Olive Read Nixon
For Nathalie's mother
and in deep affection
Pat Ireland
IN MEMORIAM

Olive Read Nixon
1886-1964

Pat Ireland Nixon

with a

TRIBUTE TO OLIVE
By Sterling Fisher Wheeler

San Antonio, Texas
1965
In Memory of Olive

Instigator
Investigator
Coordinator
Collaborator
TRIBUTE TO OLIVE
Sterling Fisher Wheeler

In both the New Testament and in the Old, there is in each of the original tongues, a special word which made the task of the translators difficult. In both Testaments they found the word in question too large for simple translation. The English word they chose to represent it was "blessing."

The Scriptures speak of an act of grace which renders human spirit joyous in the midst of sorrow and confident during pain.

When the most special love and concern of the Almighty descended upon a troubled heart, the Scriptures say that God blessed him.

Wherever the grace of God brought men love and comfort, vision and hope, He had blessed them.

We are here today to thank God for a special blessing, who has lived among us for much more than three score years and ten and whom we have called Olive Nixon. Her life and Dr. Pat's have been intertwined for more than fifty years. On an occasion when many of you were present, Dr. Pat said that they learned early to believe with Disraeli that life is too short to be little; that they have had the same ideals; that they have read the same books; that they have gone to the same places; they have seen eye-to-eye on things moral and spiritual and that truly, they "together warmed both hands before the fires of life."

Something else Dr. Pat wrote enlarges this observation. He spoke of Dr. William Osler's three personal ideals. One, to do the day's work well and not to bother about tomorrow. The second, to endeavor to act the Golden Rule and the third, "to cultivate such a measure of equanimity as would enable him to bear success with humility, the affection of friends without pride and to be
ready when the day of sorrow and grief came to meet it with beffitting courage.”

Could anyone have better phrased an estimate of Olive Read Nixon?

Her own heritage was graciousness and faith, loyalty to God and to His creatures, humility and love. She took her heritage, lived it and handed it down to her posterity, so impressively gathered here today.

The manner in which we conduct ourselves in such an hour as this reflects this faithful heritage. Even though her terrestrial body lay in slumber for a time, her gracious spirit awaited that merciful transition of which St. Paul told the Corinthians we can at last become clothed in a spiritual body. Even during those days we were constantly blessed by the sense of her nearness. Yet even now, and for as long as we shall remain here below, we will know she is still near.

In yesteryear, our rituals always included that profound observation of the Scriptures, “The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!” Blessed be his name, indeed! For He gave us Olive Nixon and now He has, in a sense, drawn her closer to Himself. Yet He has not deprivéd us of what she has given.

So we are gathered here, loved ones and friends, friends of many kinds and of different times and places. And because it is Olive Nixon of whom we speak we are gathered for a most sacred purpose: to thank God from whom all blessings flow and especially for a particular blessing that was, and is, Olive Read Nixon.

IN MEMORIAM

Olive Read Nixon
1886-1964

These few pages are intended as Olive’s final farewell to her many friends and to our families. Extensive notes have been set down about her life and that of her family. But this is not the place to detail these.

In Mineola, Olive lived a happy life. She was fortunate in having the brilliant Harry Peyton Steger as her teacher in Greek and Latin. This made it easy for her to go into Dr. W. J. Battle’s class in Greek at the University of Texas. Here we sat together, studied together, played tennis together, walked around the Peripetas together, stayed up as late at night as long as Mrs. Helen Marr Kirby, cultured and genial dean of women, would let us, together. Olive came to the University of Texas with a scholarship from Mineola High School and soon became a member of the Reagan Literary Society.

On a Monday night in September 1904, at the Tenth Street Methodist Church a young seventeen-year-old girl was presented to me. Her face was frank and very beautiful. She was wearing an attractive blue dress. In later days, I learned to spot that blue dress blocks away.

All my life I have been intensely timid. But that night in Austin, Olive completely disarmed me of my shyness. I was charmed by her frank and beautiful face. As we went home, Olive told her companion Linda Payne that she had found her Lochinvar with brown eyes and brown hair. And I confided to Roy Rather that Olive Gray Read, the girl with hazel eyes, fine face, wearing a blue dress must be mine.

