

Reflections of a member who died a few years ago but was a strong and loved leader of this Fellowship. Perhaps these memories that she has written down will give you a feeling of our rich history.

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To tell you about former Fellowship members in a few minutes is not an easy task. For instance, aside from Arne and me—only five of the first members of the Fellowship are both alive and living in the area: **Eve Wilding**, the **Reeds**, and the **Woodwards**. Please imagine how difficult it would be to convey in a few minutes, the character, the accomplishments, the dedication, the personality—the many faceted essence of these five. It is equally impossible for other members, but I shall do my best. Generally our members were activists: they worked in the LWV, United World Federalist, Civil Liberties, Mental Health, Common Cause, NAACP, PTA, Human Relations Committee, etc. Among them were atheists, agnostics, mystics, spiritualists, seekers of religious answers and some sturdy deists. They all had in common certain characteristics: intelligence, a gift for laughter, love of the arts, passionate belief in the democratic process, the search for truth, and in the equal right of all people to civil liberty.

It would be my joy, and your privilege, were they all with us today. I'll tell you about just a few, beginning with **Elizabeth Wills**, daughter of a Methodist minister, former science college professor, she of the shiny face

and scraggle hair, a great listener, but maddeningly slow in making up her mind—but when she did, she came down right on target on every issue I hold dear. It was she who first brought order into our chaotic by-laws.

There were the wonderful **Marzullis**, **Fran** and **Florence**. Fran's humor was totally irrepressible, particularly in the face of pomposity. It was he who procured and planted the hedge along this property. He was such a great Sunday School teacher that he prompted our then teenaged son to ask us, "Why can't school be as interesting as Sunday School?" Florence, former national women's archery champion, is warm, friendly, bright and a thorough darling. She was largely responsible for our having the drapes in this room and the chairs on which you now sit.

There was **Jim Wilding**, always friendly, always present at every work party. I do believe, at one time or another, he must have painted every square inch of this building—dear faithful Jim.

There was **Pete Slaughter**, a General at APG, whose courtly Virginian ways were weekly lessons in patience and courtesy.

There were **Mohan** and **Gail Ranadive**. He,

an MD and Colonel, is so gentle and compassionate, that he could conduct the most controversial meeting and help us to arrive at consensus pleasantly, with no hurt feelings. Gail, his pretty wife, an author, performed miracles in the Sunday School.

There was feisty **Irv Gibby**, former Mormon, whose three beautiful daughters used to distract the males in the audience. Irv was fanatically insistent on facts and accuracy. It was Irv who made and installed the kitchen cabinets.

There was didactic and athletic **Heinz Potzschke**, who took the Sunday School children mountain and rock climbing, and his shy, self effacing wife, **Edith**. I asked her to take pledge cards for her neighbors to sign indicating that they would welcome members of all races in their neighborhood. I never dreamed she would do it! Not only did she do it; she came back for more and signed up more pledges than anyone else, bless her.

I must tell you about two of Holland's gifts to us, **Jenny** and **Dirk Reuyl**. Jenny was Treasurer for many years and guarded our funds with determination, graciously and frequently reminding us of delinquent pledges and always pointing out the collection plate each Sunday. When the children had their own separate worship services, Jenny taught the hymns and led them in singing. Dirk, an astrophysicist, produced our music. He played Bach, Bach, and more Bach with occasional diversions by Mozart, Handel and Beethoven and a rare Vivaldi. I will always be grateful to him for teaching me to really love and appreciate Bach. Dirk frequently conducted the service, and it was fun to watch him flying

between the lectern and organ or piano. Arne and I happened to visit him in the hospital, just an hour or so after he had been told that he was terminally ill. He told us about it; he joked; he discussed current events and chatted amiably. Dirk maintained that gallantry till he died. He was very special, and sorely missed.

I wish I could go on, but I have saved one of my all time favorites for last, another Hollander, dear **John Buis**. John had a strong face, hearty voice and laugh, pronounced accent, and he was a dapper dresser. John was vehemently irreligious and wont to refer scathingly to the Bible as the "gooooo booooo." One favorite John legend is that the day before he was to conduct the Sunday service, he was told we needed a lectern. He spent all that day and night converting bits of wood he had into this lectern. This resulted in his Sunday service being extemporaneous, yet as always, highly original and entertaining. I love to recall the night our evening discussion group met at the Buis's home during the Christmas season and John read aloud Mencken's "Christmas with the Bums." John could hardly read it, for laughing. John also did more than his share of fixing and painting this building.

Arne and I visited him two days before his death. He was still the same old John, although he whispered as he urged me to quit smoking before it was too late for me. Like Dirk, he maintained his interests to the end. When **Inez** left the room to fetch him something he said, "That woman is an angel, just an angel!" John was no angel, but it was a joy, education, and privilege to have known him and to have been honored by his friendship.