

MY STORIES | Sue Sieve Lennox



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Genealogy



My family originated in Scotland, England and Germany.





I'm a first generation immigrant Scot (my Mom emigrated in 1919) and a second generation immigrant German (Grandpa Al Sieve emigrated from Germany around 1892). Throw in an

English maternal grandfather (Edward Howard) and some Scandinavian genes and that's about it. Pretty much all northern Europe/British Isles.

Our ancestors were all humble folk—no royalty or wealthy landowners we! These included a baker, a farmer, a church bell-ringer, and a gardener. These immigrants, for the most part, followed other family members to America during a huge migration from Europe in the second half of the 19th century. For various reasons, both of our ancestry lines ended up in Cincinnati.

I have visited most of the places in the UK and Germany where our relatives originated. Edinburgh area and Dundee were home to my Mom's family. The Sieve farm in Lohne, Germany, where my grandfather Al was born, still stands. His mother, Wilhelmina, was from a little town nearby called Dinklage. My great-grandfather, Ewald Beusterien, hailed from Anklam, Germany, near Poland. My mother's maternal ancestors came down from the Shetland Islands, primarily from the most northern island of Unst. I loved the stark beauty and the wonderful bird life there. My Mom's father, Ted Howard was from Purleigh, in Essex, which is still a very small village in SE England.




Edna (my aunt), Olive (my aunt), Kitty (grandmother), Margee (half-aunt), Kay, (Mom), Great Grandma Jane, Aunt Jenny Green



Great Grandma Jane, Grandpa Edward Howard, Grandmother Kitty, Baby Kay (Mom)




Al and Helen Sieve (my paternal grandparents) on the right, with Bud Sieve (Dad) and Aunt Alma Sieve (Ackerman) just below Helen. The tallest man in back is Henry Sieve. Wilhelmina (great-grandmother) in black. The two ladies on the left I think are Johanna and Augusta Sieve. Not sure if Louis Sieve is on Henry's right. This would be in Cincinnati after they all emigrated from Germany over a period of several years.



Sieve Farmhouse in Ihorst, Germany

This home was built in 184 (former Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, District of Vechta). The Sieve farm in Ihorst is the origin of all Sieve families in Germany - first documented in name and land holdings, May 14, 1467. As of 2000, the owner and tenant was not a member of a Sieve family. Jacob Sieve was apparently the first Sieve to come to the USA.





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What was your Mom like when you were a child?



My Mom was Catherine Jane Howard Sieve, born in 1912 in Dundee, Scotland. English cousins called her “Rini” when she was young. Later, in young adulthood, her nickname was “Kitty”. And later yet, she was “Kay”.

When I think of my Mom, I think of warmth. She smiled a lot, she hugged a lot, and she had a gentle, friendly disposition. I observe people, their moods and actions. I think I absorbed this from Mom. She never commented about what she was seeing, but one could see her taking it all in. I don’t remember anyone with whom she didn’t get along.

Mom was generous with her time and her gifts. The only thing she was buttoned up about was her time in Scotland and her relationship with her mother. I knew almost nothing about that Grandma.

My Mom and Dad loved horses and the western life. They both had cowboy shirts and jodhpurs, cowboy boots and classic Stetsons. We went to horse auctions when I was young and horse shows at county fairs. Since I was an only child at that time, I always went along with the adults and enjoyed all these events. They had a very close knit group of friends in those years and I remember picnics and parties and much merriment.

Mom had two sisters, Edna and Olive, and a stepsister, Margee. Before Olive and her family moved to California (about 1947 I think), Mom, Edna, Olive and Margee would get together and laugh and sing together (they actually had a 15 minute radio show sometime in the past). They harmonized and sang oldies and some Scottish songs. After Olive moved, we saw Edna and her family frequently and those two sisters would regularly go out for lunch downtown at the Maisonette (much to Uncle Bob Hegman's disgruntlement with the resulting tipsy Edna).

My Mom insisted I take piano lessons off and on for years. She could play by ear and couldn't understand why I couldn't do the same! I had dance lessons (she was a wonderful dancer and could break into the Highland Fling with ease) and was signed up for tennis and golf lessons. But the thing I hated the most was when she took me to the hair salon to get a "permanent". How I detested that smell! She tried so hard to pretty me up but I was such a tomboy it was hopeless.

Mom played golf and was in a canasta group with the ladies from Western Hills Country Club. She was a good cook but I detested the liver and onions that she put before me. I sat at the table long after everyone else was finished a number of times.

My Mom was a kind, loving, generous person. How I wish she were still here to meet my children and grandchildren!



Bud, Kay, Sue



Kay



Courting Kay and Bud



Sue and Mom



Mary Sieve (Henry's wife) and Mom in Florida



The Howard Sisters are behind the screen door! Probably Aunt Alma Ackerman too.



Bahama cruise 1957



Kay



Fun Kay



Margee and Kay on top, Olive and Edna below



My sweet Mom

Do you have any particularly vivid memories of your grandparents?



I never met my mother's parents. Her father died in the First World War in a submarine explosion in the North Sea. Her mother died in Cincinnati when I was three years old.

My Dad's mother, Helen Sieve, had a stroke when she was in her 40's or 50's. I only remember her as an invalid. She was slightly paralyzed on one side, had diabetes with frequently infected toes and didn't seem to have many teeth. Or she didn't put her false teeth in her mouth!

Since they lived just up the street on Sidney Rd. (next door to Aunt Joan Berding), I visited her occasionally; she always seemed to enjoy the company. Every time I was there, she remarked

about how much I looked like her sister, Rose (Andres). She died about a year after my Dad died.

My Grandpa Al, in addition to founding and overseeing Glenway Chevrolet (my Dad was the General Manager) had a semi-secret life in Kentucky. He frequented the horse races and even bought a racehorse at one time. He had a lady friend there whom he eventually married.

One holiday at Aunt Joan's, Grandpa taught me to count from one to ten in German. This was unique because he usually didn't pay any attention to us (grandkids). Jean Ackerman would have been part of this instruction as well.

He frequently stopped at our house on the way to the "garage" in the morning to chat with my Dad. He loved cigars and would blow smoke at our airedale (Monkey) just to annoy him and make him bark.

One day on the way home from Seton (I was a junior I think), I stopped by Trolley Tavern to get something to eat. There in a booth was Grandpa Al and the most exotic older woman I had ever seen. This was the lady friend, Jalna Smith, from Kentucky. She was dressed in a sky blue skirt and sweater, cashmere of course. The sweater had a neckline of fluffy feathers. I sat with them for a while and was awe-struck by this bold, loud, opinionated woman, the exact opposite of my grandmother.

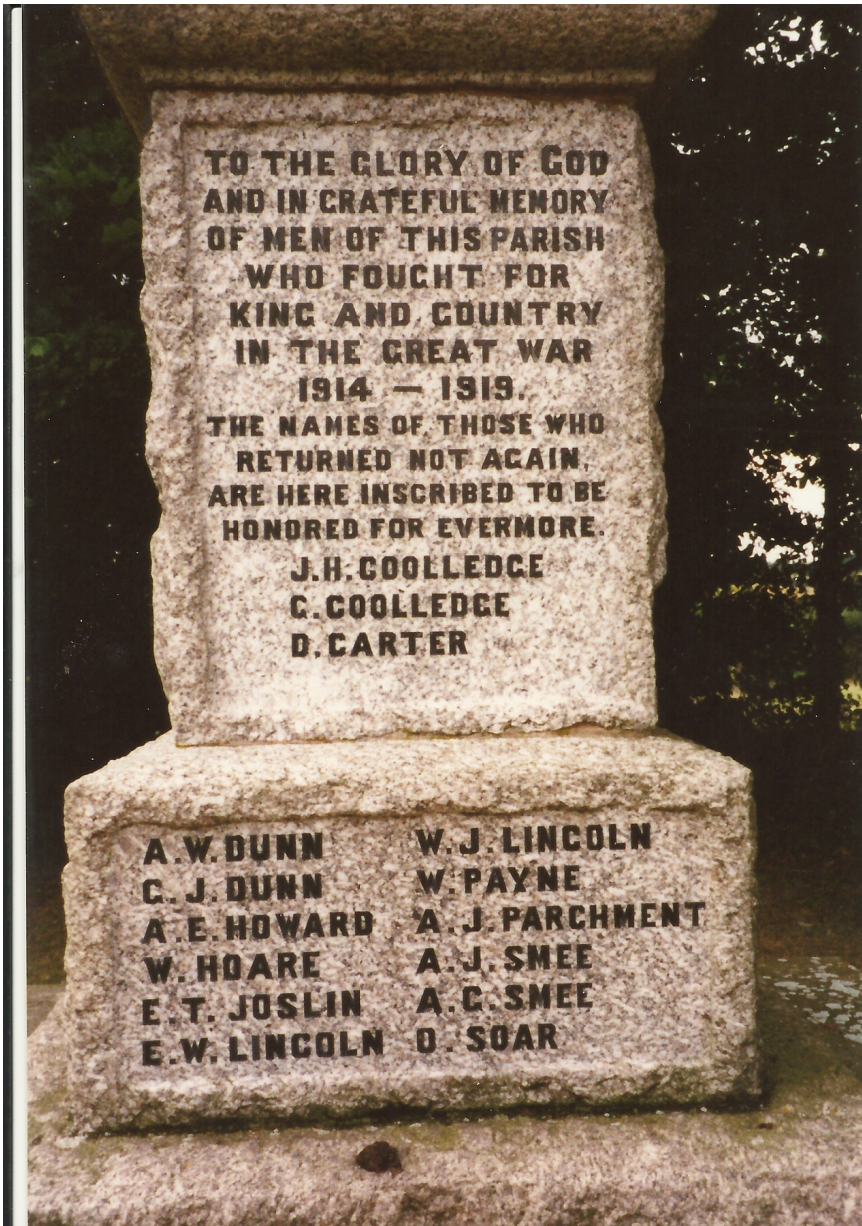
When I got home, I told my Mom all about her (she knew about her of course). Later on, Jalna sent me that same outfit in orange as a gift. I don't think I ever wore it, but my Mom did. I have to say I never really warmed up to Jalna.



Grandpa Al Sieve, Don & Mary Ackerman, Grandma Helen Sieve



Grandpa Edward Howard



WW1 Remembrance Stone in Purleigh, Essex, England



Great Grandma Jane, Kay, Grandma Kitty and Grandpa Ted Howard

What was your Dad like when you were a child?