Happy month followed happy month. But there had to be an end. I was graduated June 14, 1905. A few days before we had pledged our love and loyalty and believed
that our separation would be about four years, but it turned out to be six, omitting three short vacations. Much of this time was spent with Olive.*

My years at Johns Hopkins were years of hard work, of high scientific adventures, of the formation of hallowed memories of medical heroes, of whom Sir William Osler was my own self.

In the meantime, Olive was teaching at Mineola. And she was a good teacher. She expected and received loyalty and respect. Among Olive’s souvenirs was a letter, brown with age:

“Mineola, Texas
Nov. 18, 1909

“Dear Miss Olive:

“May Ailene and I change sides? Ailene wants to sit on the side I sit on and I want to sit on the side she sits on. Miss Olive please do let us. We get tired of sitting on one side so long. Miss Olive please let us.

“‘As ever your loving pupil
Ethel.’

On back of the letter, one may read: “To My Dear Teacher from Ethel.”

Did she grant the request? Of course, she did!

In Baltimore, time passed slowly. Our letters were sources of love and loyalty. More than a few words should be said about the many letters which Olive and I exchanged. It is impossible to begin to disclose what they contain,—their number is so great, their contents are so varied, their feelings are so deep, their real meanings are known to us alone. So we are presenting a few moderate examples of those letters that reflect our personal emotions and attitudes. Some of these are amateurish and perhaps unduly feverish and even impetuous. If we were required to plumb the wells of affection that sustained us, it would be rather easy but rather cumbersome: all we would need to do would be to select one

letter, almost any one, multiply it by 373, and then double the result so as to include Olive’s letters. It should be mentioned that I had not been reminded of what Dr. Samuel Johnson had said: “In a man’s letters, you know, madam, his soul lies naked”; and even if I had, I would not have heeded the warning.

We were both young and inexperienced, we were both serious and sincere, we both knew that the phrase con amore was not confined to music scores. As for me, I thought Olive was worth courting with vigor and enthusiasm; and Olive early convinced me that she was possessed of a similar determination. So why shouldn’t we write letters, a lot of letters? Indeed, there were 373.

A word of explanation should be given concerning Olive’s letters to me. She prefers that most of them be withheld; this is easily understandable. I must hasten to say that they match mine in ardour and affection. The only difference is that my letters were perhaps a little longer, some of them being 15 or more pages. A little arithmetic will show that I showered some 500,000 words on Olive, enough to fill an octavo volume of 1,000 pages. Here are a few examples:

Baltimore is today in the icy grasp of sleet and snow. All during yesterday there was a heavy downfall of snow, and last night followed with sleet and rain. This morning the monotony of the bleak brick houses is very pleasingly broken by a carpet of snow and ice-laden trees. Never have I seen Broadway look quite so beautiful with the noon-day sun shining on its snowy surface and glittering thru its trees encased in ice; its beauty in springtime is not to be compared with its present wintry costume. It would be unkind for me to tell you the difficulties I have had in keeping my feet or to enumerate the number and the fashion of my many falls, so I’ll desist. I do hope none of those who saw my downfall suspected that I had had an overdose of ethyl alcohol, for I hadn’t had a thing: the lid is on tight in Baltimore on Sunday.

*We fared better than the young man who was engaged to a young woman. It so happened that his company sent him to South America for a year. To shore up his cardiac fences, he bought 365 air mail postcards and sent her one each day. But he lost the girl. She married the postman.
A dozen of us, students and nurses, went coasting last night. The snow was pretty soft and we were not able to go very fast, tho we went a distance of five or six squares with a good start. Our sled was hardly large enough for the crowd, so we were each forced to occupy a small amount of space. How I wished that you could have been the girl in front of me! Then it wouldn't have been hard for me to find a place for my arms. At 9:30 I left the crowd bringing home with me as a souvenir a slightly crippled hip.

From what you said I can't get a very good idea of what a busy girl you have been; you say "I have made three garments." Now there are all sorts of garments, great and small, long and short. Couldn't you be a little more definite, a little more specific? Then I'll praise you for your industry.

