In Memoriam

Dorothy Alice Forsythe
High School Graduation Picture (Spring 1946).


Neighborhood Picnic at the Institute for Advanced Study (Princeton, New Jersey, June 1993).

Precise Date and Setting Unknown.

High School Graduation Picture (Spring 1946).
Note: The following has been written by me, Gary Forsythe, from my own personal knowledge and things told to me by Dorothy herself, other family members, and friends. What is set forth here is obviously only an infinitesimal fraction of what could be written about this truly extraordinary human being. For those of you who did not have the great privilege and honor to have her closely integrated into your lives, what follows is intended simply to give you a representative sample of her complex, rich, and wonderful life. I apologize to family members and close friends for what they may regard as a very inadequate or jaundiced selection of illustrative information. Finally, I wish to urge anyone who has thoughts or recollections of my darling wife not to hesitate to reach me by telephone at 806 791-4347 to talk about her. I truly enjoy discussing this wonderful woman with other people.
Biographical Outline

Dorothy Alice Klein was born on July 29, 1928 in Harvey, Illinois, which was then a semi-rural area on the southern outskirts of Chicago. Her Grandfather and Grandmother Klein were both German immigrants. Dorothy was the second of three daughters born to Francis and Faith Klein. Her sister Florence was older by about five years, and her other sister Dolores was only 18 months younger. In October of 1945, just as Dorothy was beginning her senior year at Thornton Township High School, her mother Faith gave birth to her last child and her only son, Edward. Dorothy’s formative years were thus shaped by the Great Depression and World War II. Since her parents were quite poor, the birth of Dolores soon after Dorothy almost resulted in Dorothy being given to one of Faith’s sisters and brothers-in-law to be raised as their child. Dorothy and Dolores were quite inseparable as children and had a very joyful childhood, in large measure due to their gentle and loving father, from whom, I am convinced, Dorothy inherited her natural sweetness and joyful love of life. She could still remember vividly how the announcement of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor came over the radio on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, as well as the great public jubilation on VJ Day in early August of 1945.

Dorothy was a very beautiful young woman and had many ardent suitors in high school, but soon after graduating she met Eugene Pathel, who had been recently discharged from the U.S. Navy, and they were married on March 22, 1947 in a big wedding at Academy Methodist Church (Harvey, Illinois), at which a friend of the family was heard to exclaim that Faith and Francis had the three damn most beautiful daughters. Dorothy worked as a bookkeeper until she gave birth to her first child, Susan, in Harvey on Aug. 2, 1951. Scott was born two years later also in Harvey on Aug. 21, 1953. After receiving his architecture degree from Chicago Technical College, Gene was hired by Glenn L. Martin Aircraft in Baltimore, Maryland. Thus began in the summer of 1955 Dorothy’s life-long itinerant existence. They lived in a newly created residential area full of young families like themselves with many small children. As happened throughout her entire life, Dorothy made instant and lasting friends from among their neighbors. Dorothy’s third and last child, Carolyn, was born in John Hopkins University Hospital on May 20, 1957. Gene quit his job at Martin in 1959, and the family returned briefly to the Chicago area, while he proceeded on to Seattle, Washington to receive clearance and training for government work through Boeing. In the spring of 1961 the family joined Gene for about four months in Seattle. From this experience Dorothy’s most vivid memory was the majestic beauty of Mount Rainier. In August of the same year, however, they were relocated to Great Falls, Montana, from which Gene went out as a field engineer for the building of Minute-Man-Missile silos. They lived in a trailer court provided by Boeing, and Dorothy and the other wives became fond friends and did many of their chores (such as laundry) together. While living here, they became good friends of their Methodist minister and wife and participated in many church activities, including camping. Of all the places in which she lived, Dorothy always maintained that she enjoyed Montana best of all. But in early 1963 Boeing relocated them to Kimball, Nebraska, where Gene continued his work as a field engineer.

Virtually all U.S. citizens of that day continue to associate November 1963 with the assassination of President Kennedy, but for Dorothy this national tragedy was largely submerged by a much more personal one, the death of her beloved father on Nov. 16, six days before Kennedy’s assassination. Her father had been a smoker and had always enjoyed fine health, but he developed cancer and died with his family about him, including Dorothy’s.