My Dad was Alvin Louis Sieve, born October 31, 1908. Alvin was his father's name and Louis was the oldest uncle. Everyone called him "Bud". He had an older sister by one year, Alma, and a younger sister Joan, who came along when they were both adults. My Dad was 21 when Joan was born.

Dad played tennis as a young man and golf later on. He loved horses and we went to many, many county fairs and horse shows when I was a child. These shows were with western garb and western saddles and we all dressed for the part. Our first trip as a family was to Bandera, Texas to a dude ranch. We took the train from Cincy to San Antonio. Quite an experience for an 8 year old.

My grandfather's Chevy dealership was where my Dad worked. He was the general manager. Since it was just past Carson School on Glenway Ave., Dad would drive me there when I was in

kindergarten. He would let me sit on his lap and “drive”. At noontime, on the way back, we would stop at Bernen’s drug store and buy some comic books—Batman, Superman, Archie, Green Lantern, Robin, Sad Sack, Buz Sawyer, Brenda Starr—Reporter. I don’t remember being censored for my choices!

We didn’t eat dinner together on most nights. My Dad went to the “garage” in the morning, came home for a couple of hours at lunchtime, and then went back to the garage until 7 or 8. He worked part of Saturday as well. When he got home we would listen to radio shows on the big radio in the living room. I especially remember Amos and Andy, The Shadow the Great Gildersleeve and many other classics. We didn’t get a tv until about 1947 or 1948.

Bud Sieve was an introvert. He was friendly enough, especially to people he knew—old friends and family—but not at all outgoing. Strange to think he was in auto sales all his working life. He did get more lively when he drank (which is probably WHY he drank). He loved music, especially jazz. I am told he played the saxophone at one time. We used to have summer bbq parties in our Sidney Rd backyard with the old tennis group. Horse shoes was one activity as well as badminton. These were a lot of fun as all that group had kids around my age. There were indoor winter parties as well, which left a lot of partial drinks lying around. Some of the Tieman boys got quite boozed with the leftovers.

When I was really young, I would sit on his lap and we would sing Kate Smith songs: “when the moooooon comes over the mountain.....”. I would have been only 3 or 4 I think then. I don’t ever remember him yelling at me about anything, at least not until I became obnoxious at about 12 or 13. I’m so sorry he died so young—what in the world was churning inside of him?



A handsome young Bud Sieve



Fun Parties on Sidney Rd.



Ray Casini, Russ French, Dad, Larry Tieman, Kenny Arata—good buddies



Sue and Bud (Dad) about 1950



Bud Sieve (Dad)

Sidney Road and Change



My Mom, Dad and I moved into a new house on Sidney Rd in Cincinnati in 1942. This was my childhood home for 14 years and one of the happiest periods in my life. It was semi-rural, I roamed freely and I had all boys to play with, which suited me fine as I was a true tomboy. I attended grade school at Our Mother of Mercy (bus) and St. Antoninus (walk). Jerry was born during this time in 1949.

I spent many weekends and summer days with my cousin, Dianne (Hegman) on Beech Ave. I loved it there because there were sidewalks (hopscotch), and lots of other kids to play with and a woods at the end of the street to roam around in. I was still an only child and their family of seven kids was a fun change for me. Dianne was and is the closest thing to a sister I ever had.





Dianne and Sue

When my Mom and Jerry moved to Florida in 1956, I moved in with my girlfriend Mary Bruns' family for my senior year. I had a car thanks to Glenway Chevrolet, a credit card and complete freedom. The Bruns' were very kind to me and as I look back, very generous to offer me a place to live.



Sidney Road House (Dad and Jerry in the yard)

What was your first big trip?



The first big trip that I remember was a very big one!

When I was 8 years old, my Mom, Dad and I traveled across the country by train from Cincy to San Antonio, Texas. There was another friend who also went, Jule Hanlon, who was the longtime manager of Western Hills Country Club.

We had a double bedroom with bathroom on the train. During the day the seats were available; at night the Pullman porter would make those seats into beds. Have you ever slept on a train? It is hypnotizing to lie in bed with the clickety-clack of the wheels on the tracks, an occasional train whistle, and sometimes the squeal of the brakes.

My Mom and I would play gin rummy in the club car to pass the time. I don't remember much about the scenery, at least nothing stands out in my mind as remarkable. Lots of farms, I suppose,

but I really don't recall. Meals were a big event in the dining car. The waiters wore black pants with starched snow white coats and were reservedly polite. Of course, all the Pullman porters and waiters were black back in the 40's. I read that this tradition dated back to after the Civil War when sleeper cars came into existence. The railroads exclusively hired former black slaves for this work.

When we arrived in San Antonio, it was dark. We were met by a giant guy in a big Stetson, who drove us to the Lost Valley Ranch in Bandera, Tx. I don't remember how long we stayed at the ranch, but I think for two weeks. I had my own room. They had an ice cream bar which of course was a highlight for me.

Horse-back riding was a daily event for everyone but me. Early on we were on a trail ride and my horse took off at a gallop (I had let go of the reins and was fussing with putting my jacket behind me and probably slapped the horse's rear end). I held on to the pommel—this was not a canter, but a full out gallop—until he dashed down a hill underneath some tree branches. Whap!! A branch smacked me across the forehead and I went flying off the back onto the ground. Of course my parents were in hysterics and the rest of the group were chasing me this whole time.

The highlight of this tale was that I rode back with the cowpoke guide. His horse was named "Devil" but he behaved for that part

of the day (Devil I mean). Not sure if I got on another horse during that trip—certainly later in my childhood. I had a big gash across my head but nothing that left a scar. Not sure what I did while my parents were out riding other than go to that ice cream place.

One night the adults took me with them to a cowboy bar and jeez, was that ever fun! I learned to cowboy dance to “Put your Little Foot” and “Cotton-eyed Joe”. I danced with the tallest stranger I can remember. Remember I was only 8. Whenever I hear those songs it brings back memories of that night.

The next year, my folks took me with them to Miami, Florida for a month. That is another story, though not quite as exciting as the Texas trip!



Kay



Sue, about 1949



Sue, Ft. Lauderdale, 1952

Did you ever get in trouble at school as a child?



I have three memories of my early school years at Our Mother of Mercy Catholic school, which I attended for the first three years (kindergarten was at Carson Public School). The first memory was from First Grade and was traumatic. We were at our desks waiting for the bus. I peed all over the floor. It was so humiliating.

The second was in second grade and I was making my First Communion. I was so thirsty but all the water fountains were covered (in those days, no eating or drinking before Communion).

The third was getting caught knocking on a door of a different classroom and running away. How many places could you run but to the bathroom? I think I was just bawled out and sent back to my classroom.



Eighth grade graduation: Me, Janet Bechtol (best friend), Sister Marie Antoinette, Dianne, Kathy

How did our family experience WWII?



I don't remember a lot about WW2 but some memories have been prodded! I would have been about 2 when Pearl Harbor was bombed and 6 when it all ended.

The end of the war is vivid. My parents were out celebrating and Mrs. Vest, who lived down the street on Sidney Rd., was babysitting me. The air raid sirens started blaring and all the dogs in the neighborhood were howling, including our airedale, Mikey. The sirens were celebrating the end of a terrible war.

My Mom had a Victory Garden in our backyard. I remember helping her with weeding and digging. She also made up care packages for her cousins in England, where supplies were scarce and they were undergoing the Blitz. I have letters from them thanking her for all those items that she sent.

My Dad was not in the Military. I guess he was too old to be drafted. He was 33 when the US entered the war. I didn't know anyone in my family who served during that war. Bill, on the other hand, had an aunt Peggy, who joined the RAF and ferried airplanes from their manufacture to British air bases. She was a contemporary of Amelia Earhart. Sometimes I wonder if the Cincinnati German community made a point of keeping a low profile because of the German aggressors and Hitler.

The only other thing that sticks in my mind is the Cincinnati Enquirer's giant headlines announcing the war's end. The fonts must have taken up at least a third of the front page!

Did you have any nicknames as a child? How did you feel about them?



The main nickname was “Suedy”. I think this was only used when I was a young child. And I think my Dad used it more than my Mom. Later on, my Mom called me Suzie Q now and then.

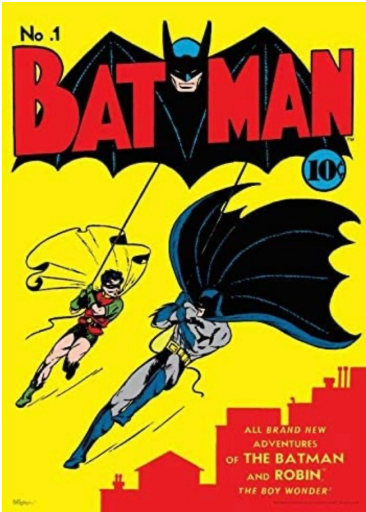
What were your favorite cartoons growing up?



I read a LOT of comic books and I partially credit this with a good grasp of spelling, grammar and vocabulary.

My favorites were Batman and Robin, Green Lantern, Archie, Betty and Veronica, Superman, Wonder Woman, Dick Tracy, Popeye and Classics. I know there were others but these are the ones that pop into my mind.





How did your parents pick your name?



I am not too sure why they picked Susan, although I was always called Sue. Or, when I was much younger, my Dad called me Suedy. My middle name, Jane, was a family name repeated and passed down through my female ancestors: Catherine Jane (Mom), Catherine Jane (Grandmother), Jane (Great Grandmother. Catherine was also a frequent given name.

Are you still friends with any of your classmates from grade school?



Unfortunately I am no longer in touch with any grade school friends.

For many years, off and on, I would contact or hear from Janet Bechtol, my bestie in grade school, but we drifted apart. I was her maid of honor, even though she had moved to Dayton. She and her husband visited us in Scottsdale a number of years ago (when Rawhide was still up at Pinnacle Peak and Scottsdale). But not in recent years and I've lost touch.

I keep in touch with a couple of high school friends, just on FB. Nancy Poland Heisel, Barbara Brofft and Nancy Backs. Most of the women in my high school clique are dead. The Cincy group didn't seem to have staying power!

Good memories, though, of St. Antoninus and my very small class (7 girls and 1 boy)!

Jerry



I was a spoiled only child for ten years until Jerry was born. I was thrilled to finally have a sibling! Never mind that he drove me nuts at age 4 or 5 when I was in high school and had my friends over.

When our Mom died, Jerry was 10 years old. I can't imagine what emotions he felt at that time. He didn't then, and hasn't since, shared his feelings but sparingly.