When I enumerate the places I have been, you will conclude that I haven't been very busy. To begin: Last Sunday night I went to St. Paul's Church to hear Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul." The choir at this church is composed mostly of choir-boys with a few bass and tenor voices. I enjoyed the music even tho I was unable to get a seat. The tenor solo, "Be Thou Faithful" was especially well done. I must say, however, that I prefer a good female soprano voice to that of a choir-boy.

Monday night I heard Bishop Quayle of the M. E. Church lecture on "Hamlet." The lecture was given by a combined actor, orator and wit, and was both interesting and instructive. Of all that he said, this I have remembered best: "Brains are allowable and commendable so long as they don't go to the head; as soon as a man finds out that he has brains, he's lost." He explained Hamlet's strange and radical ideas and actions on the ground of "unrequited evil in the world."

And then last night I betook myself to the Lyric, where the Ben Greet players were scheduled to present "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's musical adaptation by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. It was a happy combination of good players, skillful musicians and an appreciative audience. The dance of the fairies accompanied by the orchestra in "The Spring Song" was especially beautiful. Of course, the wedding miracle was not neglected; and you know it appealed to me. It made me think of—but I won't tell you—well it reminded me of the time when I caught you humming this tune under your breath and then wouldn't acknowledge it.

And now tonight I intend to go to Mt. Vernon Place Church, which is my regular place of worship, to hear Mendelssohn's "Elijah." It seems strange that I have heard so much of Mendelssohn lately. Perhaps the approach of the hundredth anniversary birthday of this composer is the explanation of this.

In speaking of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" I intended to say that I can not agree with Theseus in his opinion of the lover and the mad-man. They may have been close-akin in his day, but not I think in our day. You see I object to being classed with a mad-man.

My trip to Washington on Inauguration Day was a stormy one. From the paper I sent you, you will get a better idea than I can give about the conditions. A fierce snow and ice storm the night before made it next to impossible to reach Washington. (Strange to say the weatherman predicted "Smiling skies for Inauguration Day".) I got up at 5:30 and had the pleasure of walking thru the snow to the station, the street car system being paralyzed. It is reported that over one hundred miles of electric wire was down in Baltimore alone. My stay at the electric terminal (for I had intended going on the electric line) was long and uninteresting; with a sleepy head and a hungry stomach I waited till after noon, when I went to the B & O depot where I got a train at 2:30 p.m. The road was in a frightful condition: about six hundred poles were down between here and the capital city, many of which were lying across the railroad track; from the car window I could get some idea of the fury of the storm; telegraph poles were snapped off at the
ground and the wires were bundled into a tangled network, all covered and weighted down by ice and snow. We went the distance of forty miles in three hours; we had to wait for the men ahead to cut the poles and throw them off the track. These three hours would have been more tiresome than they were had it not been for three giggling girls near me who entertained the crowd with their antics. I got to Washington in time to see the last part of the parade. It was worth the trip to see the crowd; Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to White House was one mass of humanity, made up of all sorts and conditions of men, all filled with the carnival spirit. At night the fireworks near the Washington Monument were fine. I struck up with one of the men of my class and we saw the sights together. We got back to Balto. at 12:30. It was a good experience if it was a hard one. So far I haven’t suffered any ill-effects, tho I rather expected them for I waited till I got my feet wet before I put on my overshoes.

For several weeks I have been telling you how busy I have been. You will not believe that when I tell you that I have been to a baseball game, a dinner and a banquet. It was the opening game of the season with its usual ceremonies that attracted me. The game turned out to be a good one, twelve innings and no score on either side. The dinner was given by Dr. Cullen to about ten men who took a certain course which he gave last trimester. It was informal in every way. The main object aside from that of hospitality was to put away the appetizing dinner which was set before us and this we did not fail to do. This dinner was night before last; on the last night was the banquet and here again there was no scarcity of good things to eat. Dr. Thayer presided and on his right and left were President Remsen and Professor Gildersleeve, who you probably remember from your Latin and Greek days. And there is a long list of other prominent men who were there, including Professor Mendell of Harvard, Professor Willoughby of Yale, Dr. Welch, Dr. Hurd, etc. I imposed on the generosity of one of my friends for a dress suit and mingled with the “big guns” for the night. I got home at twelve o’clock, bringing home with me so much (it was not spirituous) that I didn’t sleep as well last night as I might have.

