

PART TWO—THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: JEAN and CHILDREN

At the Law Firm in Houston

When I wrote the Part One about my early memories I had planned to stop there, but since then I have thought I might add a few more memories that my children might not be aware of. On another file (“Highlights of our marriage and travels”) I have recounted some bare facts.

Jean and I had our first date on October 10, **1953**, not quite three months after I had joined the law firm of Baker Botts. We had been out for “coffee breaks” and some group-lunches with other lawyers to nearby quick food places but had not really visited with each other. I had heard that Mrs. Baker might call and ask me to a dinner and a football game in their box at Rice Stadium as it was their custom to invite the new lawyers in the firm each fall. When she called she asked me whom I would like to escort. I had not thought about that, but I suggested Miss Dalby. I knew she must have been the year before and she seemed very skilled in talking to people. So we had our first date. Jean wore a black hat with a protruding feather. At one point we all crowded into the Baker’s limo and Jean sat on my lap and tickled me with her feather in my face as she turned her head visiting with everyone. Something was said about it, which I did not mind at all. When Mrs. Baker called Jean thought she was just getting invited two years in a row. She did not know that I had suggested her name.

The dinner was at the River Oaks Country Club, a very exclusive place (in 1953 it cost \$10,000 just to join without the dues—a beginning lawyer’s salary at the best law firm in Houston was \$3,000 a year!). Afterwards, the party of eight went to the Rice football game. I suggested to Jean that we might want to go somewhere and dance after the game. We found a place that had a small dance floor and served beer. We got to talking about politics and religion and found that we were in the firmest agreement about both. They closed the place sometime after midnight and we had only danced once!

We had our second date the following Thursday and went to a movie, *The Robe*, a new film that had just come out. I already had plans to attend the Bachelor’s Club annual dance, which I had just joined—a Baker Botts amenity, the following Saturday, October 17, so I asked Jean for that date as well. It was also held at the River Oaks Country Club and we got engaged on the dance floor that evening. We went out to the parking lot and sat in my Studebaker and found that we liked to kiss very much. Jean was scheduled to make a talk the next morning (Sunday) at a retreat her sorority was having, rather early in the morning and at a place about an hour from Austin, and at least a couple of hours from Houston. I offered to get up and drive her there, at which she seemed surprised as we were very late getting home after the dance. We did that. Jean made a good talk—I now have no idea what about, but I was impressed. We drove on to Austin and up the circle driveway at the Dalby home. Her mother looked out the kitchen window (we learned later) and saw the side of my head in the driver’s seat and told Roy, “He’s too old for Jean!”—seeing my gray temples. Then, when I got out of the car and was facing the kitchen window, she said, “He’s too young for Jean!”

So we met the family and everyone was happy. On Monday morning, we went shopping in Houston for a ring. The news was soon out at the law firm. There were bets around the firm as to how long it would last, we learned. Our friend, Frank Wozencraft

(later, one of my groomsmen) said, “I know both of them better than they know each other but I think they will like each other when they get to know each other.” Frank was a Yale Law School graduate and had welcomed me to the minority of *non*-Texas U. Law graduates at Baker Botts. However, as “Miss Dalby’s husband” I was soon welcomed at the Texas Bar Conventions by Jean’s law school graduates. In recent years, I have had a somewhat similar experience at the annual conventions of the American Association of Pastoral Counselors, being known as “Jean Clift’s husband.” I rather liked both situations.

Soon after we were engaged I telephoned mother and dad to tell them. When mother got on the telephone, Jean says my mother’s first words were, “Jean, we love you.” Jean was pleased with that greeting and I was too, but I thought to myself, “mother is glad I am *at last* (age 27) getting married.” One summer, some years earlier, I had driven to a church camp to pick up my niece—I think it was Patricia, but it may have been Rebecca or Kathleen. As I approached the cabin, I heard a young girl say to my niece, “Is that your uncle who can’t get married?”

Soon after we were engaged mother and my sister came to Houston to visit—probably to get acquainted with this girl I was going to marry. While they were there, the four of us went out to Jimmy and Betty Clift’s house. Jimmy was about a year or two younger than I was. We were first cousins and the one with whom I had visited the most as a little boy—both in Robert Lee and Corpus Christi. I don’t remember whether Quentin and Iris Clift were there with their twin girls, but there were several children present. At one point the conversation in the group turned around who had the “Clift eyebrows.” Jean told me later she was shocked at the time with the thought that her children might have “Clift eyebrows”—not that it would be bad, but just something she had never considered!

We planned a trip to west Texas to meet my family, over a long weekend. It was a 7 to 8 hour drive in those days! Nink decided to have a *five-table bridge* party to welcome us and to meet the family and their friends. Jean had never played bridge. An added difficulty was that we both smoked then, especially while playing bridge, and that was not acceptable in Robert Lee. So the next time we planned a trip to Robert Lee, Jean read us the Goren Bridge Book on the drive all the way out there and we had the bidding rules down. The next time it was only three tables and mostly family. Jean had been winning and ended up at “head table” with Uncle Marvin as a partner. Near the end of the evening, he opened the bidding with “one no trump” so Jean added the points in her very good hand and realized that the rule book said she should bid “six no trump” so she did. Uncle Marvin was very startled, as he did not bid according to any rule book, having played bridge, very well, by the seat of his pants for years, and such a jump in the bidding was very foreign to his thinking. He swallowed hard, as he had a short club suit, but felt better when Jean laid down her hand, which fit perfectly, despite his short club suit. They won the game and as he stood up to leave Uncle Marvin said they would have to come to see us in Houston. We knew, then, that he liked his bridge partner! They never did come, however.

Jean had been at the law firm a year before I arrived and she had vacation coming for the next summer. My having just been hired, we had to wait until I had been there 6

months and could have 2 weeks (in advance, so to speak), so we set the date for January 23, 1954. That turned out to be a great date to remember: 1-23-54.

We had begun visiting some Episcopal Churches before we were married. However, at that point we did not belong. I told Jean I wanted to be married in a Methodist Church, as my family would be so disappointed if we weren't. Jean had attended a Disciples church in Austin during her senior year in high school, and Jean liked the pastor, John Barclay, very much, but she was in love with me and agreed to a Methodist Church, with John Barclay and the Methodist pastor officiating. We were married at Tarrytown Methodist Church, not far from the Dalby home. The Dalby's neighbor, the Dooleys, gave the rehearsal dinner for me, and the Dalbys had a reception at Green Pastures after the wedding.

Nink and Cortsy were a little late getting to the church. Jean very calmly told everyone, "We will wait until they are here." Cortez stopped at a service station and handed the attendant a \$20 bill and said "take me to the Tarrytown Methodist Church." The man didn't want to take it; he said, "it is just around the corner" but Cortez said the equivalent of "show me." Later, on the way to Green Pastures for the reception, the Russells and Paul Good (the Coke County Sheriff and father of a friend of mine) had been following George Winborn's car. At one point Paul Good pulled up beside the Russell car and told Cortez: "I don't believe that feller knows where he is going."

We sold my Studebaker and kept Jean's Chevrolet, which we took on our honeymoon to Mexico. We had met two or three of the young lawyers from *Baker, Botts, y Miranda* in Mexico City when they were in Houston to practice their English. They gave us a splendid welcome in Mexico City, with flowers waiting for us in our hotel room. One of them took us to his uncle's box at the horse races and another accompanied us at a bull fight. We went to Taxco and bought a silver piece. On the way down to Mexico City, we stopped at a resort called Taninul. It had a lovely big swimming pool, heated by a natural hot spring. We had not thought to bring our swim suits in January. When the night club (in a cave above the pool) finally closed, we put on our robes and went to the far side of the huge pool and slipped in *au natural* Lovely!

On the way back we stopped in Monterey and I finally succumbed to the *tourista*. We crossed the border back into Texas with me lying down in the back seat and Jean stopped for gasoline. She met a law school friend at the station and said, "Come meet my husband; we are just returning from a honeymoon." --Not thinking how it would look (I hope) with me lying down with a pale face in the back seat!

