travel, new hobbies, and also new relationships.**

**2. Helping raise two sons to successful adulthood: Jonathan Hughes Chapman and Daniel Wiley Chapman. My love for my sons and my pride in all they have accomplished in their lives is immense! Time spent with them is always a pleasure and we share many interests and hobbies, though our views on current events may differ from time to time.**

**3. Earning the first Ph.D. ever in my Chapman family (before age 40 in 1980).**

**4. Steadily moving, over my lifetime, toward a more effective use of my God-given gifts,
special abilities and skills. To be coaching adults on career issues at our local library, our church, and my Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity is exactly what I want to be doing at this point in my life. To me, this is simply paying back others for those that helped me along the way.**

**5. To have bounced back from my divorce in 1987 and found Margaret: the love of my life: pretty, smart, talented, family oriented, honest, accepting, low-key, funny, and importantly: Democratic!!**

**6. Having a home on the water: Across the street as I write these words is Lake Quinsigamond, 5 miles long where Margaret sails and I fish for bass and had a canoe for 10 years (1998-2008) and which I can see every day of the year. I love that! Teaching myself fly fishing and fly tying (currently have more than 2,000 flies and probably tied over 10,000, and designing, framing, and giving trout fly gifts to more than 50 people. I always wanted a home on the water and I achieved the goal.**

**7. Becoming a successful professor (cooperative education) and public speaker with more than 15,000 hours of presentations to college, university, YMCA, community organizations, churches, and corporations and publishing twelve (12) articles.**

**8. To have traveled to Europe over an eight-year period: 1992-2000 including: London,
Rome, Paris, Maui, and two cruises: Bahamas and Halifax, Canada, all this after getting counseling to overcome a fear of flying so I could accept a national level education position with Meeting Planners International in Middletown, OH, in 1983.**

**Boy, I'm sure glad I took that leap of faith; it enriched my life unbelievably! Try to take your greatest fear and confront it; if you confront it, you may be able to end its control of parts of your life. If you do, your life will be much the better and if not, at least you have bravely faced "your bear".**

**9. Breaking 80 in golf: done September, 1966 at University of Maryland-self-taught!**

**10. To have lived in 10 US States: Illinois, North Carolina, California, Virginia, Maryland for 23 years, Massachusetts for at least 27 years, Connecticut, New York, Missouri, and Ohio.**

**11. To have tried most sports and games known to mankind, at least North America: I missed lacrosse and horseback riding but I did get my picture taken age 10 sitting on a pony in Maryland and I would still like to learn fencing and Wii sports with computer!**

**12. To have collected more types of items than your average group of people put together: music, books, shark teeth, coins, stamps, knives, fishing gear, golfing gear, golf cards, matchbook covers, wine lists and notes, wine labels, stones from many bodies of water, cook books, pipes (smoking kind-probably 50 at one time before quitting in 1993). Ah, the fragrant aroma of a freshly lit pipe right after breakfast still haunts me a bit. But my clear lungs thank me!**

**13. To have sung for more than 10 years with our St. Luke's episcopal church choir, much of that time with Margaret with me.**

**14. Successfully conducting family research on the Chapman and Hughes ancestors and codifying it on Ancestry.com. Also, designing and trying and framing and displaying commemorative Chapman and Hughes trout flies, showing personal attributes, military history, and birth and death dates for many prominent family members. Most of the research was done, starting in 1992, and accelerating with having a computer in 1998.**

**15. Finding two distant Hughes relatives: in 2007, I connected with Philip Hughes, in Somerset, England, a distant Cousin, with whom I exchanged 50 emails over several years and learned much about my Hughes ancestors, and in February 2012, Nicole Hagglund, in Vancouver, Canada, who is descended from James Hughes, the Fur trader. We are still emailing as of this draft 6/2012.**

**16. To have accumulated and enjoyed more than 2,000 books and 3,000 albums, CD's, and cassettes, mostly jazz and classical**

**17. Becoming a better, more creative cook-very much still in process!**

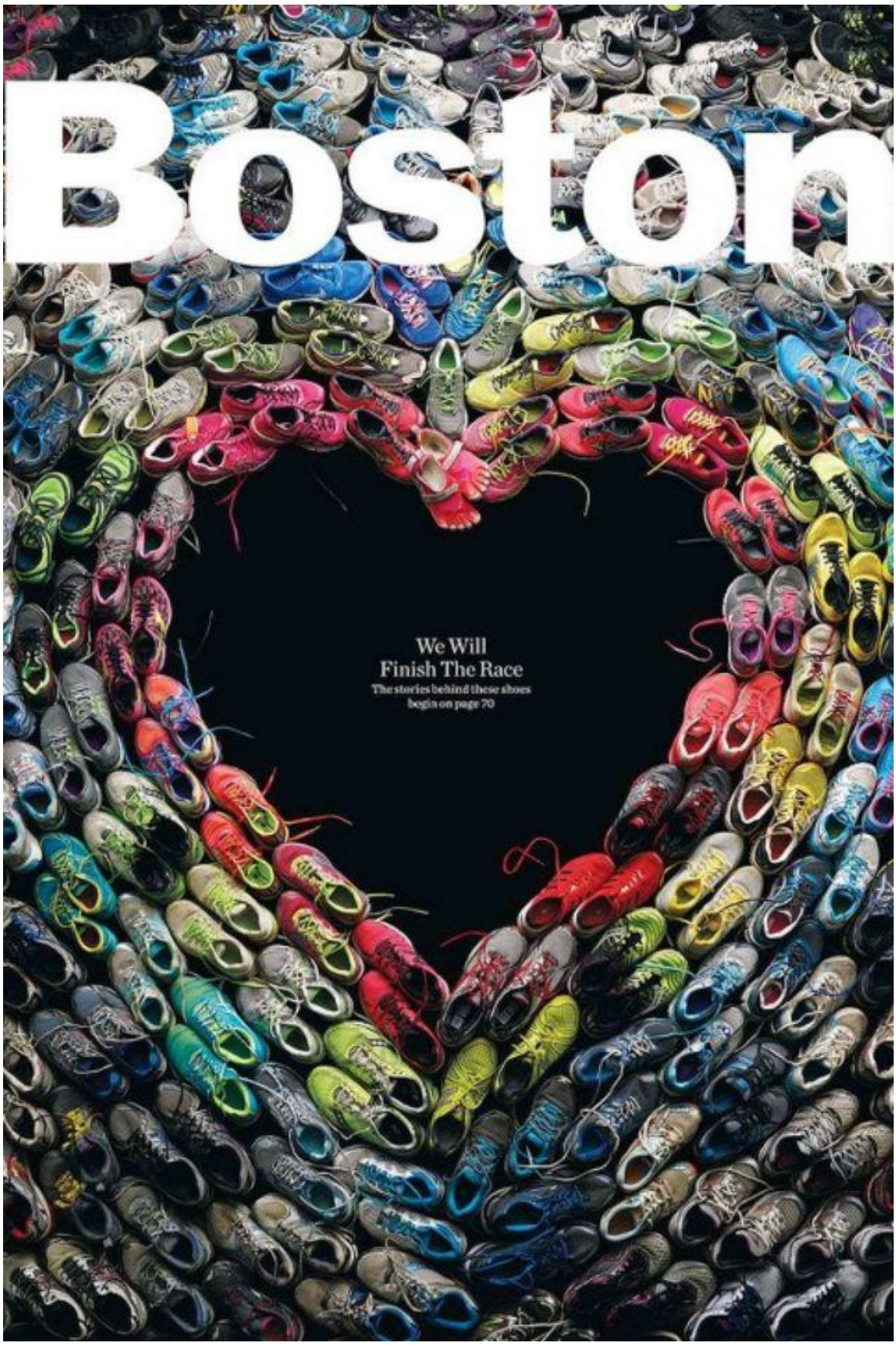
**18. Writing this autobiography mostly from 2010 to 2016 but continuing for as long as I am able to add more experiences, hah! Speaking of which, what is success? Here is another Facebook posting from July 2016: What is success? Realizing this question has often been raised, I tread cautiously into my post.**

**I fished again this morning on my home stream the Swift in western MA; worked at it for about 3 hours and saw plenty of Rainbow and probably a Brown or two. I brought no fish to my net though I tried perhaps 7 or 8 different flies of all sizes, colors, and shapes but to no avail.**

***At one point, I laughed out loud as a gaggle of geese flew right above my head while calling out God knows what to each other and very loudly so. Successful morning? Definitely! But you'd have to have heard those geese and smelled the wonderfully fresh air that they passed through my nostrils and filled me with a fresh sense of the great outdoors to know.***



*Just another pretty spot along the Swift River in Western Ma where I hang out from April until the colder days in late October. Photo accompanied the Facebook posting alluded to in #18 above.*


Boston
We Will
Finish The Race
The stories behind these shoes
begin on page 70

***The photo above shows so many sneakers to represent all those who raced in the 2013 Boston Marathon and says "We will finish the race" in honor of those, like the Lee Ablove, son of a favorite former colleague of mine at Northeastern University, who plan on doing just that in this year's 2014 marathon. Godspeed Lee! And yes in 2014 Lee completed his race!***

***It is now summer 2016 and my sharing of my life story continues onward! We are still comfortably ensconced in our condo at Salisbury West and are into another 3 months of poolside leisure, reading, and working out at JCC until July and then walking and pickle ball will provide our exercise. We socialize with church friends and also condo friends including the Sjosten's, Dave and Arlene and Graham and Jean, also neighbors. We speak regularly to Tom and Rita and our neighbor above and many others nearby. We use our parking garage in the lower level when we grocery shop which is great in bad weather.***

***Graham and I have played golf several times and he always scores in the 30's for nine holes! The last time we played I managed to "lose" my golf cart down a ravine and here is how I told my story on Facebook about July 15, 2016:***

"My 9-hole golf round at local Green Hill course in Worcester started without a hitch. I putted for 30"; stretched and greeted my partner Graham and off we went, fortunately as a twosome as you will soon see. I played well and Graham better and on the 4th green I left my cart with a bag stuffed with clubs, snacks, first aid, and golf balls, on a hillside and we putted out. As I returned I had the sinking feeling that my cart was nowhere in sight.

We walked 40 yards down an embankment to the 6th tee and way down below us in a tree filled gulley--my bright red driver cover winked at me: Hey, over here stupid! You didn't put on my brake! OMG my face turned red as I tried to casually walk down the slope and into the woods to retrieve my cart and bag as Graham's face took on a new look: bewilderment!

With re-found confidence we played on and Graham scored an excellent 39 to my 45 (3 double bogies). Later at home as I pulled my cart out of the car, a strong smell of bug lotion overwhelmed my nostrils: an entire bottle of the stuff had semi-exploded upon impact back on the 4th green side and permeated the entire bag and also my car. Hey, I will be impervious to mosquitos and all kinds of bug and insects for the entire summer if I leave the bag in the car, so there!"

**My golfing has improved from my weights and rowing regime this winter and I am gratified! I had an especially wonderful day on the Swift recently and took and of course released five (5) large to 15" Brown Trout with homemade flies. One of these fish is show below and I released him back to his watery home in good health. Huzzah! Bob Paulson from church will soon go to the Swift with me for trout. He is the only fly**

**fisherman in my church group unfortunately. But the guys like to hear stories of catching if not releasing; I believe they would eat all they caught, hah!**



**Gorgeous Brown Trout, one of the 5 cited above. My best trout fishing day, ever, in terms of quantity and quality! August 2016! No one was with me; would have been nice to have son Dan or fellow fisherman, Larry Bush, along with me that day.**

**Here is a Facebook post from July 2016:**

**"Today, July 28, 2016, my fishing on the Swift River was pedestrian at best--or was it? I returned to where I recently had lured (with flies) 5 large Brown Trout to my net, but today just like the photo shown as compared to the one on my site, was just a photo of a rod leaning against a tree. But wait a second! I did catch 4 beautifully colored Brook Trout that shined like new dimes from the US mint. I did see 3 ducks cavorting along the bank as I carefully passed them by. I did see that someone had put up a bird house above the stream for swallows. I did have a nice chat with a guy fishing upstream from me as we commiserated about the so-so day on the stream. And needless to say, my sandwich and Gatorade back at the car was absolutely delicious. So maybe there was just a bit of magic again on the Swift."**

**"Margaret is happy in retirement which pleases me immensely. She loves to read by the pool, occasionally dangling her feet into the cool pool water. I accompany her most of the time but usually stay less time; I get antsy and need to move around." I love to see her read; watch movies on TV and generally relax after such a successful but demanding career in Travel and Insurance!"**

**Our drug store, food shopping, and bank and pizza shop are all within 10" drive from home and downtown Holden is also ten minutes distant. We joined the Holden Library and are card holders, going once weekly for books to borrow and/or purchase. Reading still holds interest to both of us and affords the quiet time we enjoy so much together.**

***Donald Trump has won the Republican Nomination for President of the US and is totally unsuited to do so!! He spouts hatred and has little knowledge or understanding of world affairs, military affairs, or anything outside his narrow and questionable business background in NYC. Hillary Clinton, the Democratic nominee will make a good if not great President and must defeat Trump if our country is not to head into a sudden and difficult decline on so many levels. I pray to God that this not happen!***

And still another posting in July 2016 about Republican Presidential candidate Donald Trump. None of my friends thinks he is qualified and most heartily dislike him!

"So, what can I add to the comments about the outrageous actions of Trump? Regardless of my political inclinations, it certainly seems that to be seriously considered for President of the United States, a person should be at the very least: intellectually honest and accomplished in some way; decidedly compassionate about helping meet the basic needs of our population; ready to administer just remedies for anyone in our country regardless of sex, race, level of income, level of education, country of origin, to name a few examples.

Further, the candidate should be prepared to explain the "how" of any of his ideas including where funding would come from to accomplish the projects or changes. And last but far from least, the candidate should not deflect all questions of substance directed toward him by talking spuriously and unfairly about the other person and never answering the questions! This is indeed not asking too much but Trump has not come near the threshold on any of these criteria and deserves to be beaten badly come this November I pray!"

**In contrast, here is a Facebook posting I did in summer 2016 reflecting President Obama's and my opinion about people: I did not create this posting but passed it one in my post.**




**But I digress from more fishing stories (I did tell you there would be plenty of fish in my autobiography; perhaps I was a Brown Trout in a former life? It's possible but somehow, I don't think so.**

**Here is a story I wrote shortly after returning from a 3-day trip, my first, to the Catskills in New York in September 2016. I drove my trusty 2012 Silver Forester "Hi Ho Silver" to my lodging at The Arnold House, Livingston Manor, taking about 4 hours for the trip, driving rt. 84 through CT. and then turning NW on Rt. 17 into New York and to my destination. This story is probably one of my most thought about fishing stories I've ever written and I hope you find something to enjoy as you read it. This trip was one of my best and I collected and caught memories to last my lifetime; thank you God!**

# My trip to “Mecca”!



**Holding a resistant 15” Native Brown Trout from the Beaverkill in the Catskills region of NY State, September 2016**

“I hurriedly got up; washed my face; dressed and headed for my car; today I was fishing a world class River: The Beaver kill outside Roscoe, NY, but first I needed to fill my stomach! Off to the reliable Roscoe Diner I went and took care of protein by packing my system for a long morning’s hunt for Brown Trout with my guide “Joe”, actually Joe Rist, who proved a good guide and teacher.

I was housed at the Arnold House in Livingston, Manor, NY at the foot of the Catskills range of mountains. I paid $170 per night plus meals which were good. The staff was friendly and except for the length of time to get hot



**The beautifully rustic and quiet view from my lodge in Livingston Manor, NY where I stayed two nights to fish the Beaverkill River nearby**.

water—about 4 minutes; and the fact that sleeping in that bed was like swimming in the Sargasso Sea, hah! But I digress.

***As I sat waiting for my breakfast, I thought about what this visit to the Beaver Kill River meant to me? A world-famous river where fabled fishermen like Lee Wulff, who designed the first practical fishing vest and who I believe, caught a 20' Salmon on a #20 tiny hook on a fly rod; and Art Flick whose fly-tying book I had used early on to tie my first fly imitations for trout. And others like Walter Dette and his wife Winnie who created several famous Catskill style trout flies and Steenrod and my favorite, Theodore Gordon, "father of American fly fishing" who roamed the Neversink River nearby in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains in early 20$^{th}$ century times.***

These people and more are venerated at the Catskill Fly Fishing Museum in Livingston Manor, NY where I stayed on my 3 days visit to "Mecca". Their collective experiences and writings have inspired me since I began this fly fishing journey back in 1969 and tied my first flies and

fished a small stream outside Springfield, MA while completing m Masters of Education degree at Springfield College, the famous YMCA higher education source since the late 1800's.

**"I was hooked solidly back then and mesmerized by the green leafy cathedrals under which trout swam and occasionally came to my beginner's home tied offerings! This appetite for fly fishing for trout and to a lesser extent for bass in lakes, has continued to the time of this current trip and was on my "bucket list" of things to do before "heading across the river to the other side" which is how I prefer to describe death. But this enthusiasm has helped me through difficult transitions and life events when I needed to withdraw from socializing and have headed out to the green confines of a trout stream—heard pleasant bird songs; saw wild deer; even saw a Black Bear; many heron; many wild turkeys; ducks, but never enough wild trout!"**

***I am a Christian and attend church regularly and am an active member, having sung in the choir, ushered, and helped folks identify their God-given gifts and how to use them to help their fellow creatures here on Planet Earth. Mecca for me means striving to become more at one and at peace as a creature in this world, no better and no worse than anyone else, human or other animal species. Trout seem to be the harbinger, and hopefully not the "canary in the mine" when our waters have become so polluted that the trout cannot survive any longer and the era of free swimming water creatures has been immeasurably diminished, perhaps forever! This humble yet significant trip has refreshed my desire stated above and has moved me deeply. It has reminded me of how far, wide, and diverse our United States of America truly is—and for a while it provided for me and I pray for millions more—a veritable trip to "Mecca" where all wants are met and all fish are trout and most are large at that. Amen!***

Later on, when I got to the shop, I found Joe already picking out trout flies from the thousands in the Catskill Flies shop in Roscoe. I noticed that one of the flies was larger and a bit yellowish but didn't think much of it at the time. Later I would!

Joe helped me pack my gear in his car and off we went toward a "secret" spot he wanted to have me fish. He asked me not to divulge the name of the pool so I won't but we didn't drive very many miles NW of Roscoe if that helps. Out of the car we readied the attack—Joe quiet but purposeful; Terry chatting and excited.




**"Joe and I" (great start of a fishing story, right?) fished a Secret pool!**

***Pool between Cairn's pool and Hendrickson's pool and Joe told me he fishes there when he's not working but can't tell me its name! He called it "Jack & Jill pool" which I believe he Made up to keep me guessing! We crossed Old Rt. 17 carefully avoiding any oncoming traffic but the chill mountain air at about 1500 ft. had folks getting a second round of java and/or heading to jobs that they'd prefer they didn't have to go to.***

Heading down a sharp angled hill to waterside, Joe offered to help me but I declined, feeling plenty of adrenaline to last a lifetime. As we entered the water Joe pointed out our destination: the far side of the Beaver kill and remarked, "It's a really good point between two currents that come together with plenty of foam that the trout like to position themselves in wait for incoming flies to eat. And with that, he took off and was 50 feet ahead of me as I tried to lengthen my wading staff which promptly came apart in two pieces. I called out, "Joe, wait for me" and he turned; smiled and continued toward the secret pool and "my destiny awaited me" as I dutifully dodged slippery rocks galore and plowed with splashes toward the spot.