In my last letter I left you under the impression that I was going to study some after I finished writing to you, it was Sunday you remember. Well I didn’t study on Sunday; I evaded it by getting up at five o’clock the next morning and studying for three hours. I knew all about my case too when the time came for rounds.

I must not forget to mention Baby’s message.* I suppose you saw it. It was something like this, “Hello Mr. Nixon or Pat, I don’t know which. Shake your left hand for me.” Quite a message, don’t you think so? Tell her that I have done as she has commanded, imagining that my right was her left hand. Of course she also must shake her left hand for me.

Sister’s note is surprisingly good, even tho it is somewhat disarranged in its parts. I was of the opinion that the kid was only four or five years old, but since I think of it it has been three years since she said to you “Tiss that man”. I well remember that she didn’t hesitate to “tiss” me. I remember also how extremely jealous the third person in the room at that time was—not mentioning any names.

Olive, some days ago at the end of the year I along with you engaged in retrospect; in the past we found much to be thankful for; all thru these five years our lives have moved hopefully onward, linked together by chains of love; thru them all we have both been blessed with health and happiness. And now, at the dawn of the new year let’s take a glimpse into the future and see what it has to offer us. In the first place, we have our love for one another which is growing increasingly stronger day by day, and if we consider true happiness as the greatest

*Cornelia Read Randolph.
goal in life (which we do), I see no reason why we may not reach this goal thru the realization of our highest love. It is not difficult for me to pass over the years and picture in my mind's eye happiness and home with you as its ruling spirit. That the realization of such a dream will come I haven't the slightest doubt. Can you imagine such a scene and happiness absent? This may all seem fanciful now but some day in this future to which we look, our dreams and hopes will become realities. The brightness of the sentimental side does not cause me to forget the material side which we can't neglect. This interests me least of all; I believe we can look after this side all right; if we can get together enough to give you everything you want, that's all I care for. In our outlook of the future I have said nothing about the next few years; these will take care of themselves; they will for the most part be years of separation, but here as always we'll have our love to carry us thru, and can dream anew "love's young dreams." Considering everything I am thoroughly satisfied with the prospect; what says the girl?

I went to church this morning and heard a home missionary sermon. I heard part of it at least; the better part of the hour I sat and thought of a girl in a distant land, a beautiful girl with hazel eyes and light brown hair and a delicious chin and an honest mouth,—it's impossible, I can't describe her.

On Monday night of last week I went to hear the Manhattan Opera Company in "Lucia di Lammermoor" with the much-vaulted Tetrazzini as the star. She was all that was expected and more. I enjoyed it as much as I possibly could in my ignorance of music. And all those present enjoyed it to the uttermost. Never have I seen such a crowd at The Lyric, nor heard such applause as that which followed the sextette. This sextette was the greatest thing I have ever heard. It has become one of my favorites and will have to be put on your list; if it is not already in your collection, it will be if you will let me know.

Unless the threatening clouds prevent, I am scheduled to take a walk with Miss Bampfield this afternoon. I have probably spoken to you about her before; I think she is in one of the pictures I sent you last year. She was head-nurse on Ward H last year and now, after several months’ vacation at her home at Niagara, is doing private nursing here at the hospital. She is a peach of a woman and one that I know would be willing to trust your future husband to, if you knew her. She is the kind of girl who in all probability will never marry. She is a girl, like a certain other that I know; who is far and away too good for the vast majority of men. Dr. Ernest Cullen has found this out to his sorrow.

Here is a sample of the treatment you are to expect from your physician husband: a Dr. Waddell brought his wife up here from North Carolina to be operated on; he took her to the public ward (Ward H) at the rate of ten dollars a week. So eager was he to get her away that he could scarce wait for her incision to heal. And then he himself came into the hospital as a patient on Ward C at six dollars a day. And they kept the old rascal in five days before they operated on him!