When we got back Jean's close friend, Harold Young, with whom she had studied for the bar exam, asked her, "Well, how was the honeymoon?" He thought it was very funny when Jean replied, "Wonderful! Wallace is so much fun to talk to!"

For several months after we married we lived in an apartment, but then in the summer of 1954 we bought a house in "Robindell" a new subdivision just south of a larger subdivision, "Sharpstown." It was a long commute to downtown Houston—about an hour or maybe 45 minutes if we were lucky. We shared a carpool with four other Baker Botts lawyers and none of us had air conditioned cars in those days.

Jean has told the story of our spiritual journey in those early days of our marriage in her book, *The Mystery of Love* so I won't repeat it here. We had found a home at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church on West Alabama. Bishop Quin confirmed us in the

Episcopal Church there on Pentecost, June 6, 1954. Soon, two other Baker Botts lawyers joined us there and the daughter of a deceased Baker Botts lawyer, our friend Nancy Scurry (now Minter). Nancy's mother had made a good life for herself after her husband died from overwork at Baker Botts when the other lawyers went off to World War II. She was a family counselor for a private high school for nine months, then ran a boys ranch in northern New Mexico for two months and then spent the month of August at a different country in Europe each year. One year (1955?) we vacationed at Mammy Scurry's ranch after the boys had left: Jim Lee, Nancy, Vicki and Clax Monro (our rector) and us. We went up to Central City on an excursion and stayed at the Teller House, the hotel adjacent to the opera house (it is now a casino). We saw Julie Harris in *The Lark*. Jean remembered when she was there with Windy and two other college friends, some years earlier and they had seen Mae West at the opera house.

One summer (1956?) We went with Jean's parents to Monterey and Saltillo. What we remember most of that trip was when we were staying at the hotel in Saltillo Mae said, after one or two tequila drinks, "I can't move, I'm paralyzed!" We laughingly tried to get her to move something. Mae enjoyed being the life of the party. Happily, it turned out not to be true and we went on to dinner.

One long Labor Day weekend we went with Jane and Delmar Sroufe to the border and saw a bull fight at Matamoras—not as professional as Mexico City and so it seemed a bit gross. (While living in Texas I had heard of Matamoras for years—the city across the border from Brownsville—and never realized that it meant "Moor-killer." It was a title given to St. James [Santiago] who according to legend made a 'ghostly' appearance and led the armies driving out the Moors from Spain in 1492.)

Then, one October, in 1956, while I was in Austin for a tax seminar, Jean came up for the weekend and we went to a little mission church in South Austin where we knew the vicar. He had been ordained at the age of 60 after twenty five years as a business school professor at the University of Texas. During the service I knew I had to go to seminary and Jean had the same thought which she did not mention until after I told her of my experience on the way back to Houston (after being questioned about my silence). I had wrestled with the idea for perhaps two years after finding a home again in the church.

When my parents came to Houston for a visit that Fall, we told them that we had some exciting news. We told them we were going to an Episcopal seminary. Mother probably said something positive, but soon added; "I thought you were going to have a baby." She knew we were interested in doing that. After we had quieted down, my father said, I'm thinking of that scripture, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." What a wonderful present to have from your father! I have treasured it. Anne put it on the back of the stole she made for me. Jean's stole has a similar meaningful memory for her on the back of her stole: "Comfort ye my people."

Jean's mother was horrified that I would think of taking her daughter away from the wealthy future that awaited us at Baker Botts. She wrote me a letter saying I had "never disappointed her before." She told Jean not to come home or to New Boston for Christmas (it was their turn). Mae was under a doctor's care for a time with the shock. Jean went up to Austin one weekend by herself and they came to an understanding. We could come to New Boston for Christmas but were *not* "to talk about it." I think after the

children were born, there was no question about our welcome. And, after they visited us in Europe, we had clearly made the right decision!

To California!

Bishop Hines gave me four seminaries to which I could apply—my choice. They were: the Southwest in Austin, General in NYC, Virginia, and the Church Divinity School of the Pacific. We knew Austin was out of the question with the Dalbys living there. So, we got out reference books and found that CDSP was in Berkeley, California, on San Francisco Bay. That was exciting! I bought a piece of sheet music, “*Open your Golden Gates.*” Jean was going to support us during the three years in seminary. We had only a very small equity in our house.

Then about sometime during Lent of **1957** we found that Jean was going to have a baby! Just what we had prayed for—before we knew about seminary. It did seem like God’s timing was a bit off...

We had been wanting children from the time shortly after our marriage (I think one of the other things we had talked about on our first date was wanting children). Anyway, we had eventually been subjected to all the indignities the doctors could think of and they could see no reason why we could not have children. Do you suppose psyche and body are that intimately connected? We stayed in Berkeley for Christmas, waiting for Anne’s arrival.

Anne Winborn Clift was about a month late, according to the doctor’s estimate, but she was very healthy, arriving on January 31, **1958**. My parents came out to greet her and Anne sat up in her baby reclining chair and watched us play bridge for hours! Very early it seems Anne liked to relate to the world around her.

Looking back I realize it was very “thoughtful” of Anne to wait until the end of January to be born. (The baby had “dropped into position” in early December we had been expecting her.) But I was out of money! Shortly before we left Houston Jean had met on the street, by accident, a former youth minister at Central Christian in Austin during Jean’s senior year in high school. She told him we were leaving for seminary in California. He said maybe I can get you a scholarship from the Jones Foundation (his boss), and he did. \$1500 for the year. We had very little equity in our house, which we put up for sale—but it had not sold. We were paying; rent for our duplex in Berkeley and mortgage payments on the house in Houston! The money was disappearing. Jean said “what will we do?” and I said, “I will drop out of school and get a job—pumping gas or bagging groceries.” It was our first Christmas with just the two of us. I don’t remember when we heard, but it was before Anne was born. Our friend, Jim Lee, a Baker Botts lawyer, was in charge of the sale of our house and he wrote us that the house had been sold to an anonymous buyer and he was not to tell us who it was that had had pity on us. So we had another \$1500. During the second year in seminary I got a part time job at the seminary bookstore. The manager was Jim Blundell who was also from the Diocese of Texas—I had not known him before. It paid a few dollars depending on the number of hours I worked. I think it was also during the second year that Jean’s parents sent us 7 or 8 hundred dollars. Jean was expecting Lucy in the following summer. Jim Blundell graduated and I got to be in charge of the bookstore, which paid me \$100 each month! The job even included the summer before my senior year.

During the summer after my first year Jean's mother got me a job with the Attorney General of Texas that involved writing part of the brief to be sent to the U.S. Supreme Court. Texas was claiming 3 leagues out from the shore in the Gulf of Mexico (the rule under Spanish law) instead of just 3 miles. So I spent that summer (we lived in the Dalby home) doing research in the Texas archives to find evidence that the Texas navy had patrolled the disputed area. My part of the brief was commented on favorably by Justice Frankfurter. (Some of the skills with marine charts etc that I had learned in Midshipmen school were at last put to a little use.) The governor of Texas made me an honorary admiral in the Texas Navy!

But to get back to the story about the time we were expecting Anne. We had met Vicki Monro's uncle who was a Pentecostal preacher one time when he visited Houston. Clax invited us to dinner while he was visiting and said to us that he could not invite just anybody to meet Vicki's uncle for the man might kneel in the living room floor and start praying loudly at any time! Vicki's uncle, like Vicki's mother, was a grandchild of General Booth who founded the Salvation Army. Anyway, after we were in Berkeley he called us the morning Jean had entered labor with Anne. He wanted me to come to a Portuguese Pentecostal meeting in Oakland where he was preaching. He said the sermon he would be preaching would "stick in my craw" the rest of my life! I said I could not as my wife was having a baby. He said how fast are the pains coming? I thought it was none of his business and I wasn't going to leave Jean at any rate. I finally got off the telephone by agreeing to come one night after Jean was in the hospital and I could not be there—hospital visiting was very limited in those days. When I went he greeted me and I was about to sit at the back of the small church when he said, Oh, no, come on up to the platform. I protested that I was not a clergy person and he said, "but you have had the call." He thought that settled it, but I was not about to do that.

