

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 2

WINTER 2025/2026

Your neighbors

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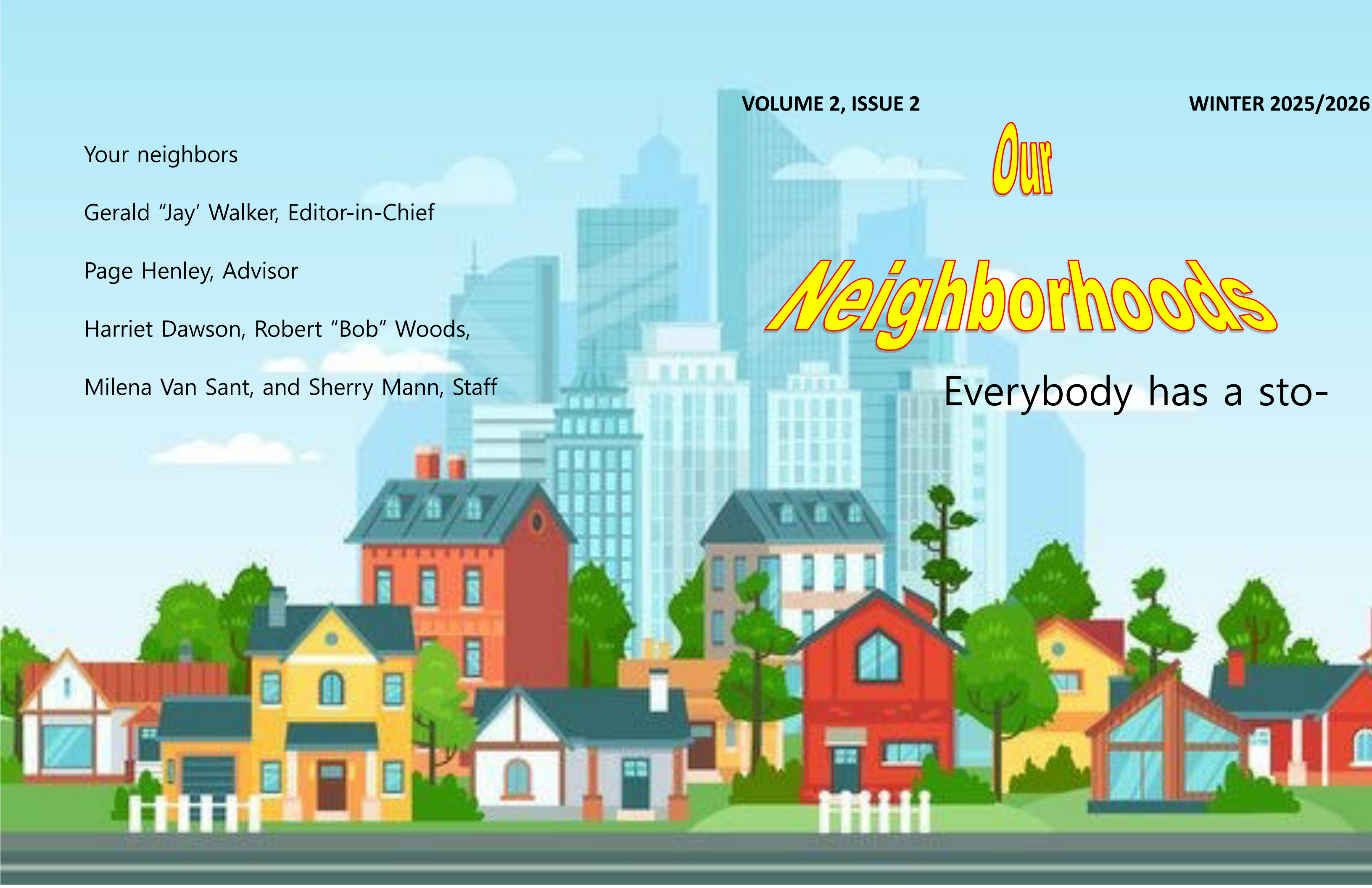
Harriet Dawson, Robert "Bob" Woods,

Milena Van Sant, and Sherry Mann, Staff

*Our*

# *Neighborhoods*

Everybody has a sto-



### Inside Our Neighborhoods

Welcome to the Winter edition Of Our Neighborhoods. Rather than circulating during the hustle and bustle of December, we chose to deliver in the calmer month of January.

