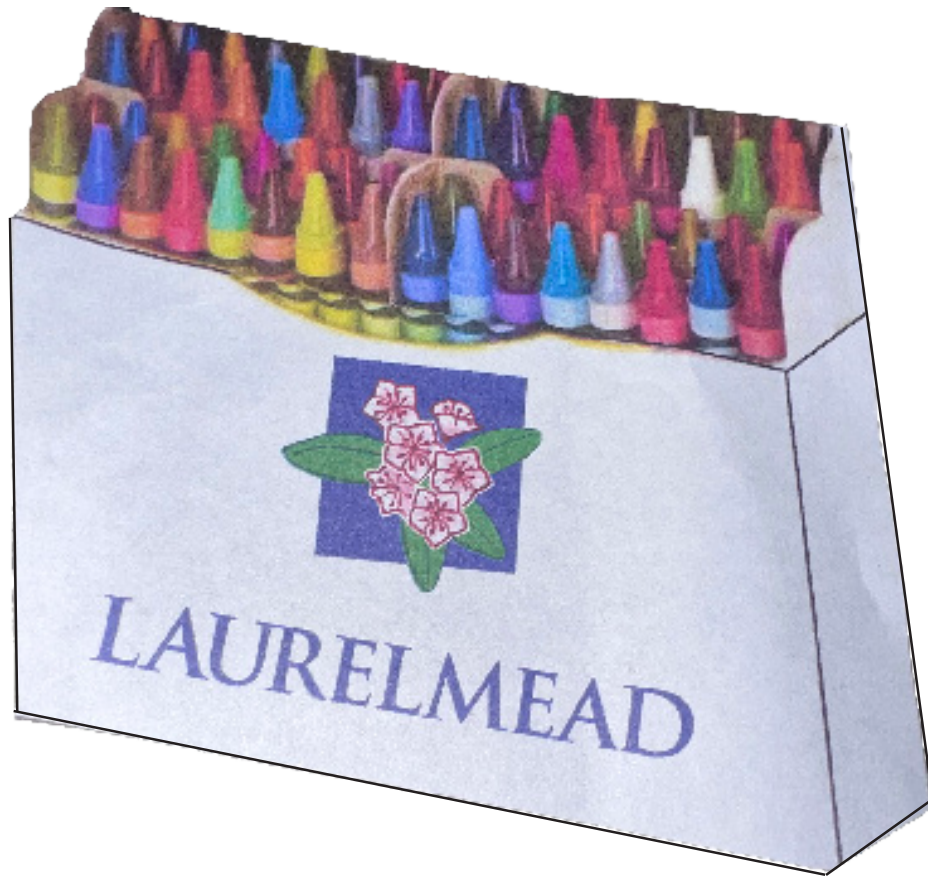


LAURELMEAD JOURNAL

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The Best Day by Claire Hatch

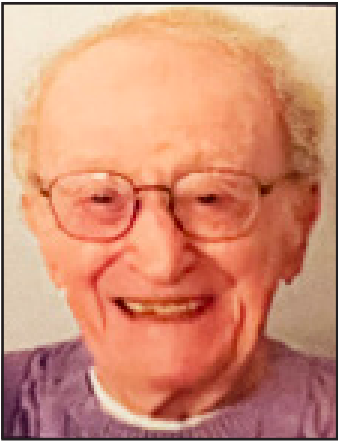
Well, I've lived over 26,000 days on this beautiful earth. For me, to go back all those days and think of a day I'd like to live over or change, let alone remember a special day is overwhelming. What I thought was a special day to live over only goes on the back burner to another special day to live over!

For the most part every day is a special day. Sure, there are disappointments and heartaches, but I try not to dwell on sadness. I try to find something positive about the day. Some days are better than others. Some days are harder than others. But always the good outweighs the sad.

I wake up in the morning - I'm alive! I'm happy! That's what matters!

*But that being said....
the prompt to Laurelmead residents was:
A Day I'd Like to Live Over Again!*

*August 2026
Produced by Nicky Nichtern
Proofreading by Betsy Shea Taylor*



Lester Shapiro

I would like to relive my first trip to a major league baseball game. It occurred in the late thirties or thereabouts when the country was mired in the Great Recession. Why on earth my mother allowed me to go to the game alone at age 12 or 13 is still a mystery to me. Anyhow the thrill, the anticipation, overwhelmed me as I walked up the ramp to my seat. I don't remember who the Yankees played that day. I don't even remember if they won.

The entire venture---reflecting the depression---cost just two dollars! Here's how the money was spent: 55 cents for a round trip on the bankrupt Central Railroad of New Jersey. This fare was available every Wednesday and was really intended to get shoppers to the city; ten cents to ride the subway to and from the stadium; \$1.10 for a general admission ticket that got me a really good seat along the first baseline; 25 cents for a hot dog and a Coke.

Today the same seat costs anywhere from \$90 to \$250. The 15-cent hot dog is now between six and nine dollars. A Coke is at least seven dollars.