Sometime at the end of that first year, or perhaps it was at the beginning of the second year, to my surprise I was elected *President of the Middler Class*. During the last two years I was part of a supper club that met with Professor Sam Garrett, a favorite church history teacher. Our group was mostly married seminarians and we had picnics at which our wives and children came. Later Sam visited Houston and I had him out to preach at my two missions. I drove him down to the San Jacinto battlefield where there was a small museum in the memorial. There were a lot of large paintings of the Spanish royal family and without reading the notices Sam walked around naming them. That was the way he taught history—a kind of biographical approach. He would pass around postcards of people in class. His wife, Mary, was the first librarian for the combined library that served the seminaries belonging to the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley. The GTU was just getting underway under the leadership of Dean Sherman Johnson, who was one of my Senior tutors. My other tutor during my Senior year was Professor Massey Shepherd, who is remembered as the author of the commentary on the 1928 Book of Common Prayer. Dr. Shepherd taught the liturgy classes as well as early church history. His wife, "Gabe" [Gabriela?], Shepherd arranged marvelous parties for his students. We all loved Dr. Shepherd and Jean says most of the men bought sport coats as much like his [mingled tweed] as they could find.

Lucy Russell Clift was born July 7, 1959. Jean's parents came out to greet Lucy. My mother had sent Rebecca out to help us a few weeks earlier. The Davis family took a

vacation to the west and came to see us and took Becky back with them. We learned about Becky's courage when she readily agreed to dates with young men to do things she had never practiced—golf, bridge....

We were both feeling a bit confined and so when Lucy was 6 weeks old, we decided to take a short trip up the northern coast into Oregon. Jean said we could try it if I would just turn the car around and hit the fast track home when she said "NOW!" We worked and packed all day getting ready and it was 5 p.m. when we finished! We decided to leave anyway as we would have to do it all over the next day, so we got a few miles down the road before stopping at a motel. We had the port-a-crib with Anne in the back seat and Lucy was in a blue plastic tub between us in the front seat. We got as far as Crater Lake, when it got to be too much and Jean said "Now." So we took the straight highway to Berkeley having enjoyed the coastal road on the way north.

The seminary years were wonderful for me; I loved the opportunity to study the variety of topics. But it was very hard for both of us. As I mentioned earlier, the finances were always problematic and we were blessed with two beautiful baby girls while in seminary! We had thought we might be able to make it with \$3500 a year but that was before we knew about the children. We could not have driven back to Texas if Bishop Hines had not sent the money for the move.

Years later we learned that the buyer of our Houston house had been John Heard (one of my groomsmen) John had been a friend of Jean's during the year before I joined the firm. We had played bridge with John and Elly a lot. We baby-sat for their baby, Joanie, the New Year's Eve before we left for seminary. (Joanie had a home in Colorado and we have seen her occasionally at Episcopal Diocese functions.)

In fact, not only John Heard but the other 3 groomsmen and my best man were all lawyers at Baker Botts. Also, one of Jean's attendants, Beverly Tarpley was and is a lawyer. (We have continued to exchange news and Christmas cards with the Tarpley'ss in Abilene, Texas.) Even the male soloist, a friend of Jean's, was also a lawyer.

But to get back to the California years, during our last year in Berkeley Nancy Scurry (Minter) came out for a visit and rented a little guest house in back of the house next door. She had her big standard poodle with her, Shu-Shu. Anne threw the ball for the dog but she wasn't too keen on receiving it back from the dog who brought it to her dripping from his mouth. I think Nancy met her future husband while in California. They had two girls, but the parents later divorced. We recently had a visit with Nancy in Santa Fe. We did not know she lived there but we chanced to meet at church when we were there for the Santa Fe opera.

The Parish Clergy Family in Houston

I graduated in May of 1960 and was ordained Deacon on June 24 (St. John Baptist Day) at St. Stephen's Church, which had been our parish before seminary. Bishop Hines assigned me to two missions: Resurrection, with an African American congregation, and 8 miles to the west, Grace, with an Anglo congregation. I was to start right away and they did not have a house for us to move in immediately—and Jean and the children were still visiting in Austin. Bishop Hines invited me to stay with them the weekend I was to take the first services, so I did that. They gave me a lovely bedroom on the 2nd floor, furnished with antiques. Helen Hines liked to extend "gracious Southern Hospitality" (I think that is what you would call it) and that evening before I went up to the guest room

she offered to “draw my bath.” I said thank you but I could do that. The next morning I got up, planning to sit and read the Bible or something like that and I sat down in the rocker that was available. It broke! I knew it was an antique and I thought I sat down carefully but there it was. When I went down for breakfast I tried to apologize and Mrs. Hines said “Don’t worry, it’s just an old chair.” How embarrassing!

When I first met the Resurrection congregation they were meeting in a Fire Station, not far from their building site. During my first year, we found a Pentecostal church on the west side that was being closed and the Diocese bought it and we moved it across town. I had crawled under the building to inspect it—things they don’t teach you in seminary—and followed it across the city to see that we got under all the wires.

Bishop Hines selected the senior warden of my white congregation to pour the foundation and my black congregation who was paying for some of the building costs thought he greatly overdid the use of concrete. They had a nice sense of humor—they were tempted to sing *How Firm a Foundation* when Bishop Hines came for the Dedication. They did not do that and handled their irritation with a good laugh about it.

The first funeral I held after being ordained was for a black man at Resurrection whose older sister was the maid of Alice Baker Jones. I did not know that at the time. The dignified Episcopal service was well received by the larger black community.

Mrs. Farish (a wealthy widow of one of the founders of the Humble Oil Company which later became Exxon) had given the land for a church for the black congregation some years before I was appointed there, but no building had been built on it. She was an Episcopalian, but Jean and I later decided that one reason she may have given the land to that black Episcopal congregation was because of the black maid that her friend, Alice Baker Jones had.

Early in the Spring of **1961** after we had the building up at Resurrection, Alice Baker Jones invited Jean and me to dinner and told us that her friend Mrs. Farish would be there also as she wanted to meet the new priest at Resurrection who had got a building on that land.

Mrs. Jones was the sister of James A. Baker Jr. whom both Jean and I had worked for at Baker Botts before seminary. They probably wanted to see what that ex Baker Botts lawyer was like. (The James Baker who was later Secretary of State was the son of our Mr. Baker and the nephew of Mrs. Jones.)

On the day of the dinner Jean’s favorite grandmother, (“Nothermama”), died, May 8, 1961. We could not leave until the next day for the funeral in New Boston, but decided she would want us to go on to the dinner that night anyway and we did. That was when we met Mrs. Farish for the first time. More about that later.

Resurrection had the custom of having a picnic on Galveston beach during the summer, so we did that. The beach was segregated, though it may have been more custom than law. Anyway, when I went out in my bathing suit with my parishioners I never felt so “bleached out” in my life—I almost wanted to hide it seemed so embarrassing.

My two vestries each (not knowing what the other was doing) gave me a briefcase on the occasion of my ordination to the priesthood. At some occasion—it forget what—the men at Resurrection gave me a fine pair of shoes. I found it natural to give

something to African Americans, but to receive? I was very moved by that experience. Perhaps they had noticed the sole of my shoes when I knelt to pray.

Grace Church already had a building and it was large enough to hold both congregations and our other Houston friends for my ordination to the priesthood, which was set for May 26, 1961 (Augustine of Canterbury day). I told my white vestry I would like to have it at Grace, but that there would have to be open seating. One man said, "Can't we ask the people from Resurrection to sit at the front?" I said "no" and said we could have it at my former parish, St. Stephen's. But, the man said, no, he wanted me to have it there but he couldn't come, but it was all right. His wife played the piano for us anyway and that family became very good friends. Later they wanted their daughter to have an abortion and I helped talk them out of it, and later they were so grateful to have their grandchild.

Houston was still very segregated in the early sixties. I pleaded with the Diocesan Convention to open St. Luke's Hospital to my black parishioners, but was turned down (even though we were asked to contribute to the hospital!) They said wait a year. The second year they turned us down and I got up and walked out of the Convention as I was in tears. My black delegates followed me out and I remember their saying to me, "Oh, Mr. Clift, we can't separate ourselves!" I had just wanted to get over my tears, but I was touched by their words—and their years of experience! I think I said something like you may be used to this (treatment) but I'm not.