Gene eventually quit this job with Boeing and went into business with a friend to form a construction company in Kimball, but the enterprise failed and went bankrupt. This was a source of tremendous stress to Dorothy for a very long time thereafter. In February of 1965 the family moved from Kimball to Champaign, Illinois, where Gene was employed by Creative Building Incorporated. As always, Dorothy continued to be very active in the Methodist Church; and she eventually became a part-time seasonal employee of a florist shop called the Blossom Basket and still later worked part-time for the Book Emporium. She also began to do volunteer work for the aged. This led to further volunteer work for blind students at the University of Illinois.

On Aug. 31, 1970 I was one of seven blind freshmen who arrived at the University of Illinois campus for one week of mobility instruction before the regular freshmen orientation week. Each of us had a volunteer assigned to us for learning how to get around on campus. Dorothy was assigned to another student, but since my
volunteer was absent one day, Dorothy was reassigned to me. This was our very first encounter. At the end of this week Dorothy’s student, who was a very forthright individual, had her invite us all over to her house for a party on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 7. Thus began her association with this group of blind students. She cheerfully helped us in running various errands to places off campus and occasionally had us over to her house for supper on a week-end. During these wonderfully fun times I usually played the guitar, and we all sang songs together and really enjoyed ourselves. This interaction continued and intensified during the following academic year (1971/2), and by the spring of 1972 I realized that I was falling in love with her. I finally disclosed my feelings to her Monday evening, July 10, 1972; and thus began our relationship. Since about 1960 she realized that she no longer loved Gene, but she had decided to stay married in order to give her children an intact family. She had also been contemplating divorce as soon as Carolyn was on her own, but in the summer of 1972 when our relationship began, Carolyn still had three more years of high school to complete. For several months Dorothy suffered considerable anguish, as she was torn between her marital obligations and her personal emotions. She even had us try to end things by not seeing one another, but this proved to be too unbearable for both of us, and she eventually realized that our feelings for each other were not ephemeral but were genuine and enduring. Our relationship remained a secret until early summer of 1973, and by late summer Dorothy and Gene separated. Their divorce was not finalized until Sept. 19, 1974, at which time Gene immediately married his second wife.

Dorothy started her first full-time job as a teller at the Bank of Illinois in January of 1974. We moved into our first very small apartment on June 1 of 1975 and lived there for two years. We were married on July 6, 1976 (7, 6, 76), two days after the great national bicentennial celebration. Dorothy’s charm and efficiency were responsible for her being promoted to the position of secretary to one of the bank’s vice presidents and supervisor of the safe-deposit boxes, a position which she greatly enjoyed.

By the spring of 1975 I had earned my B.A. in History and began graduate work that fall. During the summer of 1977 we moved out of our apartment and into a nice small house in Dewey, Illinois, a village of less than 200 people several miles north of Champaign and completely surrounded by farmland. There we lived in bliss for the next two years (July 1977-Aug. 1979), during which Dorothy continued to work at the Bank and I continued my graduate studies and also did my first two years of college teaching as a teaching assistant. As I slowly neared the completion of my M.A. (while still working toward a degree in physics), one of my professors persuaded me to go elsewhere for my Ph.D. Thus, during the summer of 1979 we left our idyllic little house and moved into a miniscule high-rise apartment (21-19 feet) in graduate housing at the University of Pennsylvania. There we somehow managed to live for four years (1979-1983) until moving into a substantially larger apartment. During the two years we lived there, I completed writing my dissertation and taught as a lecturer in the Department of Classical Studies at the University of Pennsylvania. For the first four of the six years we were at Penn, Dorothy worked in the office of Financial aid at the university. She then served two years as the secretary of the Department of Classical Studies.