Compared to the horrors of the Depression though, I'm all in for prosperity, no matter how much a hot dog and Coke cost at a baseball game.



Barbara Uziel



It was March, 2014. Albert, my husband, and I had been retired for several years and led busy lives, volunteering in our community, traveling with good friends and doing a variety of other things that filled our days.

We, along with some of our traveling friends, decided to take a cruise to the South Pacific. There was a total of 12 of us, including some friends of friends whom we hadn't met before. Everyone was very congenial, and all got along well together.

There were very few dining tables on the ship that could accommodate all of us but we had found one in an outdoor cafe near the pool. We had an unspoken agreement that we would all meet for lunch somewhere around 12:30 pm, no matter what we had done in the morning.

One day I was walking to the lunch table and stopped suddenly and thought: how absolutely lucky I am to be here! A beautiful ship, my husband of 34 years, and good friends, some of whom I had known for longer than I'd been married! No real cares in the world: my kids were financially independent; my mom of 94 years was very competent both physically and mentally. WAS I EVER LUCKY AND HAPPY! What more could a person want in this world? This realization was so emotional and powerful that I often think of that day.





Betsy Shea-Taylor

Ten of us were gathered for collards, fried chicken and corn bread at one of several round tables in the basement of a Black church tucked into the outskirts of Selma, Alabama. The meal had been prepared by church ladies.

It was dinnertime in a 10-day bus tour loosely replicating the Freedom Riders' attempt in 1961 by courageous Black and white protestors to desegregate buses and interstate transit facilities. Many were beaten by the Ku Klux Klan and one bus was firebombed in Alabama.

Black history has been a study of ine for reasons too numerous to recount.

I was the Caucasian on that bus tour of 50 men, women and children, and meals were prefaced by prayers and hymns not in my lexicon.

Everyone had picked up a fork when I decided on the third evening to explain my silence. "I love your traditions but do not participate because I am a Buddhist and unfamiliar with them."

Every fork went back onto the table and there was utter silence from *everyone*, until one elderly lady piped up. "Tina Turner is a Buddhist," she declared.

Ensemble, forks were retrieved with relieved vigor, the awkward moment evaporated and we recommenced dining.

That dinner capped the day I had finally experienced the great honor of walking the Edmund Pettus Bridge, a dream of my lifetime. It was there that "Bloody Sunday" attacks on civil rights marchers transpired in 1965.

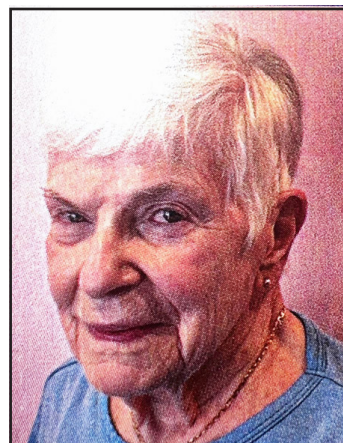
But that day we went peaceably two by two; my companion was a Baptist parole officer.

I will always remember him from that day I'd like to live all over again, and the murky green waters, and the decades-old echoes of screams -- and the clinking of forks held by strangers bridging differences.



Dorothy Becker

During our 45 years of sailing, there were many memorable days. Here is my memory of one of those days. Joel and I were trying to complete the circumnavigation of Long Island in our 30 foot sloop, Counterpoint. This day was our second try. The first try had us starting from Three Mile Harbor in East Hampton where, as we rounded Montauk Point, the winds slammed into us. We called the Coast Guard at Shinnecock to get the conditions in the Shinnecock Inlet and it didn't sound very good. We turned back and motored to Lake Montauk, hoping for better conditions the next day. The land mileage is about 35 miles; by ocean it's endless.



We set out again the next day, determined to do it. The winds were heavy from the southwest, and we were headed into it. Again, I called the Coast Guard on the radio, asking for sea conditions in the inlet. I must have reached the same radio operator because he remembered me from the day before. The conditions were almost the same as the day before. We were wearing lifejackets and raincoats, ready to proceed. Joel had attached jacklines, which are strong safety lines stretched from bow to stern. He had to go forward to adjust the sail, so he clipped his safety harness to attach himself to the jackline. I was at the wheel, to which he tied me so I wouldn't be washed overboard. There I was at the

wheel with the ocean raging around the boat while I watched Joel struggling to adjust whatever he was adjusting. The waves were so high that all I could see were walls of water flowing over us and the boat. After many hours, we did get through the inlet and into calmer waters. But there were many more miles to go through the shallow bays to reach our home port of East Islip. I can still see those waves 40 years later.



Nancy Ramsey

On a date in the spring of 1955, I made a decision that changed the direction of my life and gave my life a focus – a decision I have never regretted.



Throughout high school, I was expecting to go to college, as my three older sisters had done (my older brother served in WWII and my younger brother in the Korean Conflict). But in spring of 1955 our family finances were turned upside down, as cholera sweep through my father's herd of hogs, destroying every hog. There was no government safety net.