It is often said that America is a nation of immigrants. Well, how about RWC? Yep, we have three stories this month with more to come later in the year.

All three are about immigrants from Europe. And all three explain why America is a happy destination, despite the fears of the transplants.

Ake Longest and Milena Van Sant tell their stories of trials that end in happiness. Frank Lewis narrates a story of an immigrant from Nazie Germany who became part of his family. Want to feel good about our country? Read on.

As a high school student, Ed Townes had a pet crow. Sounds innocent enough, but Ed found out that crows are thieves. Oh, no. Enter the sheriff! Find out how Ed's crow beats the rap and laugh.

We have read the story of Dean Loudy as the Voice of the Northern Neck. Now Harriet Dawson tells Mildred's story of falling in love with the Voice and how they finally launched a marriage of 70 years.

As an entry in the Roomates Series, Betty Mill tells a story about how she and her roomie, both in training to be doctors, saved an injured man and were left behind on a tour. They did their duty and were back on the road feeling great.

Finally, be on the look-out for audio versions of the articles.

Jay Walker  
Editor in Chief

Editor's

### The devoted "Our Neighborhood" Staff



From left to right: Bob Woods, Milena Van Sant, Sherry Mann, Amy Hinson, Page Henley and Harriet Dawson with our fearless leader, Editor in Chief, Jay Walker, up front and center.

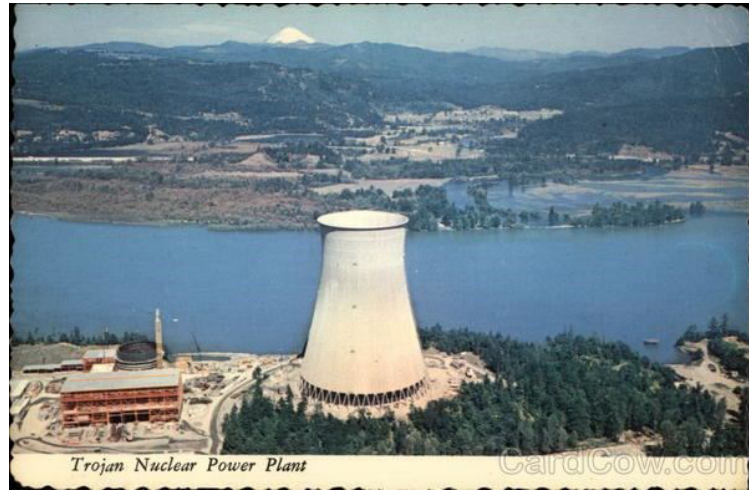


**THE END**

## Our Trip Interrupted

### By Betty Mill, PhD

When my roommate and I decided to leave our jobs at Yale-New Haven hospital, we set out on a 3-month road trip that would take us to several places through parts of the USA. We pitched a tent, slept in sleeping bags, cooked on a Coleman stove and read by the light of a Coleman lantern. We had several exciting excursions throughout the states, but one that I vividly remember took



place in Washington state at the Trojan nuclear plant. With our Golden Eagle Pass and ID's, we signed up for a group tour of the facility. We had a briefing of what we would see, what we wouldn't see, some rules of conduct, as well as a security check and "pat down" before boarding a secure bus that would take us out to the reactor site. The bus' under carriage was then checked for safety by a large mirror that was rolled under the bus. Among us were 3 security guards who would lead the tour. Finally, we started the tour!!

We entered a secure section of the installation listening to one of the guards tell the history of Trojan. As we drove through a second pair of gates, someone noticed a man lying unconscious on the ground in front of a large metal dumpster: He was obviously bleeding with accumulation around his head.