After my graduation from Penn in May of 1985 we moved to the Philadelphia suburb of Swarthmore, where we lived in an enormous old apartment (much more like a house), while I taught for one year as a visiting assistant professor in the Classics Department of Swarthmore College. Dorothy finished the fall of 1985 as Penn’s Classics Department secretary and then was quite happy to revert back to being a housewife and my live-in secretary and academic assistant. In the summer of 1986 we were obliged to move to another Philadelphia suburb, Bryn Mawr, where I began a two-year stretch as lecturer in the Department of Latin at Bryn Mawr College. For two years we lived in a very charming apartment just across the street from the campus. Dorothy was first employed as the college’s cashier (counting thousands and thousands of dollars in cash everyday) and then moved over into the Office of Career Planning and Placement. In the summer of 1988 we packed up once more and moved back to the midwest, where I began my first tenure-track position in the Department of Classical Languages and Literature at the University of Chicago. During our first four years there (July 1988-June 1992) we lived in a very large but old and somewhat crumbling apartment in faculty housing, and Dorothy served as secretary to two senior professors in the Department of History. She finally quit this position in April of 1992 when she had a back operation, and she was never formally employed again.

In the summer of 1992 we moved from Chicago to Princeton, New Jersey, where I had a two-year fellowship as a member of the School of Historical Study at the Institute for Advanced Study. Our years there (July
1992-Aug. 1994) in our little house at 89 Einstein Drive were absolutely heavenly. After her hip replacement operation in January of 1993 Dorothy diligently exercised daily in order to regain full use of her right leg. Soon we were regularly taking long, wonderful early morning walks about the Institute’s grounds with my guide dog Polly racing about with us. When we returned to the Chicago area in late summer 1994, so as not to be in the big bad city, we moved into an apartment in Chesterton, Indiana, a community of about 10,000 near the southern shore of Lake Michigan. I commuted into the University of Chicago on the train. As she had been doing since her days in Champaign, Dorothy instantly resumed swimming at the local YMCA and also soon joined an exercise group for elderly women. They all became fondest friends and thoroughly enjoyed Wednesday luncheons together. But My position at the University of Chicago ended on Aug. 31 1996 when I was denied tenure, and the most difficult period of our life together began: four years of unemployment for me, which at times seemed to us to threaten to become a lifetime. Fortunately, I was offered the position of ancient historian here at Texas Tech; and so, in July of 2000 we made our final move together to Lubbock. Dorothy resumed her morning swimming at the nearby YWCA and began to accumulate new friends from among her fellow swimmers. When we arrived here, we moved into a rented house at 3303 25th Street. Dorothy was very pleased to live once again in a house rather than an apartment. As always, she made this abode a wonderfully comfortable home for us. It was to this place to which she returned from the hospital on March 7, 2003 to die on the following day surrounded by the comforting embrace of all her familiar things and her loved ones.

Personality

Dorothy was a beautiful woman, but I am sure that there are many women who would be judged to be more beautiful merely from the standpoint of their physical appearance. Yet, to me Dorothy’s considerable physical beauty was multiplied tenfold by the incomparable beauty of her dazzling personality and character. She was beautiful both inside and out. Her dearest friend Marnie Vechte (Chicago) and her oldest granddaughter Charissa O’Holleran (Louisville) maintain that she lit up every room that she entered. I used to tell her that she radiated charm like the sun emits sunlight. As stated above, I believe that she inherited a natural sweetness, optimism, and joyful love of life from her gentle and loving father, but from what I can tell from her early adulthood she was initially rather shy and non-assertive. In my opinion the family’s frequent moving from place to place during her first marriage was responsible for enhancing her sweetness and optimism by developing within her self reliance, great strength, inner confidence, and true courage. My recent telephone conversations with her friends spanning several decades of her life turned up a very consistent pattern of descriptions: “very special,” “best,” “finest and most wonderful,” “the most unselfish person whom I have ever known.” I can say without hesitation and without hyperbole that she was the most perfect human being whom I have ever encountered; and I have been truly blessed by having her as my devoted and loving wife. This latter point was also stated to me consistently by her friends, who knew her true worth, our love for each other, and how it made us so happy together.

She was always far more concerned with others than herself and succeeded in displaying this charity, generosity, and loving spirit even in the most mundane and adverse circumstances. Two examples will suffice to illustrate this. This past Christmas season just a few days after the gall bladder surgery that revealed her inoperable cancer, the doctor came into her hospital room and very gently but clearly gave her all the bad news. Dorothy remained silent during the doctor’s presentation of this heart-breaking news with me and other family members gathered around her bed. When the doctor left the room, the very first words out of her mouth were addressed to me: “we will need to be getting you a bus pass.” I was genuinely awe-struck as to how she could first think of my future welfare rather than her own life-threatening condition. About ten days after this happened, we returned to the hospital to have a conference with the doctor about what should be done next. As the doctor described her medical condition, I was so overcome by stress that I fainted to the floor and had to be taken away briefly to the emergency room. As we were leaving the hospital, Dorothy slowly moving down the hall with her walker, we encountered a very small boy who was excited to see my guide dog. As she had done countless times over our years together when such things happened, Dorothy paused; and I could tell from the tone of her lovely voice that she was turning upon him her beautiful charming smile. She addressed some very nice words to him concerning our dog. Once again, I was awe-struck at how her naturally loving temperament did not abandon her under such
adverse circumstances. She was still very weak from the operation, very sick, and doubtless extremely tired and