So, as I faced the decision about going to college, I did not have the heart to ask my father and mother for money they did not have. A cousin, who worked in the office of a family-owned milling company, told me about an entry-level bookkeeping position in her office. I had excelled in my high school bookkeeping classes, and I thought: Why not?

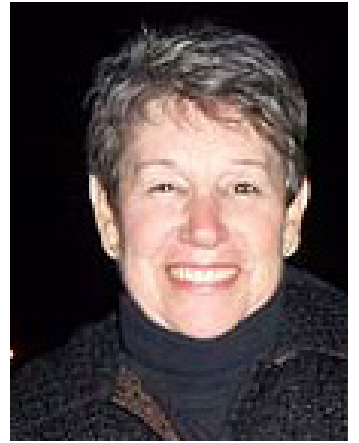
I loved the work and the people I worked with. The milling company family treated their employees like family. My skills and confidence grew with each day. I worked there for four years as Glenn completed college.

When we moved to Louisville, KY and Glenn entered seminary, I found a bookkeeping position – as accounts payable – with a road construction company. The accounts receivable bookkeeper and I helped each other, but when there was no money to send to vendors, the job was not very pleasant.

After three years Glenn entered ordained ministry and did not work outside the home, as our family grew and grew, and my bookkeeping skills were focused on our family finances. When our youngest began school, I was offered a position with an apple orchard's retail store. Then I was a bookkeeper/receptionist for a dental office. After two years of studying computers and accounting, I did bookkeeping for a county Farm Bureau and part time for a hardware store; for a small wood milling company; for Unisys monitoring the expense vouchers of employees world-wide; for a family-owned real estate office; and for a non-profit that enabled physically and mentally challenge clients.

My bookkeeping/accounting/computer skills helped put Glenn through seminary and our children through college. Bookkeeping is my love. It was my passion and the focus of my life and I do not regret the decision I made on that day in the spring of 1955.

Nicky Nichtern



On a late Tuesday afternoon in July of 1991, my brother David (my one and only, favorite, brother David) called me to invite me to his posh health club to swim. He knew how much I love to swim, and I had been telling him that I used to swim every day, but now that I was living in the Big Apple again I missed it.

We were sitting outside on a terrace that went around the entire side of the 45th floor of the Parker Meridian Hotel on 57th Street. We had just had a long, luscious side-by-side swim. As we settled into deck chairs, facing the late afternoon sun, I began to tell him how much his outstretched hand at the end of each lap reminded me of our dad's hand, doing the same exact thing 20 years before. The fingers were extended similarly, and both he and Dad began to reach for the wall of the pool a stroke too early and then gave that long kick to glide into the final stroke before the turn around move.

Well, one conversation led to another. We usually joked around a lot but on this one fading summer afternoon we really got into serious stuff. Nothing I'm going to spill out here, but the important thing is to say was that we were doing it. You know. Connecting.

Simultaneously, we realized it had gotten dark out. New York City had put on its night jewelry, and the view was spectacular. I realized how late it must be for it to be so dark, and I also realized how cold I had gotten. We had sat down hours before in our wet bathing suits. We had only one towel between us, and as we started to get up to go inside David tossed it to me.

As we turned around to look from the glittering skyline inside to the health club my mouth dropped open. I turned to look at my brother, and his mouth was gapping too. The club was shut down and dark. Not a soul was around, all the lights were out, and the glass doors were locked.

"Okay, don't panic" he said in a panicky voice. Neither of us had cell phones back in 1991 but David assured me that we could always take one of the deck chairs and smash the glass door, but as we were both pacifists and solution oriented people, we decided to check out our options first.

We walked down to the end of the balcony, to one corner of the building, and slowly peered around the corner. There, about 10 feet away was an end to our balcony and about 5 feet, or a million feet, past there was the beginning of the next balcony. Before he could even consider jumping from one ledge to the other, I told him not to consider it. As I am his bossy older sister, and maybe because of some other reasons too, he didn't.

We turned around and walked back to the place we had begun, past it and now down to the other end of the building. We peered around that corner, now facing downtown. And there, also ten feet away was the end to our balcony. Only this time, the abutting balcony was just that. It was simply a matter of sitting on in and swinging our legs over and we were on the next balcony.

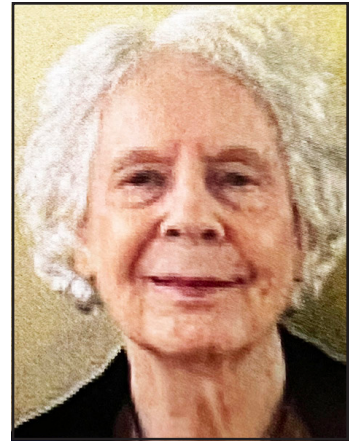
We walked to the end of it and slowly peered around the third corner of the night. There were lights on, and some people, dressed to the nines, cocktails in hand, mingling about. Somewhere from inside a band was playing "The Girl From Ipanema". "Come on" he said. "We can't!" I implored him. I was wearing basic black, but it was my swimsuit, and my cellulite was hanging out!

