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2/24/2015

Dear Tommy, Mike, Elizabeth and families,

I type because my handwriting is undecipherable according to my family. I decided to write one letter to you all because it seemed the most effective way to let you know how I am feeling at this time.

The loss of your mother a few years ago and now the passing of your father is a hardship difficult to reconcile. May memories and shared feelings comfort you always. The loss of that level of family is a separate sphere to deal with. Realization that you like my sisters and I are the new elders is sobering and at times lonely. I still talk with Mom and Charles in nonspecific ways.

My lack of concrete memory did not come with advancing years. It has just always been part of my makeup. So my recollections of you 3 cousins and your parents are sketchy. There are some though.

As kids the basement at Nanny and Granddad's home was our retreat after holiday meals. Fun place to while away the afternoon. Gathering around the piano in their living room and singing was always cheering. And Gertrude's cooking coming from the kitchen, yum. It always fascinated me when Nanny would ring the bell at the dinner table for things she needed from the kitchen. How times have changed.

There were several years in Awosting. How often our families overlapped is lost to me but I know we did. The sounds from the bedroom window of a motorboat, playing on the dock or at the beach, those events held at the main bldg. (what was that called?) come to mind. Oh, and the raccoons who regularly upset the garbage cans at night...what a clatter! And a mess to pick up in the morning. There was the inevitable sailing, swimming, rowing, picnicking on the mountain and walking under some water falls. Good years.

— Wm machine
— library
— stove
— Bldg

— house, field
— clubhouse
— smaller boat
— base

I remember your home in Short Hills. It was riddled with great nooks and crannies which lent themselves beautifully during hide and seek. The Short Hills Club's lake afforded good swimming; the club house, fun dances and nice meals. Not a bad life.

*pics
uber*

Seeing some of you now and then at the Cape was always a treat. There were some weddings and Uncle Homer's memorial service that managed to bring us and many other Wickenden family members together. I know I met your mother's family at Awosting and later. Mom and I were fortunate to have met up with Tom and Beth at their home in Arizona. We were on a bus tour through New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah which finished in Phoenix, Arizona. It was a lovely visit. Seeing stone yards versus grass lawns was eye-opening and very sensible. Mom supplied me with a CD of Elizabeth's songs and pictures of her performing for the children. For a time, I believe Mike and Linda are/were active in a school or camp for troubled youth. Mike's personality is well suited for such an endeavor.

harlem AZ

It seems that your parents were often involved in my life and that of our family. Though not always our family physician, your father's medical services were called in during some critical times. Dad used to be a volunteer member with the local police in Short Hills. On one occasion he was preparing to go on duty. With his back to the fireplace and pistol in hand, he instructed all of us gathered nearby how to holster a firearm safely. Well, the pistol missed the holster, hit the stone hearth and fired. The shot went through his calf, missing bone, and headed upward lodging between the ceiling and the bedroom floor upstairs. Uncle Tom was called in to survey the damage and get Dad mended. Quite a night.

At my daughter's (Joy) birth, Uncle Tom served as anesthesiologist which was a surprise. Back then, keeping the mom sedated was standard. With each following birth, the changes made this easier. However, I was quite a mess and very yacky during the delivery. I had to plead ignorance when your father reported my behavior during the birthing process. No memory. Even after being moved from recovery to my hospital room I walked into the closet because it was where the bathroom had been in the former room. Your poor dad. He even volunteered for the assignment!!

Just before marrying Richard Beytes, I was the guest of honor at Aunt Jean and Uncle Tom's gracious home in Gainesville, FL where I also resided. Having just returned from a trip to Africa, they presented me with a lovely necklace composed of small, hand carved elephants. I treasure that piece today and wear it often. On the wedding day about 2 days later, your Mom offered to be our photographer. The ceremony took place at my home. Her contribution was invaluable. Both my sisters were in attendance and my 3 children all took part. At that time, they were in elementary and middle school.

It was in their Gainesville home that your Dad proudly played his carefully assembled harpsichord. What a treat to hear him play. I believe it was at the club where they lived that I met them for lunch one day. They were always a pleasant and interested couple. In a tasteful way, your mother's choice of wardrobe showed her conservative yet contemporary style. At times, both of your parents would pick up my three and take them boating on a nearby river. This they all remembered and enjoyed.

Mom loved birding with your mom and dad. Their trip to Iceland to see those orange billed birds (the name will come to me tomorrow) proved to be one of Mom's favorite expeditions. And speaking of adventures, bringing your parents' beautiful teakwood sailing vessel up from Florida to New England gave Mother plenty of wonderful tales to relate!

Having Aunt Jean and Uncle Tom in a home two doors down on the Cape from Mom and Charles was a blessing. I enjoyed seeing them there along with Helga and Charles' brothers, Howard and John and John's family. You may know that a group of us rent the bungalow for a week in the summer. Last year there were 17 of us ranging in age from 5 to me (72). Still a great place to enjoy all the camp has to offer and unwind at the same time.

Well, I close with my love to you all. I hope you enjoy the enclosed photo. Sorry Liz, you must have been in the oven perhaps.

Again my condolences. God bless you all and know I care. Any memories you guys would care to share just might shake up my cobwebs a bit.

Sincerely,
Sally Scofield Wanner