We made the move back to Cincy from Ft. Lauderdale. I was adamant that Jerry and I would stay together. Aunt Joan Berding had her hands full with four kids of her own, and Aunt Alma had raised both of hers so that didn't seem like an option. We set up our apartment and Phil and I were married during that following year.

In spite of spending the school year at St. Aloysius Military Academy for three years, Uncle Jer was around when the kids

were born, as babies, toddlers and young children. They listened to Jerry's 60's and 70's rock tunes (not to mention all the show tune albums I played). That's probably why all you kids seem to have such good musical ears and know all the lyrics to every classic rock song ever played! Jerry was a huge help to me in those days chasing after four very young children

Jerry and Kev moved out to Arizona about 5 years after we made the move and my nephew, Tristan, joined the family a little later. I was so happy they made that decision so we could be part of each other's lives. He is my dear bro and I hope I have been a good big Sis to him



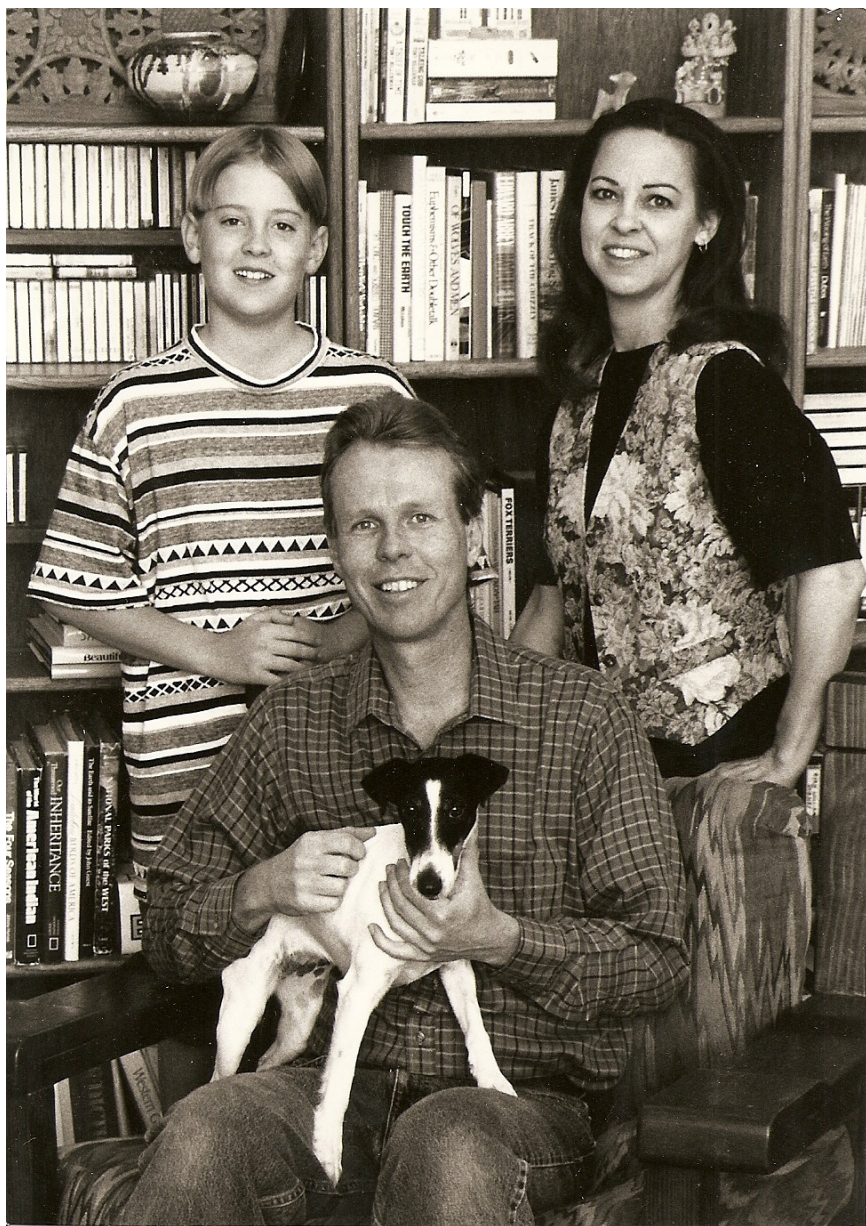
Jerry at St. Aloysius Military Academy



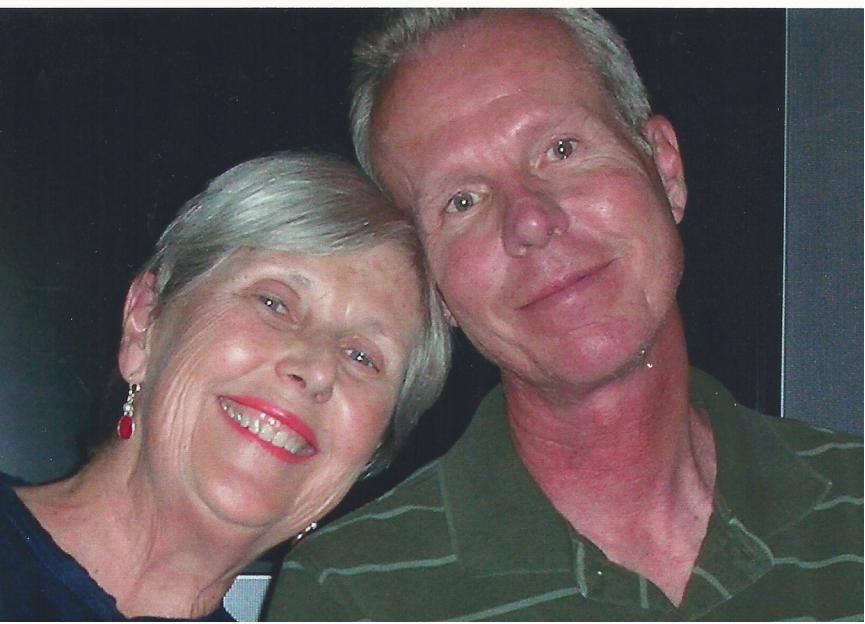
Jers



Tristan



Jer, Tristan and Kevina Sieve



Sis and Bro



Do you have any family secrets?



Families always seem to have subjects they don't talk about much or at all. And with the genealogy websites and DNA, who knows what secrets lurk?

On the Sieve side, two things come to mind. Glenway Chevrolet at Glenway and Sunset Ave began as a combo tavern/apartment where my Sieve grandparents lived with my Dad, Bud, and his sister Alma. Joan wasn't born until much later—she was 21 years younger than my Dad (my grandma was believed to have an abdominal tumor!). Street side was a tavern which they ran, though after prohibition began, it was more of a German food garden followed by the young Chevrolet dealership. After prohibition was instituted, apparently my grandfather boot-legged. My father and aunt were given the chore of climbing up into the attic and either putting booze up there, or retrieving it. Lots of laughing took place when these stories were

told. I guess they weren't caught (or maybe that's another secret).

An ongoing mystery is the appearance of a 1st cousin to me on Ancestry. The only link to her is that her mother was born in Cincinnati. I can only surmise that somehow my grandfather was involved in fathering this lady, but I doubt we will ever know for sure.

On my Mom's side, all the shenanigans were with the women. My great-grandma, Jane Campbell, was married to a guy named Fred Green with whom she had a son and a daughter (the earliest émigrées to the US). Turns out Green wasn't really his name. He was on the run from some legal problem and was married to someone else but never bothered to divorce. The man who fathered my grandmother was married and Jane had to sue him to get some sort of child support. This took place in Edinburgh.

The saddest secret involved my grandmother, Catherine Howard McKenzie in Cincinnati. As I think you all know, alcoholism runs throughout the female side of this line. I don't ever remember meeting my grandma and I don't remember my Mom ever saying much about her. Apparently, Granma had been drinking in a tavern in downtown Cincy. On the way home, she fell down and probably hit her head. Somehow she managed to get back to her apartment but someone found her dead in her bed the next

day. How sad is that?!

And as for me, well, my secrets wouldn't be secret any more if I told you!!

What were your friends like in high school?



I went to a Catholic, all-girls high school in Price Hill. Cliques formed shortly after high school began; they were like little families. People meandered in and out of other groups, but most people were most comfortable with their own little band. There were parish cliques, sport cliques, smart people cliques, religious ones etc etc.

My grade school friend, Janet Bechtol and I became friends with Mary Ann Fay, Barb Bachman and Mary Bruns, who lived close to one another up near Glenway Ave. Carol Sanders and Nancy Bissmeyer also joined this particular group, even though Nancy was way the heck out in Delhi. Mary Ann, Barb, Mary and Carol all went to St. Theresa's school and parish, Nancy—St. Dominic's and Jan and I—St. Antoninus. One was frequently identified by what parish you lived in.

Mary Ann lived in a 3-story house on Ralph Ave with her parents and six siblings. Her grandparents lived on the 2nd floor and she slept up on the third floor. Barb lived on Relleum Ave with two brothers and her parents. In those early years Barb was very chubby. As in my family, Carol's Dad had a car dealership. Throughout high school, Nancy and I competed scholastically although we tried to downplay any attention or honors. The others did well enough but would give some subtle grief if you got too much notice. I think we all started smoking cigarettes that first year. Jan moved to Dayton in the middle of sophomore year.

We occasionally hung out with Colleen Gorman and Mary Gormley (St. Lawrence Parish). That is actually how I met Phil. He came to a party at my house with Mary Gormley during freshman year. He then started dating Mary Ann Fay, and I dated Howard Heimbrock, a friend of his. Phil went to Elder (boy's school near Seton) and Howard went to Central High School which had a program for becoming a machinist. Another of Phil's buddies, Jack Beckmeyer, dated Jan early on. That went on for a year or so before Phil and Mary Ann broke up and he asked me to Elder's prom. This switcheroo was looked at unfavorably by the rest of the group. Ultimately, Mary Ann married Howard.

When we all turned 16, sometime during sophomore year, everyone tried to get a job. Mary and Mary Ann got jobs

downtown at ATT Long Lines, which had to do with Long Distance switchboards. I worked at Glenway Chevrolet in the summer. Can't remember what the others did.

We all drank beer and smoked all through high school. Once in a while we went across the river to Kentucky, which was like the Wild West. Nobody checked ID's, there was all kinds of gambling and entertainment and most anything went. In the summer, we went to Coney Island to ride the rides and dance at Moonlight Gardens. And there were lots of parties. A big fall event was the annual paper drive fundraiser. We collected newspapers in a truck and took them all to a central location. The Elder boys drove the trucks and we hauled the papers in and out. It was a lot of simple fun.