My baby brother, the one I had looked after for years, smiled at me and took my hand firmly, and we began to walk towards the black-tie crowd. When we got to the door that took us from outside to inside, he took me in his arms and began to cha-cha me into the room. For one brief moment I thought I was going to throw up, but then all of a sudden it felt like 1959, and we were in the Rec Room at Camp Kokosing, and we were dancing with each other again. We began to lindy, and he spun me out, and back and forth, and all of our old routines were at our beck and call. As the song ended he started to dip me. "Don't drop me" I squealed, just as I had years ago. And this time he didn't.

The crowd had backed off to watch and wonder. Each face was silently asking "who are these people in bathing suits in the middle of our party....and why are these people in bathing suits in the middle of our party?"

David once again took my hand, and we walked towards the door with the neon red exit sign above it. I walked out first and turned around to make sure that he was right behind me. But his back was to me and he was facing the crowd in the ballroom. He raised his hand in the air and in a loud, clear voice, called out "Hi Ho Silver, Away!" He turned to me, grinning, grabbed my hand, and we ran down the corridor together.

Joan Halpert



Howard Johnson's in Naples, Maine was swarming with college age camp counselors like me. We had put our young charges to bed in the 5 or 6 camps along Sebago Lake and were ready for whatever nightlife was available. That's where I met this guy, Don. We gravitated toward each other and hit it off. We both taught swimming at a camp on Sebago Lake and arranged to take a day off together. I was at a girl's camp - SUNNINGDAY, he was on a different part of the lake at an all-boys camp called YAHOO.

This was our day of - a perfect day - the day I'd love to have again.

I woke at 6 a.m. to the sound of the bugle. The air was crystal clear and crispy; the sky was turning blue and there were no clouds to be seen anywhere. I donned my warm jacket, grabbed my swim bag and was off to the dining hall for breakfast. The scrambled eggs and coffee set me up well for the day to follow.



Don picked me up and brought me to his camp. We decided on tennis to start. There were some long volleys and the game ended with a tie score.

Next, Don asked me if I knew how to play basketball and I told him I had played on a winning team in high school. I had loved being a forward. So, we shot some baskets, which I always enjoyed doing. I wondered what he was going to suggest next.

Well, it was time for lunch, and Don just happened to have a lunch with him that had been packed at his camp. We moved ahead to the beach down the road, and I watched him lay out a super picnic. We hung out at the beach most of the afternoon.



We chatted for a while about our dreams for the future. Don was on his way to medical school, and I would be entering my junior year at Simmons. Then there was a lull in the conversation, and we looked at each other for a few seconds. Instantly, we both jumped up and took a running leap into the refreshing, cold Sebago Lake.

No contest, or trying to see who swam better, just a lot of laughter and the enjoyment of it.

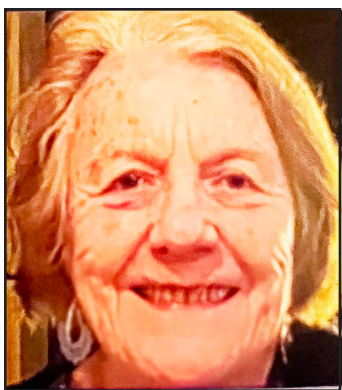


We dried out in the sun, chatting some more and Don wanted to know if I knew how to paddle a canoe. I told him about a test I took and having to drag the capsized, heavy canoe to shore by myself. So, we did some canoeing along the edge of the lake, close enough to pick blueberries as we glided by.

Well, that's how the morning and afternoon went, but there was still the evening to come. Don took us to a nearby lobster shack, full of pleasant locals. As we ate our yummy lobster dinner, Don was feeding the Jukebox with 1950's favorites. After we finished our delicious dinner, we danced the night away. Those songs of the fifties are still special to me - *Mac the Knife*, *Sha Boom*, *Love Me Tender*, *Put Your Head On My Shoulder* and *Love and Marriage*.

Around 10:00 we left for an hour's drive back to Camp Sunningdale where my pre-teens were hopefully fast asleep. With a kiss and a hug, we said goodnight to a perfect day, awaiting another visit at Howard Johnson's later in the week.





Heidi Moon

There isn't any single day that I'd like to relive, but there is a one-hundred-day experience: My circumnavigation of the globe with Semester at Sea in the spring of 1998. I was one of 45 adults, several hundred undergraduates, a faculty composed of professors of the arts and sciences, and the ship's staff. A former Holland America ship was now a college campus.

Our voyage began in the Bahamas with a plan to spend fifty nights on the sea while students attended classes in various subjects, every course related to the next country to be visited for several days. First port was Caracas, Venezuela where I spent time with a family that was hosting a Jamestown high school student. I saw how the upper middle class lived at that time. I also spent one day visiting a mountain village where the architecture was straight out of Bavaria and the language was German, but the poinsettias growing there didn't seem to belong.