One of our guards went to check on the man and called security. Someone called for an ambulance but was told it would be at least a half hour before arriving. We told the remaining guards we were nurses and could evaluate and possibly treat the injury. "No one can get off this bus- This is a secure area" we were told. And again, we said "we are nurses, and the man needs some kind of help now!" Finally, the guards decided to allow us off the bus with the one guard staying

with us while the others continued the tour.

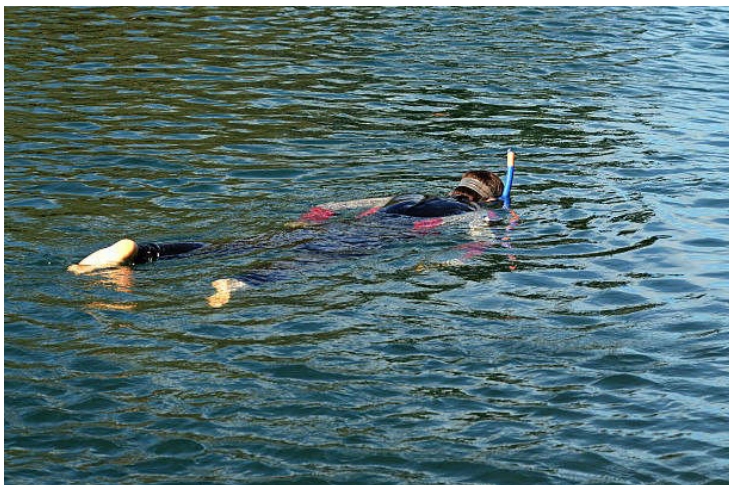
What we found was an unconscious man with a deep neck laceration below the back edge of his hard hat. With pressure applied, we were able to slow the bleeding and once the ambulance arrived, he was transferred to a medical facility. In the meantime, the tour went ahead without us.

After the ambulance left, the guard took us to the facility to clean up and to meet with the supervisor who thanked us for our help and offered to take us on the tour himself. He took us down onto the main floor where the controls were located. This area had been viewed by the group from a balcony above: It was the closest they were allowed. After a time, we returned to the visitors' center, signed out and began the next part of our trip.

Traveling to our next stop, we followed a route parallel to a river. Beautiful scenery but along the way, we noticed a person face-down floating in the moving river current. What another adventure? No, he was just snorkeling!!

After returning home, we received letters from the Washington governor as well as the Supervisor of Trojan noting our help and reporting the injured man was back at work. His injury had been caused when he was emptying trash, the lid of the dumpster fell and landed below the back edge of his hard hat causing a deep laceration.

That was quite a trip!!! Interrupted but resolved well, however, not the only excitement we had during our time on the road.



Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought about living on a farm in Virginia, owning cattle and horses! One never knows what the future holds.

I was born in Hamburg, Germany during World War II. The horrors of five years of bombing and destruction, postwar years of starvation and freezing were difficult. We kids scraped pictures in the ice covered windows. Slow recovery of infrastructure, the Cold War, that all was part of my childhood. We learned to survive! We were young and found happiness in play, sports and school.. I met my husband through mutual friends in Wuerzburg, South Germany. He was drafted for two years directly after his internship as a doctor. I fell in love with this tall, polite, mature American and after two years made the decision to immigrate.

After numerous American Consulate visits and legalities I departed Bremerhafen in 1966 on the M/S Berlin for America. Standing on the ship deck, with the band playing farewell music and seeing my parents disappearing on the pier, was tough! I cried bitterly! Good that I had a friend in my cabin mate. We shared our anxieties, expectations and looking forward to a new life. Both of us were going to get married.

After ten rough days at sea, passing the Statue Of Liberty and shortly afterwards docking, seeing my tall Don waiting with hundreds of people at the pier, I felt anxious to leave this last piece of Germany, my ship. New York at Easter with its parade and all these fancy hats was more than strange. As we travelled south towards Virginia, seeing the woods and green fields, I looked forward to my new home. When I saw our farm with the little white Cape Cod house, I liked it at once! We got married in the living room of my sister-in-law the following week. Our only guests were Don's family and his two partners from the Medical Center as well as the local pharmacist, their wives and the preacher - all strangers. I would have been happy without the ceremony. All I wanted was my husband and Trap, the German Shorthair Pointer, we had shipped from Germany. Years later I often thought how it must have felt to my parents when they got the phone call that their daughter was married and no-one was there from their side - no flowers, no cards. It made me

## My Immigration Story

By Anke Longest

very sad.