Arriving at the spot, Joe took a few photos to commemorate and prove my being on the Beaverkill and then skillfully tied on a small nymph Emerger and pointed to a floating leaf in the foam about 30' distant. "Throw it right to the leaf if you can" and I managed it in two casts and he smiled for the second time that morning. We were getting along as I had hoped we would and I was optimistic! We also tried two flies at a time—a fly tied to the bend in the lead fly which floated, while the "dropper" fly followed at a lower level about 12" behind. We got a few hits but no solid connections!



**Yes, that's Terry H. Chapman in a quiet pose just before making my first cast into Mecca's waters!**

I made cast after cast as directed by Joe whose patience seemed everlasting. As for me, I felt very much alive but a little impatient to connect to a trout! Joe then tied on a vaguely yellow caddis fly size 16 called the "Yellow Sally" and I started casting once again, now feeling the smooth movement of muscles and mind working as one.

Suddenly Joe shouted "Pop!" which for him means a trout has taken the fly and I pulled up a bit too hard but the fish was hooked and started to "believe" he had nowhere to go; at least I hoped so. In a couple of minutes, I had him on the reel and was moving him toward the two of us; Joe starting to stretch out to his full 6'5" and thrusting his net toward the taut line and the resistant trout. What next?

The fish came near and I was to the end of my leader and I paused which gave the fish a positive reprieve and he pulled quickly away once again. Back I pulled him, this time more assertively, hoping my 6x 3lb test tippet would hold this worthy specimen! "You've got him intoned Joe and I beamed and agreed, almost unable to speak clearly with excitement to spare. "Nice trout Terry" Joe chimed in and of course found no argument with me. "Yes, nice fish" was all I could think to respond. Relief flooded through my system; now I had nothing to prove; I had succeeded on the famous Beaverkill and I was proud of the fact of it all.

Now on to the next fish. I asked Joe, "about 12" and he said, "no probably 15" at least!" Done! The next trout took a while, maybe 30 minutes or so with many more casts, directed as usual by

Joe, though by now I knew where to look in the cascading bits of foam where the trout now lay waiting. Next was the smaller relative of the first trout, another Brown, about 12", another wild trout with brilliant eyes and firm flesh and sharp-edged fins. Hell yes I was pleased to get another one.

Later on, I pulled in a 9" and a 6" Rainbow trout. By the way, all of these fish, including an unexpected, not approved by the Roscoe Chamber of Commerce, Sunfish, big but not the caliber of the preceding fish by any means, were taken with the #16 (fairly small) Yellow Sally which looks like a Caddis with more yellow than tan coloring.

**So, in all, four (4) trout all wild or native, one sunfish, and perhaps one small Bass but Joe threw him back so quickly I didn't really see the creature at all. The brace of Brown Trout made my day and if we had stopped then and it all had ended, I would have left very pleased with my results! But on we fished until at about 12:30 Joe wanted to try another spot and I said, "You know, I'm about done and I'm satisfied!" His "OK response came quickly and we made our way not as fast in retreat, but parading proudly through the boulders, rocks, and foamy water to the bank at streamside and paused as I turned around, as if to confirm that my catches had really taken place, and up the hill we walked.**

I was somewhat tired and almost missed a grab for an outreaching tree limb but caught it and up we went to Joe's car and a cold bottle of water he had in a cooler. Delicious and refreshing and as I took my place along my new friend Joe, we took off for the Catskill Flies shop and my waiting car which I've named Hi Ho! Silver! Ok cut me some slack; I name my vehicles and like it whether you do or not, hah!

Back at his shop, we transferred my gear, now mostly wet; apparently, I had fished deeper water than I realized in my enthusiasm and had also collected some sand to prove I was there. Oh, and I also tucked a Beaver Kill River stone into my vest to also confirm my presence on that famous river on that day, Tuesday, September 13, 2016! I have collected probably more than 100 stones over the years but now only have one or two from the Swift River, my home stream in western Ma and one from Jon Seale's RI beach home. Jon is my fishing and golfing buddie and good friend from St. Luke's church in Worcester, Ma.

I gave Joe a good tip, about 20% in addition to the $225 fee for his guiding services, which was very little considering the beautiful weather—crisp sunshine spilling down upon us the entire time, fishable water in a time of drought in the Roscoe area, and my brace of Brown trout. He smiled broadly and said, "Terry you made my job easy this morning; you are a skilled angler!"

**Wow, skilled angler? Maybe in my dreams but I couldn't help reflecting momentarily about the last 3x I got skunked on the Swift River—a challenging tail water coming from the Quabbin Reservoir. I had taken 5 Brown trout in one hour with sunken nymphs on**

**one fine day earlier in the fishing season but my Beaver kill trip to "Mecca" far exceeded that admittedly good day afield and on the stream.**

***Later that day, relaxing back at the Arnold House in Livingston Manor, with a nice chilled white wine soothing my tonsils, I reflected on my day on the Beaverkill. Memory is indeed selective but here were some of my thoughts at the time: "The Beaverkill itself, a larger river than I've ever fished at about 150' across at most spots—the pools we fished so inviting as two currents came together at the angle's vertex, delivering a good deal of foam and with it plenty of insects to interest the waiting trout. We had walked ¼ mile from the banking to the pools we fished with water barely over my boots and somewhat slippery rocks throughout the avenue to our destination—tough walking but doable especially knowing that this pool was one Joe fished when he wasn't working! OMG that kept my energy level high the entire time we fished.***

The trees overhanging the river were mostly dark green still but with a few splashes of brown and light red as summer turned to fall. We never saw another person the entire time we were on the river! He and I didn't talk much except when he would alter my targets when he saw or senses a lurking trout. Sometimes my target was a floating leaf at 40' and another time it was a larger glob of foam at 45'—again, doable but never easy to hit exactly. Joe, also a lefty, stood behind me and to the right so I had free casting space yet he could see precisely where my fly was at all times. His eyesight was amazing and often he would see a trout swimming or lurking under water which I hadn't seen but could see when he pointed it out to me. That is guiding at a high level.

*I offered the rod to him at one point and he said, "No you fish. I'm having fun just being here as you fish!" His enthusiasm was clear and he told me he would do maybe 50 trips or more this year as he tries to build an independent guide service. I believe he will reach his goal based on my one morning fishing with him. Gifted angler who actually enjoys guiding and helping his clients. It's just not something that can be faked! He is the real deal.*

*The brace of Brown Trout: so vitally alive; so vividly colored with butter colored bellies and dark black pupils and clear white surrounding tissue. Both the 12" and the 15" fish gave a good account of themselves when hooked; the larger one took a moment or two to realize that he was indeed hooked but then gave several good pulls and jumped once or twice before Joe netted him.*

*The weather was perfect: 65 degrees, fog having lifted before our arrival to the river; sun shining brightly and just a little breeze, say about 5mph kept the sweat off our brows. The sky was a beautiful blue and there was no question that the good weather would persist the entire day. Perfect!*

## *Secret Pool?*

*Joe gave it a name which I will not use and which I have not been able to find in any online source but it was apparently somewhat near Cairn's Pool which does appear on most maps. It was about 3 miles north of Roscoe, where Catskills Flies shop is located. I think I could find it again if I had to but I'd like to mark it definitively on a map and place the map in a show box*



**Idyllic rendering of a secret pool; looks inviting to me!**

*display of my Catskills trip I am designing for viewing in my den at our condo in Worcester, MA. No appointment is required; but a phone call heads up that you are coming would be appreciated.*

***On balance, this day's fishing stacks up favorably, the only day I may have appreciated more was the April 22, 2004 date when son Daniel fished for trout with me and we were guided successfully by Jack Smola. We caught 21 trout; mostly Rainbow and Dan caught eleven (11) of the 21 and I caught ten (10) including a 3lb 18" Tiger Trout that is the best fish I have ever caught and will be difficult to beat in the future! My pleasure and pride in Dan's success is hard to describe but was palpable at the time it happened. He and I often talk about that trip and the fact that, to Dan, it was what a trout trip was supposed to be and no big deal?! But we both know differently and are grateful we shared that experience.***

*A few of my golfing outings with oldest son Jon are also in the pantheon of family adventures and worthy of recounting to anyone who will listen, hah! Both pursuits require a certain amount of intelligence, coordination, energy and endurance, and most of all persistence and a desire for "the hunt"!*

*On my home river, The Swift in western MA, Belchertown to be specific, only two days come close: one was a very large Rainbow about 17" and over 3lbs. I caught at Caddy Lane with a home tied fly and the other time was this summer in 2016 when I caught five (5) good Brown Trout to 17" within one hour on home tied flies!! Come to think of it; this may indeed hold*

*second place honors in my fishing heart of hearts. For all these moments, connected to another of God's creatures here on Planet Earth I give my humble thanks and look forward to many more happy hours pursuing my next favorite animal to man: The* ***trout!"***

## *END OF TERRY'S LIFE STORY: SEE TERRY'S JOURNAL OF EVENTS*

## *A SEPARATE PART OF SUBURBAN ODYSSEY!*

## *TERRY'S JOURNAL OF EVENTS*

### *Worcester Institute for Senior Education*

***Besides trout fishing and golfing, I am enjoying my Worcester Institute for Senior Education "W.I.S.E. classes. My favorite so far in one about Worcester's Poet Laureate Stanley Kunitz whose father committed suicide before Stanley was born and his mother refused to tell Stanley or his two sisters anything about their father for reasons not divulged.***

***Our teacher, Judith Ferrara, is very knowledgeable having studied his works for seven years and written a book about her research. She is an English teacher who also paints and writes poetry. Her sense of Stanley's presence is enhanced as she puts on "Stanley's Greek Hat" whenever she is channeling him in responding to questions from me and my classmates! What an original approach and one which has already added much to our discourse about Kunitz!***

***Here is one of my favorite Kunitz poems: The Long Boat, which I read in my last class on Kunitz. I got through it but could feel my voice start to get "serious" which means emotional!***

***Kuntz captures the longing to remain on earth forever but the Peace which is infinite as we "move along toward our death on Earth. I am guardedly optimistic of an "after life of the spirits", not a physical resurrection, but one I'll gladly accept. As I've said before, certainly my Father and my Mother and My Brother remain with me in spirit as I journey along and I do believe there will be some spiritual "accounting" and "bringing together" by God in due time.***

***The Long Boat***

***Stanley Kunitz***

***"When his boat snapped loose***

***From its mooring, under***

*The screaking of the gulls,*

*He tried at first to wave*

*to his dear ones on shore,*

*but in the rolling fog*

*they had already lost their faces.*

*Too tired even to choose*

*Between jumping and calling,*

*Show how he felt absolved and free*

*Of his burdens, those mottoes*

*Stamped on his name-tag:*

*Conscience, ambition, and all*

*That caring.*

**He was content to lie down**

**With the family ghosts**

**In the slop of his cradle,**

**Buffeted by the storm,**

**Endlessly drifting**

**Peace!  Peace!**

**To be rocked by the infinite!**

**As if it didn't matter**

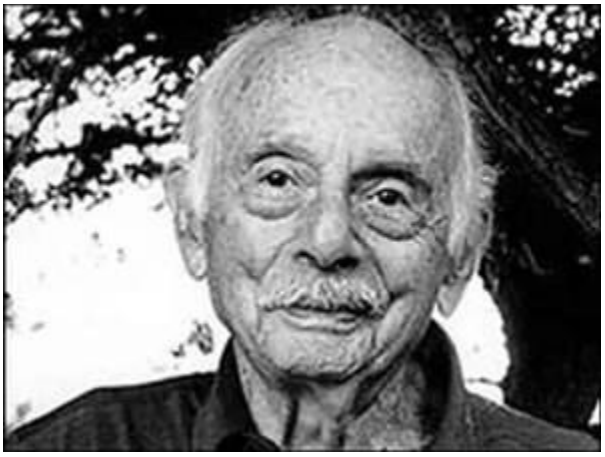
**Which way was home;**

**As if he didn't know**

**He loved the earth so much**

**He wanted to stay forever.**

**Those last phrases and thoughts—from the first Peace! To "he wanted to stay forever" are wonderfully haunting and give me a chill if I think about them since they seem appropriate in my life to date: I'll say no more but you can infer what I mean if you know me! I chose to read this poem out loud to our class on our last session this past Tuesday and felt chills as I neared the final stanza: what wonderfully thrilling words Stanley wrote so long ago.**



**Worcester's Stanley Kunitz, one of my favorite poets!**

**Today, September 27, 2016, our class visited Stanley's boyhood home at 4 Woodford St. on Vernon Hill in Worcester. I got there 30 minutes early and walked all the way down Woodford St.; then circled back walking beside the huge Vernon Hill Athletic Field; and then turned to head back to Stanley and Carol's home on Woodford. As I walked, I mused as follows:**

***"Walking away from #4 Woodford St., Stanley's home, heading slowly but purposefully down the street, the sun suddenly breaking free of the mid-September fall clouds and cooler weather we had expected, the temperature turning mild if a bit muggy. On I walked, thinking of the young boy Stanley, born in 1905 and in about 1915 moving to Woodford Street, bereft of his father who had committed suicide before Stanley's birth! Stanley's mother Etta would never speak of his father—ever! How awkward and difficult for a teenage boy, though his two sisters comforted him when he would have scary dreams some nights.***

***The image of the young Stanley, throwing stones at an old tree in the wood behind his home, the inspiration for his poem, The Testing Tree, captivates my self-imagination since I too played with stones in an old creek bed, hitting them as hard and as far as possible with an old creek stick I had found earlier. All physical stimulation for a young creature, like Stanley, and I reveled when another friend, on one occasion, served as pitcher and threw the stones for me to strike at and hit most of the time. The "thunk" when a stone connected briefly with the old stick—then sailed off making my "pitcher" duck quickly to avoid injury of the painful kind!***

***Then my mind tried to conjure up how the old Woodford Street would have looked back in 1919 when Stanley moved in at age 14? Smaller trees along the street, probably no sidewalks which would have come later—last night's rain filtering through the rocks along the street side and heading down the hill the same way I was traveling this morning, the leaves, mostly still green, but a few having already transformed into reddish, yellowish colors, as they lay quietly near the storm drain halfway down Woodford. Nothing stays the same came to mind, absolutely nothing! Not Stanley's youth, not my youth, and not his or my lives. Time has indeed moved forward, maybe not better, but forward and differently for him and for me.***

***Our lives intertwine briefly on this short walk through time and I am grateful for his "presence" with me as I make the turn off Holcombe and am greeted by John Gaumond, a docent at Stanley's home and he says, "you can either walk over to the side of the house or walk up the stairs which Stanley did at age 95!" I chose the stairs, the very least I could do before entering his home, Stanley's boyhood home, and before learning more about this fascinating poet, Worcester native, Poet Laureate of the United States, but most of all a son who loved his mother and perhaps his father, and certainly loved life most of all—and gave his best to us in stories in poem form that at their best are haunting and beautifully shared!"***

**We were greeted by our teacher Judith and also the owner of the house which is on the National Registry of Homes in Art, Carol Stockmal, who with her husband Greg, bought the home in 1979 and remodeled over more than 30 years to its former period authenticity. We asked Carol questions about her relationship with Stanley Kunitz and she told us how her favorite poem "My Mother's Pears" came to be written. Stanley appeared at their door on Woodford Street in 1986, in his 80's and had difficulty in ascending the steep stairs to the front door but more so dealing with his feelings about his boyhood home with the strange mixture he experienced there, of angst but also joy in "throwing stones at an old tree in the woods behind his home".**

The other class is Americans at Sea, taught by a retired Naval Munitions Officer, Jed Watters, who is also well read on things nautical and presents an interesting 1 ½ class about every from whaling to Moby Dick to the latest in Naval warfare: The USS Zumwalt which will be commissioned in Maryland in October 2016. My good friend Don Groves, from St. Luke's church, is my classmate and we enjoy talking about the class from time to time. Both of us can get a bit testy if bored in class but we try to be polite about it; at least I do, hah!

Soon I will be taking a class called, Jesus, the Misunderstood Jew, taught by Rich Simpson, a Canon to the Bishop of Western MA whom I know and like. And last but probably not least in my interest is a course on the environment also taught by Mr. Watters to include Thoreau, Muir, and other luminary writers of yore. These classes are very intellectually stimulating and

welcome especially as we head toward another NE late fall/winter with its lack of sunny outdoor days!

## Some of my family and I "go into old age with spirit!"

Paul Berryman, Michele's partner is almost 90; has stopped playing golf and has trouble walking even with a cane. This is hard to see since Paul dearly loved playing golf at his home course Packachogue in Auburn MA near his mobile home. He wants his Doctor to operate on his legs but they won't do it which makes him very mad. He says if he can't walk, he has nothing to look forward to and we tend to agree. Hang in there Paul; we love you and wish the best for you doctors notwithstanding!

2015?

Paul Zambarano, Pat Veleno's husband of many years, has also declined in overall health recently and has leg infections and heart problems and diabetes but is a guy who fights hard to overcome his challenges which I greatly admire, having had a few myself in the last several years. We will visit them in Plymouth, MA next week, where they spend their summers though in winter journey to Orlando area until the following late spring when they return like song birds to Plymouth!

Plymouth trip was enjoyable despite cold, wet weather the entire time there. We ate well; got our traditional fresh fudge fix at one of several boutiques near our hotel. We saw the smaller than imagined Plymouth Rock and also went briefly aboard the Mayflower Replica which seems so small to have ferried 100 persons across the Atlantic Ocean back then. We learned to play dominoes with Pat and Paul urging us on, hah! Margaret and I don't play indoor games very well and we tire of them pretty quickly but it's important to challenge your brain now and again.

**My church breakfast group moves along like a good ship on the waves, sometimes slowing a bit in choppy situations, but then getting back under sail as soon as possible and returning to our Thursday Breakfasts which we dig into as we talk about current events, sports, church stuff, my fishing and golfing exploits, the latest TV, movie or good book to read and such. Great fun and so gratifying to have about 6 guys who "have your back" so to speak and any of whom I'd defend and help and who would and have helped me in return!**

**Margaret is walking again! Her month-long PT worked and her leg muscle which pained her to the point of not walking except just a bit as necessary. We walk together some days and will enjoy walking the shores of Plymouth, MA next week. She continues to devour about 5 books every week while I mosey round reading wise and may read one or two monthly.**

I am currently framing an original fly for Chip Chapman, my 1st cousin who lives in Nashville, TN. I imagine he will be pleased as others have been with this type of unusual gift and attention. I plan on continuing to do this as long as I can as it is "me at my best" and I thoroughly enjoy the entire process from original offer to design a fly for someone to giving them the finished work and seeing their grateful smile! Also, tied framed flies for Andrew Boyd, Rich Fonda, high school friend, and others to come including our priest Timothy Burger who wears outrageously colorful socks! Tim is holding us in reflective check while we figure out where to head next as a united parish!

## Fall 2016 is getting serious!



**The last several days have been chilly down to low 50's, windy, and rainy and my sinuses are "doing their thing". Usually they settle down once colder weather is a constant to my great relief. My mother suffered from sinusitis for years while I comfortably breathed and thought it was no big deal; aging changes our perceptions of comfort greatly! On October 22, I put away my waders but kept my golf cart ready in our garage in case I can steal another day on the links.**

But I digress once again. Margaret and I had a pleasant if rainy 3 days visit to her sister Patricia and husband Paul Zabarano in Plymouth, MA recently. Stayed at 1620 House hotel, right on shore line, with attractive rooms, but was undergoing renovation in main lobby. Good seafood

with lots of small shops 50 yards from entrance including fudge, gifts, etc. which we enjoyed browsing.

We also learned dominoes, sitting at a table poolside in our hotel which stimulated long unused parts of my “no game” brain. We enjoyed very good scallops at a nearby restaurant. Pat and Paul go to Orlando area every winter, returning in early June. They plan on continuing this plan despite decreasing health, with Paul laboring to walk much at all but a game spirit!

