

If we're lucky, we have family around us when the going gets rough. It is a measure of David's humanity that the women in his life - his daughters, Pat, and Priscilla, were so present for him when the shit hit. I know it wasn't easy for them. I could see the increasing wear and exhaustion on their faces each time we visited, and hear it in their voices on the phone. David was so very blessed to have these women in his life. And his sons-in-law, Ryan and Alex, and his sort-of son Gabe, all showed him such kindness. These guys were not just around for the fun times. David was also lucky to have a spirited and generous caregiver named Connie. And he was blessed to have a family of friends in Santa Fe. This is a measure of a life well lived.

David was 7 when I was born. He was usually very sweet and patient with me. We have been friends my whole life.

This is a version of a note I sent to David for his 70th birthday 2 years ago:

Happy birthday to my dear brother David,

I wish I could be at your party. There is much to celebrate! As a child I looked upon you as my protector, my explainer of math, my safeguard against Marguerite, a scary babysitter. You were the logical one - the one who found our dog when she dashed off toward the valley time and again. You were older and wiser and had cool friends like Phil Ganz. You were in charge of things, like temple youth group, and would go to exotic places for conclaves like Fort Wayne and Kokomo.

You repaired my beloved and very worn stuffed doggie again and again and again when I was little, and each time, you restored my equilibrium. After each "surgery" you would put her back in my arms, I would sigh with huge relief.

When I found myself lost and overwhelmed as a student at IU and wanted to take time off to figure things out, Mom and Dad encouraged me to stick it out. You said, "Get out of there and go figure things out." I did get out of there, and with your help, I figured things out. I think I may have withered had I stayed.

Indeed, my whole life you have been the restorer of my equilibrium. When Richie's mom Sylvia died, when my dog Nora and I were hit by a car and she was killed, you were the one I reached out to first, always, after Richie and my kids. When I was on shaky emotional ground some years ago and had convinced myself I was physically ill, you had the vision, and wisdom, to point out, gently, what was really going on. I knew immediately you were right. Once again, I sighed with huge relief. Once again, you restored my balance.

When I think of the months near the end of Dad's life, a rough patch in your

own life, I remember your quiet presence at Dad's side. You made things a little easier for him and for Joyce, and therefore for me, when I felt so far away.

For a lifetime of solidarity and mostly solid advice, for helping me make sense of the world for more than 60 years, and for restoring me time and again, I am grateful to you and I thank you.