Next stop was Salvador, Bahia, Brazil for Carnival and the Candomblé women whose religious ritual consists of their dancing themselves into trances. We travelled across the South Atlantic to Cape Town, Africa.

As members of the chorus, we learned the music of each country as we approached. That's how we were able to serenade Archbishop TuTu with the National Anthem of his country, among other songs.

A friend at home who had been on sabbatical in Cape Town had arranged for me to spend a day with a member of the Black Sash anti-apartheid movement. Susan explained that her adult children had emigrated, one to England and the other to the U.S., because they couldn't count on successful careers as white people in their own country.

Then to Kenya for a safari in the Serengeti and to India where the sights and sounds were disorienting. Kuala Lumpur remains a blur, but I do remember getting there through the Strait of Malacca. We were told to stay inside because the ship's staff were armed and on the lookout for pirates.

I fell in love with Vietnam and returned two years later to the Mekong Delta to coach local college students who were studying to be teachers of English.

Hong Kong and Osaka Japan were the last two stops and the places that seemed familiar. Capitalism was in full swing.

After becoming the Daughter of Neptune while crossing the International Date Line with my many new friends of all ages, we ended our voyage in Seattle. I flew back to Rhode Island, but it was clear that my trip of a lifetime needed a boat trip to take me from the Pacific Ocean back to the Atlantic. I completed the Panama Canal crossing a year later and that was when I realized that my life's journey is not a line beginning with birth and ending with death. It is rather what T.S. Elliot observed in Four Quartets:

“We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.”

Daureen Aulenbach

The year was 1967. Glen had received orders to Jacksonville Florida. I had not been able to get pregnant after five years of marriage and we decided to try to adopt a child.

We had arrived in Jacksonville in January, applied for a child in February, and Jon was born in March. Glen was scheduled to leave on a Mediterranean cruise in August, and I had planned to follow the ship from port to port.

They were very accommodating, and we went to court to finalize the adoption before he left. Today was the day we were going to pick up our son, Jon. He would be taken to the pediatrician for his one-month check and then delivered to the Catholic Charities office where we would meet him for the first time. As we waited for his arrival we were both more excited than nervous. So very grateful that we were going to meet our son.



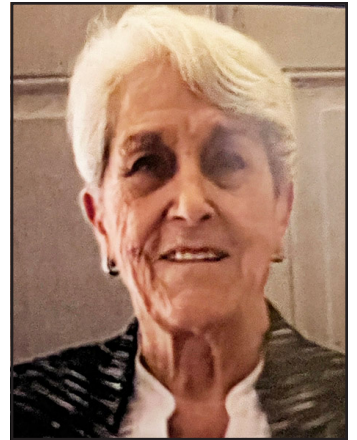
Jon arrived and we were brought to a room set up as a nursery. Our first reaction was that he was so beautiful. I told Glen we could never produce a child so beautiful, and he agreed. The social worker also commented that his mother was also beautiful.

We took him home to our apartment and just sat and looked at him. We were shocked that this moment had finally arrived. We could not believe how fortunate we were. After I fed him, he was fussy and started to cry. There was a knock at the door and it was our neighbor upstairs. He was an OB/GYN resident at the hospital where Jon was born. He had seen us arrive and was patiently waiting for the right time to come down to see us. He had delivered him! And as soon as he took Jon in his arms Jon burped and stopped crying.

He also commented on how beautiful his mother was and added that he was an extremely healthy baby.

We left for the Mediterranean in August and Jon did very well. He loved being with all the other children following the ship and his outgoing personality served him well. We spent most of our time in Italy. His white, blond hair, outgoing personality and big smile served him well.

We adopted Jon's brother, David, when we returned to Jacksonville. It was another positive experience. We will always be grateful that we were fortunate to have these two very special gifts.





Ted Morse

We came to Brown in 1963, and I was teaching a course of Fluid Mechanics in the Engineering Department. It was in Barus and Holley Hall that housed the Engineering and Physics Department.