I will fish the Swift later this week with sunny skies and 60’s temperatures and also play golf with son Jon next Monday which I always enjoy. Jon is good company, always encouraging me for my wedge shots. I only wish I could hit the longer shots farther which would give me more greens and therefore more pars and less double bogies, my nemesis.

Speaking of golf, I was thrilled to watch our American Ryder Cup Team beat Europe at Hazeltine in Chaska, MN, outside Minneapolis last week 15-10, with Patrick Reed and the aging but gamer Phil Mickelson tromping everyone with equally amazing 63’s in the final singles matches! This is first win since 2008 and Captain Davis Love did a fine job, ably assisted by Tiger Woods, who will play his first tourney soon after a year’s absence due to injuries. Tiger is like a stallion thoroughbred and when he’s well he is unbeatable but injuries himself regularly.



***I've probably said this before, but golf is an excellent metaphor for life with its ups and downs—its burst of happiness with a well hit shot or score and its tendency to let you down with bad playing the next time out!? Son Jon is an even tempered 12 handicap, and I am an inconsistent 18 hitting some much better shots from time to time but putting is challenging as well as tee shots.***

*But I still love the personal challenges it provides and will keep playing if money and health hold out. Fishing just relaxes me and that too will be continued as long as I'm able. And after that I will still tie trout flies; dream of fishing and dream of golfing and breaking 80 as I did only one time on September 6,1966, at the University of Maryland where I shot a 40/39 to score 79. That event is vividly stored in my long-term drive (pun intended) and I take it out and savor it from time to time. When I have trouble sleeping which is rare, I review every hole at U. of Maryland and of course I hit perfectly struck shots from tee to green, hah!*

**Life is abundantly good for me and Margaret and we often comment on our good fortune to have moved into condo life when we did, when I was ill with a Depression, back in 2014. The two years here have whizzed by and we are so very comfortable and happy in our dwelling place!**

I created, tied, and presented a framed trout fly to Chip Chapman, my Cousin on my father's side called, "Heaven's Hues", using shades of blue and green and he was very pleased. Giving these gifts—about 50 in number—has me using my best skills of caring for others; living in the moment, and also my poetic tendencies. I love to give these gifts and again, will do this as long as these hands can produce reasonably attractive results in fly tying. Thank you Lord for leading me to such a gratifying activity and a way to show affection for my family and good friends!

Around the corner here in N.E. lies Winter with its fiercely cold wet days and I plan on revving up my Ancestry.com work on Hughes and Chapman families' histories and ancestors and will try to design a booklet to give to Jon and Dan and families this coming Christmas. So, I better stop writing and begin the contemplation/reflection/design phase, which for me can be extensive.

Update to my reader(s): Today is October 22, 2016; it is about 55 degrees with windy rain pulling down the colored leaves near and around our condo here in Worcester, MA and I am reflective once again about seasons and their effects and meaning in our lives:

I just packed my dry waders into a large bag, leaving the top open to let out any residue of Swift River water from my last trip this week wherein I got skunked for the 3rd time running, ugh! But I had an enjoyable day though somewhat unusual as follows:

**This is Facebook post done on October 19, 2016 about my day fishing for the last time this season**:



***Yesterday's fishing trip to the Swift River that I've posted on many times before, was entirely different than usual, starting with heavy construction being done by a bridge too near where I park! Then, as I crossed Rt. 9 to access the pathway down to the river, I paused and saw one lone fishing boot, unlaced, and placed(?) right next to a construction sign. Had a worker taken a "trout" break"; injured his left foot and left***

***the boot to be put on later when the swelling went down? Or did some fisherman have a worse day than me and throw down the boot as a "last gesture" of disgust? I'll never know.***

***Next as I proceeded toward my favorite pools along the river, I saw a flash of orange color just off the path; it was a small pumpkin with a happy birthday greeting and then a scribble that might have said: you said you wanted to walk in the woods carrying a pumpkin, so here you go! More significantly in terms of weird came when I lost my footing climbing up out of a steep siding from the stream, fell to my left, rolled, and came to a stop, blocked from a serious drop into the river, by a broken tree stump! Providence had smiled on me for sure.***

***Next came my conversation with a young man fly fishing just down from me--we were the only two people there. He was on his cell phone(?)--ordering pizza I wondered and he looked over and said,***

***" My 1-year old son just had a successful time at the bathroom--his first ever", and beamed with pride. I smiled, congratulated his son and his parents, then hesitantly asked if he had caught any fish. Yes, he exclaimed, and he had used no recognizable insect imitation that I had with me, no surprise as this is the way my day was going.***

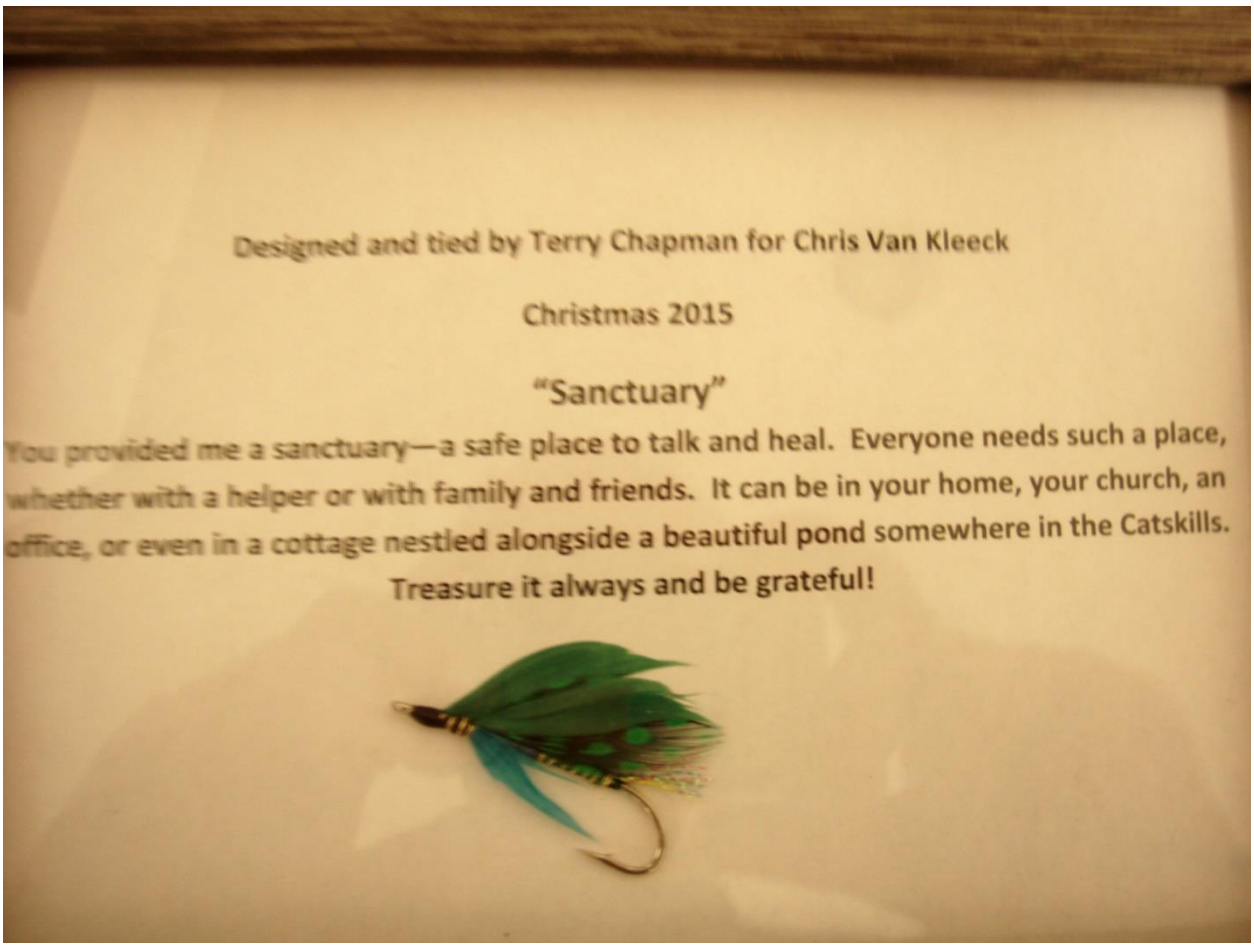
***But it ended on a high note as I crept up to 10 feet from a lazy Heron perched on a bending limb in the water and I got lots of photos. But lastly, I can't copy the photos for some arcane unknown reason! Did I catch any fish? No, but it was sure an interesting adventure in any event.***

It's never easy to stop fishing each year as fall weather takes over the scene! But I know I can read fishing books; tie flies for new friends like our Priest Tim Burger, and dream of better catches of bigger trout come next Spring, on the Swift and wherever my rod and reel take me.

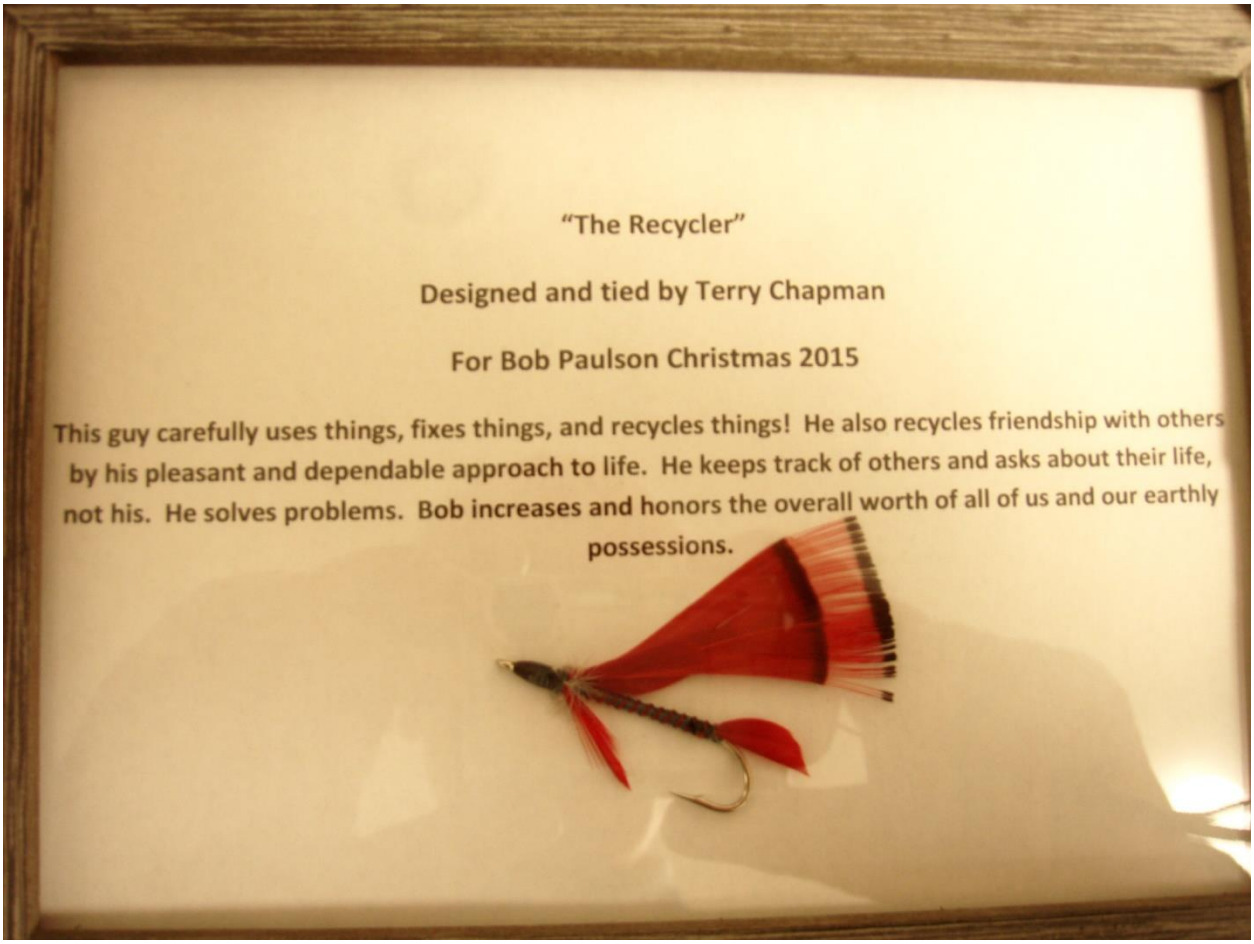
I just sent a framed fly to Rich Fonda in Washington State, an old football friend from high school at High Point High; sure hope he'll like it. I called it "Heartiness" since he and I are both hale and hearty.

I will also tie and frame a fly for my friend Andrew Boyd who used to be at St. Luke's church.

**Photo below, is of a gift to my counselor Chris Van Kleeck, who was the best counselor while I was recovering from my Depression in the summer of 2014. Chris has a cabin on a pond in the Catskills where he goes to relax and revive his helping instincts. What a great helper and friend he was for me when I needed him. Thank you so much Chris!**




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**The above photo is a gift for St. Luke's Men's group friend Bob Paulson, the only other trout fisherman in our friendship group. Bob has added a lot to our mix of friends for breakfast and we love to swap fishing stories!**

I plan on creating a new series of flies called, Earth Elements including wind, fire, earth, and water, using obvious color choices for each element. This is exactly the kind of project I love to



undertake in the winter, closeted in m comfy den, with maybe a cup of hot tea and some classical music playing gently in the background. I've already run out of hanging space in my den and Margaret is watching me "like a hawk" worrying that I'll clutter this den like the one on Bay Edge Drive which was indeed too cluttered, hah! But creativity demands freedom to spread out, to achieve its goals but I will carefully balance my actions for the "common good", believe me!



It’s cool and rainy outdoors and time for me to heat up my latest batch of spaghetti sauce and serve it with Angel Hair, my favorite pasta—Margaret prefers penne but we both have this meal in our top five including pork tenderloin, spaghetti, crock pot beef or chicken various ways, meat loaf, and probably fresh white fish—Cod or other, and salmon sautéed for me. Yum!



**Right in front of our condo in Worcester, October 2016!**

Lastly, for now, I truly believe that Trump will not win the election in 3 weeks and that Hillary Clinton will be the first female President of the US! Please Lord, help this happen. Bring on the cold weather; bring on my cold weather creativity, and bring on the spaghetti, yeah!

Today, November 5, 2016, is overcast, windy and 45 degrees: real fall weather is here! Last weekend we went to a Halloween party Step Daughter Gail's home in Worcester and I dressed as a Pirate and Margaret as a wildebeest! First time we've put on costumes since meeting in 1988!

About 45 folks attended and 2/3 wore costumes including Darth Vader, Superman, an angel, and some we couldn't recognize due to our changing popular culture, hah! Gail and Dan have hosted many parties with up to 150 persons staying in and out from 8-3am. Now they are opting for smaller congregations of their groupies who love their music and them too.





***Above two photos are of Margaret and me in costume for Halloween Party at daughter Gail's in Worcester, fall 2016. Margaret, who never goes anywhere in costume (!) was a Wildebeest and I a pirate, my favorite character all my life; next year maybe Batman, another favorite. Hey I even have a time warp watch hanging from my belt; Treasure Island here I come, ready or not!***

**The other thing that will increase during the cold month from now in October until next April is my amount of original cooking. Soups will appear with regularity and I will go through the four new cookbooks Sister Patricia Zambarano gave me on our recent visit to Plymouth, MA I do a good spaghetti sauce; meatloaf; all kinds of egg dishes; good salads and that's about it. I don't mind standing for a couple of hours at the stove, designing a good and new meal. I am much more artistic than I ever realized with my cooking, fly tying, poem writing, Facebook blogging, digital photography of trout streams and environs.**

**I have a "good eye" for composition and should put together a booklet of my nature photos to share. Aha! Another new project to pursue when the snow flies and we hunker down here in Worcester, MA with our fellow condo folks.**

**I've decided, as of March 2017, to bind my Summary Family Research, now 62 pages long, of both Chapman and Hughes Clans, and give them to Jon and Dan for Christmas 2017. I know they will not get to reading all of Ancestry.com, so this is the best vehicle for them to see an overview of our Ancestors plus our living family members—some of the life facts and enough of my commentary to make it a nice gift.**

***Fitness Report, as of March 26, 2017, my Dad's 109th birthday, were he alive, but I celebrate his life, today, thanking him for all he gave me—first of all his presence, and recall so many wonderful, family events back through all the years I can remember, starting, perhaps, in the desert of El Centro, California, where we were stationed near the end of WWII. Even there, Mother and Dad, Ronnie and I, were a solid loving family unit.***

**REPORT:**

**I weigh 220 pounds today, probably at least 20 pounds too fat!! I am cinching my will and hope to cinch my belt, by eating far less starch (bread); less cheese; no candy or pastries; and generally smaller portions, while continuing daily exercises and 3x weekly walks or JCC workouts! I just can't see myself barely able to tie my shoes, eh? Margaret seems able to snack endlessly, and not gain much weight.**

**My workouts at JCC include both rowing: 15" and treadmill work: 15" plus weight machines for arms and legs, and plenty of stretching in a good machine which lets you use your body weight to loosen and strengthen your stomach and back muscles. We will stop going at the end of this April; moving to pickleball and regular walks, often together, going up to 40 minutes-3 trips around our condo perimeter property. I have also gone to a nearby mall, early in the morning several times; walked for 45" and then browsed the stores that intrigued me, during my walk. This corporate decision, to open their doors to walkers, so early, is both a decent move plus a good PR move.**

**I will soon finish PT for a pulled right oblique—right between my hip and my back. I "pulled" this off when trying to hit 300 yards, playing with friend Jon Seale, whose brother Tim, can almost hit one that far, ha! What in hell was I thinking of? This muscle has ached, off and on for a few years, and I finally dealt with it. I also get a full body massage at a local school of massage, in town, which I dearly love: it sooths and relaxes all of me, no easy accomplishment!**

**Here is a large family photo taken at Gail and Dan Hunts' in Easter 2017:**



**First row, Marissa, daughter of Lisa to the right; Left to right second row: Patricia Zambarano; husband Paul having walking challenges and could not attend; Margaret Chapman, Angela Muise (Zambarano), good friend of Angela's, Jonathan Muise, Angela's son and wife Muzi, Yana, mother of Lisa Paige; back row l to r: Terry Chapman, Craig,**

**Yanna's husband, Mark Paige, husband of Lisa and father of Marissa; Dan Hunt and Gail Hunt (Galadriel). Gail is fabulous host, as is Lisa, and Gail has entertained up to 150 persons I one party going from 5pm to 4am the next morning!!**

**Ever since I had the Depression, and as I got better, started liking the taste of my food, once again, I have eaten far too much: mea culpa! Let's see how my willpower will "serve" me!**

**Family-wise, Aunt Sally is in a nursing home at Knollwood at Briarwood, in Worcester, at age 97, still sentient, but unable to walk, and in a wheelchair. We visit occasionally and realize how difficult later life physical declines, can hurt the body and also the spirit. We all take our health for granted when we have it; but are surprised when we don't. We should give thanks for what we have, while we have it, and not wait to complain, later!**

**Aunt Sally died in July, after two days in Hospice; may she rest in perpetual peace!**

**My son Jon and wife Jess, moved into a new home in Roslindale, MA, near Boston last month, and are "parents" of a new, retired, Greyhound, Smokey, who, yes, love to run or sleep—nothing in between, ha! Jon still teaches at Ostiguy High School in Boston, but his class loads are diminishing as more schools, serving drug affected youth, have been built, causing competition among schools. Jess wanted to move to western MA, away from crowded Boston area and Jon didn't want to. They agreed to stay; bought the house; got the dog, somewhat as anchors, and seem happy with their decision, so far. Time of course, will tell!**

