

Irma's letter to her children after the 50th Wedding Anniversary dinner, 1989

Dear Toby, Mike and Reed...

"Last night I dreamt of Manderley again." That was the opening sentence in the novel "Rebecca" [Daphne du Maurier]. Well, last night I dreamt of 5650 North Meridian Street in Indianapolis--the house I grew up in, that my father worked for and built for his family--a beautiful house, very elegant and fine. I can't pass it today without being reminded of the days I lived there.

We all have a treasure trove of memories buried deep in our subconscious, covered by layers of filmy gauze, some to cover the hurts we felt, some to cover the poignancy of another time, the love for a person no longer here to love. In my case, my father. I hope I am like him, so full of fun and affection, so loving, so smart.

Well that brings me to today. The tribute paid to Milt and me by our three wonderful children is a memory already, a memory etched deep in our hearts forever.

I think everyone there could feel the love that flowed from parents to children and back again. It was the purest expression of the love and esteem we have for each other. To think that we rejected the idea of a celebration now seems preposterous.

Perhaps the fear of emotion running wild frightened Milt and me. The tendency to keep emotion in check so that the tears do not surface is the modern way to handle situations, keeping cool.

Well, as I write this at 5 a.m. Monday morning, the tears are flowing. I am so proud of you all, how beautifully you did the whole thing. You built a memory for your children, a milestone in their lives as well as a memory to cherish.

I am so sorry that my mother could not be there. To think that a parent is still around to see her daughter's 50th wedding anniversary is unique. I would like for

Reed to print her letter and a photo to add to the marvelous booklet that was a real labor of love. I would to send it along to all who were there as well as the poetry I read at the Saturday night banquet. I have had people ask for it.

How can we thank you for all you have done to make a perfect celebration of fifty years? All three of you...Toby, Mike and Reed...evidence of good genes and loving nurturing. We must have done something right to have three such terrific children. Our cup runneth over.