care-worn from having to go to the hospital for this very stressful conference. She had every right to be fully self

absorbed in her own desperate situation, but she nevertheless took a few moments to bestow her gracious kindness

upon a small boy whom she did not know and would never see again.

Another of her characteristic virtues was modesty. Despite her many talents and accomplishments, she

was always modest about herself; and on the few occasions when she allowed herself to mention to others what

she had done, she always did so with disarming humor and never with any hint of bragging. On the other hand, she

was always vocal and effusive in expressing her loving pride for what her family members and husband had done.

When she presented her friend Marnie with the gift of a lovely afghan that she had made, she attempted to downplay

what she had done by stating that she had simply made the afghan from left-over bits of yarn. Marnie to this day

will still have none of this modesty but treasures this object and adores the beautiful sequence of colors in its

pattern.

Dorothy’s natural grace and ability to put people at ease were astonishing. Whenever we attended a recep-

tion or departmental social gathering together, I enjoyed watching her interact so beautifully with others. Al-

though I was the faculty member responsible for our attendance at these functions, I often regarded myself as a

mere country bumpkin standing alongside the most gracious person in the world. On such occasions I often

thought to myself, “why didn’t I stay home and just send her to this party?”

Besides her incomparable grace, charm, modesty, and loving disposition, Dorothy was gifted with great

intelligence, impeccable taste, and unerring judgment. Whenever we purchased anything for our home or for

ourselves, she always seemed to know exactly what would be most suitable both in terms of utility and aesthetics.

To me, she personified feminine elegance. She had been an excellent student in high school and wanted to attend

college, but since her older sister Florence had not expressed interest in going to college, and since her younger

sister Dolores was not academically inclined, her parents unfortunately decided that it would be unfair to send her

alone to college. Yet, during our life together she constantly served as my academic assistant and live-in secretary,

and I found her to have talents and abilities far beyond those of many college graduates. See below the sections

entitled “Activities and Things Made and “Our Life Together.”

Religion

Throughout their marriage Dorothy and Gene were very active in the Methodist Church. She taught Sun-

day school and was always ready to assist in charity events of all kinds. Her best friend from her years in Champaign,

Jeanne Cantwell (now living in Brinklow, Maryland) remembers how Dorothy got her involved in these things,

and how wonderfully delicious everything was that Dorothy baked or cooked. These church related activities

continued up to the fall of 1973 when our love affair became common knowledge. As might be expected, within

Dorothy’s extended family and circle of friends and acquaintances the news stirred up tremendous turmoil and

anger that did not subside for several years. Understandably, my blindness and our considerable difference in age

caused this turmoil and anger to go beyond what one might normally expect. When this spilled over into her

Methodist church, Dorothy ceased being a member and henceforth had no real personal interest in organized

religion. She was of the opinion that attending church made one no more a Christian than standing in a garage

transformed one into an automobile. She was never preoccupied with thoughts of heaven and hell but was a very

practical person firmly grounded in the reality of the here and now and thus focused her love and charity upon her

friends and family and their immediate needs, concerns, and problems. To her, the true significance of Christianity

lay not in attending church or anticipating the here-after but in actively living out in one’s life the ethical teachings

of Jesus. I personally know no one who better lived according to the rule of “love thy neighbor as thyself”

(Matthew 19.19 and especially Mark 12.30-31, the latter of which she knew by heart and sometimes recited).