**My Worcester Institute for Senior Education (WISE), has provided many interesting hours of classroom experiences over this winter (2017). Some of the classes I've had with WISE, from long ago when I took: 4 session class with artists talking about their chosen art: painters, guitar, acting, sculpting; hikes around Worcester given by local Audubon preserve; overview of western art at Worcester Art Museum; Robert Frost poetry; and more recently, an excellent duo of classes: Jesus, the misunderstood Jew, and Introduction to Islam, taught by a professional Muslim woman. Both were well taught and each teacher, had "lived" their subject, before teaching, which to me, is a prerequisite to able instruction!**

**I also took a poetry class about Stanley, Kunitz, Worcester's Poet Laureate, and we visited his boyhood home, up on Vernon Hill, not far from where Margaret and Michele grew up!**

**And this session, I am taking Mindfulness and self-compassion, and poetry of Wordsworth. Both classes are near our home, which is nice, especially, as this winter's weather, continues to give us flurries, high winds, and dark days. Soon, I will return to the stream and the golf course, until next fall, when I will enroll for more enlightening learning experiences, through WISE.**

***At St. Luke's Episcopal Church, our new priest, Tim Burger, going great guns and pleasing almost every parishioner, with his humor, ability to live in the present moment, and his intellect. He also is able to accept differing ideas and presents forums, between services, on topics, ranging from Lent to simplicity to "how do we visualize God?", which was particularly engaging and challenging. I shared that God, to me, is Jesus, my friend, who accompanies me through all the storms and all the sunshine days of my life, never letting me be alone, whatever the degree of angst I may be feeling, or letting me get "too high" on life, though I do tend to get a bit euphoric from time to time, eh? There I go again, using the Canadian phrasing.***

**Reading-wise, I am finishing a fairly good historical fiction, about a Lincoln diary, which was misplaced, and what the consequences were, during Civil War times. Speaking of Civil War, I recently purchased an online Civil War game, including Antietam, and Gettysburg! These games require attention to detail of a high order, which I am only slowly accepting as necessary, if I want to improve my ability to direct troop movement (northern troops) and actually fight a facsimile battle.**

**I also read a book by Newt Gingrich, about Gettysburg, where the Rebels win!!? But the authors say, the war would have gone anyway since the Rebels won Vicksburg at almost the same time. Very interesting to play "what if" historically!**

**Additionally, I am still reading the occasional mountain climbing book as they are a good metaphor for climbing the hills in our lives, I believe. Humans' ability to surmount difficult challenges, of all kinds, physical, mental, and spiritual, never fail to get my blood going! Joe Simpson's book "Touching the Void" was absolutely gripping, pun intended!"**

**We stopped getting the Worcester Gazette, because it was a "conservative rag"! Trump has managed to suck most of the media air out of the TV viewing and is leading us toward a dictatorship that will eventually kill the planet along with all of us on it!!**

**We watch TV news and commentary, mostly channel 43, MSNBC, a liberal view, and enjoy several dramas, currently running: Chicago Fire; Chicago Med; Billions, a marvelously intricate drama about wall street villain, acted wonderfully by a red-haired actor, Damian Lewis, and Giamatti, who plays a NY Attorney General. Excellent entertainment!**

**My latest writing project has been, to create a reasonably brief, 100 pages or less, history of Chapman and Hughes Clan members, and how they became associated with each other. I plan of binding several copies, and giving them to family, as Christmas gifts. I bound one 825-page copy of my Suburban Odyssey tome, to get a real sense of its heft, appearance, and completeness. I am slowly beginning to edit it, page by page, both overall appearance, typos, which seem to grow of their own accord, and adding photos as I see fit. It cost $185 for a no-color rendition.**

**My quote for two full color bound copies, was over $1000. Son Jonathan, advised letting anyone so inclined, to read a copy from my flash drive. I doubt anyone will take me up on that option, anytime soon. But again, this project was done by me, as a tangible life review, which I needed, at age 76 and beyond, to gain perspective on what my life journey has entailed and its successes and its failures. This goal, has been successfully met, as I sit, writing today, and I am eternally grateful that I began it in 2005, and can leave it behind, for generations to come, God willing!**

**Status of Suburban Odyssey Project? Fall 2016**

**I have achieved much of what I intended to do in starting this very large writing and thinking and reflecting project! I believe, in its 5 major parts: Introduction, Chapman & Hughes family Histories; Terry's Life Story; Terry's Lists; Terry's Essays, it gives a faithful and honest portrayal of my life and gives the reader, a good idea of who I truly am.**

**It also describes who my family are and how they've lived their lives; and how, through the generations since Robert Chapman, I became who I became: with plenty of "warts" but also some "stars" above my head, as I have lived a privileged existence most of my 76 years!**

**What's left to write about? Well, for one thing, I'd like to give extra attention to my "winter" season, with its lessening of physical and mental abilities—hey, but slowly thank God! Especially, here in the US, we tend to under-value and under study older persons, say ages 65-85 or so. There is so much we can learn from those who have lived longer than middle age, though that is indeed a fascinating season for all: late summer and fall in my framework, used in this tome. I have plenty of new adventures ahead of me, and to quote one of my good friends, David Stoddart, who was a former Episcopal priest at St. Luke's in Worcester and my priest, "Terry, he said, when I retired in 1999: you are in for still more surprises!" He could not have been more correct in his prediction; God bless you David.**

## Bonsai news!

**I recently purchased a very nice small Dwarf Jade Bonsai tree at Bonsai West in Littleton, MA! I have managed to kill two previous Bonsai's but this time will be different. I swear on my good name, right this moment, to care properly for this treasured tree, named, "Little Guy"—yeah, I realize that is schmaltzy, but so be it, hah!**

**I am watering it well, but only when it gets "bone dry" and just fed it some Miracle Gro—at the rate of ½ strength every two weeks. So far, it looks just fine and I have it on display inside today since we have a Cousin of Margaret, Phyllis Simone, coming for dinner tonight! I thoroughly enjoy its aesthetics and that it captures in its small aspects, the**

**essence of a much larger living thing. I am taking a four-hour introductory class at Bonsai West this August to learn more about caring and nurturing my new friend.**

**This Jade tree, helps me accept the fact that, in our condo, there can be no veggie garden; but I can nurture plant life nonetheless. I have no idea why I love small Bonsai trees so much except that they are like having a real tree in your home, but of a size that you can tend to its intimate needs every day, which is really enjoyable.**

**"Little Guy", recently added family member in May 2017-THRIVING AND GETTING WATERED & FERTILIZED REGULARLY!**



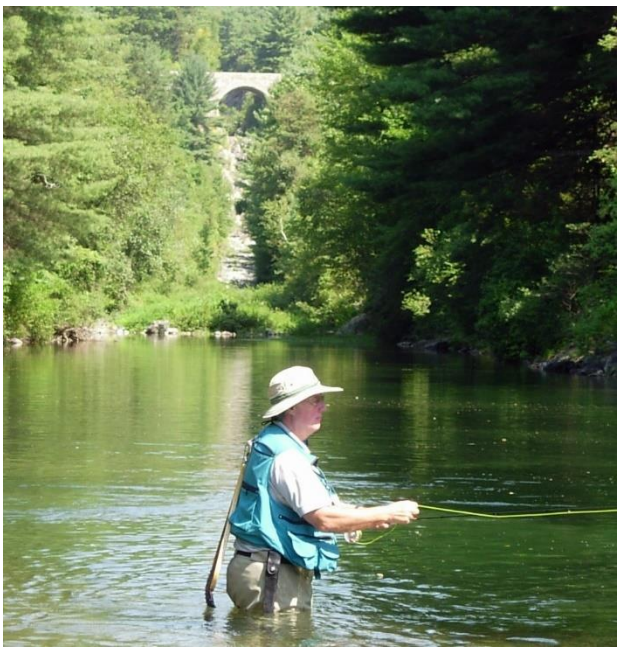
**And now, arriving home from its first pruning and wiring and dunking watering is "Little Lady", which just seems feminine in its taper and effects, eh? This tree died even with my caring but read along to see what happens next, Bonsai-wise!**

**And son Jon and wife Jess, joined us in our cozy condo this past Sunday for a crockpot chicken meal, which is one of Jon's favorite dishes! It was very tasty and we all had seconds. I like to cook, especially for those I love—starting with Margaret and me and moving out in ever larger concentric circles of edible treats and meals. We are all grateful for so much good food, and for shelter, and love and clean air and water.**

**Here is a recent photo of son Jon and their two Greyhounds: Butter and Smokey (gray):**



**And now, here is a reasonable facsimile of me, approaching the warm months in NE, happy as can be, and enjoying delicious salads, hoping to lose some weight; playing golf and trout fishing, and later on, this October, 2017, will be taking a 4-day trip to Montreal. I will cover my trip in full, with photos, upon my return. Stay tuned. BTW, in in this photo, I am just down from the overflow chute from the Quabbin Reservoir, at the Y pool.**



**We had a nice overnight visit from one of Margaret's 1st Cousins: Phyllis Simone, daughter of Hilda and Tommy Simone, of Worcester. Phyllis is a grand traveler, having seen most of Europe, much of the Middle East, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and the US! She has had homes on Martha's Vineyard, west coast Florida, New Mexico, where she now lives with a significant other, in Albuquerque, Worcester, and probably more spots than we now know. She enjoyed our chicken crockpot and sorbet dessert and regaled us with a bit of her travels. She seems to have accepted much of the new cultures she has seen; though despairs over the poverty in many lands; and we all concurred on the horrible job being perpetrated by President Donald Trump!**

***As I write this update on July 22, 2017, evening has settled in and we are happily, gratefully, pursuing our hobbies: Margaret is resting on our comfy sofa and I am pounding away on this Suburban Odyssey tome; a task for my heart and soul. There is always just one more epiphany to share; one more suggestion to make about careers; one more essay topic to discuss, and certainly, always better photos, diagrams, and drawings, to explain what I am trying to say. Of course, you, the reader, will determine what, if any meaning, lies in all these words, 340,231, at this point in time!***

**I will be heading to Montreal this October 2 (my 77th birthday), and returning on October 5th, to get away on somewhat of a retreat, but with a specific goal of learning more about my 4th Gt. Grandfather James Hughes. I will take a look at the diaries of James McGill, whose university will host my research visit, not financially, though. I will also try poutine, a mad mixture of French fries, cheese, and gravy!? I will take along plenty of anti-acid meds. I will drive the 5-hour trip and then take public transportation, while in Montreal. I can't wait!!**

**Margaret's Aunt Sally died, at age 97, last week, after only two days in hospice care. She was just ready to pass on to heaven we expect, where they better have hamburgers, which she could polish off with relish, pun intended. Sally was outspoken, but always truthful and loved her Polish roots. Rest in blessed peace, Aunt Sally!**

**I *am trying manfully to lose about 20 pounds off my older aged paunch. I have greatly reduced my ingestion of potatoes and bread; little or no sweets, except a snack bar of cashews every lunchtime; plenty of salads. and little eating after supper. I started at almost 225 and am now about 222 and in better shape, having upped the amount of walking I'm doing. I try to walk 60" 3x a week and also lift 10lb hand weights every other day, plus yoga stretching 15" each morning. This is difficult to maintain but I know it will enable me to continue walking when I want: wading trout streams; golfing, and enough stamina to enjoy the remaining years of my life.* Hey, what's life without a good challenge to meet??**

**Most of my St. Luke's friends have some challenges: ranging from heart issues to joint issues, to arthritis (I now have a bone spur in left hip), to less stamina overall, to extreme allergies, to general old age aches and pains. Lord, give me courage and persistence in overcoming my few physical and mental challenges as I head toward my 80th in two years?!**



**This trout above, rising to a natural fly, is my object of addiction, and I want to connect to more trout each season I am able to fish—not so much in numbers, but quality of fish, and yes, still, the large trout captivate me! Painting by A. Maddox: superb! To reach these gifts of nature, my body must be strong, and my mind clear! My life as of April 2, 2017, (as nearly as I can tell, hah!) meets those attributes.**



**Margaret and I are still very much satisfied with our life together, living here at Salisbury West, in a cozy condo. I realize this sounds cheesy, but how else could I describe a one-floor, two bedrooms (one of which I use as my den), two bathrooms: we each have our own, finally! We also have a screened in porch, looking out through shrubs and flowers, to a pleasant walkway with parking.**

**Our maintenance is well carried out; no snow or grass to deal with, hooray! The only item I miss a bit, would be my annual vegetable garden. And also, the blueberry bushes that Margaret love to eat from. Beyond that, we want for nothing at all and are grateful.**

**I continue to take classes through Worcester Institute for Senior Education, W.I.S.E. and am enrolled in two classes this winter: Wordsworth poetry, with an excellent professor teaching it; and a Wellness class about self-compassion, which is very useful information.**

**Both of us took a 6-month JCC membership from last November until the end of this April. Margaret and I do treadmill; and I do that plus some rowing and some weights work. This is in addition to climbing up and down our 3-floor condo 2x weekly; walking around our condo which is .6M whenever the weather is OK. I have taken yoga for several years and do it at home every morning for 10-15 minutes and it has helped my stiffness and ability to play golf and fish comfortably.**

**I will be starting to golf with my son Jon soon! We love to play together and kibitz about everything in question. He keeps score; I don't like to, and off we go. And, of course, I will get my fishing license, probably about my 50th so far! It is free in MA at age 70. A nice if small gesture toward the State's senior fishing gang.**

**Challenge is mine once again!**

**My weight, since being sick with a Depression, for several months in 2014, has gone from about 185 up to 222!? Just loving my re-found appetite, and just too much starch in potatoes and pasta and desserts. I made a commitment to myself to get back down to 200 ASAP and have already lost 2.5 lbs.! Cut out most potatoes and less pasta and no candy and far less sweets. Less bread and lower caloric brands are part of my new regimen.**

**Margaret manages to suck down many more snacks; candied fruit, candy, and whatever, but doesn't gain much; we have no idea why. So, my work is cut out for me and I will persist in reaching my goal over the summer; by Labor Day, I plan on being back in size 38" pants, down from my current 40 inchers!**

**Well, it's now end of August, 2017, and I weigh 220; lost a few but not enough. C'mon Terry: suck it up now!**

***Listening to music on my Sony player, early every morning for about an hour, has brought me great pleasure and a calming start to my days as an elder. Mostly classical symphonies of Brahms, Rachmaninoff, Parry, Van Williams; Bruckner, Sibelius, and others, plus some piano jazz, TV and show tunes, and a bit of New Age, is quite a pleasing palette of sounds!***

***Yesterday, we enjoyed a special treat and accompanied church friends Don and Barbara Groves, to the musical Pippin, at the Hanover Theatre in downtown Worcester. The show's basic theme involved a young man, determined to lead an adventurous life, despite his father, the King, not wanting him to risk injury or death, but simply to comply with his wishes. He does the opposite and his antics include going to war; marrying, parenting, and generally leading a normal life. All this fails, though the cast, delivers all of this plot with magic, playful music, and many delightful acrobatic stunts that keep things hopping, hah!***

***What he finally discovers, as do most of us later in life; is that a "normal" life can be plenty full of noble adventures after all! A decent message for an indecent age, aha!***




***It took us both 15 minutes to get into the spirit, but when they showed large graphics of the song lyrics and urged us to sing; we did, and away we went, loving the release it gave us, from our everyday cares, magnified at this time, for every American, because Trump was tragically, elected US President; a fact that is hard to forget for even a moment in time!***

**Today I attended a Becker College lacrosse match, held against Anna Maria College at their field in north Paxton. Weather cooperated as the sun shone brightly; the wind died down, and when I left, due to frozen feet and stiff legs, as the stadium seats were covered in 5" of snow and slushy ice, Becker led 6-2. I just heard that Becker won 11-3—a blowout! The girls will be playing soccer in Ashland and nearby for April-May, again this year and I will attend at least one of their games. Emma is athletically inclined but Wiley is more interested in books and music and art. We'll see how the die becomes cast for**

**their future career, a development that fascinated me, since I was a young boy and wanted to be a Doctor or a fixer: the latter absorbed by watching my Dad fix everything which I admired.**

## Margaret's Fall!

**On May 8th, of 2017, while out walking with me, around our condo property, Margaret took a terrible fall, as I saw a car swerve toward us, and urged her to my left. She caught her right leg in an unrepaired, unmarked pothole, and fell abruptly to the ground striking her right kneecap, which broke, and also broke a small bone in her left foot. She was taken by ambulance to U/MA emergency and then admitted.**

**The next day she was transferred to Jewish Health Center, 1 mile down Salisbury street from our home. She was placed in a restrictive leg brace, covering her entire right leg; and in severe pain, which was lowered greatly, by proper pain killers, thank God. I would visit her two times daily to be sure she was getting properly treated, which she was. They provided us excellent medical care and were friendly, and their food was even fairly good!**

**Our orthopedic Surgeon, Dr. Siegel, decided not to operate, because she believes the kneecap will grow new bone and heal better by itself and rest and then PT work. We are grateful we were spared the surgery, which would have been more painful and would also have prolonged our ordeal.**

**Margaret has never been a complainer and this was no exception; I am truly proud of my wife and soul mate! But she has to wear the brace, no exceptions, for 12 weeks, and as of this writing, on 6/9/17, she has six more weeks to endure. Then plenty of PT to regain normal functioning once again. I know she will be able to do it; as she is mentally strong and we will get through this challenge, together, as with all other ones we have successfully faced.**

**Fortunately, we live in a one floor condo, with two BRs, and mine is a walk in and with a bath chair, Margaret can take regular showers with minimal assistance and encouragement. Margaret walks comfortably with her walker and I spot her for showers and for washing her hair at our kitchen sink. I do the cooking and we have a person clean our condo once weekly and will continue to do so until Margaret is healthy once again. I was very mad at the condo management and board of directors, because, the pothole was not marked with a cone or yellow tape and she might have seen that and not fallen!!? I chose not to pursue a litigious result, but was disappointed with the response of my "friend" Graham, former President of the Board, who said, "why didn't she see it??" and only later said he was sorry she had been injured!? You just don't know how persons will respond when they feel accountability for an accident. But on we go and expect by this fall, Margaret will be walking with me again. I miss our walks together but we will pick up where we left off, when again possible. Amen!**

**I had planned to go to Montreal for family research at McGill University and sightseeing middle of June but changed the dates to this August 28-31, 2017. I will only go then if Margaret is well on her way to full walking strength. And her sister Pat, will come up while I'm gone to be with her; thanks Pat! Family means so much to us during this challenging patch of "rough stuff"!**

**I have played 3 nine-hole rounds of golf and fished the Swift last week. In both instances, my abilities are rusty: 48,49, 52 at Packy, and no trout caught on the Swift, but I will persist, as usual, one of my enduring characteristics.**

**Now on July 3rd, 2017, Margaret is walking with no walker, using only my walking stick until her cane arrives! We went food shopping this morning and she picked up the items she wanted and enjoyed being "normal" again. Her restrictive brace may be off by July 14th; we'll see.**



**On May 8th, 217, a horrible and unexpected event took place as Margaret and I happily walked 2 laps of 4 we intended to walk, around our condo property. There are no sidewalks and we walked, as usual, along a formed macadam siding, when suddenly I noticed an approaching car that seemed headed toward us a bit and called out to Margaret, as I moved her to her left, "Move over, car coming" and kept walking, as the next car stopped; a man got out; and said to me, who's in the ditch back there?!"**

