

Wednesday, December 15  
Christmas, 1982

Cards are beginning to arrive from far and near and I have hardly even thought about Christmas. This has been a year of many changes and I am, at the moment, caught up in the merry-go-round of one of those big and sudden changes.

The first change is that my "year as parent" has passed. Sue stayed here winter quarter, then spent spring quarter - March to June - in the dorm at Univ. of Cin., and her summer in Florida. When she returned to UC this fall, she got an apartment for the year near campus, with a very nice roommate. We visit several times a month when we go to plays, ballet, and symphony together. We worked together on the Drama Workshop play, Solid Gold Cadillac. Sue was on the prop committee and had a walk-on part, and I was asst. stage manager and did the photography. My other theater venture this year was the acting role of Aunt Trina in I Remember Mama this fall, which I really enjoyed.

School seemed especially difficult last year with little reward. Travelling from room to room, having to organize, pack up, and re-organize 5 times a day absolutely BURNED me out. By June I was a nervous wreck. I spent my summer RESTING with impunity. It's a good thing I did, because the big and sudden change happened mid-August. Oak Hills' Speech and Drama teacher (who had been there "forever") was finally convinced to retire - at age 70! - and the supervisor with whom I had so much conflict took a leave of absence. Suddenly, 2 weeks before school started, I had my own room, became the speech teacher of Oak Hills and the Coach of the Speech and Debate activities, with all the after school rehearsals and weekend speech contests that that entails. I have truly enjoyed my work this fall - with one exception. It seems to constantly increase in quantity and it's beginning to overwhelm me. One does need a little time for one's self.

It was a joy this year to touch base with Lois and Shearl Edler and Jean and Bob Hendershot in January, and the Hendershots, Sandra and Charles Leach and Suzanne O'Dell in early August. In Nov. I journeyed to Toledo to enjoy Tom and Kayte Frushour's hospitality and view the El Greco Exhibit at the Toledo Art Museum. They were in Cincy 2 weeks earlier to see me do Trina and to go to the Tower of London Exhibit at the Cin. Art Museum.

I did a lot of sewing during my summer rest - built 8 outfits - including dresses, fall and winter suits. I'm sort of burned out in photography, so while I continue to snap some pictures, they don't seem to get developed and printed.

The final change this year happened with my father. His eyes have lost much of their sight, though he can see shapes. A bout with the virus in May left him physically weak for most of the summer and his empehezema is highly sensitive to dog hair and natural wool. He is better now, but driving and golf are a thing of the past. Brownie, in her older age, is a dear, but has been fighting a staph infection for the last year and a half. Poor dog, she got infected from the dogs at the home where she stayed during my 7 week western vacation.

And so , my comment last year that 1981 was a year of transition to a new stage in life seems indeed to have been prophetic. I hope all has been well with you during this past year and trust the coming year will be good to you in every way. May your life be filled with the quiet serenity and beauty reflected in the picture on my card, which looks so much like my Indiana woodland farm.