We had the ugliest school uniforms ever! White blouse, navy gabardine skirt and bolero and a bolo tie. Saddle shoes or penny loafers and white socks completed the fashion statement.

And by god, that skirt had better be below the knee!

I think those first couple of years was the most fun. Later on people paired off into couples—very unlike today—and boyfriend/girlfriend was the thing to do. If the boy really liked you, he gave you his class ring to wear. Many of these couples married right out of high school. I am still in touch with Nancy Poland (large sports clique) on Facebook. She married her high

school sweetheart, Paul Heisel. They have seven children and a boatload of grandkids and great grandkids.

Only Nancy, Barb and I are still breathing. I find that extremely sobering. Once you arrive at your 80's, there are no guarantees. Que sera.



Howard Heimbrock and Phil Henzerling 1954



Freshman year boyfriend Howard Heimbrock



Friends Janet Bechtol, Mary Ann Fay, Howard Heimbrock



Slumber party on Sidney Rd. Barb Bachman, Janet Bechtol, 1954



After dance party, Mary Ann Fay, Phil, Janet Bechtol, Roger
1954-5



Colleen Gorman at Seton HS, 1954-5

After dance party, Mary Ann Fay, Phil, Janet Bechtol, Roger
1954-5

Colleen Ernst at Seton HS, 1954-5

Are you the same person you were as an adolescent, or very different?



Some of my memories of adolescence are similar to how I feel I feel today, but much has been tempered, replaced or accepted. I am that same person but experiences and years have given me a much broader view of the world outside of my own sphere.

I felt very lonely as an adolescent. My father had died, my mother was lost, my brother was too young, I never seemed to be at ease with my friends. I had a boyfriend, but I had no clue or experience in knowing what made a successful relationship. Then, at age 17, my Mom and brother moved to Florida and I was forever on my own. I had a lot of confidence as a child, but that oozed away over the next couple of decades. To others, I think I looked like I knew what I was doing— I have nearly always been able to display that false facade.

Today, I am less lonely. I regained confidence during the 30 plus loving years with Bill. Living away from Cincy, and later, away from the US, was eye-opening and culturally broadening. Travel enriched me. My kids are all doing well and are interesting, talented individuals. Their children are thriving as well. I have good friends. There are things I didn't do: Peace Corps, becoming a doctor, hiking the Camino, writing a book, being more active in politics—but health factors and age have intervened.

I've had an interesting life; I have wonderful children and grandchildren; I've contributed as a nurse and a Red Cross volunteer. The Sue of almost 70 years ago is still around but in a much more settled and content version.

That being said, the worrier persists!

Who did you date while in high school?



When I was a freshman, I started dating Howard Heimbrock. Howard hung around with Phil and Jack Beckmeyer. Jack dated my good friend from grade school, Janet Bechtol. Phil and Mary Ann Fay, a new friend at Seton, were a couple during that time. We all did things together: dancing at Moonlight Gardens (Coney Island), hanging around one of our houses, picnics (beer included), going to Fritsch's Big Boy for (a Big Boy!) or a movie, especially the Drive-In.

By sophomore year, Phil and Mary Ann's fiery relationship soured and although Howard was a super nice person, I broke off with him. Phil asked me to Elder's prom and Howard asked Mary Ann out. The rest is history. We both married those men, though Howard and Mary Ann were married for 60 plus years and I only lasted 20. I think I had a couple of other dates in high school with Danny something or other and another guy from Elder.

How did you get your first job?



That's an easy one. When I was 16 I asked my Grandfather for a summer job at Glenway Chevrolet.

He picked me up on the way down to the “Garage” as my grandparents lived just up the street from us. I worked at the switchboard, answering calls and relaying them to the various salesmen in the showroom, or sometimes to the Service Dept.

There were a couple of nice women who worked in the same room, along with the longtime head Bookkeeper, Larry. If there was the slightest bit of conversation unrelated to the job, or any other distraction from the three of us ladies, Larry would look up over his glasses and glare and that would end matters then and there.

It was THE most boring job imaginable and I was so glad when it was over!

Were you involved in any organizations in high school?



In my freshman year I was in the orchestra and “played” the clarinet. Sophomore and junior I did time-keeping for the volleyball and basketball teams and participated in theater. Junior and Senior years, I worked on the school newspaper.

Who was one of your favorite high school teachers? What made them great?



Her name was Sister Margaret Ann and she was my homeroom teacher at Seton in my Senior year. She just seemed to have a knowing look about her. She was kind and interested and present. I drove her to Dayton a couple of times but I don't remember why. She was easy to talk to.

What were your favorite subjects in high school?



I liked French (2 years), History and Journalism. I did NOT like math although I did okay with it. P-E was always fun and I would have loved to be on a basketball or volleyball team. Unfortunately, I didn't have the skills. Most of the team members were from big parishes with sports programs. I was from a little parish that had zero sports for girls. I did, however, join in as a timekeeper and traveled with the team.

My French teacher was Sister Hildegard, who lived and taught in China for several years, She was really old. We loved to get her to talk about her time in China which meant less work for the students.

Has your relationship with your siblings changed over the years?



Not really.

My only sib is my bro Jerry. I was 10 when he was born, so for a good part of our lives, we have had a sis/bro, mom/son kind of relationship. Since we are both in that last chapter now, our relationship is now sib friends. That being said, I still catch myself watching out for him!

My brother was short-changed. Dad died when Jerry was four years old; Mom died when he was just 10. So, he and I have a grief bond, one that we rarely (maybe never) acknowledge to one another, but share nonetheless.

Tragedy Years



My Dad died in 1954. I was 14, a freshman at Seton High School. My parents had been in Florida, but he got very ill and jaundiced so they came back to Cincy on the train. He went straight to Good Samaritan Hospital. He had a liver biopsy the next day which indicated severe cirrhosis of the liver. About 4 the next morning, Dr. Pottschmidt, our long-time GP, called and told my Mom that Bud Sieve had died during the night (I was listening on the extension). I don't think we ever found out the exact cause—probably a stroke or heart failure but basically from liver disease. The day he died, my grandpa said to me: “We all know he drank too much”. Not me! He was an alcoholic and I didn't have a clue that he was. He was only 45 years old. We were struck dumb.

My mother grieved for my Dad, but she also drank too much. Our lives were turned upside down and our place in the Sieve family was forever altered. I think that is why Mom decided to move to

Florida with Jerry two years later. She did not talk this over with me at all—it just happened all of a sudden. It was arranged that I would stay at Seton for my senior year and live with my girlfriend's family. I was back and forth to Ft. Lauderdale more times than I could count. After graduation, I moved to Good Samaritan Hospital and began a nursing program. I stayed with it for a year but I was terribly lonely and my relationship with Phil was up and down.

My Mom became jaundiced and was hospitalized that fall (1958) so I decided to move to Florida to be with her and Jerry. I got a job with a doctor and thought things were going to work out. Then my Mom started to sneak alcohol into her drinks. After several months, I gave up and went back to Cincinnati. She died of the same illness as Dad in late 1959. I was with her when she died but it was a nightmare. I was 20 and Jerry was 10.

Phil had been driving down to Florida when all this happened and he arrived the next day. We arranged a funeral in Ft. Lauderdale and another one in Cincy. We rented a trailer, packed up a lot of stuff and headed back to Ohio with Jerry. Aunt Alma handled the sale of the house, I got an apartment, and Jerry and I were now the family.

I married Phil within a year.

Lariat Drive



Lariat Drive, where Phil and I lived for 8 years, was our first purchased home. Typical suburbia, Lariat was the home of our growing family, some happy times which included my loving in-laws, who shared holidays and birthdays with us, but also some awful upheavals in our married life. Thank god I was young and strong!

Life on Lariat is kind of a blur. I had four kids in under five years, so there were many years when two would be in diapers at the same time. And when I say diapers, I mean the cloth ones that you washed and dried. There were no disposable diapers until around the time Danny was born. Life with toddlers and infants is hectic to put it mildly. It's a good thing I was so young!

It was a nice neighborhood to live in. There were other families with young children: the Harmeyers across the street, the Eilers kitty-corner across, Scherch's next door and the Marshalls a few doors up. As the kiddos got a little older, they would all play

outside together, or ride bikes or whatever. I was good friends with Pat Eilers; she and I did some funny excursions together, carting all those kids along with us. Unfortunately, Pat died from Covid early on in the pandemic. I did stay in touch with her over the years. She and Earl divorced after we moved and she and the guy next door (who had 7 kids) were married. We missed all that drama as it occurred after the western move.

Between having Jerry hone in the summers and permanently when he started high school, and Phil's parents and sisters, I had some people who were very helpful and supportive. Aunt Edna was also always available to babysit if I needed her. Holidays and birthdays were a big deal, and we would dress up for the occasion. Easter especially was a call for little suits for the boys and pretty dresses and coats for the girls.

All the kids went to nursery school at age 3. I felt it truly gave them a good start in their schooling (and gave me a break for a couple of hours!). Dave and Terri also went to kindergarten and first grade at the public school before we moved to Arizona; Julie and Danny attended those grades after we moved.

The Lariat house was the first Henzerling home.

Altadena



Off to Arizona in 1969 to try to save the marriage. Some short-term residences: a rental on Wilshire in Scottsdale, an acre mini-ranch on Charter Oak in PV, and then 7 years on Altadena in Phoenix. That was a nice little house and I think my children liked this period. They had friends, they went to school at St. Thomas and Gerard, and it was just a good neighborhood. I took a lab tech course and got a job and things seemed to be looking up a bit, except for Phil's unstable employment. Jerry and Kev moved to Arizona which was a bright spot.



Altadena House -70s



Family portrait - full 70s attire



Pool shaped like snoopy with our dog Killer



Henzerlings, about 1976



Superstitions abt 1971



Dave performing



Terri cheerleading



Terri and best friend Beth

What were you like when you were 30?



When I was 30, my children were 8, 7, 5 and 3. Phil worked for a swinger crane company and had to climb up the structure as part of his engineering job. That was one of the best jobs he had. Why we decided to move to Arizona and abandon that job and our extended families, I don't really remember. It had something to do with "starting over" I think, without any outside pressures or influences. I will never regret moving to Arizona, but it probably wasn't the best time to do it. Not for me at least, who continued to be wrapped in fear and anxiety. But it was a project which required a lot of planning—that has always been my forte.

Jerry was still at U. of Cincinnati and doing protests and hippie life. He managed to see many of the most famous bands during that time. Dave was in Cub Scouts, or Webelos—whatever the age demanded. I tried doing the Scout Mom thing in the fall of 1969.