My state is one that I not uncommonly assume; I think I have never told you of it. It is Saturday night and the work of the week is over; I have the satisfaction of having done my work thoroly and well, but there is a feeling of unrest that makes me think I ought to be spending such spare moments as these reading a medical journal or textbook; this feeling begrudges me the use of many moments during the week for literary magazines. I say I have been this way often before and the reason is not far to seek: I have not learned in "whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content". My present condition is temporary; I cannot but look upon the things that I am doing now and have done as a preparation and an unsatisfactory substitute for the greater days that I am to live with you as my life's companion. My feeling of unrest is heightened by the thought that I must exert
myself in this my time of preparation or that perhaps I may not be able to live up to all you have expected of me. It is for this reason that I have constantly urged you to be generous in your expectations. Never on Saturday night or any other night, in spite of work well done, will I be able to overcome my unrest until at the close of day I can forget all and be with you. Amid the comforts of a home with you as its ruler, there and there only will I find that rest for which I long.

No one knows better than I how completely I owe to you all that I am and all that I ever hope to be. It was you who first opened my eyes and let love shine into my loveless life; it was you who gave me my incentive to higher and better things; it was your influence and your example that have caused me to try to lead the life I ought to lead and have made me believe it pays; and, darling, it is you who now are giving me strength to endure and are holding out to me the sweet hope of a happy life with you. Olive, I am a poor man, yet I am the richest man in the world because I have you; and I am happier than I am rich.

In the few short months that remain we must be hopeful and, as far as possible, happy; we must rely on our love which has enabled us to endure so much in the past. Love! How could we do without it?

It helps us to bear with the trouble;
It helps us to stand in the strife;
It brightens the skies
For the sorrowing eyes,
And lightens the burdens of life.

Your daily letter came this morning. It has done much to shorten the day that has otherwise been very long. If I couldn’t hear from you every day I just couldn’t live without you and away from you. When I realize that in just five days you will be my wife, I wonder how under heaven I have been able to spend the past six years in separation. The desire of my heart has been to be with you always, yet I have been forced to be away from you most of the time. In our long separation, love and hope have been our support all the way, and now that the time has come when we are to be together always, it is a great satisfaction to know that our love is no less strong and our hopes no less bright than they were at the beginning. Darling, I’m so glad you have been faithful. I’m so glad I can still look on you as the best of women. I’m so glad that your life is to be fused with mine, that you of all women are to be my precious wife. I know we shall be happy together. In just five days we shall be together always; our hearts and lives will be full of one another and we shall be completely happy together because our love lived.

Do you know that this is the last letter I’ll write to you as Olive Read? I hope it is the last one for a long, long time, don’t you precious? I have ceased to count the days until I see you. It is only a matter of hours now and they cannot pass too quickly for me. Darling, I wonder if you are half as happy as I am?

Well, we won’t have to wait very much longer. Our long period of separation is about ended and I am rejoicing with exceeding great joy that it is so. In order to get this off on the Cannon Ball will have to close my letter right away. Let me send you a big heart full of love to make up for the briefness of this letter. Bye bye, my darling. That I may find happiness and joy unspeakable in your precious arms in a few days is the wish of your own Olive.*

The next wisest thing we did was to go to Colorado on our honeymoon. We thought the mountain country around Colorado Springs was most gorgeous and the Antlers Hotel most beautiful. Never had the grass been so green, the flowers so brilliant. Never had the stars and the moon been so awe-inspiring. Never had cherry pie

*Olive to Pat.
tasted so wonderful. And never did two lovesick and physically ailing people thrive so luxuriantly. Certainly the need was there: we were both run down in health and both had lost weight. Olive weighed only 107 pounds and I was down to 125. One day we were sitting on a park bench when an officious but observing woman asked me, “Brother, are you an invalid?” But a short month added ten pounds to both of us along with a feeling of well-being which neither of us had enjoyed for many months.

Those Colorado days were light and carefree. The thought of a sick patient or a cantankerous schoolboy was far from both of us. We spent many hours in North and South Canyons; we walked or we sat on the ground and drank in the beauty about us. Pike’s Peak attracted us often. We went on wildflower excursions in the mountains by way of the railroad. We foolishly entered a rickety elevator and descended an abandoned mineshaft at Cripple Creek. But most of all, we just rested and ate plentifully of good food.