Although she was invariably modest about what she did, she knew within herself her own real qualities as a

humane human being, as well as the great positive impact that she had on those close to her. Consequently, as her

death neared, she was completely confident as to who, what, and what kind of person she was, and what kind of

life she had led, so that she had neither interest in nor the need for a bedside minister. If in fact there is a heaven,

she certainly must now be ranked among its superstars.
Music

During Dorothy and Dolores’ childhood together, Singing the popular music of that period was one of their greatest pleasures. In fact, music remained one of Dorothy’s greatest joys throughout her entire life. While living in Kimball, Nebraska, she took piano lessons with her children. In fact, Scott turned out to be quite musical and spent his early adulthood as the sound engineer for several prominent touring rock groups. Dorothy was gifted with a very beautiful talking and singing voice that had an extraordinary range. Consequently, when she was a member of Sweet Adelines in Champaign during the late 1960’s and early 1970’s, she was asked to sing in three of the four different sections, as the need of numbers for their group required. Her knowledge of popular music was quite extraordinary, and I used to be amazed as to how well she guessed the names of songs on the old tv program “Name That Tune.” My playing the guitar was significant in bringing us together, first as friends, and then as lovers; and it always remained a great source of pleasure to us both, especially during her fight with cancer.

Activities and Things Made

As indicated by her biographical outline, Dorothy was formally employed at numerous jobs throughout her adulthood: book keeping, florist shop, Book Emporium, bank teller, bank vice president’s personal secretary and supervisor of the safe deposit boxes, college student financial aid officer, university departmental secretary, official college cashier, administrative assistant in career planning and placement, and secretary to two senior professors of American history. To all these position she brought her unfailing good humor, personal charm, efficiency, reliability, attention to detail, and considerable organizational skills. A year ago this past summer I happened to spend some time with a former Penn Classics graduate student, who now teaches at Baylor; and he remarked to me that Dorothy was the best departmental secretary during his years at Penn.

In her own estimation of herself one of her most remarkable achievements was to overcome her terror of water and to become an excellent swimmer. This she accomplished during her years in Champaign when she was about 40 years old. By the time that our relationship had begun a few years later, she had gone through the entire swimming course sponsored by the Red Cross. For the rest of her life Dorothy was an avid swimmer and was always involved in a regular swimming regimen. At the time of her gall bladder surgery and diagnosis with cancer, as the surgeon himself observed, she was in excellent physical condition and was to me still as beautiful as ever.

Dorothy was a voracious and serious reader throughout her adult life. Her children and grandchildren remember her as one who always had a book at hand and kept a book stand near or on the dining table to be put to use everyday when she had lunch. After she came to Champaign, she combined her love of reading and enjoyment in helping others by becoming a volunteer reader for blind college students; and once our relationship began, she became my invaluable and irreplaceable assistant, devoting countless hours of her time to reading and recording important printed material on tape for me. But even before that, her mental virtuosity was clearly displayed by her mastery of Braille. She wrote braille letters to several blind students during their summer breaks and other vacations, received braille letters in reply, and was able to read them with her eyes.

In addition to being a fabulous cook, Dorothy was a consummate sewer, knitter, and crocheter. She was never content simply to sit still to talk or watch television, but she always had her hands occupied making something; and she was always eager to teach others how to create beautiful and useful things from cloth and yarn. A substantial portion of her clothes were things which she had made for herself. Over the years she made countless wonderful things for her friends and family, who now cherish these objects as rare possessions. She once decided to make stuffed teddy bears for her grandchildren, and they were so adorable that I had her make me one also. A few months after our relationship had begun, she completed making for herself a gown decorated with musical notes to be worn at an upcoming Sweet Adelines concert. I asked her to model it for me one day when we were alone. The gown came down to her feet and was gorgeous, but as I unzipped the dress down her back, I jammed the zipper and could not dislodge it. But we still had a delightful time together in extracating her lovely feminine form from the dress.

Dorothy’s unquenchable love of life and desire to take on new challenges were clearly exhibited by her
decision at the age of 64 to learn how to quilt. Shortly after we arrived in Princeton, she enrolled in a quilting class and soon added this skill to her numerous talents. Over the last ten years of her life she succeeded in making several lovely quilts and other quilted objects.