Thank God we moved as I was totally unfit to manage a group of 8 yr old boys! He also played tackle football at St. Antoninus for those few months which is funny looking back. Terri was in 2nd grade, but I can't remember if it was St. Antoninus or C.O. Harrison? There was a weird progression for kindergarten and the first couple of grades at that time, something to do with funding for the schools. Jules started kindergarten at one of the little church schools that were around trying to fill the void. How she loved the art projects! Danny would have started pre-school if there was one available, but dang, I can't remember where it was.

Phil and I visited Arizona in the summer of 1967 and thought it would be a good place to live. After returning, we discussed moving there and finally put it all together in 1969 when I was 30 and he was 32. He lined up a consulting engineering job and the plan was that I would stay back till the Lariat house was sold and then come out. The night before he left, there was a Halloween party at Betty and Ken's. Ken kept giving me Manhattans—I had no idea how strong those are—well, I got so drunk that night. Throwing up in their bathroom, not remembering half of what went on, although I have a vague memory of bobbing for apples at one point. The next day, Phil and Hannibal left for Arizona in that big Buick. I was in bed. Grandma and Grandpa Henzerling had to come over so the kids could go

trick or treating. Not my finest moment!

The house didn't sell right away, but we decided we would all move by early December. While the house was in disarray from packing up, our future buyers actually came through and made an offer. Saying goodbye to neighbors and family, we (including our cat) boarded a train in Union Terminal, bound for Chicago. We then boarded another train, the Santa Fe Super Chief, bound for L.A. I think everyone in the family remembers arriving in Flagstaff at midnight, with Phil leaping through the steam, so happy to see us!

We settled into a rental on Wilshire, using the packing boxes for furniture in the bedrooms till our things arrived. We visited Papago Park more than once and loved the winter sun. The first half of 1970 was so stressful—Phil's job didn't last—we had no family support—the marriage was rocky in the best of circumstances. We jumped into buying a large house. But, I don't think I can verbalize my feelings during that time. That is for another essay at another time.

More to the point....what was I like when I was 30? Busy, busy, trying to make a go of it, struggling with confidence, getting excited about projects to take my mind off my fears. Hoping my insecurities didn't spill over onto my children whom I loved with all my heart. I guess I was a bit of a mess, but a

highly-functioning one!



At out house on Lariat Drive in Cincy



Terri with our St. Bernard Hannibal



Dave and Danny with neighbor Steve



Last Halloween in Cincy



Cutie pie Danny



Julie Danny and I



Dave showing his missing tooth



Blondie Julie



Phil worked for a crane company before we moved to AZ



Engineer Phil



Fully grown Hannibal



Jules and Dan in AZ



Terri and Dave with Jerry and Hannibal rock climbing in AZ



Jer around age 22



House on Charter Oak in Scottsdale being built.



The Henzerlings with our station wagon and Hannibal



Julie Dan Dave and Ter having fun times in back seat with drooling Hannibal



Phil and I in '67 checking out Phoenix



First trip to AZ



Entranced with saguaros



Driving in the desert



28-year old me having fun



Loving AZ



1967 fashion choice



Moving out of Lariat drive in CIncy two years after we got back from AZ



Phil and Hannibal moving to AZ in the Buick station wagon



Terri and Danny being silly



Scottsdale rental house on Wilshire



Christmas 1969 after arrival to Flagstaff on Super Chief train from Cincy



Exploring AZ on way to Phoenix



The kids were good at entertaining themselves, at least in this picture



Terri and Dave on the train with AZ background 1969

St. Thomas Days



I just remember those times with fondness. St. Thomas was a great community for all of us for a few years. Kids seemed to do well there, making new friends: Murray, Carol Flores, Carol Lucke, Mike Waddell for a few. We were still going to Sunday Mass and went as a family. Dave and Terri played guitar during the service for a while. There were Girl Scouts, plays, sleepovers, Phoenix Boys Choir, track meets, music lessons—all kinds of activities through St. Thomas or after the school day.

In the summers we would hit Al's Book Store and forage for old comics, or even newish ones. Roadrunner park swimming pool (and later, Melrose pool) for fun and lessons, summer camp, camping trips to the White Mountains and Carlsbad. I wasn't part of the ATV thing, but some of you seemed to enjoy that. All of you at one time or another accompanied Uncle Jer on a photo shoot. And let's not forget softball for Terri and Julie (sorry, Jules), baseball and soccer for Danny and soccer for Dave.

I remember watching Danny pitch baseball, Terri running track while I studied my lab homework, Dave biking over the mountain to Murray's house, and the day Julie got contact lenses (the smile on her face was epic!). Those were good times and I loved being part of your lives, even if it was mostly as a chauffeur. I did get to ask my many questions going to and fro!



Desert Bikes and Killer, Dan and Sue



Dave and friends preparing for Mass while Terri watches



Sue on the Rim



Julie's First Communion with Fam



Grandpa and Grandma Henzerling join the Fam at Disneyland



Ter and Julie



Danny with his beat

The Good and the Not so Good in Arcadia



Disaster struck again with my breast cancer, which began a slide where the house of cards pretty much fell apart

We moved to the house on Osborn and while the first couple of years was turmoil—the marriage collapsed, I had more surgeries, we divorced, and kids navigated high school. We loved living there though and were there for 8 years. It was great being close to my job and the kids' schools, Gerard and St. Theresa. For the first time in a lot of years, things settled down into some sort of normalcy (for us!). Danny was living with Phil for part of that time but came back to us later on. I loved all the citrus in our yard and the little pool in the back and being in Arcadia. The kids loved being in the thick of everything and living close to their friends.



Matt, Jules, Ter doing Silly Walks, about 1982



Julie and Dan

Contrition



When I had the first breast cancer and mastectomy, you kids were 11, 13, 15 and 16—needy times for pre-teens and teens in a different way from childhood days. I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you. I had reasons to be self-absorbed: mastectomy, chemo, hysterectomy, lung surgery, collapsed lung, nursing school, breakup of marriage and some reckless activities with some slightly wild people I worked with in the OR (the lab people were much more conservative). But I was still your Mom and I short-changed you during that time. I craved fun and adventure (thus learning to scuba-dive) because, quite honestly, I thought I was going to die. Regrets are easy to muster after the fact, though, aren’t they? But it’s all part of the story.

What are your favorite memories of each of your children growing up?



Well, let's start with Danny!

My fondest memory is D begging, cajoling, bribing and whatever means he could think of... to persuade me or his sisters to wash his hair in the kitchen sink. This would be after I chased all of them around the Osborn house with a bar of soap for serial swearing. And it would be after Dan and I were in the pool that afternoon listening to classic rock tunes. He would then quiz me on the names of the artists who were playing these tunes. Another memorable event was our trip to Disneyland with Grandma and Grandpa Henzerling. We picked Danny up after a week at his camp in Prescott. He was pretty rank, after no shower for the entire week! We couldn't wait to get to a hotel and throw him in the shower.

I have to say, the picture in my mind of Jules on a big white horse during a Brownies outing is indelible. It was incredibly traumatic for her, not to mention the fact that the saddle was falling off with her on it. But she bravely stuck it out. I think she has only been on a horse one other time (as an adult) that I remember. Lovely memories of Jules and Kathy Bays playing Barbie's in the house, in the yard, on the patio, totally engrossed in the storyline they invented. Since she was so nearsighted, in late grade-school, she lobbied for contacts. Wow! What a difference in her confidence AC (after contacts). And she looked beautiful. And this just popped into my mind! Jules, after winning an essay contest, reading her speech at the Elks (or Moose, or Lions, I forget) and me feeling so proud.

When we moved to Altadena in 1971, Jules and Danny going house to house asking if they had any kids to play with.

Ter! Tiny toddler with gumption, intent on keeping up with her older brother. Always looking out for me: when Phil aborted an outing (for me) and took me back to our house on Wilshire, Terri elected to stay with me rather than continue on to the lake; when I went to Hawaii to join her and her friends, she worried and cautioned me about being pummeled by the waves; she always included her Mom with her friends, especially Beth and Lynn, if I was around. And I smile when I think of her Japanese costume and performance at St. Thomas in *The Mikado*. "Three Little

Maids From School Are We....”. But, who can forget meeting up in a French cafe at Place St. Michel in Paris in 1984??!!

Dave. Big brother, hellion toddler, rock n roll guitarist. Lots of memories which include Murray or Martin Gotsch in which there was always a scheme for a band, or a movie, or some other creative project. The picture in my mind that first pops up is an 8 year old Dave walking a giant St. Bernard on Lariat Drive. Another is him in his Boy Scout uniform on the way to summer camp. Another is him practicing electric guitar in his Altadena bedroom, with the background scene of the swamp guy on the wall (which he painted). And what seemed like the first big rock gig, one of many, at Legend City—enter John Covington!

My offspring were and are unique and so very different from one another. I have truly been blessed with such loving individuals!





Julie's Girl Scout Experience



Terri in the pines



Danny with Supersitions in the background



Cincy portrait



Ter, Dave, Danny, Julie



Later



Daniel



Julie



Dave, soccer



Terri

How did you decide when to change jobs?



While I liked being a lab tech and the people I worked with, I always leaned toward nursing. I began a course at Good Samaritan Hospital just after high school, but because of my Mom's health and some stress and depression in my personal life, I stopped after one year of a three year program. I didn't really know what I wanted at that point.

Tragedies, marriage, and four children followed with me ill-prepared for any useful employment. After moving to Arizona, a lab tech course lured me; I loved the challenge and my following employment at Doctor's Hospital.

A mastectomy upset the apple cart again along with a finally failed marriage. Nursing called again and I quickly completed that program and settled in, working as both a scrub and circulating nurse at.....yep, Doctor's Hospital. I loved my work

there although it was more physically challenging than the lab. I made some great friends at both jobs and am in touch with several of them some 40+ years later.

What was your best boss like?



Ha! My most noteworthy bosses have to have been the ones at Humana Hospital Surgery. These were some crazy ladies! They were a lot of fun both in and out of the O.R. and they sure did like to party. They got the job done but I shake my head in amazement when I think about them.

The boss I respected the most is probably my oldest friend in Arizona. When I studied in the lab program, I rotated through Doctor's Hospital Lab and met Betty, who worked in the Bacteriology Dept. She later replaced the Lab Director and was in that position for a number of years, most of which were after I left. We have been friends for almost 50 years.

Bill Enters the Scene



I was perusing the New Times one day before Christmas. The alternative newspaper had started a section called “Romance”. On a whim I wrote a submission and sent it off before I changed my mind! My title was: “Not the Life of the Party”.