The make-up of the Bishops' Committee (i.e. Vestry for the Mission at Resurrection) was very interesting. Everett Bell was Senior Warden and had been for years. Such leadership by one man was rather a pattern in the African American community, especially in the African churches. After my first year I asked him to conform to the pattern in other Episcopal parishes and have someone serve in that capacity for the next year. He very graciously agreed to my request—but as far as the congregation was concerned he was still the lay leader. After that I never questioned his re-election. I think there were nine "vestrymen" at Resurrection as it was a Mission.. All but two members were employed by the U.S. Postal Service. That was a *federal* job and there was no discrimination. The other two were: "Mr. Bell" as I always called him, and Mr. Johnson. Johnson was a respected company employee and his company furnished him a "company car." Johnson was the Junior Warden at Resurrection and a fine father and husband and parishioner. I still quote him at times. To encourage someone, he usually said: "Go ahead on." That is very encouraging statement to move forward!. Tyrone Johnson was one of our acolytes.

It was one of those years in Houston that I made a speech at the "*First Annual Conference on Race and Religion*." My speech did not sound angry enough for some of the activists, and my friend, Bert Ettling, (pastor at an Episcopal church not far from Grace) told Jean that I was just "too subtle" for them. I found that comforting.

Sometime during those four years in Houston, the department store dining room at Foley's, was opened to black people. My Senior Warden and chief parishioner at Resurrection, Mr. Bell, who was an administrator at Texas Southern University (for blacks then) announced it to the Vestry and said something like: "Now we need to go there and make use of this opening and show them we know how to do it properly." I was touched.

One year Mr. Bell gave Anne a toy for Christmas, a little spinning “merry go round” which we commented on. Anne looked at it and pointed to the little girl whirling around and said, “Is that Mary?” When Jean was ordained a priest in 1988 Mr. Bell sent her a very helpful book, the *Priest's Handbook*. Mr. Bell later became President of what was formerly called “Texas Southern University.” I do not know its present title.

Bruce Peter Clift was born at St. Luke's Hospital July 27, **1962**. We had a woman come and help with the house and Bruce twice a week. One of Jean's friends paid for one of the days. Estella was a black woman but not in my congregation. She was wonderful and she adored Bruce. Estella was a dedicated Christian and belonged to a congregation that paid close attention to the Bible—she told us, very hesitantly one time, as Christmas approached, that the day of Jesus' birth was not mentioned in the Bible so her church did not celebrate Christmas. I think we may have said something like well he was born some time, but we didn't press the point.

Both my congregations were delighted with all my children. I don't remember exactly what she said, but one time Anne asked us if we had noticed that everyone at Resurrection was a different color. Jean had what must have been the first inter-racial women's prayer group in Houston. Women from both our congregations met in our home. Estella and her pastor also came once or twice. When Jean started to serve tea or something Estella started to get up and help and Jean motioned to her to stay seated. It was a new experience for everyone in the group and they came to love each other.

We had heard Agnes Sanford speak at a summer conference and wanted to go to the “School of Pastoral Care” which she and her husband had started earlier. It was in Whitinsville, Mass. At a dinner part at the Heard's, John called me into the library and said he had heard we would like to go to a conference in New England. Then he said “I just won this at Las Vegas and handed me \$400, which was enough for our air transportation and tuition. At the conference when we told that story the leaders said the gambling money had been properly “baptized.” That was in the summer of 1961. The next year (1962) an “Advanced School” was held over All Saints week in early November and I was asked to be Chaplain for the School. Jean was not able to go as she was nursing a baby. (Bruce) It was there that I first heard lectures on Jungian psychology. I got a reading list from Martin Kelsey, but I was so busy that I didn't get around to reading Jung until the next summer, 1963. Jean said she never had to read *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* because I followed her all around the house telling her what it said.

Later, in that summer of **1963** a group of our friends planned a trip by train from the border to Mexico City. The Dalbys kept the children and we went. It was our second trip to Mexico City, nine years after our honeymoon. I had been reading Jung and I guess kept talking about it for one of our friends on the train said, “You should go to those lectures on Jungian psychology at the Jung Center in Houston.” With some more encouragement I did go down to the first lecture that September and called Jean from there. I told her, “Jean, you need to find a baby sitter and come with me. We have to do this together. This is important.” They gave clergy families a scholarship.

My father died November 30, 1963. On my last visit, he said, “They shot our president.” It was also the week that C. S. Lewis died. I had made a visit to the hospital in San Angelo the week before he died and had given him communion.

The Grant Years: Zurich and Chicago

In the spring of 1964 I had a dream, which you can read about on pages 114 and 115 of *Symbols of Transformation in Dreams*. I had no idea how that dream would change our lives forever. What we didn't mention in the book is the fact that Mrs. Farish is the person who gave us the joint grant to study at the C. G. Jung Institute in Zurich. She had met us at the dinner at Alice Baker Jones' house in May, 1961. One of her family had been helped by Jungian psychology and she felt it was a good thing for an Episcopal priest and his wife to know about it. The lecturer at the Center had mentioned the dream to someone in her family I suppose. Mrs. Farish met with us before we left and told us how she knew we would make good use of the experience. I think she tried to be a good steward of her wealth. We had noticed in her big lovely home near the Rice campus that some of the "turkey carpets" were so worn they were thread-bare.

Someone at St. Stephen's parish heard about our leaving for Zurich and asked her friend who owned a small freighter to give us free passage to Europe which he did. We were able to load our luggage on board the ship in Galveston, but they asked us not to board until New Orleans. We stashed our belongings around in Robert Lee, Ballinger, Austin, and Houston and begin packing. I counted 26 pieces of luggage we were taking, counting the camera. One of Jean's friends told her, "How can you do this; I never could leave my house and take my three little children off to Europe!" I did not know at the time how blessed I was to have married Jean!

Mother gave us some money and we signed up for crash courses in German with the Berlitz school in Houston. We were notified in late April about the grant. (I had told my mother-in-law that I would like to study in Zurich, Switzerland but I thought it would take at least \$8000 a year—she said, "Very well, then I won't worry!" I had no idea that I would be given a grant. The grant was a joint one for both of us to study and in the amount of \$10,000—which, even so, turned out to be not quite enough. In those days we got a little over 4 Swiss francs to the dollar—now they are almost even.

My last Sunday at the two mission churches was the second Sunday in July, 1964. Two of our parishioners at Grace Church, Margaret and Jim Mitchell came to New Orleans to see us off on the *Alice Brown*. (Jim later went to seminary in Austin—the second one from my parish at Grace Church, as Bert Womack did also.) We were the only passengers and ate with the officers on board. The Captain was very fond of Bruce and decided he would show us how to feed Bruce. He told Bruce to open his mouth as a tunnel and "here comes the choo-choo train"—with vivid sound effects. His fellow officers could hardly hold themselves in from laughing at the Captain saying "choo, choo," etc. (He was a tough old sailor to be talking baby talk.)

There was a leather shop in San Angelo which Uncle Cortez had patronized—he had given me custom boots and an engraved leather belt from there—and I asked them to make me a leather harness for my soon to be two year old son, with a leash strong enough to hold him up if he fell away from me at the edge of the ship (which had only a wire or two for a railing.). They did that. For sentimental reasons I was only able to discard the old leather a few years ago.

When we left New Orleans we did not know where we would land in Europe and neither did the crew. We thought it might be Le Harve, but the night after we sailed out from New Orleans we learned it would be Bremerhaven in Germany. We had two cabins,

across a passage from each other. Contrary to directions we put the children in one and us in the other.

The journey took 3 weeks. We resolved never again to board a ship without plenty of sherry on hand! During the children's nap time the first mate had the crew scraping rust with a horrible screeching sound. He kept telling us, "I hate rust." We were glad he did, but wished he would wait until the next trip.