Don bought the farm of 130 acres while I was still on the Atlantic. My in-laws were country folks, lived five miles from us, owning a country store with gas pumps, fishing tackle and such. Their life was centered around the store and adjoining farm, gardening, family and church. Sundays were spent around the large kitchen table behind the store with fried chicken, pies, homemade yeast rolls and veggies from the garden. All the family was there When Don was absent being on call, I felt lonely! This was a totally different lifestyle than I had ever known, and nothing like the times Don shared with me as a soldier in Germany; there we had fun and time for us! I got homesick, wrote weekly long letters to my parents. Mail

took only two till four days to get to Germany (now it may take weeks, months or get lost). I painted the farm house, planted tulips, roses and a vegetable garden, took care of my German Shepherd puppy and yearling Walking Horse Filly. I learned how to crimp hay with the old Ford tractor. There always was plenty to do. When Don came home, we worked on fencing. An oil furnace vent between living- and dining room was the only heat in our drafty home.

The first winter I ordered down bedding from Germany, and we stayed warm. A window AC unit was installed at the stair case. We worked endlessly, we made it our Home! When I became pregnant I realized that it was important to become an American citizen. I wanted equal rights. I studied the Constitution, Bill Of Rights, Government and States. My English was good. Three years after my arrival in America I was a mother to a son and a Naturalized Citizen. I was also a farmer, Country Doctor's wife who answered patients' phone calls at all hours, not always truthful about my husband's presence. Patients drove to the farmhouse, waiting for my husband to come home, any day, any time. My "outlet" was tennis, especially when our two children went to St. Catherine and Benedictine High School in Richmond. I had my own tennis court on the farm, sometimes practicing before taking the children on the hour long trip to school. I played singles and doubles at Willow Oaks Country Club.



My husband and I rode pleasure horses with friends and eventually got into the TN Walking Horse business. We built a stable, trainer's apartment, riding and cantering ring and converted a moving truck into a horse van. Next our first trainer was hired. For 38 years I showed TN Walkers

with many different trainers in VA, KY, AL, TN, SC and NC. I won two World Championships, three year old stallion and four year old stallion, and two Reserve Championships in the two year old mare and aged mare divisions. I "only" had one accident. A young mare got spooked, reared up and threw me. It cracked my vertebra, leaving me flat in bed for weeks. The travels to the out-of-state barns and competing in the Show Circuit from March to late Fall was my life as well as the one for the children when out of school. While my husband often flew to the shows, my absence from the family and the many nights alone in the hotels plus the stress of competition were difficult. Our social life and friends were anchored in the horse world!

On our farm we had also a breeding operation. The mares were artificial inseminated by World Champions in TN and KY. During foaling time many nights were spent sleeping on hay bales in front of a stall; the use of a foal alert was of great help. The foaling was an exciting but sometimes stressful event. If a mare had trouble and the vet had not arrived in time, then it was all hands on deck. Over the years we lost some, but saved many. The Yearlings were my favorites, frisky and powerful. They had to be taught to lead before being sold at auctions in TN and KY.

We harvested our own hay and raised beef cattle, from Charolais, Beefmaster to Black Angus. My family was fully engaged in the multiple requirements of farming, from repairing and running equipment to harvesting and taking care of the animals. I still own our farm, hope to keep it in the family. A farm means work, dedication, money and love of land and nature. There were my yearly flights to Germany, one time with both my kids in diapers. We were also



fortunate to have my German family visiting us often in VA. My husband's love for boating and the water was shared by our family. In later years we owned a second home at the Chesapeake Bay. Whenever the farm "allowed" it, weekends were spent at the water.

