

4/29/89

Dear Aunt Ruth & Uncle Ed:

Being the grand procrastinator of the clan and simultaneously overwhelmed by our stabilizing, chaotic, nomadic lifestyle, I, of course, missed Beth's deadline for Salutation submissions by a good two weeks. But, I trust this will eventually wind its way to La Jolla with all its heart felt congratulations intact, albeit tardy.

It is truly incredible to me when I ponder the possibility of any couple sustaining a marriage for years spanning decades. That the two individuals involved also thoroughly enjoy each other in travel (voluntary stress which has sent me to the brink of divorce innumerable times in my recent past) and take delight in each other's hobbies and personalities after 45 years of bending, melding and growing is a wonderful and unusual situation. Congratulations on sustaining and perfecting "a more perfect union" in every sense of the term.

You must realize that there are some anecdotes which make or break families; some that must be committed to paper for all posterity and that double-edged sword of unrelenting embarrassment. In all fairness, this "hurts" me as much as it does you, Uncle Ed, so, I "sally" forth:

The tale should be told of one extended family visitation when assorted cousins were nestled, snug in their communal beds. One perhaps groggy and slightly parted Daddy hauled a sleeping son from a darkened room to stand and perform a function in the unlit bathroom that would save the other sleeping cousins from a damp sleep. Time passed without progress and one now impatient father urged the young child on to completion of the desired bodily function. In retort, the small child was heard to reply: "But Uncle Ed, I'm not Eddie, I'm Sally." And so, this is the rich stuff family lore comprises.

While there isn't one specific incident to embarrass you, Aunt Ruth, I must relay that I owe you a lot. I remember very early on coming to your home, usually being ill while I was there and being so wonderfully secure in your caring for me - it was gentle, sweet and loving nursing. It made a big impression - I felt special. Its a feeling I try to relay to all my very special kids as I have to do unpleasant things to them on a regular basis. I also thank you for helping me realize that my overwhelming dislike of housework and all related "domestic engineer" tasks does, after all, have some genetic base. For sometime I feared I was not my mother's daughter. It was reassuring to

locate the Cavanaugh link that hated cleaning, cooking and baking, not to mention the ultimate agony, ironing. I do want to tell you that your lasagna is top-notch. I'll have to share my specialty with you - a frittata that consists of opening a can of sweetened condensed milk and beating it with eggs and water and entrusting it to the oven for one hour - its no work and very impressive.

Well, Aunt Ruth and Uncle Ed, its time for you to think about a D.C. trip - we actually think we'll have some place to invite folks to in the near future. We should be moving to a roomy ranch-style abode by @ June 1. Now you must realize that our residence stability is a fleeting thing (by past performance) so if you have designs on any sightseeing in the area don't relegate it to the distant future.

Again, many congratulations on a very noteworthy accomplishment. Have a happy and reflectful 45th.

With lots of love,
Sal and Ted