The friendly radio operator aboard ship told us we should ship our luggage from Bremerhaven and rent a car to drive down to Zurich and we decided to do that. The first evening after we landed and had our car we stopped for supper. The restaurant had no milk! They brought the children alcoholfrei beer which they hated. Our German was weak. The next day we bought supplies for picnics and made the trip much better—with some sight-seeing which we both still remember. Our seminary professor, Dr. Massey Shepherd, had lectured at a German monastery, Maria Laach, so we stopped there and the monks showed us around. We bought a wall hanging (now in our entry way) that speaks about God being the door and the house and blesses those who enter and leave.

We settled in to a *pension* in Zurich while we looked for housing. The Swiss really did not want to rent to Americans as we (like most foreigners) were too dirty. We found a place in Leimbach, a former village, but part of Zurich by the time we arrived. It was on the other side of the lake from the Jung Institute, which was still in Zurich in those days. We had three bedrooms and a bath and a half, living room with fireplace, dining area and kitchen. We also had a small apartment rented on a lower level for our au-pair.

The first year we had an English girl, Yvonne, from Yorkshire. During the first year we had bought a copy of a painting by Cezanne of a young boy in a red vest. Bruce called it "Yvonne" and we said, "No, it is a boy." So, then Bruce called it "Boy Yvonne!" And I think Yvonne hated it—which secretly pleased us.

We took a lot of excursions to the Rheinfalls, to Liechtenstein, etc. One time we decided to take the children to see mad King Ludwig's castle in Bavaria—the Disney model for a castle. Bruce kept asking us what kind of trip it was we were taking and we answered the best we could, but it did not satisfy him. At the castle we employed a horse and wagon to take the children up the hill and Bruce sighed with understanding and said, "a horse trip!" So then we knew what kind of trip it was.

On the way back after crossing Lake Constance back into Switzerland, we were driving along a highway, and Jean, attempting to calm down an argument in the back seat, said, "Look, children, it is *Stein am Rhein*" and Lucy said, "I don't know what's so special, a bunch of old brown houses like Zurich." Also, it was on that trip that Lucy told us, very seriously, "Mommy and Daddy, we are too little to go on such a long trip!" After that we did not feel so guilty leaving them with the *au pair* while we took trips.

On returning from a Pentecost holiday in Vienna (the Institute had lots of holidays) when we had enjoyed the "May wine," we heard at Church that our au pair had had a big party in our absence (their au pair had attended it.). We asked the upstairs neighbors and they said, yes, the police had been called! Apparently the children had even been moved around out of their beds. So "Boy Yvonne" was fired. We had given specific instructions: no parties!

Becky had finished college and was ready for a break, so when we invited her to come for a year, she agreed. Mae got someone to ship us Texas school books and Becky prepared the children for a return to American schools. Anne and Lucy had been in Kindergarten and first grade in German.

Anne and Lucy chattered in Swiss German during their play at home. In fact, they were embarrassed to go into the city with us as we did not talk “normal.”

While in Zurich we continued studying German at the city night school. German was taught for English speakers, as well as classes for speakers of other languages. We had some hours with Berlitz that had not been used and the “hours” went much further with the European prices, so I did a few weeks of Italian and Jean did some in French.

During our stay, Bruce would sometimes ask us, “Are *the children* going with us?” (meaning Anne and Lucy) which of course we thought was delightful.

Nana and Grandad came for a 6 weeks visit in Europe in the Fall of 1965, a few weeks after Becky had arrived.. We helped them plan the trip. They flew to Madrid and did some sight-seeing there and then flew to Nice where we met them at the airport. Becky stayed with the children. Then we drove along the Riviera in France and Italy and down to Florence and Rome. Then, back through the Swiss Alps and they were more than ready to see their grandchildren. Becky had been keeping them. When they left, Becky went with them into Austria. Becky returned and we joined them in Munich and drove them through Germany, Luxembourg and into Paris. After some sight-seeing we put them on the plane for Amsterdam and they also went on to London before heading home. Jean and I jogged around in the west of France a bit (St. Malo, Brittany and the Loire Valley, Chartres) and headed back to Zurich.

* * *

Insert—January 2008: Jean and I remembered our experience in Cairo in which we had an audience with His Holiness, the Patriarch of the Coptic Church for Egypt and Ethiopia.. Jean asked me if I had included that in my “family stories” and I didn’t remember doing so. I found I had not even mentioned the trip my sister made with us while Becky kept the children in Zurich in January , 1966. Mother had given us some money (perhaps to buy the Fiat, I forget), and she gave Dorothy the same amount to make a trip to come see us and her daughter Becky. My sister arrived shortly after Christmas 1965. We did some sight seeing in Switzerland and then planned a trip for the three of us to “the Holy Lands”. Becky would keep the children in Zurich for most of our trip. We arranged for a baby sitter to stay in our apartment for a couple of days (as I recall), then Becky would fly to Rome and meet Dorothy who would fly to Rome from Jerusalem. Jean and I returned to Zurich. After they did some sight seeing in Rome they both would return to Zurich.

I think it was the Greek aircraft that took us to Athens. We loved flying over the snow covered alps, seeing them from above. In Athens we had good pleasant weather (in January) and we enjoyed walking around: seeing a flea market, the Parthenon (without crowds), Mars Hill where Paujl had preached and modern Athens. Then we flew on a Polish plane to Cairo. It was probably a Russian built plane and not so smooth—but I had left my umbrella in Athens or on the plane and they got it to me in Cairo, so I was impressed with their care of their passengers! We stayed at the famous old Shepherds hotel. I had arranged our flight and accommodations through “Wagon-Lits Cook. The

Cooks agent that I dealt with in Zurich had advised that in Cairo they always recommended “luxury class” and it was good advice, but the famous old hotel had declined since its glory days before WWI. (Fans of Elizabeth Peters novels about the Emerson family will remember the hotel. It was also where I had hoped to stay in my trip around the world in 1948.). It was still among the best, but my sister checked for bed bugs, so that gives you some idea.

We of course visited the pyramids and each of us rode a camel near the Sphinx. We climbed up inside one of the pyramids and in the sweaty heat promised ourselves that we did not have to do that again. We also went inside a pyramid and, on coming out, heard one little boy say” “It is just another room.” In looking at some old files of correspondence and trip accounts that Jean had written to her parents, I came across a carbon copy of a letter I had written to Bishop Hines who had given his blessing to our trip. (The foundation had asked for his recommendation in giving us the grant.) I am going to copy it in full:

Zirich, Switzerland
March 10, 1966

Dear Bishop Hines,

During this Lent, as I examined myself, I felt that I must in all good conscience, make this report to you – lest I should have taken your name in vain. It requires some explanation and reading on your part, amidst your busy schedule, but happily (I trust) requires no action.

In January, Jean, my sister and I made a flying trip to the Holy Lands—a very joyful experience. But it is in regard to our stopover in Cairo about which I must write you. We took the usual tour of the pyramids, etc; and then one afternoon, on our own, tourist map in hand, we set out wandering through an Arab market in search of a Coptic church which I wanted to visit. There were two on the map in the general area we found ourselves, after Jean had completed her shopping. After turning up several doubtful streets, we found the street and turned into a large open courtyard with a dirt floor.

The large basilica was under repair and locked. I opened some side doors, and we found ourselves in a small chapel with what sounded like a semi-private recitation of evening prayer, accompanied by cymbal (or tambourine?). Later, outside, I stopped one of the laymen and inquired if we could get in the basilica. He went round the corner to a large house and returned shortly saying, “Father; will come soon.” And before long we were joined by a bearded priest in flowing black robes and headgear. After greetings and introduction, I explained that I was an Episcopal priest and wanted to visit the church. He motioned us to come with him. Following his way of dealing with us, which we readily grasped, having been in Arab-land for a day or two, Jean and my sister walked a few steps discreetly behind, and followed us inside the house which had a great red oriental carpet spilling out the front door into the dusty courtyard. As we mounted the stairs inside, my guide said: “His Holiness will see you, but he may still be resting just now.” Looking around at the portraits (one of the then head of state in Ethiopia) and other clues, and noting again (furtively) the ambiguous references on our map, I began to deduce that we were indeed in the house of the Patriarch of the Orthodox Coptic church!