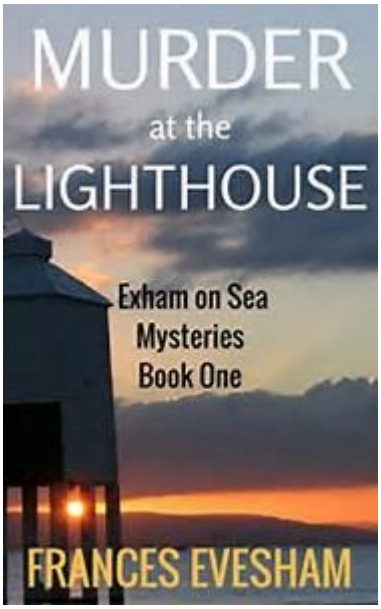
***It was Margaret, curled up in a fetal position; she had struck the front end of an unmarked, being repaired, pothole and it threw her down with such force that she broke her kneecap, which found out later! She couldn't speak and when we tried to lift her place her in a car to head home, she couldn't put weight on either leg. An ambulance was called; drove us to ER at U/MA on Belmont; where they took X-rays showing a broken Patella and also a minor break in her other foot!***

**She stayed overnight and the next day was transported to JCC Health Care Center, right down the street from our home. Below is Margaret, early on in her ordeal, smiling bravely and being the strong girl, she has always been, ever since we met, fortunately, in 1988 at a single's dance. She asked me for the last dance, and that has made all the difference in both our lives!**

**They gave her excellent care, and within a few days, drew down her pain to a manageable level, say 3-4 on a scale where 10 is excruciatingly fierce and unbearable. I felt terrible seeing her in such pain, but could only stand by and comfort her as best I could. I was able to go back and forth from our condo to her bedside for meals which helped keep a shred of normalcy about the entire experience. She remained there eight days before being sent home, replete with an entire right leg brace, which locked her knee straight out to help healing take place. Margaret is a very strong person, and underwent her ordeal with little fanfare, as usual, and I continued to assist as able, while the medical team went to work.**

**PT met with her and laid out a plan to help her being the journey back to full health and walking: some 6 months or more down the road we were now on. Difficult to accept, as the sunshine had become warming and we looked forward to another comfortable, active summer at our pool and socializing with friends at ease! But it was not to be.**

**Margaret's love of reading has been a marvelous way for her to stave off boredom and the painful realization that she would not walk normally for such a long time to come. Reading about a book every day, many given to her by good friends and family, has been much appreciated by both of us. So, on we go.**




**PT and OT have visited with her regularly two times weekly and that will continue. They push her a bit to walk more; stretch more, and do exercises while standing in her walker at the kitchen sink. She washes her hair there with me spotting her all the while and now takes showers with a long plastic sleeve keeping the water from entering the injured area.**

**One month with no showering was difficult to endure, but Margaret maintained her mostly smiling self, and we both tried to see a bit of humor, in how many little tasks we all take for granted, when perfectly able to do them, such as, sitting in a chair or eating at a table (still not doable), visiting friends, riding normally in a car and not stuffed in the back seat like a crane which has been captured, ha! But again, we work so well as a team; always have; and on we go.**

**The knee cap is healing nicely and the Orthopedic Surgeon, Dr. Siegel is pleased with the progress made so far. Margaret must keep the brace on for 6 more weeks, gradually increasing the angle she can bend her knee, until healed, when she will be able to do a 90-degree bend! We look forward to that in September and then on to "normal" walking over time. I suppose it is somewhat easier to manage this ordeal in summer weather, with no ice to deal with when traveling.**

**We have a cleaning person come once weekly to keep our condo somewhat acceptable to my fastidious wife Margaret, hah! She can spot a crumb the size of an ant at 20 paces!**

**I re-scheduled my planned trip to Montreal until this August 28-21 to be by her side until she is on the mend for sure.**

**Our immediate family and friends have been wonderfully supportive and caring and it would have been much harder without them. Thank God for family and friends in a time of severe need.**

**What's ahead?**



**Great road concept above, of moving forward in life!**

**I am looking forward, eagerly, on this the 18th of June, 2017, to the fast approaching fishing and golfing seasons! We just finished our second year of 6-month memberships at JCC, down Salisbury St. ½ mile. My strength is greatly increased, but since I rowed and didn't use the treadmill, my wind could be better. I walked 9 holes at Packy, recently, and found the hills caused me to stop several times to get my breath back to normal; which was disappointing. But I am rallying by walking almost each day plus lifting weights at home in my den. My weight, as of June 18, 2017, down to 222 and holding: less bread; little potatoes; less sweets and cheese, more walking!**

***Yes, I do have a few aches & pains, richly deserved, at age 76, but hopefully nothing serious enough to derail me from golfing and fishing in the trout streams. Both these pursuits give me untold pleasure and my sons like doing them with me, from time to time! A bone spur in my left hip, is the only ache I am concerned about as I'm told I cannot return it to its former condition, whatever I do. But I will maximize the strength in my core and left leg and right to be able to keep fishing and golfing and walking and living fully! My old body owes me absolutely nothing! It has served me through all this suburban Odyssey—in good and bad weather, and in sickness and health—I am very grateful to be this well at age 77!***



**Health, overall is very good; mentally, physically, and spiritually. I still go every Sunday to St. Luke's and am now serving on a commission for adult education; actually, a committee, but with higher expectations for producing new events for our parish!**

***I stretch every morning for 10-15 minutes; and lift weights for another 10 minutes. Before pursuing other activities. I have taken yoga most of the winter at our church and can do most of the positions. I have never been comfortable in the yoga classic position seated, with legs akimbo! My body just isn't that flexible anymore. Interestingly, even as a young man, I couldn't touch my feet leaning over in front. Coordinated, yes! Enthusiastically athletic, yes! Very limber, no! BTW, is the floor actually farther down than it used to be?***

**My mental acuities remain good as I continue to read fiction and non-fiction works; watch information TV shows in addition to dramas and news/sports; have written almost 1,000 pages of my tome of which this is a part: Suburban Odyssey, since beginning it in 2005.**

**I do Jumble word puzzles; converse at length with friends, both every Thursday at breakfast with church guys, and again at lunch with church group every Sunday following our 8am service. This of course also keeps me socially involved and alert. Member now include Don Groves; Jon Seal, Sam McClure, Greg MacGilpin, Andrew Boyd, occasionally, Bob Paulson, and regularly, Doc Ferris and Patrick O'Reilly.**

**I meet every week or so with John Ferris from our breakfast group, a historian and retired Rheumatologist, to discuss civil war and other topics. John is a pleasant, intelligent person and easy to sit and exchange ideas with. He has been challenged with A-Fib which they are working to control. Sure, hope he does well in the future; really nice friend!**

***I am trying to learn how to play a computer Civil War game, which is difficult since you have to visualize troops—where they are and where they should be, to engage and win. I love everything to do with American Civil War and have read maybe 15 books on the subject, among which were, Killer Angels; several on Joshua Chamberlain, the Maine 20th,***

***and several about Antietam. The movie Gettysburg, is a favorite war movie for Margaret and I and we have visited Gettysburg, twice, with guided tours.***

***We discontinued our subscription to the Worcester Gazette, due to its terribly conservative editorials, and relative lack of good content. We listen to NBC for news and other news outlets. Today's news, with Trump as president, is very discouraging and frightening. Trump is mentally ill and was elected in November of 2016, by electoral college only, having lost popular vote by 3 million to Hilary Clinton.***

***Sad, but true, that had more persons voted; he would never have been elected. He is a serial liar; a womanizer; a racist; a narcissist, and totally unqualified to serve. He tweets messages of consequence world-wide impulsively, and could cause WWIII with little difficulty or intentionality!! God help us, one and all!!***

**I have arrived at a "break period" from my autobiographical journey and also from my summarizing the Chapman & Hughes families. I hope to give copies of the summary to Jon and Dan and families, for their edification and enjoyment, and also as a teaser for them to read my entire opus, sometime, somewhere, somehow. But again, I write these words largely for my own personal reflection and review of my life's adventures; some of which were successfully done and others, "not so much" as the current saying goes.**

## END OF LIFE STORY HERE??????????

**My entries in Suburban Odyssey, will become more of a journal, than a narrative adventure; but one never knows what may happen next. I will continue to focus on the wonder of everyday occurrences; family events; my church friends; and of course, my sons and Emma & Wiley and Smokey and Butter—Jon's retired Greyhounds.**

**This afternoon, Margaret and I, will go to a party at the O'Reilly's near our home in Worcester. Linda's gift of hospitality will shine once again as she entertains frequently and they show off their lovely home, with its large fish pond filled with about 30 Koi, their comfy 4-season family room; their dog Seamus, and their cat, name not remembered, sorry! There will probably be 20-30 folks there to enjoy the day together.**

***My sons celebrated Father's Day with me, yesterday, by treating me to a nice card and lunch at Jack's Abbey, one of the new venues for young folks, featuring hundreds of beers and fairly good food. I inhaled a slice of pizza, then realized it was spicy hot and washed it down with a birch beer. Both were mistakes as the beer was wintergreen flavored—I am***

***a spearmint man—and the pizza was average. I ordered a strange alternative: potato pizza with bacon, which was absolutely delicious. Go figure, as the current saying goes.***



**Emma on left and Wiley on right; together as always; they represent Our collective Chapman future and it sure looks bright! I have somewhat Completed my "initial" research on the Chapman Clan, from Robert Chapman, from Hull, England to America in 1635 and up to these cherubs above! My Granddaughters are delightful human beings and in them lies our future generation:**

**What will it be called? Perhaps "the seekers"? Summer 2017 photo**

**They have begun 6th grade at Ashland Middle School and of course are doing just fine, thank you!**

**So, as we wait for the inevitable cooling winds, falling leaves, and half accepted birthdays ahead this fall, we are grateful for all that we have been given: love, food, shelter, good air and water, plenty of real friends, and lots of adventures, alone in the world, and also when we are together, which in a spiritual sense, is always!**

## Another severe challenge for Margaret!

**8/4/17: Margaret is home from severe blood clot which appeared suddenly last weekend! She went to U/MA ER and then to hospital for vascular issues and started blood thinners to prevent enlargement or movement of the clot. They said they believe we caught in good time and she should heal, though it could take 6 months for the clot to disappear completely. We are relieved and grateful for her potential healing. She was doing well in outpatient PT and will return to that, after a stint of home PT and nursing support. We have been impressed with the high quality of care received plus all the love from family and friends. We will move ahead and pray for continued healing and grace.**

***I am always amazed at Margaret's ability to function, even with great pain and tribulation! She makes the appointments; does the bills; and I help with washing clothes, cooking and shopping, and the 100 daily things to be gotten for her when she needs them.***

***As of September 5, 2017, Margaret is now walking happily and well on a cane and we have spent some pleasant hours alongside our condo pool: our oasis near our home. She will begin PT again, soon, for 16 weeks, and hopefully regain full use of both legs. My heart goes out to her for her courage, lack of complaining, and ability to get things done.***

***I surely hope my impetuosity will stay away until she is much better and our lives return to normal; but in reality, "Life is what happens while you're making other plans", as the highly creative Salada tea tag said, years ago. This is philosophy we can use, eh?***

***I believe the British call this type of challenge "a rough patch" and if so, we have hit an acre of rough patches since May 7th, date of her fall while we were happily walking.***

**Montreal trip postponed willingly for another time! Will depart October 2nd (my 77th birthday) and return October 5th. Can't wait!**

**Sons Jon and Dan are enjoying their 2017 summer time off; Jon and Jess playing with dogs at home and day tripping to Vermont to Jess's vacation home on a lake. Dan was at Cape Cod with mother Beth, and then to Squam Lake in NH with the MacDuffie in laws, John**

**and Karen. I am so proud of both of my fine sons—first of all their warm sense of humanity and kindness to others, and also their spirit for life with all its challenges and pleasures. We love hang time together, whether golfing, fishing, lunching, or just hanging out and doing our tear producing fake sucker punching routine. Much fun with these boys!**

**Jon, Dan, and I had a great day this past Sunday, Labor Day weekend, attending the Fed-EX playoff at TPC BOSTON, where Jon and I played on my 70th birthday in 2010. Justin Thomas won as Jordan Spieth faded over the last round. We saw Jason Day, one of my favorite players, and also Bubba Watson, Dustin Johnson, and Ian Poulter, Great Britain's superb Ryder Cup player. Some insistent rain didn't dampen our spirits and good hot dogs kept us energized as Dan said we walked 7500 steps—or about 3 miles!**



**190-yard par-3 over water to almost island green!**

**WISE classes begin again in September; I'm taking Intro to Buddhism; How to be happy; and Walking the Blackstone River, which I've wanted to take for years! Should be an engaging fall, and I will also continue to add entries in this semi-diary of my life on planet Earth.**



**Early Buddhism symbol: 8-spoked wheel**

**I HAVE TAKEN A RELAXED APPROACH TO FISHING AND GOLFING THIS SUMMER; NO EXPECTATIONS, NO REAL GOALS, JUST DO EITHER AS THE SPIRIT MOVES ME; WILL TIE LOTS OF FLIES THIS WINTER, AS I NOW HAVE SLIDABLE HARD PLASTIC MAT UNDER MY DEN DESK CHAIR! I WILL ALSO CREATE SOME NEW ITEMS TO CELEBRATE LIFE/NATURE/WONDER, SUCH AS MY SPIRITUALITY SERIES, AND COMMEMORATIVE**

**SERIES. I LOVE TO DO THESE WORKS, AS THEY ARE A REFLECTION OF WHO I AM—NOT DR. CHAPMAN, NOT ANY ROLE PLAYING—JUST ME, AT MY BEST!**



**Easy does it! Cast a little; nibble a hidden sandwich; repeat until desires met! BTW, how does he leave his post??**

**What's around the next bend in the road? Hopefully, something special, or beautiful, or just comfortable would be nice for Margaret and me, both in our 70's; still in love, and enjoying each other's company, come hell or high water, or "a rough patch or two".**

**Today, September 12, 2017, Margaret re-started PT to rehab her kneecap on right leg; worked one hour with therapist while I did quick grocery shopping and took a 20" walk. She will work for 16 weeks; two times weekly and do home exercises, until Xmas this year. She is ready and willing and wants to drive and do normal things with no pain, which could take up to a year; but I will be with her and coach her and love her; that's the least I can do!**

**Am walking almost daily; lifting weights 2x weekly; yoga weekly and daily; and cutting back on sweets and starch, but weight still 221!?**

**I have begun WISE courses for noncredit enlightenment including Intro to Buddhism; How to Be Happy, and Down the Blackstone (River); most are 5 sessions; no homework, but I bought the books recommended.**

**I also purchased from Amazon.com the new biography on Thoreau, called: Thoreau: A Life, by Laura Walls. 462 pages long with plenty of notes; this should fill my desire to know Thoreau better.**

**When the weather precludes our walking outside, we will once again join Jewish Community Center for 6 months: November-May 2018. I may try water aerobics to help my left hip bone spur, incurred, just because, this summer. I don't think PT would help, but walking does, so I can continue my golfing and fishing the stream, for a while longer, thank God!**

**I am sleeping well, though I dream a lot; noting nightmare like, but often somewhat stressful, including work-related scenarios, with people I do not know from life? This usually takes place the last few hours of my sleep, having turned in by 9pm and so I wake up for a new day; quickly forgetting the substance of the dreaming, about 4:30 every day. I do hope I won't sleep less and less, but I do know older age sleep is not the same as the deep sleep of the young.**

**Hey, older age has many benefits: retirement, opportunities to explore new ideas and activities; make new friends, enjoy plenty of reading and listening to classical and jazz and new age music! But the downside is abundantly obvious to all:**

**1. less good sleep**
**2. tendency to dwell on food!**
**3. gradual reduction of overall strength and stamina!**
**4. gradually forgetting short term occurrences and details!**
**5. gradual diminution of concentration and attention span; chess seems a bit hard to stay with for more than 30 minutes or so; I fish 2 hours, not 4-5 hours, wading the trout streams.**
**6. Plus or minus? I tend to not keep as close a contact with distant friends and family as I used to do. In some cases, this is a 2-way decision; As my son Jon says, "Dad, they just aren't that 'Into you! "**

**However, on balance, my life is full, enriching, enjoyable and I have been blessed with plenty of stamina, for now, to pursue what I want to pursue and complete the major life tasks I have committed to do:**

**1. Suburban Odyssey: part of which you are now reading: is about 1300 pages long and I am still finding plenty to write about: the flow of life for Margaret and me, in a journal-type format, like this section.**

**2. I have finished Christmas gifts 2017, for Dan and family and Jon and family: <u>Chapman and Hughes Family Histories: about 90 pages in length.</u>**

**3. I would like to complete a story-like piece on James Hughes, Town Major, perhaps for publication, or just for the fun of it. James has looked down on me, literally, from his 1792 oil painting likeness, since I was aware of his presence in our living room, age 6 or so. We have become "good friends" in those 70 or so years, hah, and will always be so.**

***He inspired me to undertake Suburban Odyssey, along with my Brother Ronald Thayer Chapman, who died in May of 2014, in Maryland, where we both grew up together. Hughes presents the highest degree of ancestral mystery and curiosity on my part, and Ron, my dear challenged Brother, presents a large portion of what has probably motivated me lifelong: to use all of my God-given gifts and talents, to help others and lead a full, satisfying life on planet Earth, our island home!***

**So, life runs on far too quickly most days, but not fast enough, when we are challenged by accidents, like Margaret's fall this spring, or my short Depression, Summer, 2014, but runs nonetheless. I am reminded that "we are not in charge"; God is. I don't believe that God knows what I will do next, but knows exactly who I am, the true me, and smiles spiritually when I do good acts, ranging from picking up a bit of trash while fishing, to helping someone write their resume or prepare for a dreaded interview. It all matters to God; so, reflecting on how I am doing, so far in my life, is important and I will continue my assessment for as long as I have breath; hopefully many more years to come.**

***DNA TO BE TESTED FOR NATIVE AMERICAN STRAIN!***

***Attention: I just mailed in my DNA test by saliva to Ancestry.com; 8 weeks and I will know somewhat definitively where my ancestors lived and where I came from! I am excited to see if I'm mostly British/Irish? Or is there another strain I've never known about?! I'm hoping for maybe a bit of Native American blood in my makeup, since I revere Nature and respect and cherish it so much. But if it's mostly stolid European/British, so be it; I'll just have to be a "little off strain" with my emotional, creative, enthusiastic being, hah!***

***My DNA results arrived and confirm my 70% DNA from Great Britain, but a true surprise is that my DNA is also 18% connected to the Iberian Peninsula: Spain and Portugal!? How can this be, as I've never heard any of my Chapman clan talk about his link. I will research how this could have happened, leaning heavily on Ancestry.com, going back in the Hughes Clan, beyond the French ancestors, and maybe I'll find a few Spaniards, ole!?***




***NO, not me, but also from Iberian ancestry!***

***Update: September 24, 2017: I have not found any Iberian ancestors on ancestry.com, yet! But I will continue to search and divine just what this could mean to my family. I do believe, that it could have been the fact, that earlier Hughes (maternal) ancestors, settled and lived in SW France, near Iberia, for many generations, and could have easily moved into France over several centuries. This is a thesis, not a conclusion; diligent and regular searching, will yield some answer, I hope.***

***On a more familiar genealogical front, I travel to Montreal, yes, finally, as Margaret is well, and his sister Pat, will stay with her while I am gone: leave October 2, 2017 and return October 5th. Lori, archivist, at McGill University Library, will host me and show me the personal diaries of James McGill, who I have said, Godfathered several of James Hughes, Town Major of Montreal's children. Sure, I pray, he might have mentioned the Hughes family in his diaries. In any event, I am very excited to travel back to Montreal, where Margaret and I visited in 1991, and also Quebec City, where my mother Charlotte (David) Chapman was born June 21, 1913. Mother was naturalized, when her parents, Romeo and Evelyn David, settled in Boston, MA the same year.***