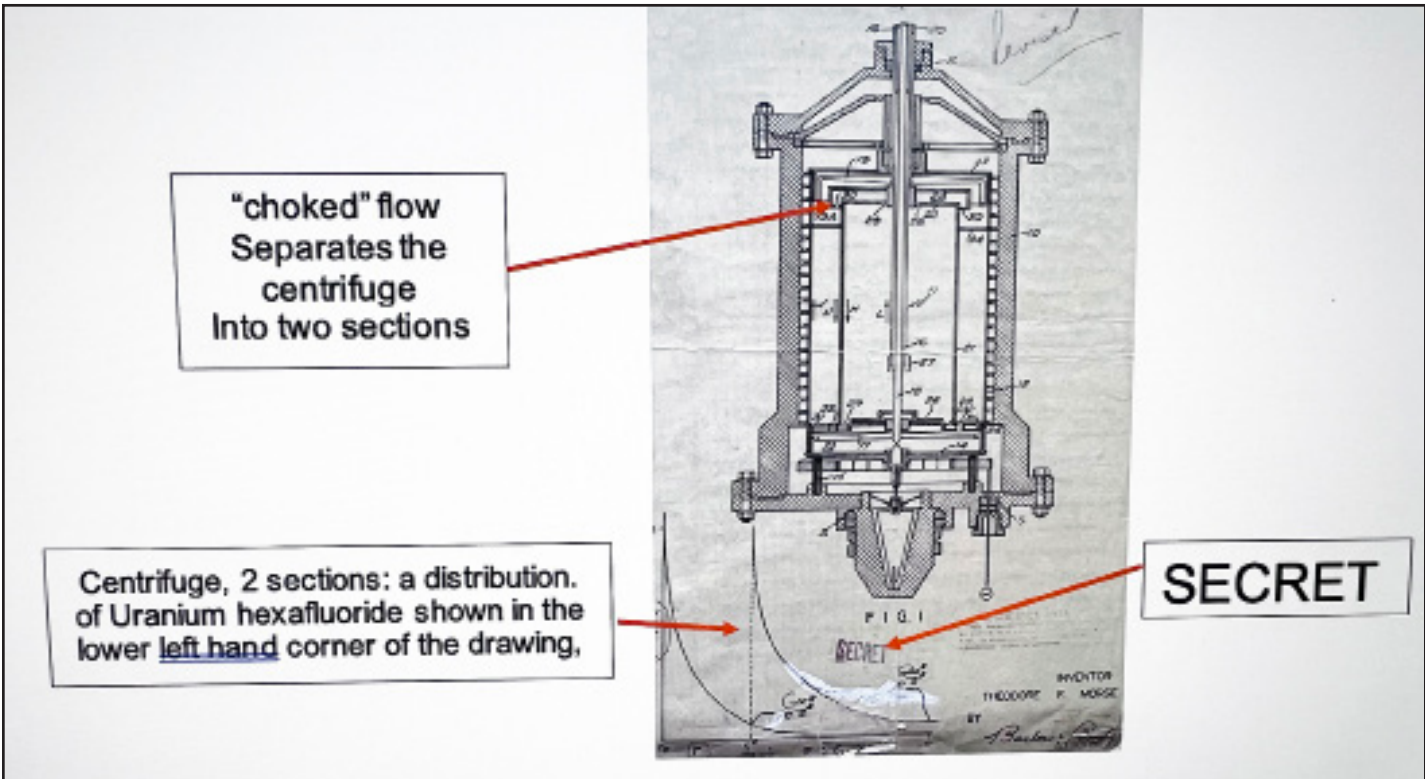
In 1964 I gave a lecture featuring “choked flow”. In this example, a gas will flow freely between one side to another side of the container depending on the difference in pressure. Mach 1 is the limiting pressure drop, the speed in this fluid cannot propagate upstream, and this results in a “choked” flow. The pressure drop downstream can be reduced (Mach 1) without affecting the upstream flow rate.

I submitted a patent in the following weeks. It had to do with the centrifuges that are used for Uranium enrichment (UF(6) 235-UF(6) 236). The UF(6) 235 is approximately 99% and the UF(6) 236 is 1%. The uranium must be enriched from less than 20% for power plants, and much more to build an atomic bomb.

The centrifuge causes the pressure to be exponential, depending on the rotation speed. There is no gas far from the centrifuge walls: the rotational speed is at the maximum. I have proposed an inner wall to be at the sonic velocity (Mach 1) and it, thus, it cannot propagate into the first centrifuge. There is approximately 1.7 times the ordinary centrifuge. The centrifuge is cascaded into many centrifuges, each performing a separation of the isotopes. See the drawing below.

The next week, Secret Service agents came to the room where my office was located. They declared to me as “Secret”, and I should not talk about it for 20 years!

I wonder if the Iranians and the US has thought of this?





Lowell Rubin

The eye follows the shore
at the edge of the tide.
In a straight line,
then a wide,
where the sand
takes a little rise
across the beach
to a dune
that is tidal wise.

There are strands of seaweed
blown into piles
curving the line of the beach
for miles.
At the very end,
in a glistening point
far to the lee
I see white forms in the haze
between the sky and the sea.
Sails in the sun
now setting.
Two figures silhouetted
a pair of wings pirouetted.

I know the day
is winding down,
that summer is
losing ground.
Its time will end
as the tide comes in
with rushing cares
and a din.

But just now I'll
feel the wind
and think the thoughts
of a summer's day
with a mind that wanders
far away.



Patricia Becker

The day I would like to live through again – it was a soft April day, the woods trembling with returning migratory bird song. The two of us were walking unhurriedly through a large wildlife preserve, alone, yet not alone. A Ruffed Grouse was drumming on a log a ways off to the left and ahead, a Pileated Woodpecker was drumming on a dead tree. We had spotted a Woodcock who thought he was well camouflaged in the underbrush just off the trail, and disturbed a Snipe, who flew off in the vortex of its winnowing whistle.