By January the paper sent me a large envelope full of replies—shoot, there must have been at least a dozen. I looked through them (one guy was half my age!) and discarded the ones that were obviously not me. Two of them were from guys who worked at the same Motorola location. Bill Lennox and Dave Goodburn. I contacted both of them and had a couple of good hikes and meals with Dave. He was a very outdoorsy guy and a strong hiker. Bill knew him and we were good friends even after Bill became “the one”.

Bill and i made a date for dinner and he picked me up before dining at Cork and Cleaver on 44th St and Camelback. His first impression: “Jeez, she needs a new front door”. And he was

quite amused observing Terri peeking out the window to see what he looked like. My first impression: “Yuck, this old brown Cadillac is not my style”. Nevertheless, we had a super first date and knew we wanted to continue. And we did together for the next 34 years.



Switzerland, a few months after that First Date!



Early days



Camelback Mountain 1984

What was one of the most romantic moments in your life?



I would have to say that the time Bill and I spent together in Europe in the summer of 1984 framed the most romantic days I remember.

With our rail passes in hand, we began in Paris, with Bill jumping up out of le Metro just in front of where Terri, Matt and I sat at a sidewalk cafe in Place St. Michel. We got to know one another on that trip—we had just met in January. For the next two weeks we wandered France, Austria, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. This was my first trip to Europe.

If I had to pick one romantic evening out of many, I would choose our evening dinner in St.-Raphael on the Cote d’Azur. We chose a small sidewalk cafe with few tables amid the hustle and bustle that occurs on French streets every summer evening.

Strolling couples and groups wander the streets perusing the menus outside every restaurant. Being Yankees, we were always among the early seaters and by the time we left, the restaurant would be in full bustle.

This evening was the first time I had had “Soupe de Poissons”, or fish soup. My mouth waters when I think of it! The broth was aromatic and delicious, the fish pieces and shellfish were substantial, and the melted cheese baguette floating on top was the piece de resistance. And, bien sur, there was always une carafe de vin!

It seemed we always sat across from one another; I think we fell in love during these repasts, smiling at one another over a glass of wine. It was such a special time. How wonderful to shake the bin of memories of that summer!

Outdoorsy Stuff



I've always loved doing things outdoors. I've tried a lot of different things; I haven't been terribly proficient at any of them but just experiencing was okay as far as I was concerned.

Running around as a kid, making slingshots out of old inner tubes, old shoe tongues and the perfect branch, lighting firecrackers, and catching crawdads in Muddy Creek set the tone. Riding bikes everywhere and playing in old barns and pastures were everyday pastimes. When I had to be in the house, I read comic books—lots of them.

When I was a little older I wanted to be on a sports team in the worst way! I just didn't have the skills and it was very frustrating.

I didn't have much opportunity to do much other than bowling when the kids were young so it wasn't until they were further along that I was able to move my body outside in a joyful way. I

started jogging; that was great fun and what better place to do it than Arizona. I biked. I learned how to ski. I rode a boogie board. I roller-skated. I hiked. I learned to scuba-dive. I played tennis and golf.

The cool thing about all these activities is that it takes one to beautiful places: mountains, oceans, forests, deserts, islands, gurgling streams, rushing waterfalls. The world is a beautiful place!

Oh, and did I mention traveling to so many faraway places in that world?!



Cave Creek 5-k



Sue in Alaska



Colorado river rafting



Sue diving at Tioman Island, Malaysia



Sue at the Great Pyramid in Egypt



Sue in Keystone



Sue in La Jolla



Sue in London



Sue in Lourdes



Sue in Mont St. Michel



Sue in the O.R.



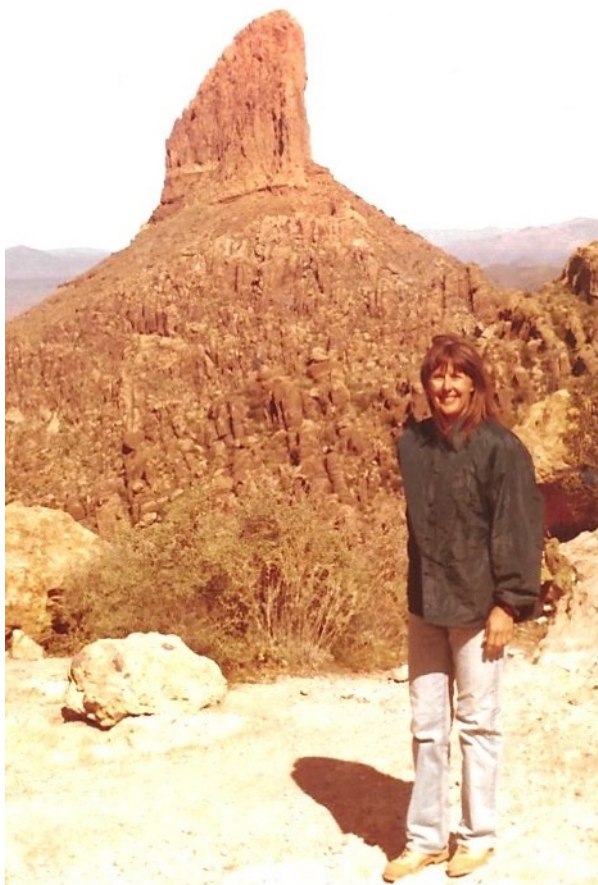
Colorado rafting



Sue in San Diego



Sue at the market in Toulouse



Sue at Weaver's Needle in 1984



Sue in Kenya, 2000



Sue in Malaysia, 1988





Off to the Other Side of the World



I met Bill in 1984 and in 1985, off we went to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia! We had a very large apt on the 18th floor of a high rise overlooking the city. It was such fun learning about Malaysia, traveling to other places in Asia, socializing with other Motorola folk and some locals. There was a contingent of ex-pats there, both Motorolans and other companies: TI, Exxon, embassy people etc. It was a great time to be an ex-pat in the 80's. There were some challenges. I had to learn to drive on the other side of the road, telephoning was expensive, the time difference was 15 hours, there were no computers or internet for normal folk and our mates worked long hours (but loved their jobs). I loved exploring Chinatown and some of the kampongs in the countryside. We probably would have stayed another couple of years if asthma hadn't sabotaged me. I left after 4+ years and Bill returned a few months later.



Sri Wangsaria Condominiums, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia



Motorola friends

Life With Bill



How was I to know when I had that first date with Bill Lennox in 1984 that we would have 34 years of adventure, companionship and love in our future?

I gained three more kids with Cheryl, Lynda and Jim. They are dear to me and part of our large blended family. We arranged a series of “Reunions” over the years so our kids would get to know one another. Lucca, Italy, Puerto Vallarta, Outer Banks, NC, Costa Rica, Lake Como—some came to one or two, some to many, some to all. They were such fun family mixers.

We lived in Malaysia and France and were able to travel extensively in Asia and Europe. From O.R. Nurse to world traveler in a year!

Beginning our marriage as expats was culture shock for me, but mostly in a good way. I had never been exposed to corporate life, so there was that, There was no email at the time so I was lonely

at times and half a world away from our family. But overall what a fantastic experience waking up to the call of the muezzin from the neighborhood mosque, browsing the "wet" markets and eating the most delicious, spicy street food! There were so many holidays in Kuala Lumpur that we always had some trip or other planned: Maldives, Thailand, Japan, Hong Kong and places in Malaysia itself. We lived in a beautiful penthouse, but only had to shut the door and be on our way

Toulouse was also a great experience but much shorter. And did we ever have guests! Not many visited Malaysia, but France was an entirely different story. It was fun taking friends and family around to our favorite spots, and, of course, enjoying French cuisine. We saw a lot of Europe in that two years.

When Bill retired (and I finally had my hips replaced), we spent most of the next twenty-some years either traveling or planning an excursion. We did so many hiking and biking tours and innumerable cruises over the years, it would be difficult to choose a favorite! How very fortunate we were to have had such special adventure!



Henzerling/Lennox Clan 2000



N. Carolina Reunion 2005



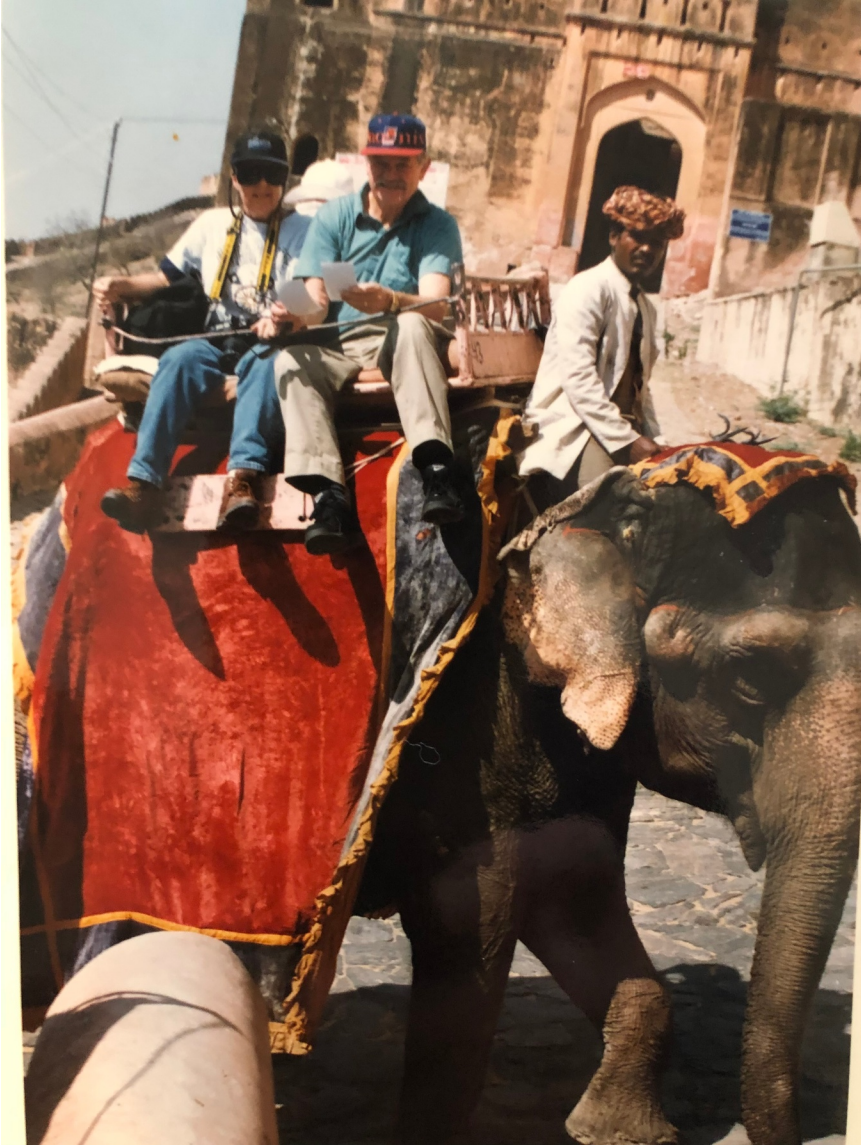
Sue and Bill Taj Mahal 2000



Alaska 1997



Baja



Not the most comfortable ride ever!