***On other fronts, golfing and fishing are winding down. Good friend Jon Seale and I will search for fish at Wachusetts Reservoir, tomorrow, using live bait: God, we are getting desperate! Jon and I always enjoy each other's company and he has been a loyal friend since 1990, when we joined St. Luke's church in Worcester.***

***I am adjusting my goals in golf; I still enjoy playing, especially with sons Jon and Daniel, but the fire in my belly to score low, though burning, does not motivate me as much as earlier in my life. From returning to golf in 1989, after 12 years away with family and professional challenges and moves, I probably played two times weekly from April to October until about 2005, when Jon Seale bought vacation home on RI coast and was not available for golfing; we have not played this year.***

**I did go to TPC Boston, Norton, MA, with Jon and Dan, recently, and "they play a game I am now not familiar with"! Dustin Johnson, Jordan Spieth, Rory McElroy, Jason Day, and still Phil Mickelson, hit the ball to an average over 300 yards. My drives, in my 70' s, go about 190-210! My wedge and short game is still better than average; putting is streaky, but I did hole a 55'putt at Green Hill this year, to save a par on a long uphill par 4, which was lots of fun!**

***Trout fishing was very disappointing this year; having caught only some small trout to 12".***
***I admit I only went to the Swift River about 5 times vs. my usual 15 or so, but the water was often low, very clear, and very little hatching of flies going on. I fished mostly bead heads, but also a few dries, but to no good result.***

***Next year, I am going to try more types of flies; including small streamers to imitate bait fish that trout like to engorge. I will need to fish more; complain less; and stay optimistic if I plan on a better year.***

***WISE courses going well; Down the Blackstone is enjoyable and made a new friend: Geography professor from Clark University, is in our church yoga class and plans on attending a church service. Friendly, knowledgeable, and open to new ideas: a really nice person! The other course, The Art of Happiness, started badly, with the teacher talking non-stop for 60" before asking for class participation. Hopefully, she will settle down as we get further into our topic: joining mindfulness and eastern ideas with western competencies. Good idea—hard to do!***




***BONSAI DEVOTEE! Summer/fall 2017***

***My Bonsai trees, Terra (Dwarf Jade) & Firma (Dwarf Cherry) are surviving; the cherry is in perfect shape and was gotten as part of a class I took this August. The Jade is challenging and still dropping a leaf or two daily for about a month. Bonsai West staff told me to be very careful in not over watering and this I have done. The trunk is firm, which they said, means it is ok! I dearly love these trees, a little bit of the great outdoors in my own home, and will try my best to help them thrive!***



***Dwarf cherry: Firma, showing off at 770 Salisbury condo! This poor tree also died unexpectedly; oh woe is me! This is one I birthed at Bonsai West from a tiny twig branch.***

***Update Christmas 2017: The cherry tree lost all of its leaves! I am told, since the under bark is green toward its trunk; it may revive come spring, so I am watering it with the healthy Jade; I can always hope, eh?***



***Today, is Greg MacGilpin's 70th birthday party, with all friends from St. Luke's meeting and celebrating with a grand brunch at his home in Worcester. Greg has been a wonderful friend; full of energy, ambition, and was "born" into St. Luke's, his spiritual home. Thank God for such great friends, mostly found at St. Luke's!***

***Margaret, doing well in PT and wanting to drive ASAP! She can walk 30" around condo property, with little or no pain. Huzzah! So pleasing to see her regain her former joi de vivre! Margaret is a perfect partner, and with me, make a damn good couple I believe.***

***But know and know well, that in fall 2017, I am quite grateful and pleased with my life's work—yes, even the failings and missteps taken—all of it, has been one grand suburban adventure! On I go; hand in hand with all I know, to exactly where, only time will show. End of this journal entry; Godspeed to all who read my words, this beautiful fall day, with sunlight, streaming through the greenery outside our patio, and brightening our lives.***

**Update: Just before my 77th birthday, at Salisbury West: 9/30/17:**

**Margaret drove to the library and home today, with her standard 5 books for the week and returned smiling! She is really almost back to normal, except for occasional stiffness and minimal pain in getting into and out of the car and climbing stairs, still one at a time. It feels good to see my partner so normal after 5 months of difficulties, including broken knee cap; broken bone in other foot; bad bronchitis, and then to top it off—a severe blood clot, which we caught early enough to ward off anything more life threatening.**

***I am caught up, in how very tenuous our wellbeing really is! Before her fall in May, Margaret and I were like two older love birds; let's say Baltimore Orioles, twitting along, feeding; playing, and loving like youngsters, well almost—and then all hell broke loose.***

***Turning 77, is just another date on my calendar, however, perhaps, if we dig just a little deeper, there may be more meaning to absorb: I have added new interests all my life and it's hard to put in one sentence, but here goes!***

*"My interests include writing life history and poems (haiku-like); fishing and fly tying; cooking and wine; Pickleball (look it up, hah); reading personal adventure novels, like The Last of the Breed by Lamour; walking; eating out; day travel and occasional longer trips, such as Catskills, Maryland, Montreal, and I'd like to return to the Catskill sometime; my family genealogy; actively pursued since 2007 on Ancestry.com; spiritual exploration and reflection; active member of St. Luke's Episcopal Church since 1990; actively taking non-credit courses in the arts, religions, environment, etc. with WISE, Worcester Institute for Senior Education, in Worcester; Still collecting the occasional rock from some new fishing spot; listening regularly to classical music and jazz and folk on Sony mp-3 player; now have almost 500 pieces recorded for my enjoyment; still available to help others with any and all career questions or needs; taking my 15th (not consecutive) year of yoga at church; creating and giving original trout fly gift—framed and with a haiku-like remembrance; now over 50 given—immense satisfaction at creating something unique for everyone—each of the recipients is unique!"*

**Yea, I do keep busy! It took me about 2 years to settle into retirement and then away I went; and have enjoyed it all for 14 years now, as of 2017!**

***1. I am still able to wade for trout at least two hours or more and my blood pressure and breathing are almost normal, unless I have caught and released a large trout!***

***2. I can still walk 9 holes of golf with a pull cart and, though winded, can break 100; I ride a cart for 18 holes, but last summer (2016); shot an 88 and beat son Jon at Gardener Public Course!***



*Son Jon warming up at Plymouth links; about 2010*

***3. I can still play actively with Emma & Wiley, my dear Grand Daughters. They beat me regularly at memory, where you try to remember the location of first card drawn; they are amazing!***

***4. I cook for Margaret and me and am trying more soup and entrée recipes from various sources. That means standing for up to 2 hours cooking and I can pull that off plus a tasty meal (usually) and keep smiling.***



***5. I am actively posting almost every day on FB often related to sports, some mundane activity reflected upon, like walking, or a spiritually related theme. I have 67 FB friends with political views across the spectrum; almost none likes President Trump.***

***6. I drive well and will check my capabilities by driving on October 2nd, my birthday, to Montreal, a 6-hour jaunt, in my beloved 6th Subaru, a forester, which sits a little higher, delivers enough power, and flaunts a bright green ball atop the antenna on the rear which I can spot in any sized parking lot, hah!***



**Old Town, Montreal**

***7. I am still writing regularly, on this work you are reading:***

***Suburban Odyssey, now over 1465 pages in length. Beyond adding to a chronological flow of life events, I keep thinking of more essays to write: travel, cooking, wine, etc. and now have completed almost 60 in number. Writing the essays and life story has enriched my life beyond my wildest dreams; given more meaning to past experiences, both bad and good; and helped me cherish and realize how precious each of our lives on Earth, truly is!***

***8. I still exercise 15 minutes each morning doing yoga stretches and every other day: 10lb weight lifting events. I just added a plank exercise to further tighten my core; essential in golf, fishing, and better mobility in just living each day as fully as I desire.***




***Over a two-week period, I can do 30" seconds w/o hurting the next day. I will progress as able as far as I can go. My Dad would have liked this plank challenge and Uncle Erie, his brother, even more. 45" as of 10/21/17: new goal is one minute: God help me!***

***9.*** **My life goals are primarily the same as before: to live as fully as I can, utilizing all of my God-given gifts: special attributes and talents, and to help others as able. Further, I would like to catch a bigger Brown trout than 18"; break 90 some of the time in golf; continue to travel to Maryland and Montreal and new places about once each new year; "finish" my autobiography Suburban Odyssey, though for now, that seems impossible, because my life continues to be full of new adventures to reflect upon.**

***I am well aware that this writing has not been edited by anyone but me—which means it is highly subjective, biased, error-prone, though I have strived for accuracy within normal limits. Hey, I might have added an inch here and there to fish caught or added a foot or two to putts made, but at my age: who cares?***

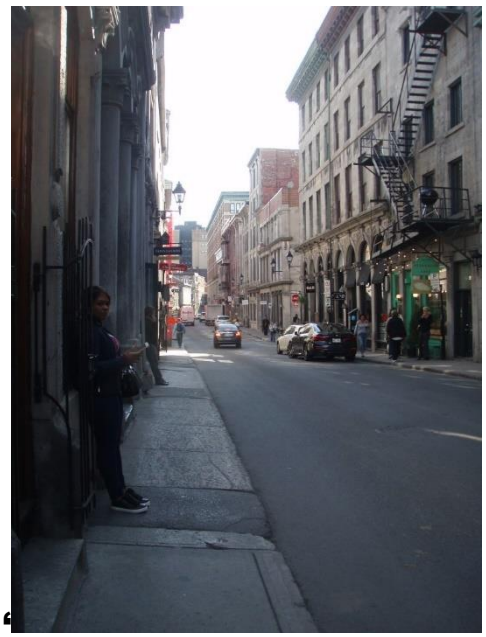


***Additionally, I would like to see my Granddaughters graduate high school and begin college; drink some truly great red wines; prepare and indulge in many, many good meals with Margaret, other family and friends, and generally enjoy my golden years. So far, with few exceptions, they have been that, or at least silver, like my trusty Subaru Forester!***

# MONTREAL ROOTS TRIP 10/2-10/5/2017!



**Early the morning of my 77th birthday, I drove to Montreal, in 6 hours, 15 minutes; not bad, only second visit there, ever; last since 1991. Checked into Le Petit Hotel on St. Paul Rue; freshened up; climbed aboard a hop on/hop off tour bus and saw the following:**



**Looking up St. Paul Rue, toward my hotel, next block: Le Petit Hotel! Very small; very clean; very friendly; medium expensive 450$ Canadian per night.**

**1. Old City scenic streets, including St. Paul, where I lodged; Jacques Cartier St.; John Kennedy Boulevard (!); Rue de la Commune, right up against the seaport harbor in old city; and so many, many, more!**

**2. All the new (since 1990's) skyscrapers in downtown area; magnificent in design and scale; a vibrant contrast to the low-slung buildings in Old Montreal. The Beau Arts building and museum;**

**3. St. Joseph's Oratory Basilica (99 steps to the entrance; pilgrims would try to go up the steps on their knees; I wanted to return but chose not to undergo the long bus ride to the site.**



**Saint Joseph's Oratory of Mount Royal (French: *Oratoire Saint-Joseph du Mont-Royal*) is a Roman Catholic minor basilica and national shrine on**

**Westmount Summit in Montreal, Quebec. It is Canada's largest church[1] and the twenty-seventh largest church building in the world. The basilica enshrines a statue of Saint Joseph, which was authorized a Canonical coronation by Pope Pius X on 19 March 1910 via Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli and another from Pope Pius XII on 31 July 1955 via Cardinal Paul-Émile Léger now located within its crypt department. The shrine is also famous due to its association with Brother Andre Bessette who was believed to possess healing powers through his Josephian devotion with its notable oil ointment given freely to its believers.**

**4. The whole of Mt. Montreal, 669 ft. high, was somehow majestic in is "royalty" and beauty, with plenty of tourists afoot, taking in the sights.**



**Looking down on Montreal from Mt. Royal, where several of my ancestors are buried. Next trip I will try to find their locations.**

**5. The Point a Calliere Museum, built in 1992, to celebrate Montreal's 350 birthday! Wonderfully informative displays of underground sites from previous centuries to modern day; ethnography exhibits, took me 1.5 hours to scan the entire offerings.**



**Calliere Museum; 2 blocks from my hotel**

**6. Place de Mars: where I believe my ancestor James Hughes, Montreal Town Major, marched his British troops from 1760 until his death in 1825, aged 85 years.**



**View of Place de Mars: marching area, about 250 yds. long and 40 yds. wide**



**Drawing of Place de Armes in earlier times: James Hughes' time??**

***Place d'Armes*** **is the second oldest public site in Montreal, it was called Place de la Fabrique when it was first developed in 1693, at the request of the** Sulpicians**, then later renamed Place d'Armes in 1721 when it became the stage of various military events. From 1781 to 1813, it was used as a hay and wood market, then developed as a Victorian garden after it was acquired by the city in 1836. The current dimensions of Place d'Armes correspond roughly to a plan begun in 1845 and completed in 1850, when Notre-Dame Street was completed. It was not until the demolition of the** Notre-Dame Church **in 1830, and its bell tower in 1843, that the square would assume its current size. (source: Wikipedia, 2017)**

## 7. Maisonneuve Statue: Place de Armes, Montreal

## Wikipedia is source:

**This monument in memory of** Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve**, founder of Montreal, was unveiled on July 1, 1895, as part of the celebrations for the 250th anniversary of the**

**founding of the city in 1892. In 1896, the imposing monument in the center of** Place d'Armes **attracted many curious onlookers.**
**During the 1890s, a series of commemorative plaques was produced for the first time in Montreal, at the instigation of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society, which took an active role in the project to build the Maisonneuve Monument. For its part, the Société histories de Montréal in 1892-93 had an obelisk erected in memory of the founders of Montreal. The Francophones and Anglophones of Montreal found common ground in the commemoration of the personalities of** New France**, with each cultural group highlighting its own heroes.**[1]



**Maisonneuve Statue with 1642 “birthday” of Montreal**

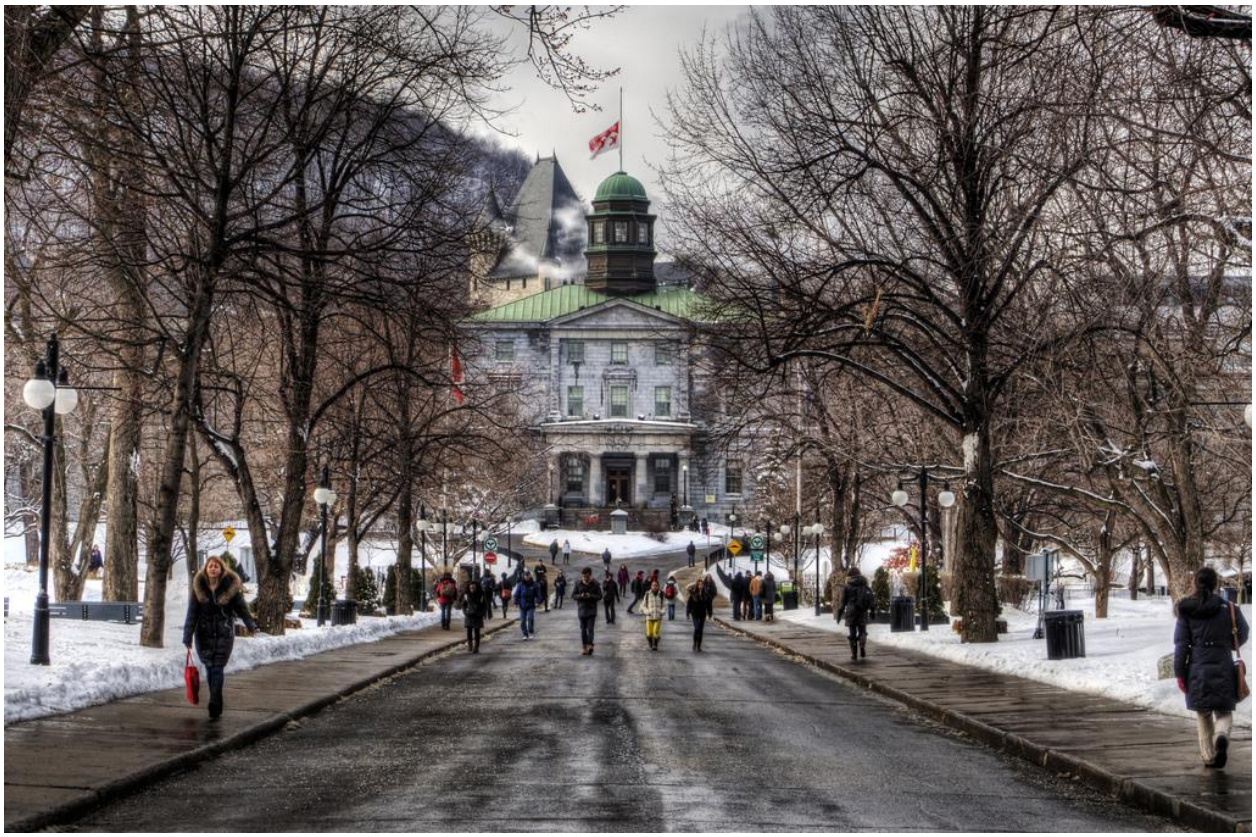


**Lambert Closse, early Montreal merchant!**
**One of 4 statues below Maisonneuve**



**Iroquois detail from Maisonneuve statue, Montreal**

**The second day in Montreal, I met Lori Podolsky, McGill University archivist, and looked with admiration and excitement, at McGill's diary notations, which were personally hand written in cursive font in Canada Almanacs for 1800, 1801, 1803, and 1815.**



**Entering main gate to McGill University on a cold winter day; it must get frigid there in February, BRRRR!**




**Entrance to McClennan Library, McGill University; welcoming!**

***"I had hoped to see McGill mention his friend and my ancestor: James Hughes Town Major, but he did not! His notes were mostly farming and weather observations, and he added that his right leg pained him from time to time; something we share, hah!"***

**However, I did see on a page entitled: Military Forces in Montreal:**

## James Hughes, Town Major
## James Hughes, Barracks Master

**He was listed right under the ranking General in charge of British forces stationed there in 1800, and on in time. So that re-confirmed what I had known from Canadian Archives sources found in 1992, using interlibrary loan.**

***Here, to refresh your memory, is an oil painting of James Hughes, Town Major, done in 1792 and considered to be almost Copley in quality!***



**James Hughes, Town Major of Montreal, 1760-1825; born 1738**
**Perhaps in Ireland, Britain, Canada, or even America!?**

**So, having accomplished my intended research at McGill U., I returned by bus to hotel; refreshed and once again, hit the cobblestones to sightsee; I actually lost 1 pound on my trip, as my excitement overcame my appetite!**

**I visited the Calliere Museum, ate a huge portion of poutine: sliced potatoes sautéed in butter; interlayered with chunks of bacon, ham, and sausage, and then a thick layer of buttery breakfast gravy, and an egg over easy! Perhaps the best breakfast I have ever had the good fortune to eat and the restaurant was called: Great Eggspectations! Of course.**

**I shopped in a gift shop contained in the only shopping mall I saw while there, though I know there is an extensive underground mall central city. Marche Bonsecours is its name and it has just about everything you might want or need. I took a wonderfully tasty sandwich, containing heated brie cheese, apple slices, and sweetened pecans! Voila! A meal for a king!**

**The hotel staff was very helpful and gave me easy ways to get wherever I desired to travel in the city. They only screw up once, but it was costly:**
**One of staff, the oldest guy, confidently told me to eat dinner at a place, "you can count on" for a good meal. Not "overly expensive", hah!**