After a while we started looking for a place to stop for lunch, and chose to go off trail up a short hill. At the top we looked down on a small pond fed by an over-grown, slow flowing stream. It could not have been more perfect. We settled in and took out our sandwiches. Shortly, however, we were startled by incisive, loud barking. Puzzled at first, it was soon clear why; again, we were not alone. Looking up at us from the pond was a very large beaver. We surmised it was a male, as it was spring and his mate would be down in a lodge tending the young. The beaver was looking straight up at us, quite obviously speaking directly to us.

The beaver circled away around the pond and returned to slap his tail hard and talk to us - at us - again and again. Although we would have liked to have thought that he was sending a welcome, the message was quite clear - clear out!

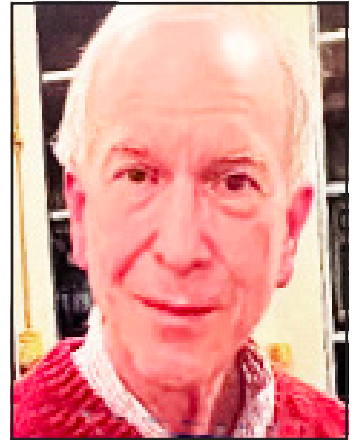
At one point it looked like he was going to leave the pond and start climbing up the hill to make his point more incisively, but he returned to circling the pond, slapping his tail and barking. Well, we told the beaver we meant no harm and would not stay long, but it took quite a while of sitting quietly to have our assurances taken seriously.

The gift of that conversation with a beaver was the capstone for an unforgettable day, a day that floats up in my memory again and again, a day that I would dearly love to live through at least once more.

Jay MacCubban

The downtown west side local came to a screeching halt at the 86th Street stop. The time was exactly 11 AM, on May 21, 1981. It was a warm, sunny spring day in New York.

A couple stood waiting for the train. She wore a casual white dress. He wore a 3-piece white suit. When the doors sprang open, they hopped on board. To their delight, they were greeted by their good friend, Barbara. The three were all chatter, giggles and lively conversation as the train sped southward, past 79th, 66th, 59th, eventually arriving in Times Square. They transferred to a crosstown and then another downtown train. Other passengers stared silently in bemused curiosity, not knowing what to make of this loquacious trio. Eventually they arrived at Foley Square where they got off. This is an area of courthouses and legal offices.



They made their way to the Municipal Building of Manhattan, a behemoth of New York City business. On the front steps they were greeted by four more friends. Then this noisy gaggle made its way up to the City Clerk of New York. It was now 11:55 AM. This would be the last bit of business before the Clerk's Office took a one hour lunch break. The couple quickly filled out a form. The man in the white suit paid a \$5 fee. Then, along with Dean, their official witness, they raised their right hands and repeated the words administered by Hubert, the City Clerk.

As the clock struck 12, Jay and Susan were declared Husband and Wife. As they left the office, they wished everyone a bon appetit.

The group strolled back through Foley Square, past the Brooklyn Bridge where they met a police officer. They asked him if he would take their picture. He happily replied, "Oh Yeah! Shoo-ah!" More pictures were taken as

the wedding party made its way to Sweet's Restaurant at the South Street Seaport. A delightful lunch was enjoyed by all. Toasts were made.

Later fond goodbyes were said by all. The bridal couple then made their way back uptown to Central Park for a honeymoon ride on the lake. The boat rental fee was \$10. Then there was a languorous stroll home to their apartment on west 85th Street.

It was a not-so-ordinary day in New York City.



Nancy Thompson

In the 1970's, my husband Tony and I, along with another couple, were traveling around the world!

At one point during our trip, we took a helicopter ride that landed in the legendary ruins of Machu Picchu, in Peru.

It was so incredible to see the ruins of Machu Picchu.

Then from there, we took a train ride up the mountain, which was another incredible experience.

This is a trip that I wish I could take again





Louis Hafken

We met at Butler Hospital. Lee Ann was starting a job as a psychiatric nurse on an inpatient unit, and I was starting to treat psychiatric patients in Rhode Island. We were assigned to the same treatment team along with a social worker and a mental health worker, and the four of us became great friends.

Lee Ann and I were both going through marriages that were coming apart, although we had sons, whom we have loved and who have brought us wonderful grandchildren.

After a few years, I moved in with her, and we later bought a house in Bristol together. We soon decided, however, that we wanted to formalize our relationship by getting married. By then, I had lost my parents, and she had lost her mother, but we were able to put together a magnificent wedding, on a beautiful sunny June day, that included Lee Ann's father, our siblings, our sons, and one infant granddaughter. Sharing the day with us were our neighbors, local and distant friends, friends from the medical community and boating, and coworkers from our office, Butler Hospital, Rhode Island Hospital, and Harvard-Pilgrim Health Care.