New Zealand 2005



Dive trip, Tioman Island, Malaysia



Ephesus, Turkey, 1999



Malaysia



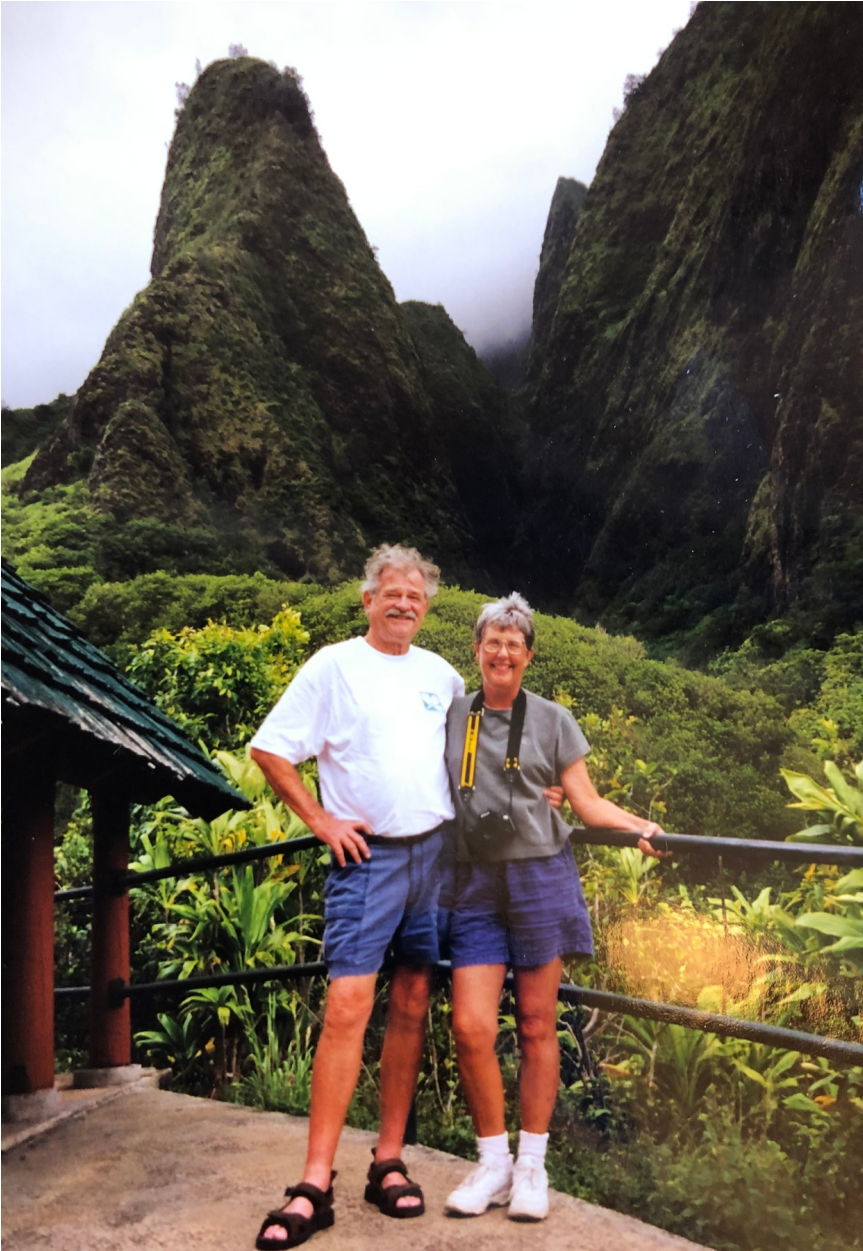
France



Silly man



Oregon



China



Scotland

Back to the U.S., Off to France, and Back Again.



We then lived at Los Torres condos in Carefree (off and on) for about 6 years. None of our kids were in town at the time; Jerry was the only relly. That was a fun time with tennis, golf and new and old friends. Carefree is a beautiful area.

Bill was still not retired so we took one more assignment and went to Toulouse, France for nearly two years. Boy, did we have a lot of visitors! We had a nice condo near the River Garonne. We had few visitors in Malaysia, but lots of them in Toulouse. I studied French, explored the city and we traveled around Europe as much as we could. Bill enjoyed his job except for some of the meetings which were all conducted in French. And did we ever develop an appreciation for wine!

We returned to Carefree where I needed to get my ailing hips replaced immediately. I rehabbed in the Las Torres pool and we planned our “Round the World” post retirement trip for 1995.

After we returned from that once-in- a- lifetime experience, unfortunately I had another mastectomy and bout of chemo.

A Try at Golf Club Life, but I am a City Girl at Heart



On to Terravita for 11 years! To be honest, Terravita was not my favorite domicile. The house was comfortable with a great view of Black Mountain and the golf course and lake, the little desert trails were fun to walk on, the people were nice, we were members of the golf club for the first two years, there was good tennis etc. But it was a long drive to do anything in Phoenix or Scottsdale, or see Dave's family or Danny, both of whom had moved back to Az. More than anything, nearly everyone we knew there was of similar age and color. Ho hum.

In 1995 we started looking for something in downtown Scottsdale. We signed up for a condo from a drawing which wouldn't be built for another 2 years. In 2007 we moved into our 2nd floor, interior courtyard (with fountain), 1460 sf condo. At this moment I have been there for 15 1/2 years and it has been my favorite place to live and I expect it to be my last. How can

you beat being able to walk almost everywhere in town, hundreds of nearby restaurants, a mall and movie theater across the street? It is beautiful with lots of greenery and fountains. I just love living there. And it doesn't hurt to have three out of your four children living close by!

The Joy of Grandkids



There was a time when I bargained with God to allow me to see my kids into adulthood. My wish was granted, and then some!

And, with that passage of time, I have been blessed with ten beings in the next generation.

1991: It begins!

Kaye Lani was first and she continued the family love of travel by visiting us in France at age 3 months.

Then came Jaggar, who survived the Northridge earthquake in his first year of life.

Shane arrived, beginning his exuberant way of life.

Bright-eyed Max was next, needing a drive around the neighborhood to go to sleep.

Griffon joined in with his big smile and mischievous eyes.

Artistic, talented Sally joined her fam in NYC.

Jade arrived and rolled her eyes observing her three brothers, Ben, with his amazing head for facts, joined his sister and brother.

Olivia was two weeks after Ben, with her beautiful blond, bouncy curls.

And finally Sam, with his love of theater and Legos, enjoying only-child status.

Ten lovely, interesting, talented individuals who I can call:

MY GRANDKIDS!

Thank you, God.



Sam



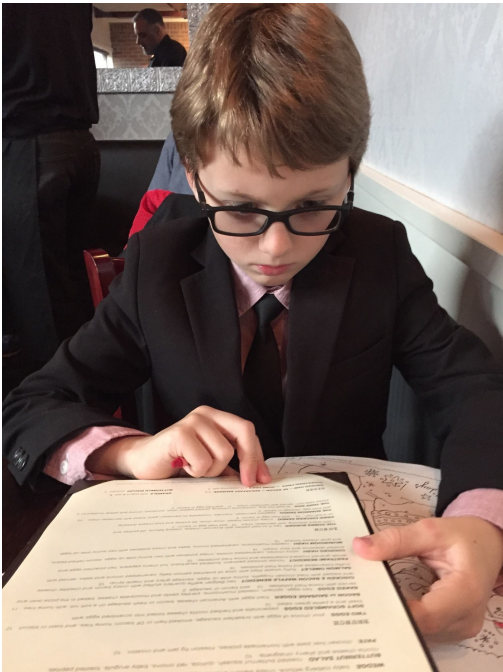
Sally and Livi



Max



Liv, Ben, Sam, Griffon



Sam



Ben



Kaye, Sue



Shane, Jaggar



Sally, Ben, Livi



Jaggar, Jade



Griffon



Jaggar, Max, Jade, Griffon



Kaye, Shane, and Ben



Sally



Shane



Jade



Sam, Sue



Max



Kaye and Sally

What is one of your favorite trips that you've taken? What made it great?



That is such a difficult question to answer! There have been so many.

Our Around the World adventure in 1995 might have to be right up there. We traveled west in the northern hemisphere. Our first stop was Japan and we followed with more of Asia including a memory stop in Malaysia, on to India and Europe and several stops within the US. Three and a half months of eye-opening experiences.

We did a superb Lindblad cruise in 1999 which began in Malta, continued through the Greek Isles and Turkey, ending in Istanbul (love that city).

The following year we traveled on a three week cruise which began in Istanbul, stopped in Egypt, through the Suez Canal, several stops in E. Africa, Madagascar, then heading east to the Seychelles and Maldives, winding up in India. That was a super trip!

We had such fun on our Road Scholar hiking and bike trips: Ireland, northern England, Italy, down the Danube, Slovenia. So many fabulous memories and interesting people.

In the later years, cruises dominated: Antarctica, Pacific coast down to Peru, Baja, Alaska, Canadian Maritimes, Caribbean, Cuba and on and on.

And who can measure the fun of our Reunions?! Italy, Puerto Vallarta, Outer Banks, Costa Rica, Scottsdale, Lake Como. How wonderful was that for Bill and I to be with our blended family in those settings and see our offspring get to know one another!

What is the best meal you've ever had?



I've had many wonderful meals in some exotic places so it would be difficult to choose!

Certainly Malaysian chili crabs would be up at the top of the list as would be fish soup on the Cote d'Azure. We had some wonderful lamb chops in Amsterdam.

If I had to choose my perfect dinner it would be:

Small appetizer of spicy mussels in white wine and garlic broth

A lovely flaky white fish or prime rib with horseradish sauce

Garlic mashed potatoes

Asparagus in butter

Key lime pie for dessert

And, of course, a wonderful red wine to sip throughout.

Who inspires you?



I am inspired by people who drop everything and respond to need. People with heart.

