

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER
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"They shall mount up with wings as eagles, ..
-- Isaiah 41: 31

"I shall not fly
Save on the shoulders of Christ the gull.
The wing of dust,
The unbegotten wing." -- Chad Walsh

TILL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

GOODBYE, BELOVED CHAD



THE FINAL RESTAURANT

Let me go first. This final restaurant
Is strange to both of us, but I will go
And find the table. Sit out here and wait.
When you are very hungry, come. I'll show
You where they've seated me, and how to read
The menu with its funny alphabet.
Perhaps by then I'll know what food you need
And what is best to drink. For when they set
My table, I'll say "Two" and make a "Y"
Of fingers if they have no English. I'll try
To watch what others take, so I can be
Half naturalized for you. For you were shy
And speechless east of England. Let me study
New words. You'll want my lips, and they'll be ready.

IN THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL, BUT FROM N.Y. TIMES NEWS SERVICE

Walsh, Beloit College poet, dies

By EDWIN McDOWELL
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Chad Walsh, poet, writer, and English professor at Beloit College for 32 years, has died of Alzheimer's disease at the Arbors, a nursing home in Shelburne, Vt. He was 76.

A memorial service will be at 2 p.m. EST Saturday at Trinity Episcopal Church in Shelburne.

Walsh, who had lived in recent years in South Burlington, Vt., was former chairman of the Beloit English department and co-founder in 1950 of the Beloit Poetry Journal, which he edited for many years. He retired in 1979 to devote more time to writing.

Walsh's vast literary output included religious and children's books as well as volumes of poetry. He also wrote two books about C.S. Lewis, the author of children's fiction and adult fantasies: "C.S. Lewis: Apostle to the Skeptics" (1949)



WALSH

and "The Literary Legacy of C.S. Lewis" (1979).

One of Walsh's poems, "The Archaic Hours," was the basis for a dance by Martha Graham in 1969.

It was probably inevitable that Walsh should write about Lewis, whose own books helped convert Walsh from agnosticism to Christianity. In 1949, four years after that conversion, Walsh was ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church. Eventually, he served during summers as a guest preacher at churches throughout the United States.

However, Walsh lived and wrote in Beloit, where he joined the faculty of the liberal arts college in 1945.

From the late 1940s into the 1970s, Walsh contributed many poems and numerous reviews for The New York Times Book Review, including reviews of books by C.S. Lewis and Aldous Huxley.

In 1948 he reviewed a new translation of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and he frequently reviewed new editions and versions of the Bible. His poems also appeared in the Saturday Review, the New Republic and the Sewanee Review.

Walsh's books for children in-

clude "Knock and Enter" (1953), an introduction to Christianity in the form of a novel, and "Nellie and Her Flying Crocodile" (1956).

His other books include "The Psalm of Christ: Forty Poems on the Twenty-Second Psalm" (1964) and "God at Large" (1971), an examination of the void that the author said had been left by the belief that God was dead.

Walsh, born May 10, 1914, in South Boston, Va., grew up in Marion, Va., and graduated from the University of Virginia in 1938. He earned a master's degree in French from the University of Michigan, followed by a doctorate in English at Michigan. After two years in Washington, D.C., as a research analyst for the Army Signal Corps, he joined Beloit as an assistant professor.

Walsh was a Fulbright lecturer in American literature in Finland and Italy and a visiting professor at Wellesley College, the University of Chicago and other institutions.

Walsh is survived by his wife, Eva, of South Burlington, Vt., and four daughters: Damaris McGuire of New York City; Madeline Hamblin of Chicago; Sarah-Lindsay Parente of Beloit; and Alison Walsh Sackett of San Francisco.

FROM THE NYTIMES OBITUARIES, JAN. 19, REPRINTED IN THE BELLOIT DAILY NEWS.

Poet, author Walsh dies

Chad Walsh, nationally-known poet and author who had a distinguished 32-year teaching career at Beloit College, died Jan. 16 in Shelburne, Vt. A former chair of the English Department, Walsh retired in 1977 to devote more time to his writing.