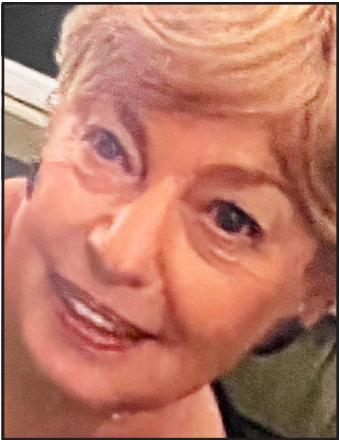
Our back yard stretched to the beach on Narragansett Bay. We installed two tents, a kitchen tent and a large tent that contained table seating and a dance floor. For the whole afternoon, we had music played by Duke Belaire and four of his other musicians. Associated with the wedding ceremony, they played the Broadway showtunes "What I Did For Love," "Memory," and "The Best of Times Is Now." The catering for the event was done by our friend Guy Abelson, who operated Café in the Barn.

It was a glorious day which would have been worthy of repeating. At least I have a video from the whole day, our wedding present from a great friend. The next morning, as family and out-of-town friends were on their ways home and we were preparing for our honeymoon to Bermuda, we watched a Concord jet circling over Narragansett Bay prior to landing at TF Green Airport. That was the only time in history that a Concord jet visited Rhode Island. That was definitely the frosting on the cake.



Rosie Litchman

I never even babysat for an infant so being told that I was having a baby in 7 months, I was plenty worried. I was a naive 20-year-old and Dr. Friedman was a young doctor who had recently opened a practice in Fall River, MA. Mom encouraged me to use the gynecologist who delivered me, but I insisted on Dr. Friedman. All went smoothly until I passed my due date when he warned me to eat lightly from now on and I agreed.



The next night, my friends and I drove to MacRay’s Clam Shack in Westport, MA. Everyone craved clam cakes in the summer and so did I! Later, my labor pains began simultaneously with my stomach pains, and I landed in the Union Hospital waiting for the doctor. The fried clams were pushed up and out of the way to make room for the tiny baby boy to be pushed out. Holding him was the happiest moment of my life!

I imagined my new baby as a chubby, pink and white darling doll but he missed the mark a bit. A tiny preemie, he was jaundiced, bald, skinny and wrinkled!



Our excited families came to hospital, and we all walked to the nursery window together. All ready to gaze at the first great grandchild on both sides. After short moment of silence, my grandfather whispered, “you’ll do better next time.” We all burst out laughing. Just as he predicted, I did! My next baby was remembered by the nurses as the prettiest red-headed newborn in the nursery in many years!





Ned Gammons

June 6, 1996; Gretchen and I were in Cambridge for the final day of my 50th reunion at Harvard. It began with a memorial service for classmates who had died since the previous reunion. A close friend and I presided. Solemn yet not sad: celebrating treasured friendships. Moving music, especially a new piece composed for this occasion by a classmate.

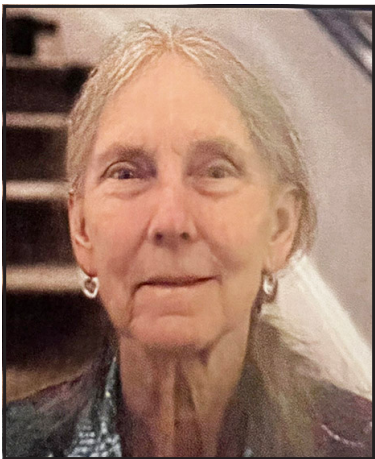
Afterward, so many faces made real so much shared from younger days. The great bell of Memorial Hall, once we heard as a call to class, now sounded, deep and somber as if for a time long gone.

I met with Gretchen as we walked to where the reunion classmates could stand for a photo. My cellphone rang, insistent even over the great bell’s tolling. Here came the voice of my son-in-law, proclaiming the birth of our third granddaughter shortly before.



Here, amid the warmth of memories renewed, was a bright flash of joy, of anticipation of new relationships, new life breaking in beside life remembered. The great bell called us to shout for joy.

We know 06-06-06 as the gift always present, if not relived, after twenty years.



Kate Baker

Relativisticly speaking, I am in no rush to catch up with my past. Rather let me hang mindfully in the present and let that present unfold into the future before my eyes. A day I’d like to live again? No. Not one. Nor even a whole lifetime of days if you told me that my life would be different, but with the same mix of highs and lows, accomplishments and connectedness, ineptitude and isolation. I have always thought this way from my earliest remembrance of asking myself the “go-back” question, when my age in years was in the single digits.

It’s been a glorious ride, but not worth the effort of repeating. Nothing so embarrassing or heinous as to warrant a rewind to erase or change; nothing so competently done or transportive as to command a rewind to re-enjoy the performance.

Yet I am not tired of the fight for a living future in this world. As Robert Browning eloquently advised: “The best is yet to be, the last of life, for which the first was made.”