The monk who was our guide seated us and served tea, and we begin to visit about his work and mine. When asked about my bishop, I told him that my diocesan

bishop who had ordained me and given me his blessing for study abroad had, since my departure, been elected presiding bishop of our church in America. He was most interested in this, but just then word was passed along to him that His Holiness would receive us now, and we filed in. Later, I found that Jean had taken the opportunity of being at the end of the line to give my sister, a west-Texas Methodist, some hasty instructions on how to cross oneself and kiss a bishop's ring. Jean, never too keen on certain Catholic practices, got it wrong in her haste and told her to cross from right to left, but I calmed them later with the assurance that this was "all right" in the East.

The scholarly monk who was our guide served as an interpreter as we began our formal visit. It is here that we come to the part about which I felt compelled to write – almost worth waiting for. It was a difficult and unplanned situation, but recalling your words in your letter of recommendation for my study in Switzerland—something about your being sure we would be "good ambassadors" abroad—I decided that you might not find it amiss if I took the liberty of conveying your good wishes and that of the church in America to His Holiness. These greetings seemed to be well received, and His Holiness expressed reciprocal feelings in regard to which this letter is a most inadequate expression. I had some questions about the state of the church in Egypt today and was assured the national government was most friendly and helpful, and was presented with a large photograph of President Nasser and His Holiness, perhaps as evidence. About this time someone else passed a tray of candies to us, which we were about to decline, having already received such gracious hospitality, when our interpreter said, "but you must; it is the blessing of His Holiness" and so then of course we knew it was just what we wanted.

Well, it was a memorable experience. And if I have written to you in a light manner about it, do not think I appreciated any the less the warmth and courtesy of our un-requested reception. But I felt you might appreciate perhaps even enjoy, a frank, private and honest expression of our experience.

Our stay here has been an incomparable experience of study and travel. We both appreciated so much this joint grant. The Farish Foundation has now offered me a grant to work on a doctorate in the U.S. in the general area of pastoral theology. I have been accepted at the university of Chicago and will begin there in September. Our school term is finished here, and we are sailing on a freighter for Texas next week to make our home with Jean's parents in Austin until time to move to Chicago.

Give my regards to your gracious wife, and you might tell her that I have not broken any more rocking chairs since my visit in your home.

Faithfully yours,

The Rev. Wallace B. Clift Jr.

End of the letter—Bishop Hines never replied..

From Cairo we flew to Jerusalem, Jordan. Ordinary people like us could not travel directly from Egypt to Israel if you wanted to see "old Jerusalem" which the Israelis had not yet captured (as they did in the 6 day war). Arab countries did not accept anyone coming from Israel as they denied its existence. So we flew to Jerusalem, Jordan. On that side we could visit Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, the Jordan River, Jericho and the excavation of a well at "El Gib" (Biblical Gibeon) which my Old Testament professor,

James Pritchard had excavated. We had a taxi drive us to El Gib, which is now called the “West bank”. (referring to the Jordan River). I went down in the well, which was then deserted and picked up some shards from a jug. My professor had shards with 8th century Hebrew inscriptions. I think it was to Dylan that I gave my book about it and the shards I picked up.

We carried our own suitcases across the “no man’s land” between Jordan and Israel, called the Mandelbaum Gate. The hate was almost palpable walking those some 50 feet. We had baptismal certificates with us to prove that we were neither Jews nor Moslems. In Israel we visited the sites in Jerusalem, rented a car to drive up to Galilee, visiting Nazareth, the Transfiguration mount, Cana, and Haifa. From there we went to Tel Aviv to catch planes to Europe.

* * * * End of insert

We liked what we learned about Jung’s psychology, but did not agree with all his positions on Christianity and felt we did not want to be Jungian analysts even though we valued what we had learned. I wrote the Bishop and asked for a church assignment. (That was before the letter quoted above.) Somehow (we have never known how) the Foundation wrote and asked whether we still liked Jung. We had never expected more than two years at any rate. They asked what I wanted to do, so I told them. I said I wanted to teach, but I would need a Ph.D. They wrote back for me to get one and they would finance it! I explored several universities, but “religion and psychology” was not very well represented. Harvard had little to offer in that area, Columbia even less. The GTU in Berkeley had not developed that field—but Chicago had a program! So we spent three years in Chicago at the Divinity School of the University. Only one other person had spent *only* three years there to get his doctorate—but my years in Zurich helped me to do that. I knew more than the professor about Jung’s psychology.

We returned from Europe on another freighter (at our expense), the *Alice Brown*, again taking about 3 weeks from Bremerhaven to New Orleans. We had to wait until the freighter was loaded, so we drove around northern Europe: Holland, Denmark and Sweden and spent Easter in the Harz Mountains south of Hamburg. There was one other passenger, a German lady, who delighted to talk to Lucy in German. She spoke very little English on that English-speaking freighter. While traveling in the car and on the ship, Jean, Becky and I each took one child in our room. We had a bit of a storm crossing the Atlantic in late spring.

While Jean was getting the children some school experience in Austin for a few weeks after we got back from Zurich, I spent a month in Chicago at the “Urban Training Center.” I had applied for the program with expenses covered and “qualified” as I had had an “urban” parish with my African American congregation in Houston. The program had a Thursday to Sunday evening experience where we all went out to live on the street, taking only a toothbrush and I think it was \$1.35 (or something like that). You could beg, try the “missions” or get a job—whatever, to survive. I got a job at a hiring hall—most of my fellow applicants were barely sober. I found what it was like for people “not to see you.”

We moved to Chicago in the summer of **1966**. We had an apartment in a building for married students at the University of Chicago. Anne and Lucy had an *interesting* racial experience. One third of their school was white (mostly children of Univ. of

Chicago students and faculty); one third was middle class black (professional and academic families) and one third were from poor black ghetto families. The gangs were very much present in the school during those difficult years, 66-69. One time Lucy came home and asked Jean about some words she had heard. Jean and I were intrigued with the imaginative choice of “cuss words” but distressed that our baby girl was being subjected to such language. On another occasion Lucy came home from school and told Jean that a man had tried to drag her into an alley telling her he wanted to give her some candy. Lucy told him “no” but she didn’t want to hurt his feelings so she told him the dentist had said not to eat candy between meals.

We enjoyed the Art Institute, especially Jean and the children who took some classes there. Jean was in a reading group. We both participated in the Jung Center programs with June Singer. The Chicago group was just getting started and we led one of the 3 area groups. I was one of the founding trustees for the Chicago Jung center. When we left Chicago, the Jung group gave me the matching Buddha bookends that I have.

In the summer of **1967** the Dalbys came up to Chicago and we all piled into their car and drove to the Expo in Montreal. We spent the summers in Texas and on one of them I supplied at St. Stephen’s in Houston, while Clax was on vacation. In **1968** I earned an M.A. at the university of Chicago and by the spring of 1969 I had completed the required course work and exams for the doctorate and had begun to plan the dissertation.

I had expected to get to teach in an Episcopal seminary, but there were no openings in my field when I graduated. We looked at the prospects. Martin Kelsey, (whom I had met when he lectured about Jungian psychology at a School of Pastoral Care in Massachusetts) was Rector of a church in southern California. He wrote and asked me to apply for the position. Our friend, Agnes Sanford, had retired there and was a member of the parish and had recommended me. [She had also urged me to come to her parish in Massachusetts earlier.] Martin even had a counseling program at his parish. He planned to leave and accept a position on the faculty at Notre Dame. It was tempting, but I felt my calling was to teach. I also heard about a faculty opening on the staff of an Episcopal seminary in the Philippines but that didn’t seem right for my family nor for my tolerance of heat. Then I heard about an opening in the Religious Studies Department at the University of Denver and sent them an application. They invited me to fly out for an interview. Cecil Franklin was Chair of the Department then and took me around. We had a lunch at the Wellshire Inn and Jim Kirk asked penetrating questions, which made me wonder whether they were interested. The Dean was a Lutheran layman and seemed to welcome the idea, and I was offered the job, at \$8000 a year! —less than our grant, but I took the job and have been grateful ever since.