A prolific author, Walsh gained particular attention for his writings on C.S. Lewis and for his many books of poetry. He was a co-founder of the internationally-renowned Beloit Poetry Journal in 1950.

Twice in his career, Walsh served as a Fulbright lecturer, in Finland and Italy, and he was a visiting professor at several institutions, including Wellesley College and the University of Chicago.

In 1949, he was ordained a priest of the Episcopal Church.

Some of his most widely-read books deal with various aspects of religion, such as "Campus Gods on Trial." Finding that young people were entering college with their knowledge of Christianity inadequate for defending that faith, Walsh wrote the book to explore that problem as well as the ideas that students were offered as substitutes for faith.

Walsh was born May 10, 1914, in South Boston, Va., and grew up in the little town of Marion, Va., where for a time he worked as a reporter and linotypist on Sherwood Anderson's two country weekly newspapers.

Having become interested in foreign languages through listening to his brother Ulysses' phonograph records of operatic arias, Walsh majored in Romance languages at the University of Virginia, from which

he received his bachelor's degree in French and ultimately a doctorate in English at the University of Michigan.

Rebelling against the "constricting" and "ferocious" Christianity that filled his youthful environment, Walsh arrived at manhood an agnostic, resolved to avoid churches.

This feeling began to fade during his college years, when he was led to a fresh approach to Christianity through the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr and T.S. Eliot.

After his arrival in Beloit in 1945, Walsh was baptized by the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and confirmed the following spring. After his ordination three years later, he served as a guest preacher during summers in Vermont and eventually at many other churches throughout the United States.

While at Michigan, Walsh met a graduate student, Eva Tuttle, who became his wife. She survives, as do four daughters and eight grandchildren.

The family has requested that any memorial contributions be made to an Alzheimer's fund.

When I am dead, mummify me no more
Than undertakers' lobbies and their laws
Require. Rip up the planks of an old pine floor,
Nail me a box, loose joined, so that the thaws
And freezes of my after years may enter
Without deceit and marry me again,
This time a woman, the symbiotic center
To taproots straight and masculine with rain.
Then, slowly rising through the greening stems
Of a deciduous shrub, may I bear flowers,
Bright, gay, to be my dancing requiems,
Immortally brief as these four girls of ours.
Thus marking time on some well-landscaped hill,
I'll be the parent of young daughters still.

Rev. Chad Walsh, author, professor

By Kenan Heise

Rev. Chad Walsh, 76, an Episcopal priest and former English professor at Beloit College, was a nationally known poet and author.

A resident in recent years of South Burlington, Vt., he died Thursday in a Shelburne, Vt., nursing home.

Father Walsh grew up in Marion, Va., where he was a reporter and linotypist for two small country newspapers owned by novelist Sherwood Anderson. He graduated from the University of Virginia and received a doctorate in English from the University of Michigan.

In 1945, he moved to Beloit to teach there. Having taken a new interest in Christianity as a result of reading T.S. Eliot and Reinhold Niebuhr, he joined the Episcopal Church and was ordained in 1949.

Father Walsh was a visiting professor at several schools, including the University of Chicago.

He retired from teaching in 1977 to devote more attention to his writing.

He was the author of several books of poetry and was a co-founder, in 1950, of the Beloit Poetry Journal. He also wrote extensively on the works of C.S. Lewis.

Much of his work has a religious

theme, with his book, "Campus Gods on Trial," being among his best read. In it, he evaluated the various alternatives college students find for religion.

His sense of humor was exemplified by his comment on a fire that burned the chapel down. "God's judgment on architectural dishonesty," he called it.

Survivors include: his wife, Eva; four daughters, Demaris McGuire, Madeline Hamblin, Sarah Parente and Alison Sackett; and eight grandchildren.

A memorial service of Father Walsh will be held Jan. 26 in Shelburne.