We saw many things but there was one thing we didn’t see and that was Andy Adams. In reality, we had never heard of him and we were not to hear of him for nearly 20 years. Andy Adams, author of The Log of a Cowboy and several other books on the cattle industry, was one of the finest interpreters of the cowboy and his life. He was living in Colorado Springs and was only 53 years old when we were there. If we could have met him and absorbed from him something of his interest in Texas, our reading of Texas history might have begun many years earlier. But that is purely problematical: it seems that in most cases an absorbing interest in history is likely to come in later years, if at all.

I was graduated in June 1909 and spent two years in special study. We were married on July 3, 1912. We built our present home in 1913. Thus we began our life together, as we had dreamed in the days of long ago. Years passed: Four sons (Pat Jr., Bob, Ben and Thomas) and fourteen grandchildren came to bless our home, of
which Olive was the very center. We were not active in social affairs. This gave us more time for our home, the school, and the Church. She had no patience with the modern trends of the Church. Shamefully, too many of our preachers are misleading their congregations. Some of them should preach on the characteristics set out in II Peter 11:19. She was a worker in school affairs, Colonial Dames, Battle of Flowers Association, Women's Auxiliary of the Bexar County Medical Society, San Antonio Historical Association, Texas State Historical Association, and others. She never allowed her friends to elect her to office in any of these organizations.

Our home life was close and respectful. We all recognized certain obligations and certain expectations there.

Olive managed the affairs of the household with fairness and expedition. There was the usual rash of fractures, lacerations, and other minor ailments. The most calamitous was the tragic death of Ben. His passing left a great void in Olive's heart which was never filled and nor can it be in ours. Olive and I have often spoken of the apparent helplessness of the present-day boys to take care of themselves. Our boys and our neighbors' built tree houses,* dug caves, some deep and dangerous, rode and raced horses. Perhaps the most adventurous trip Ben and Thomas ever made was in two small boats they made from ten-foot pieces of corrugated iron. We took the boats on top of the car and dropped them off in Brackenridge Park. Several hours later Olive picked them up near Roosevelt Park, two tired and very hungry ten-year-old boys.

We were a very gregarious group. For many years all six of us slept on the sleeping porch. Here was much talk, some good, some not so good. Two amusing incidents are recalled. One night Thomas, who had never walked in his sleep before and after, showed up in Pat's bed. Pat cried out, "Who's that in my bed?" Thomas answered, "That's me. Who's that in my bed?" Each thought the other was the intruder.

The other incident has to do with a prairie dog. One of the boys found him in a drain-pipe to a neighbor's roof. The boys fixed a cage for him, but he hated confinement and broke out regularly. He was named Booger. But he adopted our backyard. He was a prodigious digger, so much so that we feared for the foundation of our home. And then something happened: there was an earthquake near Valentine in West Texas. It hit about 5:00 a.m. Our house shook and all of us were rudely awakened. Ben was up and out quickly, yelling, "Old Booger has ruined our house!"

Time passed. Year after happy year came and went. Olive continued to follow the even tenor of her way. Self-will and prejudice were no part of her. Self-effacement and selflessness and conciliation were here better methods of dealing with difficulties, when I, under similar conditions, might have resorted to the boxing gloves. She was incessant with a needle and thread. The following verse has been used to characterize the industry of my Mother and Sid Katz' Mother. It applies to Olive also:

I pray that, risen from the dead
I may in glory stand—
A crown, perhaps, upon my head,
But a needle in my hand.

It was in this spirit, over a long period of time, that she made four hooked rugs. Perhaps, she wanted each of our girls to have one. She was very proud of these daughters: Ruby, Countess, Grace, and Charlotte.

It should never be forgotten that Olive had a good part in all that I ever wrote. It was she who took the lead in reading and collecting Texana. When decisions had to be made, she deferred to my judgment and kept herself in the background. Her desire was to get the work done and not worry about who got the credit.

*On a visit to the home of Dr. P. B. Hill, I found his teen-age boys building a tree-house. I remarked to Dr. Hill, "And you don't believe in evolution!"

[20]
When *The Early Nixons of Texas*, which was probably the highpoint in our writing, won the Summerfield G. Roberts Award for the best book on Texas history for the year, she was as pleased as I was.