Age crept up on us and Don retired from the Medical Practice at the age of 70. The horse world was left behind, and the farm operation now only existed of cattle

and hay harvest. Our children took over a lot of the tasks. It was time for new adventures, exploring America by motorhome! A 45' RV was our home now, pulling the Jeep with bikes on the rack behind. ONLY the two of us! NO patients, NO time table! We just traveled, heading West. This beautiful Continent with its diversity of nature, people and history was so impressive, so exciting, so much to see and learn! It reminded me of the book I read while crossing the Atlantic 40 years prior, "Travel with Charley" by John Steinbeck.

Finally we settled in a RV community north of Lakeland, FL, became "snow birds" and made new friends. All of us loving the adventure of RVing! We enjoyed going to church, Gospel Singing and traveling. Summertime and Holidays were spent with family in Virginia. Life in FL was so carefree, no dress code, swimming, trips with our new recumbent bikes and, of course, a golf cart. Florida is the "Sunshine State".

These were the best years of our life, just too short, only seven years. Don's melanoma and cause of death brought me back to Virginia. I moved to our house on the Bay, eventually becoming a Club member at RW-C. Swimming at the pool and watching the interactions of residents and staff, while enjoying a cup of coffee, were so positive. And the dog stories Edna and I shared!

It all made it easier to decide this final move to my cottage with my beloved and now deceased German Shepherd, Ben. I feel deeply that God has held my hand through this long life journey, its dangers, adversities and joys. I feel thankful, humble and very blessed!



## How They Made 70

By Harriet Dawson

Before Dean Loudy was "The Voice of the Northern Neck," he was the dream in the eye of a young lady who didn't even know she had such a dream. But she did! She would later say, it was God who had sent Dean to her.

Born two thousand miles apart, he near Chicago, Illinois and she in a small town in Virginia, they "discovered" one another in South Boston, Virginia. Both were employed there...Mildred as a secretary/Bookkeeper for the local Ford dealership and Dean had a job as the night announcer/engineer at the local radio station.

At age 19, Mildred heard, while living in South Boston, the voice that would change her life forever. She was listening to the evening "call in a request radio show" and decided to request a song. She and the "voice" struck up a conversation. And, they chatted and chatted and chatted and after multiple chats, they decided to meet each other. Not only did Mildred like his voice, she liked HIM...and he liked her.

They dated for a while and Dean proposed and Mildred started making wedding plans. Something called THE KOREAN WAR changed the beautiful music Dean and Mildred were making in South Boston. Following in his brother's footsteps, Dean joined the Navy and left for boot camp, promising to return on boot camp leave when the two would become married...just as Mildred had planned.

Mildred eagerly awaited the end of boot camp and her wedding day but changes in the war's intensity eliminated boot camp leave and all wedding plans were put on hold.

Ever the optimist and a planner, Mildred quickly made plans to travel to Great Lakes to marry the man with the voice she loved. She traveled on her first airplane and flew a thousand miles all by herself to be married. Once there and reunited with her Dean, all that was left to do was to get a license. Mildred was ready with notarized letters of permission as they entered the County Courthouse to get the license.

BUT, there was another problem. Mildred only had to be 18 in Illinois but Dean (the man) had to be 21 and he was only 20 and would need parental consent.

Next problem. Dean was an orphan...both of his parents had died years before and a guardian

had never been appointed for him. After a week of trying to find someone to become Dean's guardian, Mildred returned to the office of The Clerk of the Court in tears. Her marriage would remain a dream...at least for a few more years. The Clerk was moved by Mildred's tears and offered a solution. "He would get the judge to name him guardian and he would give Dean permission to marry Mildred." And J. B. Morse did just that!

Dean and Mildred got the license, went to The Chapel By The Lake to continue pursuing their dreams. The Chaplain had assembled a wedding party, all strangers to Dean and Mildred, but all wonderfully legal. They were married.

If you ask Dean and Mildred today, they will tell you their memories are all wonderful. They remain grateful to Chaplain Calvin Elluott, who not only married them but helped Mildred find her first

job in Great Lakes as a "nanny" which also included living quarters. This was another miracle solution to the problem of not having any place to live.

