

Happy Birthday, Grandpa
from Lea

11-7-01- 90 yrs.

I believe my first memory of you is not of you but of your shoes. I am sure everyone remembers me, and all the other girls in the family, under the table after every meal pounding on everyone's shoes. Now all the shoes gave us pleasure in their pummeling but yours, those hard black orthopedic shoes, were by far the best. I remember thinking they were so hard that there was no possible way you could know that they were receiving the blows of small fists. So that was the first memory.

My second concerns a babysitting incident. You were watching me at 140 Moffitt St. while Grandma, Dad and Mom were out gallivanting around town. We found a huge roll of butcher paper and proceeded to wrap everything that was easily mobile. After we had wrapped everything we could, you gave me the honor of unwrapping everything without taking any for yourself, a truly self sacrificing act. It was a virtual Christmas, and I really do not remember many times where I felt so much joy from such a simple act.

As I got older I got over my unwrapping obsessions and moved on to bigger and better things, such as literature. I remember feeling so cool because my choice in reading material started to appear on the dining room shelf of your house. Yes, we both shared a great love of that literary genius Bill Watterson, creator of Calvin and Hobbes. I mean we all knew you were an avid reader of the great works of the world so this shared love must have meant I was on the right track.

As time passed and I entered middle school, I entered the realm of higher math. This sometimes required outside help, and I remember long telephone conversations about just how to calculate the rat Billy was going in order to meet Sally $\frac{3}{7}$ of the way between point A and point B. Later on my math phone calls switched to Grandpa's phone calls about various computer maladies. Middle school was also the time where we had to write a biography of a relative of interest. I figured since Grandpa had gone from small town religious Riceville to big town left wing San Francisco, he would be my target of exposure. I read over this report recently, and, while greatly simplified, it was full of experiences of color, vibrancy and wonder. I mean who else has a grandfather who went from WestPoint Military Academy to an invitation by Trotsky's people to be the exiled leader's personal bodyguard. Ok so neither of these experiences panned out, but it was still quite a leap in situation.

For these and other reasons I have always been in awe of you. When I was small it was fascination over the simple things like the amount of literature, history and political theory you had read or the fact that you always had something to say about every subject. The present is not so different. I still am fascinated by the roads your life has taken you and the strength and wit you showed along the way. You have been and are one of my most important and powerful role models. I cannot thank you enough for sharing your stories, knowledge and life with me. It has touched me and shaped me more than you will ever know. I love you.