Medical personnel who go to Africa during an Ebola outbreak.

Doctors Without Borders who go all over the world to administer medical care in the middle of wars and disasters.

Mother Theresa, who spent her life loving and helping the poor.

People who see an accident and immediately stop to pull a driver away from death or injury.

Firemen who rush into a burning building to save its residents.

Nurses and doctors who work incredibly long understaffed hours, especially during Covid.

Foster families who give children a home.

Writers, poets and artists who share their talent.

I am inspired by honesty, loyalty and humility in anyone.

My heart is warmed by Nature in all its display.

People who pay it forward in any shape or form.

I am not inspired by, but do admire comedians/comediennes and anyone who can mesmerize a crowd from a stage.

I admire those, as in sports, who devote so much of their lives to attain perfection. I couldn't do it; I'm too much of a generalist.

I am not inspired by politicians, though they require a certain kind of courage or moxie. That being said, choosing government vs industry is a sacrifice of sorts, which is probably why we have so many wealthy politicians in government.

I am not inspired by corporate success perhaps because I don't understand the drive that is necessary to attain it.

This will definitely need to be edited and added to!

What have you changed your mind about over the years?



That is a perplexing question!

I would say my mind or opinions have more evolved than changed during my lifetime. Take abortion. I have always at heart been a “Right to Lifer”. But, I have concluded I have no right to judge a person who makes that choice, or to legislate against someone who chooses to go that route. I’ve made too many questionable choices of my own in the past.

And God? Well, there was no holier Catholic schoolgirl than I! I even considered convent life when I was in high school. It was sad for me that my parents didn’t share my enthusiasm for the Church, though they did send me to Catholic church and school. My Dad was lapsed and my Mom could never quite embrace the confessional, so she declined to convert from her Protestant

upbringing. And now? I guess I fit into the agnostic category, though I still pray....“If You are really there,”. When I think of the universe and all the stars, planets, black holes, suns and how much time all that must have taken to explode into the Now, I just don’t see where a Paternal God fits. I reserve the right to change my mind. On my deathbed, I have no doubt I will be leaning towards believing. What else can you do at that point? I don’t like the thought of oblivion.

Parenting? I liked the idea of structure, and a firm hand, and teaching your children stuff. I wasn’t very good at it though. I did try to expose my kids to as many new things as possible—experiences like pre-school, which wasn’t all that common then; I played music almost all the time; we had animals; we tried some crafts; and, of course Uncle Jer lived with us which added a real hippie, rock n roll flavor to the household.

Nationalism? When we moved to Malaysia and I saw how happy people were and how my country was not the center of their universe, I began to question things about America. Same for living in France. Same for all the interesting places Bill and I visited. And that’s where I am now. We do a lot of things good here. But we don’t do good at healthcare, education, poverty, guns, and more. To me, it is questionable that the U.S is the best country in the world in which to live.

As a child, I loved living in the country/suburbs but couldn't wait to visit the Hegmans in the city. As an adult I thought heaven would be on a farm, but the year we lived on one, we were always trekking into the city. Now I know I am a city girl, but I get all kinds of joy from working in a garden on the outskirts of the city.

I was outgoing as a child. As a teenager, I had to be dragged out to parties on weekends by my friends. The truth is, I would have been perfectly content staying home and reading. I have become fine with this introverted self. I have friends, but I prefer seeing them one or two at a time. If I must go to a party, I do a lot of observing or speaking to one individual. I wouldn't have the faintest idea of how to "work the room". I feel most comfortable and safe in the company of my family. It is a marvel and a gift when I see them all as they are now!

What are your favorite possessions? Why?



I love many of the things Bill and I accumulated in Malaysia and France and our other travels. Those were from a unique time.

But, the only items I would cry about would be photographs, both printed and digital, particularly those of my family. Old friends, old places, special times—those reminders of the past. I guess I am showing my age!

How has your life turned out differently than you imagined it would?



I don't really remember imagining what my life would be like at this stage of my life. I wanted a large family so much, but I don't think I took it any further than that. I didn't imagine my marriage to Phil would turn out the way it did but I am glad I didn't try to hang on any longer than I did. And how could I foresee meeting Bill Lennox and having 33 years of love and travel and adventure?!

I have had a lot more health issues throughout my life than I would have anticipated. Fortunately, each one has been dealt with or has been managed. I am probably in better health now at 83 than most of my contemporaries!

All in all, I am happy the way my life has turned out. I have terrific kids, a wonderful son-in-law and daughter-in-law,

amazing grandkids, Jerry's family, Bill's family, and lovely friends. What more could anyone ask for a "person of a certain age"?

Have you pulled any great pranks?



I am not much of a prankster.

The only one that comes to mind would be short-sheeting my cabin mates at Fort Scott, the camp I attended for several summers during grade school. I think this also might have included the counselor who slept in the middle of the cabin.

This was a Catholic camp. If one wished to attend Mass (offered every day of course), you would put a Kleenex in the screen door and another one by your bunk. Someone would wake you in time to get dressed for the service.

Those were happy summers. I would go for two weeks and I learned to swim there. A couple of summers my cousin Dianne was also there at the same time which was fun. Good times.

What foods do you dislike? Have these changed over time?



My Mom made me eat liver and onions and rutabaga when I was young. I can't stand either one. I'm not sure how much of those things I actually ate as I tried to spread it around the plate so it looked like I was eating it. I do remember sitting at the table for a long time after dinner when I simply refused to eat these things.

Other than that, I eat most things. I take that back. I am not crazy about pate either. You would think having lived in France that I would have developed a taste for it, but not so. It reminds me of braunschweiger, which both my Dad and Phil loved. Yuck!

What is the farthest you have ever traveled?



Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia is slightly farther from Phoenix than Antarctica, both of which I have lived in or visited. But the longest trip would have to be the 3 1/2 months we spent going around the world, traveling west, and in the northern hemisphere. What memories!

You all know the answer to that! Around the world in 3 1/2 months in 1995!

Which sports teams were you a fan of as a child?



The Reds. Period.

What do you like most about your siblings?



I only have one sibling!

That being said, Jerry is the sweetest, kindest, loveliest man and I am so blessed that he is my brother, even if he did only show up after I was 10 years old!

What are your favorite books?



My favorite books are always fiction. I am at the point where I want to lose myself in a story. I want to visualize the characters and picture the time period.

I loved the Wilbur Smith series of books about South Africa, though it is a long time since I've read them. I loved Jamie and Claire in the Outlander series. I love fictional detectives around the world, from Inspector Gamache in Quebec to the flawed Inspector Rebus in Edinburgh.

What a joy is curling up with a good page-turner! And yes, I prefer reading a real book to the electronic kind.

What are your favorite songs?



I like most kinds of music, not including rap and off-pitch songs. I love 60's folk rock, big band from the 40's, Beatles, Stones, classical, pop opera, stage musicals and the crooners (Sinatra, Dean Martin etc). I grew up in a household of big band jazz. Oddly, though he was in my teenage years, I was never that fond of Elvis. I much preferred Johnny Mathis, Ray Charles, Bill Haley and His Comets, and, especially, Ella Fitzgerald. Most important, though, is that I have always been surrounded by music. A quiet room calls for some kind of tunes!



I also tried guitar for a while.

Who are your favorite artists?



The term Artists has more than one meaning!

In the realm of painting, I would say the French Impressionists are my favorites. I also love naval battle paintings, particularly the ones with wooden ships. I find Picasso interesting and wonder what moved him to paint in his cubist style. I find Turner's pieces depressing. The works depicting people being thrown into hell are upsetting but kind of intriguing at the same time. I love the extra large painting of the "Night Watch" in Amsterdam.

As far as musical artists go, my tastes are fairly eclectic. My favorites are probably classic and folk rock: Beatles, Stones, Peter, Paul and Mary, Eagles, Simon and Garfunkel, etc. I love Big Band music because I grew up with it. I like some harder rock, especially Scorpions, Ozzie, Thin Lizzy, Van Halen, Led

Zeppelin, Alice Cooper, Queen. Too many to name.

Eric Clapton is my fave male musician, but I also love Elton John, Billy Joel, Neil Young, and Sammy Hagar. Tina Turner, Stevie Nicks, Barbara Streisand, Patsy Kline, Linda Ronstadt make my list for the ladies.

I don't really like Hip Hop or Rap—that is probably my age showing. I do love symphonic music and have developed a fondness for opera as well. But anything with a beat or a pleasant tune touches my soul. I hate to think of a world without music.

What are some of the most important elections you've voted in, and what made them important to you?



The election I remember being the most caught up in was the 1960 election when John Kennedy ran against Richard Nixon. Nixon, of course, was VP under Dwight Eisenhower, the preceding president. Kennedy was young and a Catholic, two controversial facts which the Republicans tried to use against him. There was the Kennedy aura, the Boston accent, the beautiful wife and the interest in the iconic Kennedy family. But it was Kennedy's inspiring speech-making that stirred the soul! I was 21, newly-married, and proud to be voting in this important election. John Kennedy was dearly loved by so many, but, given what occurred 3 years later, also hated with equal passion. Such events to begin the 60's.

Are you a regular at your local?



I can't say that I hang out anywhere often. I guess the closest would be at our little pub downstairs, Metropolis. Their food is average, although the burgers are yummy. The service frequently stinks because there is usually only one person serving. The patio is a wonderful place to sit just next to the fountains.

Bill and I used to go down there once or twice a week to eat and enjoy the patio. Now it is often Ter, Ben and sometimes Matt, Julie, and Dave. Occasionally Cheryl Vandenburg or Lynn will join us. Sitting on the patio often brings other Optima friends coming by—a nice way to say hello. I would be sad if this little pub weren't there.

Which musicians or bands have you most liked seeing live?



Compared with my brother and kids, I haven't attended very many concerts.

When I went to Moonlight Gardens at Coney Island in the 50's, I saw Stan Kenton jazz orchestra. That was a super group, in the style of Benny Goodman and the Dorsey Brothers.

I saw Roberta Sherwood at Beverly Hills Night Club in the 50's....great show!

Sammy Davis Jr., Miami Beach, 1958.

I saw the Four Tops about 1979...wonderful! My friend was in love with Levi Stubbs.

Dave took me on a mom/son date to see Neil Diamond in 1982-ish.

Tina Turner, Kuala Lumpur Hilton, 1988 (she had to cover her shoulders). That was a special performance because the venue was so small.

Later, lots of symphony and some opera, not so many individual artists.

And, of course, King Kobra and Grievous Angels!

What is your best advice when it comes to raising children?



Love them and listen to them.