In Denver

When school was out in **1969** we sent the children to Texas by themselves. At the airport, on Memorial Day weekend, with no genuine supervisors present, we were for the first time informed that not only did we have to buy one adult ticket (which we knew) but also that one child had to be at least twelve. Anne was 11. After sweating it out for a time, Jean looked at the airport lady and said, “I have just remembered; she is 12.” “You’ve just remembered,” she said. “Yes,” said Jean firmly. So she let them check in. Knowing Anne’s necessity for truth telling, Jean told Anne that, if anyone asked her age,

she was to say 12, and then to add under her breath, “*in China*,” because in China they counted from conception and there she was 12. Happily Anne trusted us and we saved the impossibility of one of us flying to Texas with them and back. Then we packed up a U-Haul and headed for Denver, moving into a house owned by the University, which the family called “the *brown* house.” (In Houston we had had a *blue* house and then a *pink* house.)

The Farish Foundation continued my grant for half a year, until the end of 1969 to give me time to write my dissertation. Over the 5-½ years I received \$55,000! We moved to Denver and I wrote the dissertation and sent it off in December and then began to prepare the classes I was scheduled to begin teaching in January 1970. Within a few months I received word that my dissertation was accepted *without any changes*. Robert Grant had even made a note on the reply, “I learned something.” I guess he felt he didn’t always have that experience in reading dissertations—a very gratifying response. My dissertation was called: “Psychological and Biblical-Theological Perspectives on Hope from the Viewpoints of C. G. Jung and John Knox.” My supervisor, Dr. Charles Stinnette, an Episcopal priest on the Chicago faculty, had recommended John Knox to me and I have been grateful ever since. I read all 15 of his books that he had published at the time. I got to meet him briefly one summer in Austin when Bert Womack (one of his students at the Austin seminary) took me to see him. He was ill at the time, so we did not stay long. Every one who knew him loved him. I certainly loved his theology and scholarship.

In Denver, we rented a house from the University that was near the campus. We had a backyard, for the first time in 5 years. Jean went out to get some kittens for us and came home with *Samantha* and *Mekong* who lived with us for 21 years and who are still missed.

In a year or two I received a telephone call from the Episcopal Seminary in Austin asking if I would apply for a position they had open. I prayed about it, but I felt I was doing a good job with the students at D.U. so I did not even go down for an interview—why spend the seminary’s money. Also Denver had proved to be a good place for Jean and the children.

We moved to Denver in June 1969. The next spring the Dalbys told us they knew we would not want to come to their Lake Cabin near Austin so they would sell that and ask us to find a cabin in the mountains near Denver. We did and moved into the cabin on July 4, 1970. Then that Fall Jean was hanging up the girls dresses in the make-shift closet I had made in the basement of our rental house—dresses hanging at the top and then another rack below that one. One of the children’s dresses dragged and Jean thought, “We have outgrown this house.” So we began to look. We resolved not to buy anything more than a mile away from D.U. and we wanted to keep our children in Denver public schools as a matter of principle rather than be a part of the “flight to the suburbs.” Our children were familiar with integration after Chicago!

We found our house and moved in on Thanksgiving, 1970. Mother provided the money for the down payment (with an equal amount for Dorothy) and we got to assume a low interest mortgage. It has been just right for us. We have appreciated the great north windows in the wintertime. We had originally thought we would like an “old house” that we could “fix up.”

In **1972** I went with my mother to visit the homes of her grandchildren: to Dallas for Kathy, to Huntsville for Tish and to San Antonio for Becky. Then she came to Denver to see the house we had bought. All three of Dorothy's children soon had different homes from the one mother visited.

Dorothy died February 15, **1974**. Mother was heart broken and collapsed in about April—6 weeks later—and moved to the nursing home at Robert Lee. She died two years later on July 19, 1976. I suppose that was the last time Anne was in Robert Lee, for mother's funeral. Roy died October 23, 1976. Mae came and stayed with us a number of weeks. Jean advised her not to move away from Austin until she was more certain of what she wanted to do. After a little over a year, she asked us to find her a place in Denver and with Mary Corliss' help we did. I went down during Spring break in March of 1978 to help her pack up and we drove her car back to Denver. On the way to Denver I gave Mae a "conformation class" as she wanted to join the Episcopal Church and be with her grandchildren.

In February 1974, about the time Dorothy died, Nink decided to make a distribution of some of her estate to save on the estate taxes. She gave Marvin and Bill Simpson the surface rights to all her ranch lands, reserving the mineral rights to pass under her will. She gave Carolyn Simpson, and me each \$50,000 and the same amount to be divided among Dorothy's 3 children. Under the will under which Marvin and I were executors, after some special gifts to Cortez's nephews [I think I recall that there were 13 of them, each receiving \$1,000.] At the time of the partial distribution in 1974 (to help with the estate taxes) Nink had set aside two CDs, one for each of Aunt Daisy's two daughters, each worth \$10,000, to be turned over to them at the time of her death. Marvin I did that and by then each had about doubled to \$20,000. The residuary legatees in the will were Nink's five nephews and nieces so that was divided into 5 parts with Dorothy's fifth being divided among Tish, Becky, and Kathie. The oil royalties were divided among the five residuary legatees. That was in 1985-86. From then on it began to look like retirement would be taken care of. [The oil royalties were still coming in 2008 as I write this. For many years my share averaged about \$400 or %00 a month, but recently, with the big surge in the price of crude oil they have been about double that. Who knows how long that will last.)

In April 1974, we went to the Jung Conference at Notre Dame and in December to Mazatlan. In the summer of 1974 we had to sell mother's home. My nieces and I divided up the household goods. Windy and Alice came to Denver for Christmas with us and the Dalbys.

In April-May, **1975**, the Dalbys and us went on a tour of five cities behind the "Iron Curtain": It was later interesting to compare those cities under Soviet rule and their later stance as capitalist cities: Budapest, Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev and Warsaw. Anne graduated from high school in June. In August I went to a Jung Conference (Panarion) in L.A. Windy and Alice again came for Christmas.

At this point I will mention an interesting experience I had in the mid-seventies. (I am inserting a few paragraphs here to what I had earlier written earlier.) As a background I should tell you that our rector in Houston, where we had joined the Episcopal Church was a mixture of "high church" and "low church" practices. That division was widespread in the Episcopal Church in those days. The diocese was mostly

low church with priests who had been to the seminaries in Virginia and Austin. The rector at St. Stephen's had graduated from General in New York (For example, he was one of only two priests in the diocese who wore a chasuble at the Eucharist. Also I do not remember ever seeing a picture of Bishop Hines wearing a miter even after he was elected Presiding Bishop.) Several AA groups met at our church and I had heard stories about how one of the 12 steps was making a confession. One man told how he had carefully written down the things he was ashamed of and had usually followed that with "because" after which he would say why he had probably done that mentioning something that had been done to him. The priest sent him home and said strike out all the "because's" and come back.

Sometime after I joined the church the priest offered to hear confessions. I have always liked the 6-worded guideline I had heard about confession in the Episcopal Church: "All may, none must, some should." Anyway I made a private confession with my rector. It was not easy for me and it never has been, but I was glad I had done so. The past was past. Then in seminary, on our senior year retreat I made a confession because I thought I should know what it was like if I was going to be available to hear others. But it was not a regular practice for me after that. And, as a priest I have heard confessions. In general terms, if you think about it, there is not much new to be heard.