The newly married couple lived on Admirals Row, in the home of a Navy Captain and his family, caring for their five-year old daughter. For the next nine months, the couple became part of this family and the Captain's wife became like a surrogate mother to Mildred, teaching her many things Mildred's own mother had never had a chance to teach her."

This was just the beginning as over the next seventy-five years there would be more moves and adventures and many more memories.

Seventy-five years of marriage have forged a partnership that has survived multiple moves and new jobs, the building of a radio station and their own home, the birth of two children, two floods, and a commitment to each other that cannot be disputed.

They credit a strong relationship with their God, their faith and belief in one another, their willingness to laugh and cry and talk with one another, for the successes they have experienced and the challenges they have survived.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY DEAN AND MILDRED. WHAT AN INSPIRATION! WHAT A TEAM! WHAT A LOVE!



## MY FAMILY CROW

By Ed Townes

My father, a banker who headed the mortgage department, came home one day with a baby crow given to him by a customer. Dad turned over the crow to me and that began an adventure for me as I started high school in about 1935. We lived in Richmond quite near farmland. I had no idea what crows eat, so I started with worms. No way. That crow hated worms. I was



Finally, in the fall when the trees lost their leaves, there was an oak decorated like a Christmas tree with the ladies undies. The sheriff who lived on a farm knew something about crows; He had a clue and that led to my crow.

When I arrived home one day there was a big white car parked in front with sheriff in gold letters. That is not good publicity when your dad is a banker. The sheriff asked me if I own a crow. I said yes and he told me about the tree decorated with undies. He also told me to keep my crow in a cage for a month. I did, but that was not the cure. Read on.

My younger sister was in her play pen. She had a teether with a small silver bell attached. The bright silver bell caught Jim's attention. He grabbed the bell and flew up on the roof to amuse himself then flew off, leaving the bell. I had to get a ladder to retrieve the bell. It was always something with Jim.

Months later the sheriff was back. Jim was stealing the butcher's wife's undies again. And,

afraid the crow would starve to death. Fortunately, I had a dog, Bill, who my mother fed each morning with a bowl of scraps. The crow, who I named Jim, dashed to the bowl and ate it all. {Bill did not mind the theft.} Then Jim snatched a black beetle. So, feeding was solved.

As Jim matured and learned to fly, I would call him like he was a dog and he would come for our feeding procedure. I would turn over the flag stones in the yard and he would clean up all the beetles underneath.

Jim had developed some traits. Not only was he a good friend who would come when I called and loved to be patted and scratched under his chin, he was a thief.

The butcher in town lived in a home surrounded by oak trees. In those days no one had a washer and dryer. The butcher's wife did the wash by hand and the drying was on a line in the back yard. Drying on the line were the wife's undies and they would disappear. She thought at first that someone was playing a trick on her, but finally called the county sheriff who was there several times after each incident but could find no suspects.



he said, it had to stop. He suggested that I find a new home for Jim on a farm because he did not have a jail for crows. The sheriff was very kind and understanding. And he said that if necessary, he would love to have Jim on his farm. I agreed, because I wanted what was best for Jim. I passed on details on how to handle Jim — his likes and dislikes.

It was difficult. After all, Jim was just having fun. Jim was a real friend and I will never forget him.

## AN INADVERTENTLY SUCCESSFUL IMMIGRATION STORY

During WWII my parents and I had lived in Berlin, Germany and Vienna, Austria. After the war, we had the bad luck of moving to Prague, now the Czech Republic. about a year or so before the Soviet communist regime took root. In 1950 we were able to extricate ourselves and landed in a small town in Germany, not too far from Cologne. With my mother's death 8 years later, my role as a caretaker came to an end and, pushing 21, I was forced to begin formulating some sort of a future for myself. I began perusing the want ads in one of the two largest German newspapers and on a particularly auspicious day came upon a perfect opportunity.

An enterprise in Paris, France, was seeking to hire a multilingual person to work with academics and clerics traveling abroad. Bingo! Fluent in German, Russian, English and Czech, with a passable knowledge of French (which would be enhanced by spending time in Paris) I was without any doubt a perfect candidate.