Friendship

Given her natural modesty, Dorothy’s sweetness and charm could easily go unnoticed in a crowd, but they were always unmistakeably obvious and captivating in one-on-one encounters. Throughout her adult life she attracted friends to herself as naturally as a magnet attracts iron filings. To this very day, after numerous moves throughout this vast country, she still has very close friends in places where she once lived: e.g. Elsie Caste in Baltimore, Jeanne Cantwell from Champaign, Sue Parker in Philadelphia, Marnie Vechte in Chicago, and Florence Dresh and others in Chesterton, Indiana.

As a general rule, the closest friends whom we have throughout our lives tend to be persons with whom we grew up and shared formative experiences. It is quite rare for us to establish this type of deep friendship with people later on in our lives. Dorothy’s extraordinary quality as a human being is clearly revealed by the fact that she had no difficulty in establishing deep friendships with people wherever she went and in every phase of her life. These friendships were such that there seemed to be a complete harmony of thought and feeling, so that even after we moved away and had been gone for years, Dorothy and her distant friend could always pick up and resume their friendship by letter, telephone, or actual reunion as naturally as if they had seen one another the day before.

When we came to the University of Chicago, she had just turned 60. After assuming her position as personal secretary to two of the senior American historians in the Department of History, she made the acquaintance of Marnie Vechte, another departmental secretary, and they became instant friends, so much so that to this day Marnie continues to regard Dorothy as her sister rather than a friend. Two summers ago, after we completed our first academic year here at Texas Tech, Dorothy embarked upon a seven-week tour of her various friends and relatives in Chicago, northwestern Indiana, Louisville, and Virginia. While she was visiting her younger daughter Carolyn in Virginia Beach, Dorothy happened to make the acquaintance of a friend of Steve, Carolyn’s husband. Despite their brief and limited contact, Dorothy made such a deep impression upon this man that when he learned from Carolyn’s daughter Jennifer that Dorothy had been diagnosed with cancer, he purchased and sent her a very nice present of a night shirt and various vitamin supplements.

Family

The two most important things in Dorothy’s life were her family and our life together. She endured at least twelve years of a loveless marriage with her first husband in order to preserve an intact family for her children. All three children (Susan O’Holleran, Scott Pathel, and Carolyn Gould) have bestowed upon her the greatest praise that a mother could ever desire: for they have always regarded her not only as their loving mother but especially as their best friend with whom they could share their concerns and problems. Dorothy was always a very clear headed individual and, unlike many mothers, was not blind to her children’s failings, but her maternal love always kept the mother-child bond secure.

Her son Scott fondly recalls how she was always at home when he came home from school and was therefore always ready to hear about his day and any concerns that he had. He also attributes to his mother his lifelong love of music and reading, because she filled the house with pleasant stereo music and enjoyed discussing with him books that they read together. Carolyn’s early years as an adult were very difficult and problematic, but Dorothy was always her firmest supporter, both spiritually and financially. Consequently, when Dorothy was diagnosed with cancer, Carolyn regarded herself as genuinely privileged to be able to spend several weeks in caring for her ill mother and for me, Dorothy’s bereaved husband after her death.

In addition to her three children, Dorothy had seven grandchildren and one great-grandson. The two oldest granddaughters (Charissa O’Holleran and Jennifer Huffman, both now 26 years old) regard Dorothy not so much as a grandmother but as another mother, who up to the time of her fatal illness was always their trusted and sage
confidant as to everything that troubled them. For many years after we had moved away from Illinois and were living in and around Philadelphia and therefore separated from Dorothy’s daughters’ families by hundreds of miles, Dorothy spent time every Sunday in writing out by hand personal letters to every single grandchild and enclosed stickers for their amusement. Charissa still remembers with fondness these weekly letters and how much more special they were than the occasional cash allotments they received from other grandparents. Katie and Briana O’Holleran both fondly remember how beautifully Dorothy sang to them. But besides being a loving grandmother, Dorothy also made sure that the grandchildren behaved themselves: for whenever she visited her younger daughter Carolyn, her three youngest (Nikita, Eugen, and Savannah) all learned very quickly that Grandma Forsythe expected to have her requests and orders executed immediately without further repetition.