Some time in my early years at DU I was turned down by the Dean in the year when it would have been "early" to be promoted, but with some what of a hint that next year it would happen. Then that Dean went to another school and 4 faculty members were assigned to decide about promotions. I had had some articles published, but no book, and I was turned down, I was very bitter about it; felt it was not fair. My classes were the fullest in our Department year after year. My blood pressure was high for the first time in my life and one day I collapsed with back pain when I bent over to pick up a paper from our low coffee table. In those years I drove to Robert Lee to visit mother and Nink about 3 times a year (750 miles each way) One year I was driving down to Texas by myself and rehearsing my anger and when I drove through Midland I saw an Episcopal church welcomes you sign. I decided to make a confession and I went in and told the church secretary what I wanted to do. (I think it was a new experience for her). She said, "Let me ask the rector." He came out and invited me to join him in the church. We used the prayer book service and when it came to my part to be specific, I said: "I hate so and so, I hate so and so, I hate so and so... listing 4 or 5 people, with no "because" in explanation. I don't know whether that priest had heard that kind of confession, but he gave me absolution. Then I continued my journey to Robert Lee—an excellent highway with very little traffic. It was perhaps 40 or 50 miles down the road that I realized that I had been singing at the top of my voice and I am not good at remembering words either. I thought, "Well I believe something has lifted." I did not have blood pressure again until I was quite old—about 80. I think I had just experienced "the some should" of the 6-word guideline about confession. ["All may, none must, some should.]

CDSP was very inclusive. That meant some rituals were good if they were helpful to the person, but certainly not "required" by God. I remember my pastoral theology professor saying "I don't think it makes God nervous if we don't do so and so."

I did get promoted to Associate Professor at some point. I am glad I don't remember just when. And, after 2 or 3 books were published in the early 80s I was promoted to full professor, and then later, at retirement, made "professor emeritus."

In February **1976**, Jean and I and three others who had studied in Zurich founded the C. G. Jung Society of Colorado, and I served as President for the next 14 years. On March 27, on my 50th birthday Jean, with help from Bruce and Lucy, gave me a surprise birthday party with 50 people invited. I thought the two of us were celebrating by going to a Japanese restaurant in Sakura square. I ate slowly (for a change) and Jean had to pretend to not be well to get me to leave and go home to the party where the folks were waiting. Bruce was at the window to watch for the car and tell the guests to quiet down. I was totally surprised!

During Easter break, 1976, the four of us, (Anne was at Harvard), joined the Dalbys for a trip to Grand Canyon. In July, my mother died and in October Jean's father died. In December we all had a pre-Christmas family holiday in Mazatlan.

Bruce played the clarinet in the Thomas Jefferson band. Anne visited Nana in Austin on Spring break, **1977**, and Lucy visited Anne at Harvard on her Spring break. I visited Nink in Robert Lee and stayed with Tillie. In April we visited Lucy at Beloit and then attended another Notre Dame Jung conference. Bruce graduated in piano. with Mrs. Hjelmstad. In June we saw Lucy at Beloit and checked out their grade school in Chicago which had its lettering defaced to read: "Beulah Shoemith *Pubic* School" which I thought was somewhat fitting. Lucy's friend, Mark, got us tickets to the King Tut exhibit.

On Bruce's 15th birthday we drove up Mount Evans. In August Russell and Mary Hugh Scott hosted us in Aspen for the music festival—a very grand occasion! They were one of the wealthy patrons. They lived in Houston when we did and I had held a retreat for Mary Hugh's prayer group at her ranch in Texas. Jean had their son in an English class, which she taught at D.U.

During the summer of 1977 Lucy and Beloit friends (including Kiko who left some pot behind) came through in a van on their way to California. Bruce, Anne, Mae, Jean and I went to Yellowstone that summer. In December Lucy joined the rest of us for Christmas in Hawaii.

In March **1978**, Becky and Ed visited us in Denver, and Jim Lee came through on a business trip (Anne's godfather, and now a retired partner at Baker Botts.) Lucy began packing for her semester in France. In July Jean and I attended another Jungian conference (Panarion) in L.A. Agnes Sanford invited us to dinner at her home and she invited her son, Jack Sanford, also, who was attending the same conference. That was our last visit with the woman who had meant so much to us.

In August of 1978 Nink decided to move to the Robert Lee nursing home. We closed out her house and moved furniture to Denver. Nink had a will drawn up about her land and money, as I mentioned earlier, but as recommended, she had made a notebook about who was to receive the household items. Tillie was assigned to keep the book and to read it at a gathering of my nieces and me. My Simpson cousins were represented by their mother. When Tillie read that the bathroom scales were to go to Wallace, my nieces had a good laugh teasing me. We still use the scales along with a lot of the furniture. I had Nink's furniture shipped to Denver, including her bedroom suite (which we sent to

Anne), much of the living room furniture and the electric organ with two key boards. I have a picture of Bruce playing the organ. I tried it, but I think I pressed too hard on the keys (as if it was a piano) and may have got my carpal tunnel problem that way} Electric organs have a limited life span and we later sold it, as I wasn't using it and it took a lot of space.

Meanwhile in the summer of 1978 Lucy was gallivanting around Europe after finishing her semester in France, first on a student rail pass and then...who knows how? She called us once from Rome and then we heard no more until—I think it was November. We sent money to come home and she stopped to see Anne at Harvard. Lucy said later that she was a good letter-writer, but a poor mailer. Jean visited Anne at Harvard in October and they went to Amherst to Emily Dickinson's home. All six of us had a pre-Christmas holiday in Mazatlan.

After we moved to Denver Jean took courses in the DU English Department—having read about 30 books a month from the library in Chicago! She was given a teaching assistantship and taught freshman English. One semester, one of her students was Condeleeza Rice, whose father was an administrator in the department of student affairs. Jean earned an **M. A.**; her thesis was: *Shakespeare's Lucio in Measure for Measure*. In **1978**, she earned a **Ph.D.**; her dissertation was: *Little Nell and the Lost Feminine, An Archetypal Interpretation of Victorian Culture*."

On January 23, **1979**, our 25th wedding anniversary Jean found her office in "the casa" at Loretto Heights all sealed off with paper and balloons. Jean was Director of the Center for Religious Meaning, which meant she arranged the Chapel services and was in effect the campus chaplain. During those years she was a part of the National Institute for Campus Ministries and also attended the Catholic Chaplains Colorado meetings as their "token Protestant."

Bruce dressed up in a tuxedo for his Senior Prom at Thomas Jefferson. Anne graduated from Harvard in 1979 and Bruce graduated from high school. We tried to make both occasions, but were late for the high school graduation as the plane kept circling before it could land in Denver. Of course we met John at Harvard and also Michael with whom Lucy was staying that summer.

The General Convention of the Episcopal Church met in Denver in 1979. Jean and Anne enjoyed hearing Madeleine L'Engle (author of "Wrinkle in Time") speak about what they described as "the experience of walking on water."

In **1979**, to celebrate our **25th anniversary**, Jean found an inexpensive trip to **Romania**, flying on a Romanian airline! Romania at the time was the only iron curtain country that was friendly to Jews, so it was a very popular in New York. The Americans on board all joked about the Cossack lady who marched up and down the aisles telling us what to do. We stayed first in Constanta, Black Sea resort famous for its black mud baths—no, we walked on it on the beach but did not take the mud baths. The group had an excursion to **Bulgaria, which we did**, and then a flying excursion to **Istanbul**—where we all marveled at the "luxurious" hotel. While in Istanbul the group was taken to a nightclub on the banks of the Bosphorus for dinner. We were entertained by a belly dancer and I was selected by the management to "be the Sultan" around whom she danced on the stage. (I had a full beard at the time). At Constanta, Romania, they counted the towels before allowing the bus to leave and one lady from New York had to get off the bus and

unpack her suitcase to get the towel she had packed) when they called out her name. We also went to Bucharest and to Brasov and to “Dracula’s Castle” (Bran Castle).

In the fall, Bruce entered Northwestern. For Christmas, 1979, Jean found another bargain in the newspaper and greeted me one morning with the suggestion that we all spend **Christmas in London**. What a good idea! Anne was in the University of London on a Knox Fellowship, which she had won while at Harvard. We took a walking tour of Charles Dickens’ places. We also enjoyed the after Christmas sales in London. Lucy did not feel so well during that trip but we only found out why later. For Christmas Eve we went to St. Paul’s Cathedral and enjoyed it all-and when we left we found the metro system was closed! We were wondering what to do and wandering around when a little VW bug stopped and asked us if we needed a ride. He said, “Vicar said we should see if anyone needed a ride.” (This was his 2nd trip back.) He let all 6 of us pile into the little car and took us to our hotel! He was in our prayers for many years after that.