**I sat at the bar and a friendly bartender/waiter, chatted with me about my family research and I quaffed some of a bottle of water: 32 oz. at least. I ordered sea Bream and parmesan cauliflower and for this somewhat meager meal, was charged 60$ Canadian, maybe 50$ US? Tip 15$ so 75$ for a disappoint meal; not good. I talked with the hotel guy upon returning and he was surprised at the price; he had always enjoyed good meals at good prices?! Oh well, traveler beware!**

**Having fulfilled my goals for the trip, I left at 7:30 am Thursday morning and 7 somewhat tiring hours later, found my beloved wife, ensconced with a book, of course, in our cozy condo. Home at last, home at last, Thank God almighty, I'm home at last!**

**I plan to pick up my family research on our Hughes Clan at Canadian Archives Online; trying to pick up the thread on more information about place de Arms history. I'm sure I'll find something new and worthwhile over this coming winter of 2017-2018, my 78th year living on Planet Earth! Thanks Lord, for bringing me safely home to Margaret and so many people I love and admire. Merci pour le Occasion!**



**My favorite photo looking at our condo building: Heritage, fall 2015! The fall foliage in 2017 is quite bland; due to warm temps and little rainfall, but a welcome fall with plenty of outdoor opportunities, oh yes!**

## Update 10/21/17

**So, today I took three framed fly creations to show at St. Luke's Day at our church: every year we all bring in our "art", whatever medium it is, and however talented we are; and talk about our love of it. Good fun and a nice event to look forward to.**

**I helped to set up tables and chairs and napkins and silverware with Patrick O'Reilly, who faces a shoulder replacement in 11/2017. Glad to lend him a helping hand. Patrick and Linda's Canadian backgrounds has been a distinct pleasure as I research my maternal ties to Canada, and perhaps Ireland via Ancestry.com; trips to Montreal; and correspondence with Canadian Archives and hopefully, a reconnection with my distant Cousin Philip Hughes, who is an architect living in Somerset, England. His father wrote up many solid pages of info on James Hughes Town Major of Montreal, my 4th Great Grandfather.**

**am grateful for several years email correspondence, that truly launched my serious research on the Hughes Clan!**

**Weight still holding at about 220; am faithfully stretching 15" each morning; lifting weight 2x weekly; yoga every Monday eve at church; and walking about 3x weekly. Using hand grip device regularly, and we will re-join JCC for November-April again for the third year; it's 1 mile down Salisbury St. No excuses for not going.**

**Fishing will still be done by Jon Seale, Bob Paulson, and me on the Wachusetts Reservoir next week, for Lake trout, using lures and spinning gear; do hope for at least one fish among us; this has been my least satisfying year of fishing since I began the activity in 1968, 50 years next year!**

**Golfing is done; son Jon too busy; son Dan really only plays occasionally; and Jon Seale doesn't play anymore nor does Sam McClure, and Greg plays, but at Cape Cod and not locally. I accept these changes but still love to hunt the trout and strike the ball up and far down the greensward! That will not change ever. So, help me Lord!**



**Geezer thinks he spots a rising trout and shouts: Halleluiah!**

## *MARGARET DOING GREAT!!*

**Margaret is doing well and walked 6x this week! Up to a mile and over; we walk together; and sometimes we walk along but are determined to get in as good a shape as we can muster. I feel so proud of how she's handled such a difficult patch of life since last May's fall and kneecap break. I have a life mate that is always the same: loving, practical—thank God—and our life together, has given me so many pleasant hours, days, and years. I am very grateful for her presence and hope for many more happy years together; just doing our thing, together, and apart.**

## 1000 Days into the Land of the Condo!

***Here we are, Margaret and me, about 1000 days after moving into our cozy condo at 770 Salisbury St. (fashionable address in Worcester), Suite 558, ground floor, in October 2014, with two large BR's and two complete BR. We are in the process of building Margaret a walk-in shower in our bedroom BR; should be done by Xmas at about $8500! Though recovered about 90% from kneecap break in May, this year, Margaret can't comfortably enter the bathtub which has a 2' high entry. So, we will give her what she wants and needs, period.***

**What do I miss? I miss my vegetable garden and fresh tomatoes and squash and beans; and I fondly recall the rich scent of fallen leaves, each fall, when I would draw them into a huge plastic tarp, and haul them, looking like a peddler with his sack, down to the roadway for city pickup. But I do not miss removing snow and ice with a blower and scraping car windows through the long winters from 1995-2014. Not one bit!**



**This is what I faced for 19 cold, hard winters in Worcester, MA home overlooking Lake Quinsigamond. Loved all other seasons, but not winter, though we did XC skiing and loved savoring the comfort of warm quarters and a solid hot meal at evening time!**

**We know many good acquaintances, here at our condo at Salisbury West, most of whom were supportive of Margaret's getting over her fall in May 2017; a few have become friends: Arlene and David Sjosten, Ed Landow, the retired MD, Earline, the Norwegian lady, who invited us to a tasty, friendly Xmas party two years running but is now limited to a walker for necessary short trips. And neighbor Susan Rooney has also become a friend; exchanging books and chats regularly. Her boyfriend, Matthew, has become an expert on Moby Dick; I found it overly wrought; too verbose, and with too many side trips that detracted from the hunt for the whale!**

**We also like Tom Quinn, personal friend of Bob Cousy, hall of famer basketball player and wife Charon, Jean and Graham Morland, he of Gt. Britain lineage, and we all enjoy a Xmas meal together at our clubhouse. We continue to enjoy passing a lazy hour or two alongside or in our pretty newly renovated pool, just across the street next to the clubhouse. And we have a free, no time limit, lending library located there as well.**

**Our main friends, come from St. Luke's where we married in 1990; the Seales, Groves, Paulsons, O'Reilly's, McClures, MacGilpins, the Ferris's. We are praying hard for Greg; who has a growth on his liver and has been hospitalize over a week at St. Vincent's in downtown Worcester. His wife, Peg, recovered completely from a liver transplant about 10 years ago, and hopefully, Greg won't need to undergo such an invasive procedure, but if so, we are all with them and ready to assist.**

**Friend Patrick will have a complete shoulder replacement early this November and I am making sausage spaghetti sauce, which he loves, to soothe his recovery. They are truly the most hospitable people I've ever known and both are from Canada! Patrick and Linda are, I'm sure, amused as I search Montreal for more info on James Hughes, my 4th Gt. Grandfather. And on it goes.**

***Wise classes—one just started—an intro to Buddhism, is very interesting and the teacher is a Zen Buddhist priest. Can't wait to learn more about this religion/philosophy. Apparently, it can be both, whereas I've never heard Christianity referred to as a philosophy. Paul Glavin is a Zen Priest and teaches our class. He manages to involve over 40 by roving all around the classroom; good job Paul!***

**Fishing probably done; time to create framed flies and clean all equipment. Golfing is done; enjoyed playing with son Jon, who found precious time, as he settles into a very new situation: he married Jessica Lockwood, in winter of 2016; they have two Greyhounds: Butter and Smokey; we visited a few weeks ago; had wonderful homemade chicken soup; and played with the graceful dogs, who caught things, by jumping easily into the air, without a miss!**

**We will be going to Margaret's Daughter Gail Hunt's, for Thanksgiving, and again to Lisa and Mark's for Xmas dinner at noon. Gone are all those years we happily, if busily, hosted every year's Thanksgiving meal at #7 Bay Edge Drive; I harbor so many pleasant memories of those years—commuting from Worcester, 41 miles to Boston, to NU for my professorship—a lifelong ambition—finally retiring in 2003. Retirement has been good to me—only exceptions being my brief mental illness (Depression) in 2014 and then Margaret's fall and blood clot this May—she's been almost good as new since about early October, and can walk more than a mile. Next week, we re-join JCC for winter workouts until April, when we pick up once again, walking and exercising.**

**My yoga has slowed down my aging process, to the extent, that I was able to wade for two hours before stopping this year, and though the trout were afraid of my net, enjoyed being on the stream perhaps 8 times. I also walked 9 holes at Packy course in Auburn, MA several times and played about 7 times—half 9 holes and half 18 holes. None of my friends still golf and few fish, so I am fortunate that I can "solo" and pull it off, as I pass through my 78th year. I am so very grateful for such a full and satisfying life and only wish more people around the world had it as good as I've had it, for so many, wonderful years.**

**Hopefully, anyone reading Suburban Odyssey, will appreciate all that I have been privileged to experience; and will see how humble and thankful I will eternally be, for all my good fortune!**




**My winter 2017-2018 include, as I envision it now: -create several framed flies: "Fall on the Swift"; a series of "gratefulness" flies; re-tie many well-known patterns, focusing on streamers in small, bait fish sizes. Also: read more personal adventures biographies; essays on spirituality; add a few essays to "Terry's Essay", now at about 62 in number; post new items on Facebook; keep in touch with old friends and new; and generally, enjoy new cooking adventures; a good bottle or two of dry sherry and red wine; a Netflix ability to watch drama TV series, several at one time! Finally, listen to many satisfying classical and jazz works on Sony player and computer.**

**I also do water therapy each Tuesday morning at JCC; 12 women and moi! They are now accepting me and not treating me like a manatee, hah, hah!**

**Our Christmas 2017 season included 5pm Christmas Eve for me at St. Luke's; then dinner with the O'Reilly's, our Canadian friends; then Christmas day: Jon and Jess with her Mom and Ray and brother and girlfriend in NH; Dan with MacDuffies at home; we head there tomorrow 12/27 for gift swap and dinner; then swap with Jon & jess an upcoming date and place. Margaret's nephew Mark Paige, wife Lisa, and daughter Marissa, now age 11, hosted 9 of us for a sumptuous ham dinner made from scratch baked beans, string bean casserole, whipped taters; shrimp cocktail; brie; tiny flan blankets with sweet sauce; salad; and for dessert, a fantastic cheesecake, pecan pie, Margaret's home-made white chocolate cake—a perfect Xmas meal together.**

**Mark & Lisa Paige will move to N. Caroline, Research Triangle this spring; tired of Shrewsbury, MA; the poor school system, and want warm weather. We will miss them and Lisa's gourmet class cooking; really nice people!**

**Lord knows, I will have to cut down on food levels and exercise even more in 2018, if I am to regain my "wasp-waist", hah, ha!**

**New "spring" WISE classes begin end of January; am taking a travel writing course and a WWI course, to be taught, we hope, by friend John Ferris, who is dealing with aggravated A-fibrillation. He just had a pacemaker put in and we trust this will help settle the situation!**

**When older, as I am now at 77, it is sometimes challenging, when with family and friends, to not spend too much time talking about one's aches and pains. I refuse to indulge in any self pity; I do share major events of course, but that's about all. My health is excellent!**

**Will create more framed flies this winter (2018); use treadmill and weights and rowing machine at JCC; take WISE classes; walk outdoors when possible; climbs condo stairs when not; do yoga daily with class every Monday; use hand strengtheners; stretching rubber straps, and sometimes, like today, when high temp was 20: stationary bike in den.**

**And you can trust me to provide more glimpses into my current life with dear Margaret in our cozy condo for two!**

**Now, on March 7, 2018, as I write these words for you, we are in the vortex of the second Northeaster storm in one week! 12-15" snow expected with high winds and 5 of the next 7 days will be snowing. Climate change? I guess so! But we are cozy, with a fresh chicken noodle soup for supper; good bread; and a sweet treat or two to comfort us. How grateful we are to have these blessings of a concrete nature; and we pray most are sheltered this night and for the rest of the bitter season for the homeless!**

**MY W.I.S.E. classes have been good; the travel class used a book of essays that stimulated me to realize that what I truly enjoy most are personal essays on physical and mental challenges, with plenty of sharing by the author in first person!! I may buy a book of adventure essays, actually I did, but still, many of them are too academically oriented, or dryly written; and do not contain enough of the writer's personal experiences.**

**An example of what a truly like, would be Joe Simpson's short novel, Touching The Void, wherein he and a fellow climber, high in the Andes, run through a huge storm, and Joe, falls into a crevasse. What ensues, as he describes it in first person, eclipses almost any other adventure/survival story I have ever read: landing broken to a degree, but conscious, on a ledge, he is still holding a strong line attached to something I can't remember what, but he must decide whether to try and climb out, a distance of perhaps 60 feet—almost insurmountable—or to lower himself down to the end of the rope's length, and then, what?? Read this riveting testament to the human being's spirit and raw determination to live!**

**I have also enjoyed the birding class, especially the photos and talk of my favorite birds: warblers and also hawks and eagles. Taught at the local Audubon center at Broad Meadow Brook Sanctuary, in Worcester, I can't wait to try and find warblers there this May and also to travel on my annual trek to Mt. Auburn Cemetery near Boston for the brightly colored and spritely warblers, usually the second week in May, before the trees leaves block out seeing the tiny creatures.**

**Margaret continues to gain strength and better overall health, following her kneecap break and blood clot of last May and August, respectively. She and I work out November to April at the JCC, just down the road a mile; 2-3x weekly. I do small weights for stamina and also walk 30" on treadmill and she does treadmill. I have also worked my sore bone spurred left hip, in their pool, and hope to do this more often and swim in our condo pool this summer. I want to be able to wade 2 hours and play 18 holes golf with little or no pain.**

**I attended an interesting talk by Eric Schwartz, at Becker College, with son Daniel, last night. Dan is doing well as co-director of Career and Advisement office there. Eric is Director of the program allied with Becker which promotes experiential learning and offers internships in Boston area organizations and companies. Dan helped greet Eric and invited several of his advisees to the program. Eric began with two excellent personal examples of how experiential learning helped him find a purpose in life, and this approach successfully began his explanation of what his organization offers students, beyond but related to their classroom studies!**

**My fly tying has been only occasional; I have no desire or need to tie in quantity anymore as I have about 2500 new or usable specimens to fish with! I have created a Thoreau fly and used a photo of his humble gravesite in Concord, MA; also did one using a professional drawing of a Brown Trout, in vivid colors and tied a fly as if the trout was turning on the fly; pretty neat result.**

**Politically, our dear USA is still severely challenged by an unjust, unqualified, narcissist, Donald Trump, who in one year has damaged our international relationships; threatened to blow N. Korea off the planet; decreased health and social and educational programs for the needy; and generally displayed his racist, sexist, uncouth behavior for all to see and bear. I am in the process of holding him in hate, one of few in my lifetime. We must de-throne him while our country, literally held hostage by him, is under his regime. His hires are leaving in droves and he is being investigated by former FBI Director Bob Mueller. Mueller has taken painstaking care in building an inescapable case against Trump and his cronies; one can only hope it will work and he will never be in office, come 2020, his re-election year.**

***The only way I deal with this, is to focus on doing good deeds as able, and further developing my written works, like this one; enjoying my photography of fishing trips; my church friends whom I dearly enjoy socializing with; tying some flies; preparing for the upcoming golf season with older son Jon; and trying to keep Margaret interested in the meals I prepare; hey, meatloaf and spaghetti are not the end all of culinary enjoyment, hah! And I am reading spiritual and adventure materials all the while.***

**Son Jon is continuing to provide excellent teaching and mentoring services at Ostiguy High School, Boston, and has been there 8 years so far. He and wife Jess, have designs on moving to Amherst in western MA in a few years and have a baby sometime along that timeframe!! We look forward to such a blessed event and wish them both only happiness and family bliss, or at least success. Jess studies weaving and herbology and is an active member of the American Socialist Party. Yes, they are both more liberal than Margaret and me, though son Dan, is also more liberal than me but probably not as liberal as son Jon. I am proud their honesty in dealing with life's challenges and issues. Jon and I have somewhat regular discussions of religion, current events, and ethics of living a moral life in American in this shifting, challenging somewhat scary century: the 21st!**

**So, mired in winter this March, still, life is good for all of my family, and my dreams turn, if slowly, toward the upcoming spring, with all of its colors, life forms, trout, golf balls with high and far trajectories; enticing meals at home or out with family and friends; and generally, an amazingly high level of goodness to be enjoyed and thankful for.**

**2019 seemed to come and go in a flash of eternal light! We continued to savor our cozy condo and no maintenance to be done. Here are a few highlight in journaling order:**

***JON AND JESS ANNOUNCE THE BIRTH OF A CHILD IN JUNE 2020!***
***Now I go from praying for Jon to find a woman who loves him for who he is to praying for a normal pregnancy for Jess. As I write this February 14, Valentine's Day, enjoying My valentine: Margaret, better known as Tweets, her pregnancy is going smoothly and we are half way to the birth. What an unexpected thrill to have a new Chapman Grandchild in our clan!! Thank you Lord for continuing the life surprises! What next?***

**Very mediocre trout season on the Swift in 2019; fished perhaps 6x and only caught a few small ones. Fished 2 hours and tried many differing flies and sizes. Did the stocking face a financial bind? Am I not fishing long enough? Am I not using small enough flies for the smart trout on Swift? I will try to find out come Spring 2020 and believe me, I will give it a strong effort. I will fish 3 hours with a snack breaks midway through. Will also try smaller flies meaning: 20-24; ouch! They are very hard to tie but I can buy them. And I will not linger in a pool after maybe 20" before moving to next spot.**

**My love of fishing continues and the grand quietude is a balm for my aging soul! I also plan on playing disc golf again with Tom Quinn and sons Dan and Jon. I will swim regularly in our condo pool and walk 9 holes at Packy plus usual routine yoga at break of day and stretching and small weights at home for core strength. I will cut back on sweets and starch and lower weight from 228 to 220 by fall 2020. I am the cook and purchase the food we eat; you can do this, Terry!**

**Still meeting every Thursday for bkft at Rt 122 diner with Groves, O'Reilly, Ferris, McGilpin, Bob Paulson.**

***MY DEAR FRIEND JON SEAL SUFFERED STROKE IN NOVEMBER 2018 AND HAS RECOVERED WALKING ON CANE AND HAND STRENGTH; HAS NOT EATEN UNTIL RECENTLY, BEING FED BY A STOMACH TUBE. NOW CAN EAT SMALL PORTIONS OF ICE CREAM, YOGURT, AND BANANA AND COFFEE! NOW ON TO WINE AND A BURGER! I LOVE JON AND HE HAS BEEN SUCH A FAITHFUL FRIEND AND CONFIDANT SINCE 1990 WHEN WE MET AT ST. LUKES CHURCH IN WORCESTER!***

***FLASH! SON JONATHAN AND WIFE JESSICAL LOCKWOOD ANNOUNCE THE BIRTH OF THEIR DAUGHTER: HARLAN MAPLE CHAPMAN LOCKWOOD!!! WHAT A GRAND NAME FOR A GRAND LITTLE GIRL WHO ENTERED PLANET EARTH ON JUNE 17, 2020 AT 9 POUNDS AND 22' TALL!? SHE WILL CERTAINLY PLAY PRO BALL OR MARRY A PRO SPORTSMAN! Now in 10-2020 Harlie is over 15 lbs and very tall in the 100$^{th}$ percentile!!***

***PHOTOS TO FOLLOW WHEN AVAILABLE; MOST ON TEXT NOT EMAIL. JON AND JESS AND HARLIE (APPROVED NICKNAME) LIVE AS DOES MY YOUNGER SON DANIEL IN ASHLAND, MA 45" FROM US.***

***We are completely smitten with Harlie who already seems far more alert than other babies at week+ age!! Time will tell just how intelligent she may be but attractive is already a done deal for this one. OK, enough but with 3 healthy grandchildren, in my 80th year, I am both happy and so grateful for all of my family and the unknown descendants to come along in their wake!***

***What else? Still listening to Pandora and Spotify on my apple iphone which we bought got in 2019. Playing golf, fishing, chess, brain quizzes, millionaire, Hangman, and learning to fly a jet in armed combat: difficult but fascinatingly addictive!***