Her sense of humor was acute, although she rarely resorted to anecdotes. She liked to recall this yarn from childhood: Two friends met after long separation. One could not remember the name of the other. He asked several leading questions without results. Then, he asked, "Do you spell your name with an "i" or an "e"?" The reply: "My name is Hill." Jokingly, I accused her of writing this verse:

If you can recall so many yarns,
With all the details that mould them
Why can't you recall with equal ease
How many times you've told them?

Olive felt a deep love and obligation toward her sons. And they reciprocated. Here is a very simple illustration. It happened to Bob. But it could have involved any of the boys. One day, Bob came by to see her. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly. The birds that she loved so dearly were in full song. Often Olive and I wondered how Roy Bedeckel could conclude that the mockingbird does not mock. Roy would have rejoiced to hear Olive's birds sing and mock on that day when Bob picked her up in his arms and placed her in a comfortable chair in the backyard. She never forgot, as long as her memory lingered.

There is one area which bears the deep imprint of Olive and that is our yard. This is an illustration of her love for everything that blooms and is green. The front yard is green with a good coverage of carpet grass. The dominant factors here are two magnolia trees we planted 51 years ago and which, for about three months, perfume the entire neighborhood.

Thirty-five or forty years ago, John Bennett was visit-
But it was in the dining room or library that she was at her best as a dispenser of what her friends liked to call "gracious living".

We are a closely knit family. What affects one affects all. Some of the family have a slight feeling that Ben, Olive and Loma form a triangle of love, deep and unchanging. About Loma, she has been with us 42 years, and it can be said that she is as near to being a member of the family as is humanly possible. She is loved by all of us. It was a heartening experience to see Olive and Loma drinking "another" cup of coffee, each forgetful that one of them had pigment in her skin. As for Olive and Ben, their association was very close. Many times, he would do something for her as a reminder of his love. Often, when he was in the Air Force, he would ask her to fly with him. But she didn’t accept. Now, surely he has taken her as his Glorified Passenger near to the Heart of God.

In his sermon on March 18, 1962, at the Laurel Heights Methodist Church, Ennis Hill made a reference to Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes". You recall the beautiful thoughts of the poem: A great event shall come to pass . . . Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas . . . All service ranks the same with God . . . There is no last nor first . . . In the morning of the world when earth was higher heaven than now . . . God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.

As a review of this poem, so precious to so many people, I opened The World's Best Poetry. I had purchased this set of books at Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1910. In Volume IV, p. 375, I found three sheets of school-tablet paper, fragile and yellowed by age. One of the poems, on this page, Olive had marked with two crosses. The poem was Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar". On these yellowed pages, Olive had set down in her own handwriting her interpretation of this great poem:

Evening approaches, the sun is setting, the shadows lengthening, and the evening star, first harbinger of night, appears in the darkening heavens. The call comes clear and distinct, the call to home and to friends who have preceded in the fateful voyage. Opposite the mouth of the harbor lies the bar over whose surface the shallow waters moan fatefuly when a storm approaches. How significant this! May there be no intimation of baffling winds and breaking waves, of storm and shipwreck, when I put forth alone upon my last voyage.

On the contrary, may the tide move softly in, so deep and full that the treacherous sands of the bar may be covered too deeply to fret the surface of the water, so smoothly that they may be crossed without an intimation of their presence. When I turn home again, may death have no terrors for me.

Now twilight grows deeper, the evening bell sounds and the lights go out one by one and darkness falls as the bar is crossed. Death and darkness and farewell! But may there be no sadness in this farewell; the bar moans not, the evening star is full of hope.

The journey may be long into that region where time and space limit not, the flood may bear me on this resistless energy but when I have crossed the bar I hope, I know, I shall see face to face my Pilot, my Lord.

This was her faith. It is ours, also.

As Olive neared the end, she seemed to turn instinctively to her boys and to the library where she had presided so fairly and so graciously. In the dim half-light of her deepening coma, she looked up into my face and whispered: "Let's pull our chairs up to the fire. And you'll read your book and I'll read mine."

Engraved on her wedding ring and in our hearts one can read:

Caritas Numquam Excidit
Love never faileth