The main train station in Cologne offered frequent train options to Paris, and it would take about 2-1/2 hours to reach the destination. And the same in reverse, when I would be able to visit my father on countless occasions. City of Love, here I come!

As expected, my application was well-received. Father and I met the owner of the special travel agency in a restaurant in Cologne. He appeared to be somber and even gloomy, and was accompanied by a young and perky woman whom I would be replacing. We spoke in English and I translated for my father. At the end of a lengthy interview I was told that the job was mine. But there was a catch. A rather significant catch. I would have to move far, very far from my home and the City of Love. I would need to move to Trenton, New Jersey, where the agency was headquartered. Although I could point out the State of New Jersey on a map, Trenton was



something of an enigma. My throat was suddenly dry, but I was too afraid to lift a glass of lubricating water with my sweaty palms. After a private and intensive conference with my selfless father, we agreed that I would relocate, with a vast ocean to separate us. A whole new world opened up before me in the fall of 1959.

During the flight to our destination my new boss introduced me to Mad Magazine (with an absolutely incomprehensible content for me), and generously bought me a glass of root beer (with the taste of a mouthwash, in my opinion).



For the first morning in the Trenton home-cum-office I was served breakfast by the only other working employee of the agency, the meek and near-cowering wife of my employer. The meal consisted in part of Tang, reconstituted powdered milk, and Wonder Bread. Instead of the City of Love with its world-famous food, had I arrived to some farcical offering in a comedy of a fake Land of Milk and Honey?

After some months I came to the inescapable realization that my new job might not, in the long run, be sustainable. I was gradually losing personal space, self-respect and identity to my boss. But returning to Germany would, in my mind, signal defeat to my endeavor of creating a life for myself. What recourse was available to me? I felt utterly alone in a vast, foreign land. It was at this point when I was introduced to the American spirit of offering assistance to the helpless and needy. Neighbors who had observed a rapid turnover of young women working at the agency stopped me in the street one day to ask how I was doing. This, I learned, was the American mantra of "how can we help?" True to their concern, they helped me to relocate but, importantly, they helped me to grasp the caring and benevolence of every-day American people who were used to interdependence. They helped me to understand that I was not alone.

Armed with my original work permit, I found a job in the City of Brotherly Love, with a Philadelphia export company. I periodically reported to the immigration authorities and duly paid my yearly taxes. Slowly but surely I began falling in love with my new country, the multicolored crazy quilt of other immigrants with our many different customs and ways of life all somehow melding into one.

As time went on I married an American and welcomed four children, brand new birth citizens of the United States. The time had come for me to apply for my own citizenship. The year was 1973 and we were living in Charlotte, North Carolina. Becoming naturalized was then, and still remains, an arduous and expensive process, involving a thorough study of American history and civics, culminating in a naturalization interview and test. At the same time I had to demonstrate a good moral character and did my level best to look virtuous throughout. I found it most difficult to swear under oath that I would bear arms when duty called. (This item



has since been amended to include non-combatant service.) Having seen some of the horrible effects of war as a child, it was difficult to imagine myself aiming a loaded gun at anybody. While my examiner waited patiently, I concluded at last that I would heed a call to arms for two reasons, to protect my children from harm and, yes, to protect the country I had come to love deeply with all its scars and warts from any enemies.

For the majority of us, immigrants, who had known hardships, including threats of death in our old countries, the swearing-in ceremony will remain etched into our hearts and minds as long as we live. The sense of belonging will permeate our beings and enrich us with a spirit of can-do in good times and bad. Find a picture of any group being sworn in as citizens and you will see a host of emotions reflected on their faces, pride, joy, resolve to get ahead in life, and the savoring of a significant and solemn moment in their lives. And so it was done. I felt complete.

## SURVIVING NAZI GERMANY BY FRANK LEWIS

This is a heart warming story of one man's journey from being born under German Nazi rule and later moved to America where he thrived. John Kalepp is my brother-in-law and this is his story based on my own account and my own observations since he married my sister Gail.