***Harley Chapman now 85 and Connie is 94?! Oldest member of breakfast group is Don Groves at 85 and I am 3rd oldest at 79 with Bob Paulson at 82. We get along well and chew the fat over very fattening but delicious servings of saugage, eggs, bacon,and plenty of hot coffee. Fun to belong to this group since 2005: 15 years and going strong, just a little more bullshit stories that tend to get repeated again and again.***

**Am headed to MD and civil war peninsula in VA this april 21 And also to visit National Bonsai museum and National Art Gallery on the mall in D.C. Can't wait! Postponed due to Corona 19 virus now killings 200,000+ in America as of 10/2020**

**Here are some of my unfinished items that lie ahead as the coming years generously unfold:**

**MY BUCKET LISTS**

**#1**

**Here are a few things I'd still like to do before I "kick the bucket" in no order of importance:**

**See Man of Le Mancha musical in person by Broadway quality performers.**

**Fly fish somewhere in the Poconos; the book Bob Lambert gave me about this area intrigues me with all its history of early fly fishing greats! Done, spring 1.2016; fished the Beaverkill with a guide; thoroughly enjoyed my "mecca" trip. Plan going back with son Dan when Virus 2020 goes away: 330,000 dead as of 1/2021!**

**1. Catch a trout bigger than the 5lb 2oz Large Mouth Bass I caught in 2005. Also catch seven (7) trout in one spot! Caught six (6) in one spot on the Swift in 2015.**

**2. See a live musical like "Les Miserables" at Hanover theatre in Worcester, MA. Or Man of Le Mancha, my favorite theme for a musical!**

**4. See my Granddaughters graduate from high school.5. Drink a really good bottle of red wine from France; I haven't done this since about 1980 in Missouri.**

**6. Learn to play jazz harmonica on my chromatic Hohner I bought five years ago!?**

**7. Play tennis again—such a great game and one of my best sports (done in 2015)-if not tennis, then Pickle Ball it is; Margaret and I started playing together in summer 2015, but aches and Margaret's kneecap break have postponed playing for now. Tennis as of 2021:**

**no but pickleball casually with Margaret at our condo court: yes!**



**Above phot is of newly minted Grand Daughter Harley Maple Chapman Lockwood, born June 2020 and ushered in by son Jon and Jessica Chapman Lockwood. Now as of January, 2021, six months young, she is kicking up a good storm; is pretty and very bright eyed and photogenic! Jon and jess have their loving hands full, hah! We call her Harlie.**

**8. Dance more often with Margaret!**

**9. Print, bind, and circulate to close family my autobiography; date unknown but I'm getting closer all the time (as of1-7-17, age 76.) Chapman and Hughes family histories to be Christmas 2016 for Dan & Carolyn, and Jon and Jess! My autobiography is now at 1189 pages; essentially "finished" except that I am still living out new adventures and will share them as long as possible! Xmas 2017: printed and presented 100-page Chapman & Hughes family histories to Jon and Dan today: they really like it!**

**10. Score in the low 80's; i.e. 84 or less in golf; I shot an 85 at Northwest Park, in Maryland September 2012. Summer 2016: with son Jon, at; shot an 88: 44 & 44 on back nine which is the hardest.**

**11. See my framed trout fly on the wall at Phi Sigma Kappa house on fraternity Row, University of Maryland. The active brothers at the house said they would when I made the presentation. I'd like to get my framed fly collection displayed at Worcester Public Library. (I did see my framed fly presented to Phi Sigma Kappa in 2013.) 50+ framed flies given as gifts to family and friends as of 7/2017. More to come!**

**12. Have volunteered at Worcester public library 5 years (as of 12/2013) helping folks write their resumes and answering career questions—served more than 1,000 people.**

**13. Establish one shelf with all of my "opus": autobiography, Ph.D. dissertation; published articles; Wang work products; Northeastern University work products; consulting work products; MPI work products; YMCA work products.**

**14. Keep making new friends and further develop old relationships from high school, college, or former homes in US.**

**16. Have created a framed fly with verse for every family member and close friend who would like one. See #11 above.**

**17. Teach my Granddaughters fly fishing.**

**Write more haiku; I've only written one so far. But I did write a "lighthouse" poem in 2017! Note: 8/2017: my muse struck and I wrote 50 more haiku easily and some are pretty good.**

**18. See Ottawa and Hull, where my maternal Grandfather, Romeo Etienne David, was born in1882.**

## TERRY'S BUCKET LIST!

**#2: somewhat different?!**

**Montreal trip: Confirmed Oct 2-5, 2017: done 10/2017: most enjoyable!**

**Civil War trip to VA: The Peninsula and Richmond**

**Maryland trip: to visit Mother, Dad, and Ronnie's gravesite and visit friends: Scheduled spring 2018. Done!**

**Return trip to my fishing "mecca": the Beaverkill River in the Catskills with son Dan**

**Play a golfing round with a score of 85 or better; best for several years was an 87, with son Jon, at Gardner public in MA**

**To cook a good corn beef & cabbage dinner!**

**To further enlarge my soup making repertoire**

**To catch a large Brown Trout on a grasshopper pattern: size 18" or larger**

**To get really good photographs of all of my commemorative flies to include in my autobiography!**

**To at least hold a fencing sword and take a try at lessons, with my aging infrastructure, hah!**

**To complete a joint art project with Linda O'Reilly: she will paint a frog and I will write an accompanying haiku! Below are what we have considered, so far:**

**Ideas for painting/haiku project: Linda O'Reilly and Terry Chapman, summer 2017"**

**"Green and brown and warty skin,**
**background green and leafy;**

**In his wet domain!**



**Or:**

**“Fly zooms down and lands on pad,**
**Puts on brakes quite quickly:**

**Frog is unimpressed!”**

**Or:**

**“King of pond, or lowly servant?**
**Depends on the frog and God!”**

**Or:**

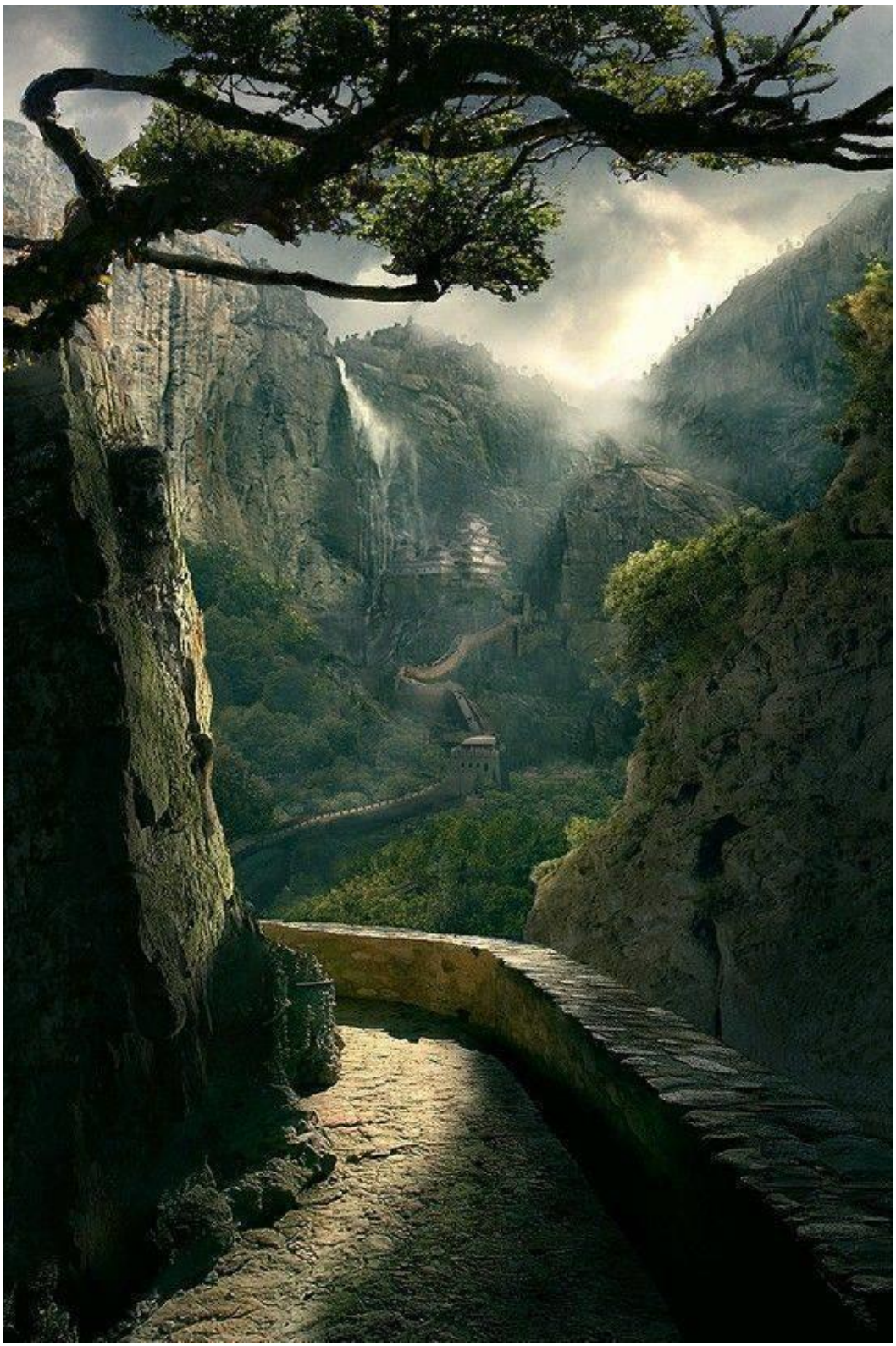
**“Sign of trout below the pad,**
**Frog’s eyes open wide:**
**The trout has already eaten!”**

**Or: this is my last “first effort”**

**“Lively green plunks near my ear: Swirl of water prism: essence of a frog!”**

**CHOSEN HAIKU BY THC:**
**“Green sits the lily pad and green sits the frog**
**Only the frog knows why”**

**Done!**



**Great Wall of China: life's satisfaction depends on one's perspective; Right around the bend might be a new surprise and adventure. his superbly enchanting photo, shows**

**beauty, adventure, the passage of time, and cultural differences from our country: yet timeless and new right now!**

## Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, il fait accompli!

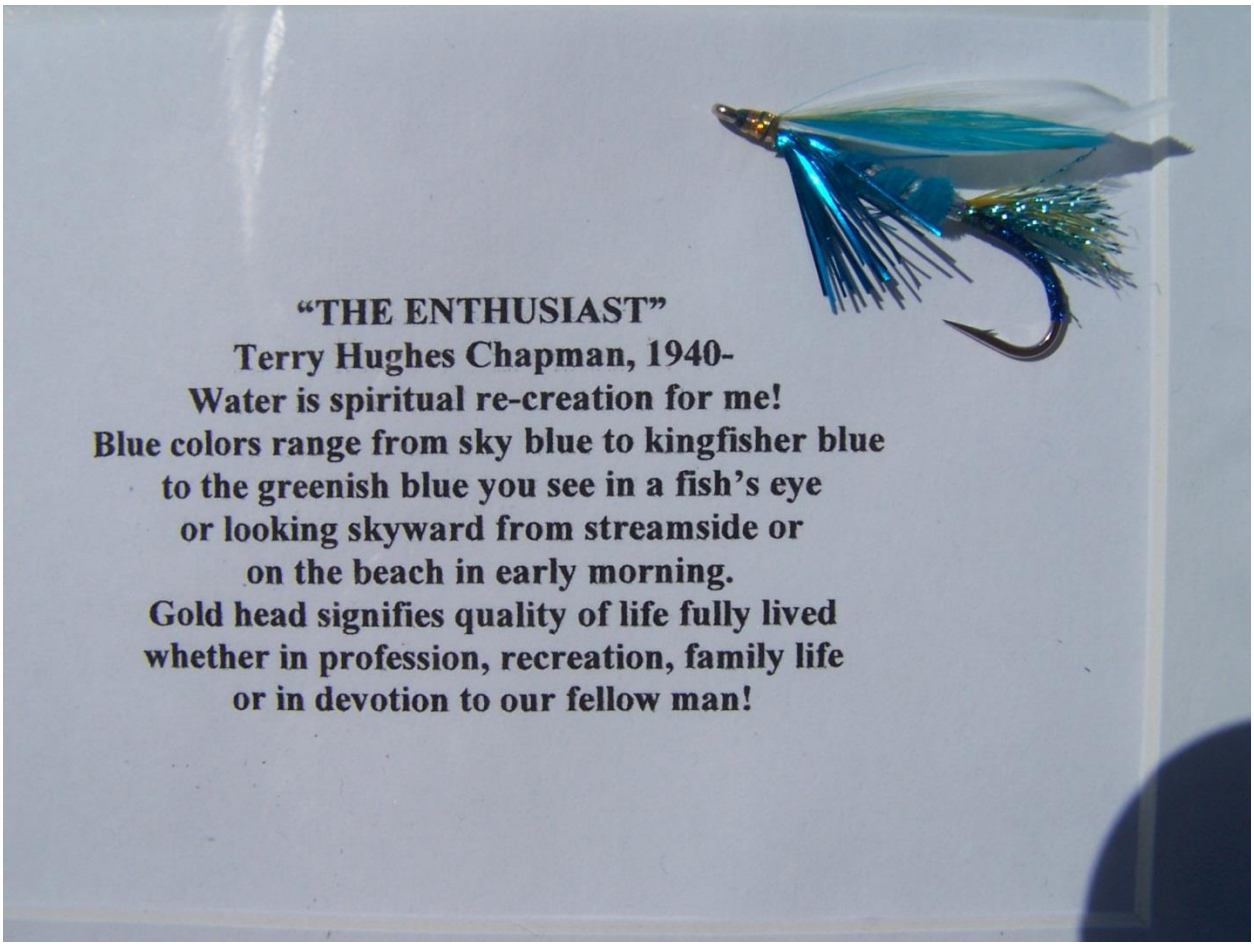


***In the final analysis, we are all one on Planet Earth, whatever race, color, gender, religion or lack of religion, educational level, social level, place of birth, political or sexual preference and are all charged to protect our precious planet and its waters, wildlife, and dreams!***

***Live fully and stay well; be persistent in moving toward your true goals in life and always strive to be active and help others. Last of all: Laugh hard and often; it's the best medicine of all!***

**In conclusion, I'm sure there will be additional life stories to share but eventually, I'll just have to accept the "story that got away"! What life stories are "large" in your memory? Why not put them down in writing sometime and share them with others?! For me, Suburban Odyssey has provided countless hours of interesting reflection on times gone by; reignited my passion for self-expression and sharing it with others, and on many a cold, rainy, winter morning, since I retired in 2003, I have eagerly taken my cup of coffee or tea to the computer desk; long before sunrise, and hammered out another anecdote, idea, memory, or event, in the long cascading experiences of my life.**

**Am I grateful for having had the opportunities I've enjoyed? You bet I am. God gave me life; and hopefully, what I have done with my life, is a welcome gift back to God.**




**Above photo: Having tied and framed commemorative trout flies for most of the Hughes and Chapman clans, I decided in 2007 to do one for myself! In some respects, I guess I had considered myself as "the one that got away". And some evening, long from now I hope, I will be somewhat like the person in this poem by William Butler Yeats, "When you are Old", though my love has not fled! And I have taken poetic**

**liberty to change the words as needed between the parentheses. I hope Yeats would have approved.**

***When you are old and gray and full of sleep,***
***And nodding by the fire, take down this book,***
***And slowly read, and dream of the soft look***
***Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;***
***How many loved your moments of glad grace,***
***And loved your (manliness) with love false or true;***
***But one (woman) loved the pilgrim soul in you,***
***And loved the sorrows (and smiles) of your changing face.***



***THC in D.C., hometown, in 2014, on an enjoyable trip with wife Margaret: sun blinded and bald, hah!***

***And bending down beside the glowing bars***
***Murmur, a little (proudly), how love (stayed)***
***And paced upon the mountains overhead***
***And (showed) his face amid a crowd of stars.***



**This is my favorite picture of myself (allow me this simple immodesty): XC skiing with Margaret in Carlisle, MA about 2008—there's just something magical about being outside anytime, but in winter the air seems to be sharing a secret that I'm in on! This photo can be either goodbye or hello, depending on when you read this. I prefer hello! I certainly have enjoyed chatting with you about my life journey; hope you found something interesting and maybe even picked up a tip or two that will help you in your journey!**

***I am humble enough to know there will always be more to experience, move love to receive and to give, and confident that Planet Earth will keep spinning and hosting life including our species Homo sapiens, for centuries more to come. Each life is a treasure chest of memories, both good ones and those less good! My life has been no exception. But certainly, writing and mostly editing this in 2012, at age 71, I feel eternally grateful to God and to all the people throughout my life who have made and make it so memorable and worthwhile. You know who you are and I thank you with all my typical enthusiasm!***

***And always remember that "no seed ever sees its flower!" Author unknown but a "friend of mine forever." I hope and pray that my spirit and all spirits of those I love and have loved and known in my life, will at some time be reunited as promised by God in the second coming of Jesus Christ. Lately I realized that yes, Christmas Day announces the "birth" of Christ but it also signifies our hope for his second coming!! And if that is not so, I am sanguine about having been a small part of this spectacularly wonderful universe***

***and having been blessed somehow with my share of well lived years here on our Planet Earth, spinning through the Cosmos forever!!***

**"Coda" closing of Suburban Odyssey**

I believe in the importance of sharing every life well spent with others, be it in a formal group setting or informally with friends and family, or in the form of an autobiography. Every life story adds to our further understanding of the wonderful mystery of life!

I estimate that I have spent the equivalent of an entire school year to do the initial writing; two or three major revisions; and the inevitable spelling; spacing, font, and graphic changes and embellishments. This autobiography is indeed my major opus; I hope some will read it and feel like they know me as their "friend" along the way. I know I've enjoyed the telling!

Lastly, enjoy your own journey—live it fully—glory and be grateful in your successes and learn from your failures. Use all of your God-given gifts and abilities; remember to smile and to laugh as much as possible; it's a pretty nice world after all, and lastly, share your story with someone along the way. And last but really first; please try to smile more!

My mother liked this aphorism which was stitched and framed and hung in her living room for years: "How much of me am I, how much of days gone by?" Author unknown.

**Melanie Svoboda, SND**

## "The Obituary"

**In the end, most of us get**
**a three-inch column of type listing**
**our parents, spouse,**
**children, brothers, and sisters.**
**It tells where we lived**
**and what we did for a living;**
**the degrees we earned and**
**Awards we won;**
**and a personal achievement:**
**he was an usher at St. Procop's;**
**she crocheted quilts for Birthright;**
**he collected beer cans;**
**she groomed dogs.**
**An entire life is squeezed**
**into twenty lines of print.**

**Fortunately, the obituary**
**heaven writes for each of us**
**is longer than Summa Theologica.**
**It notes every prayer uttered in faith,**
**every pain borne in hope,**
**every deed done in love.**

**And lastly but fervently:**

**Emily Bronte: from "No coward soul is mine"**

**Taken from Writer's Almanac, July 30, 2016**

**Though Earth and moon were gone**
**and suns and universes ceased to be**
**And thou wert left alone**
**Every Existence would exist in thee**
**There is not room for Death**



**Since thou art Being and Breath**
**And what thou art may never be destroyed.**

**AMEN! Cue up last song here: You'll never walk (or row) alone!**

**Ok, I'm pushing off now, headed around the next bend for more adventures which I'm sure I'll find; you can join me but not for a while: take good care of yourselves; love deeply; be thankful for planet Earth; protect her; help others; and thank God for your being, with each breath!**

**Thomas Merton, famous monk of Roman Catholic faith said,**
**as the last line of his autobiography:**

**Sit fin"is libri, non finis quaerendi: "Here ends the book, but not the searching."**

**END OF TERRY'S LIFE STORY**