Throughout her life Dorothy demonstrated repeatedly that she would attempt to move mountains in order to assist her children and grandchildren. Perhaps the single best illustration of this occurred during the summer of 1998. At this time Jennifer was living alone with her one-year-old son Philip in far off Bellingham, Washington. In order to assist her in moving back east to rejoin her mother Carolyn in Louisville, Dorothy, just about to turn 70 years old, flew out to Washington state and baby-sat with Philip during the daytime while Jennifer finished up her schooling. They packed up her things during the evening; and when they were finally ready, they rented a U-Haul truck with a rack for Jennifer’s car, and Jennifer and Dorothy took turns in driving the 2200 miles from northwestern Washington to northwestern Indiana, and Jennifer completed the remaining 250 miles to Louisville on her own.

Our Life Together

How can I possibly do justice to describing our life together in brief compass? Where should I begin, and what should I include in order to convey to those unfamiliar with our life together how truly magnificent it was for both of us? I shall begin with a few general, tasteful remarks about our relationship as love-mates. As I have already made clear, I always regarded and continue to regard Dorothy as the most beautiful person, both physically and spiritually, whom I have ever known, and I have been totally infatuated with her from the beginning of our relationship (when I was only 19 years old) until the present day (now being 50 years of age). I am still madly in love with her. I am a truly fortunate man for having a wife who reciprocated these feelings, so that up until the time that she had her gall bladder operation that revealed her inoperable cancer this past December, we enjoyed a mutually, fully satisfying love life. Our countless incidents of physical intimacy were always exquisite and have provided me with an invaluable treasure of memories that I will hold dear for the rest of my life. During my lifetime our popular culture has been increasingly dominated by a casual attitude toward sex, but I am very proud to have made love to only one woman, the most beautiful and perfect woman whom I have known. She was my first love and has been my only love and the great passion of my life. I would never consent to exchange our deep and rewarding monogamous love life for all the promiscuous sexual pleasure in the world.

Allow me to share with you two items that allude discreetly and humorously to our love life. Early on in our marriage I one day formally announced to Dorothy that henceforth she was always to make appointments with only female gynecologists. She was somewhat surprised but also genuinely pleased by my proprietary attitude and always observed my stricture, although she enjoyed teasing me about it occasionally. Secondly, while she was the supervisor of the safe deposit boxes at the Bank of Illinois in Champaign, one of her frequent visitors, with whom she became friendly, was an elderly and wealthy lady named Bernice. Eventually through their conversations Bernice learned that Dorothy’s lover boy was blind. Her response to this was “he can’t possibly know how beautiful you are!” Dorothy simply replied, “oh no, Bernice, believe me, he knows!” When Bernice persisted and said “he really can’t know how beautiful you are,” Dorothy ended the discussion by repeating firmly and emphatically, “Bernice, believe me, he knows!”

During a recent telephone conversation Dorothy’s best Philadelphia friend, Sue Parker, informed me that once when Dorothy was talking with her about our marriage and how it differed from her first one, Dorothy said that she never believed that she could ever be so happy.” In the aftermath of her death, what wonderful, reassuring and comforting words from the very lips of my darling! I know for a fact that no man has ever loved a woman more than I love Dorothy, and that no woman has ever loved a man more than she loved me.
At the beginning of our relationship I disclosed to Dorothy my ambition to become a college professor. She embraced this wonderful dream as fervently as our relationship, and throughout our nearly 31 years together she was always my most energetic assistant and most enthusiastic supporter. My every success was always her success in a very real sense. A few years ago I heard a very interesting story on the radio. It concerned a fighter pilot in the U.S. Air Force during the Vietnam War. He was shot down, taken prisoner, and eventually released. One day as he sat in a restaurant, he was approached by a man who introduced himself as the one who had served below deck on his Aircraft Carrier and had been the man who packed his parachute. He ended their encounter by saying, “well, I guess that I must have packed your parachute properly.” This brief encounter made a deep impression upon the pilot, and he began to give presentations to groups with the theme being “who packs your parachute?” He wished to make people realize that just as his success and survival had depended upon someone whom he did not know working below deck, so a significant portion of everyone’s success may depend upon persons whom we hardly know or would recognize. Ever since hearing this wonderful story, I have always regarded Dorothy as the one who packed my parachute every single day to make sure that I would always have a safe landing in all my undertakings.

As her best Chicago friend Marnie recently observed, “you two were a “real team.” As already noted, Dorothy spent countless hours during the first ten years of our relationship in reading and recording important printed material on tape for me. I probably would have still received my Ph.D. in Ancient History from the University of Pennsylvania if we had not been married and working as a team, but it certainly would have been far more difficult, and I might not have turned out to be nearly as good of an ancient historian as I am.