John is a product of the Nazi super-race era during WWII when Germany paid each woman who gave birth to a child fathered by a Nazi soldier. His mother gave birth to three children fathered by three different soldiers, none of whom John has ever met. In 1951, Master Sergeant Fred Kalepp was stationed in Germany and he decided that he wanted to adopt two German boys and two girls. He got to know his maid's family and decided to adopt two of John's younger brothers.

At that time, John was about 11 year old and according to John his mother was cruel and abusive. He tells me that he sometimes slept

in the near-by woods to get away from her. He went to Sgt. Kalepp and asked him to adopt him as well and Fred agreed to do so.

So John, his two brothers and two new-found sisters came to America to live in McLean, VA where my family lived. John enrolled in Franklin Sherman High School where my sister Gail was attending. I understand that initially John had difficulty adjusting to his new life due to his broken English language and other problems, but over time he overcame them in spades. Later, in high school John and Gail dated.

After graduating, John joined the Air Force and was stationed in England. John's step father had not kept contact with John's family. All they knew was that they were in Wiesbaden, Germany. During furlough he went across the Channel, looked up his extended family and

friends, and they all assumed a life-long relationship. After their marriage, they both have often visited John's family in Germany and several members of family and friends have visited them here, I have met many of them. They all thought the world of both John and Gail.

Both John and Gail went to college. John, with the help of his GI Bill benefits, went to George Mason University and majored in history. He also played on the University soccer team and was all state in VA for two years. After graduating, they both taught high school in VA, John in the highly-regarded Falls Church H. S. and Gail phys. ed. in an equally good school in Arlington County. John ultimately earned a PhD in Education at GMU. By all accounts both were excellent teachers and role models. I recall Gail's students visiting during summer vacations and weekends. John became something of a legend. He was then and highly gregarious, full of exuberance, and a rarity for those days, a male teaching history, especially a macho man.

Before and after their marriage, John became almost another member of our family, and he and I have been close although competitive. He and I played tennis, and he and Gail visited my family often, watched football, celebrated Thanksgiving, Christmas, the Kentucky Derby, and partied and fished on Dad's boat. Much of this narrative reflects this relationship.

Since they were married, the two of them have had an open door policy to those in trouble. For example, while teaching in school John befriended a young Chinese teacher on an international exchange program, and did much to help him adjust to his new environment. He helped him navigate the federal requirements for a Green Card to stay longer in America, and often entertained him and his wife. Years later, John's friend invited him and Gail to visit him in China and showed them around.

John's younger brother Jay had many problems with drinking, gambling addiction, and was often in and out of a job. When necessary he lived with them to get by while unemployed, and they have been a home of refuge for all of his adult life.



As another example of John and Gail's commitment to help others, they both joined the Peace Corps where they taught soccer in Ecuador. Americans teaching soccer to South Americans? Apparently they did well given John's experience in soccer and Gail's experience teaching phys. ed..

After John and Gail retired they moved to Florida. When John's step mother died none of the other step children had the inclination or means to help. John arranged for Mr. Kalepp to move to Florida just around the corner in their neighborhood so they could care for him in his old age. John expected to inherit the house upon Fred's death. However, John's stepfather had married his maid not long before he died and she inherited everything. Good money if you can get it. John said: "Oh well. We have good retirement benefits and no real need for the money."

Now, going back to when John was teaching, another great example of John and Gail's support of those in need is their support of Willy, a young Latino boy who was a student of John in high school. The boy was always in trouble in school, at home, and with the law. The boy lived with them for several years until he graduated. He was difficult to deal with but John and Gail were patient. Eventually, Willy graduated from school and moved on but stayed in touch. After Willy left their home, he was able to go to college,

don't know how, maybe he reconciled with his parents. He graduated and received a PhD from UCLA. Willy invited John and Gail to visit him for his graduation, which they did. He shared with them a paper he had written about his life journey. He singled out John as the one person who had turned his life around. John showed me Willy's homage to him and I was awed by the respect and thankfulness he felt. Willy has gone on to prosper; he married, they both have good careers and Willy became a high school principal.

When I read Willy's paper I thought then, and still do, "John and Gail are people who are paying back for the help they have received from others in a life fraught with turmoil, problems and challenges".