Here are only a few of the more notable instances of her devoted service to our shared dream of an academic career. When I began to study Classical Greek, I had the textbook in braille for my various courses, but I still to this day do not have a braille Greek dictionary. Dorothy not only learned the Greek alphabet but insisted that I teach her how to pronounce Classical Greek, so that she could look up words for me and thereby serve as my Greek dictionary. This knowledge also enabled her to read Greek texts orally, so that I could transcribe them into braille. I once had a major problem in a graduate course in which we were reading portions of the Greek text of Herodotus. The volunteer organization that had been supplying me with the braille text lost the services of the one single person who was transcribing the Greek. I was therefore obliged to sit through several classes without a braille text, as the instructor called upon others to translate. Dorothy came to the rescue by combining her knowledge of the Greek alphabet and English braille. She learned how to write Classical Greek in braille and proceeded to transcribe the Greek that I needed to complete this course. When I was beginning my teaching career as a college professor, she twice came to my rescue in a similar fashion. She transcribed into braille excerpts of the Latin text of Petronius’ *Satyricon* and of Plautus’ *Amphitruo* for a class that I taught at Swarthmore College in 1985. A year later she transcribed a large amount of Latin that I needed in order to teach a course on the Roman historian Livy at Bryn Mawr College. She always spoke with great pride of the long hours we spent together in getting the text of my dissertation into Penn’s mainframe computer system by me reading her the braille text for her to type (this was in 1983-4 before personal computers had become ubiquitous). To make an extremely long and complex story short, she constantly served as my devoted secretary and research assistant in a bewildering range of capacities: reader, fact checker, locator of library books, proofreader of professionally written scholarship, scanner and editor of computer texts, and assistant grader for correcting the wording, punctuation, and grammar of students’ formally written essays. What an amazing woman!

I will end this section of the memorial by quoting the preface of my first book in which I pay tribute to my wonderful darling wife. My acknowledgement to her in the preface of my newest, forthcoming book will have to be rewritten in view of her death.

“My single greatest debt of gratitude, however, is owed to my wife Dorothy not only for her many years of patience and good humor but also for her unwavering support and unstinting assistance, involving countless hours of reading, checking references, typing, proofreading, computer trouble shooting, xeroxing, and considerable bibliographical work in various libraries. I therefore dedicate this book to her with all sincerity and love: Dorotheae Uxori Amantissimae Amatissimaeque [= to Dorothy, most loving and most beloved wife]”
Our Great Loss

Common wisdom and even Dorothy herself would admonish us not to grieve excessively over her death—
easy advice to give, but very difficult to follow, especially in reference to the loss of such a unique and remarkable
person. When someone such as Dorothy succeeds in becoming an integral part to our lives, having her torn out
from us by death cannot but leave a grievous wound that time alone can only slowly heal. Common wisdom would
also urge us not to lament, because she did in fact enjoy a long and very rewarding life. Yet, for someone of her
outstanding qualities, and for those of us nearest to her, death at 74 still seems far too young. In this respect the
ancient Greek addage that “the one whom the gods love dies young” appears all to apt. Dorothy’s name derives
from two Greek words meaning ‘gift’ and ‘goddess’ and can probably be best rendered into English as “Divine
Gift.” I have always regarded her as a true divine gift to my life, and I know that others who knew her well share
this view. I deeply regret that her two youngest grandchildren (Briana O’Holleran at nine and Savannah Gould at
six) and her only great-grandson (Philip Huffman at five) will not have her in their lives as they mature. Similarly,
when I was offered the position of ancient historian in the Department of History here at Texas Tech, we moved
from northwestern Indiana with the sincere intension to make Lubbock our new home. I am now just completing
my third year. Our first year was taken up with just getting settled into our new home and my teaching position. At
the time of her death Dorothy was just beginning to surround herself with her newest circle of dear friends. Those
of us who knew her well know that the Texas Tech community has been genuinely robbed of a tremendous human
asset. Of this two-member team, Dorothy and Gary, Texas Tech University has most definitely been cheated of the
better half as regards genuine philanthropia, the love of one’s fellow human beings.