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This is a report on the Memorial Service. You'll note that almost every family member and many friends participated. Some of the words I reproduce here (as best I can) from the tape. The music I can't. Some words, & some of the poems are printed elsewhere in this issue. Forgive me if I haven't been able to include every one of you, or all the service. I highly recommend the prose passage from God at Large that Demi Wren read, about Marcus watching the dragon fly. But it's too long to transcribe & print, & my book is missing, for Xeroxing.

After the priest's opening remarks & prayer, Demi began:

"On behalf of the whole and extended Walsh family I wish to welcome you here. Your presence and support during the last years of Dad's life have been tremendously important to all of us. Thank you for coming and joining with us in celebration of Dad's life and spirit. We hope that this will truly be a celebration. We expect some laughter, we certainly expect some tears--but what is important is that we are going to be celebrating--and grieving--together.

"There's something my sisters and the grandchildren have asked me to say, and this is to you, Mom. You and Dad had probably one of the shortest courtships in the history of the western world. Family myth has it that you met in 1938, in the summer, in Ann Arbor, and that the minute you set eyes on Dad you decided this was the man you wanted to spend the rest of your life with. We understand it took Dad three days to come to that decision--maybe it was the other way around--but at any rate you knew very quickly--both of you--that this was a commitment that you wanted to make--had to make, you had no choice--and for 52 years and 4 months--no, 6 months, the courtship was only two months--you have, Mom, given us an incredible legacy. You have been unwaveringly loyal to Dad and to us, your love never faltered. Your support, your nurturing--for 52 years there was never a break. It is something we will probably never be able to live up to, but it is an incredible example. We wanted to say, we have watched, we have learned, we have loved."

(Here Demi acknowledged the only missing family member, Chad Hamblin 10,000 miles away in Japan, "but here in spirit, so let us say a prayer for Chad Hamblin, to let him know we're thinking about him.")

"Some other people need to be very specially noted, and that is the staff at The Arbors. Dad spent his last year there. It was a very tough decision for Mom and for us to make--he could not be cared for at home--but we found this incredible place. For the last year, the staff at The Arbors has given him love, compassion, respect and tenderness. And they've made sure that the last year of his life was spent with honor and dignity. And so we all want to say, thank you.

"Mom and I, and I'm sure Howard and Marian, feel blessed that we were able to be with Dad when he died. We have told many of you that it was a very peaceful and gentle and beautiful leaving--absolutely consistent with the rest of his life--I mean, he never lost that gentleness, humor and courtesy--so we feel blessed that we were able to be there with him.

"We also know that it's going to be very hard without him. As a matter of fact, Mom and Alison and I were sitting around a few days ago, having some coffee and talking about how much we were going to miss him, what a void there was going to be in our lives. We all agreed to that--and then Alison turned to Mom and said, 'You know, I really believe he's in a better place.' I thought about that and I have to agree. It seems to me that probably the angels and all the saints have been rejoicing--because one of their own has finally come home."

• • •

Howard Munford read Donne's "Valediction Forbidding Mourning," and then made these remarks: "So John Donne, the great Seventeenth Century Anglican priest and poet speaks across the centuries for our own beloved Twentieth Century priest and poet. These two poet-priests had much in common, not least their appreciation of and devotion to women. In Chad's case this undoubtedly came from having been surrounded by the lovely and talented women of his own family. 'We are all women in the hands of God,' he wrote in one of his loveliest poems, entitled "A Gentleness," and Chad's love for God frequently found passionate heterosexual expression, and in the culminating work of his later years a long dramatic monologue with this significant title: "In Praise of God and Her Love."

With all this deep Christian commitment Chad wore his clerical collar lightly and with grace. He hated any kind of cant and pomposity. And he could write humorously about finding himself in the position of being a priest. I've a particular fondness for one of his poems, a poem occasioned by one of his many campus appearances around the country in his official capacity as a distinguished visiting priest. (Continued, w/poem, on next page.)

RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS WEEK

I have come here, knowing before I came
 How it would be: eager, helpful committees,
 Official luncheons, chitchat in the Grill,
 Bull sessions dorm by dorm at half-past ten;
 My mind is stocked with true and tested answers –
 Irenic words to please the absent Buddhists,
 While lauding Trinitarian mathematics.
 It is the soft sell, the gentle, bland approach.
 Even in convo, thirty minutes a morning,
 I'll circle for a day or two, exploring
 Literary and sociological fringes
 Before I lunge for the theological kill.

I could do better if I felt more bleakly
 How damned they are. But Spring's a heretic.
 They are so beautiful – not the girls only –
 Saga-fair, scrubbed, no smell, or sweet to smell –
 The men are lovely, as young animals
 All are, until a certain age. By Spring
 I am undone, redone, done in, done for.
 Sin is as hypothetical as all
 This talk of neutrons, protons, other -ons
 The priests of the sterile white habits insist
 Are part and parcel of my solid poundage.

Suppose, next morning, if Spring is really here,
 After the student-led devotion, after
 The introduction, I took my collar off
 And sent it sailing like a flighty token
 Of Mardi Gras, and in the pause intoned,
 "Dearly beloved, ye lovers and ye loved,
 Let us defrock all presidents, and deans
 Of every species, counselors, house mothers;
 Assemble in a pleasant grove, elect
 A King and Queen of Love, dance in a ring,
 Fashion a form of Cupid, wreath it, erect it
 Upon the altar of the Unknown God
 Whom Spring reveals when you unveil by two's."

If I should lose (see Freud) the manuscript
 I brought with me, I'm really scared I'll do it.
 I do not think they will elect me King
 But if they do, can I refuse to reign?

(Laughter. Howard, aside: "Dear Chad! It's one of those sides of Chad that made him such a wonderful companion!")

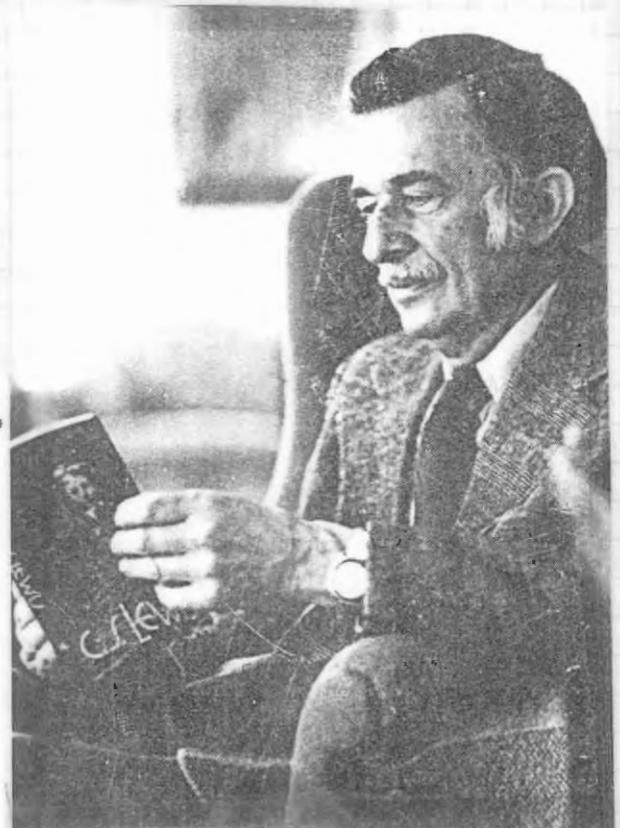
"Now for Chad, as for John Donne, his love for his wife gave rise to some of his finest work. Chad wrote his valediction forbidding mourning, which serves as the introduction to his volume, The End of Nature. It was written during the period when he was experimenting with various intricate and demanding poetic forms. This form is a villanelle, an especially intricate form requiring the repetition of certain lines in a certain prescribed order. Here is Chad, at the top of his form, using what would seem to be a quite artificial form to achieve a genuine expression of the deepest feeling: (Howard finished with the poem that starts "Be dark with me," on p. 8, which see.)

Melanie Hamblin said, at the Service,
 "I wrote this poem for my grandfather
 three days before his death."

(ENNL Ed apologizes for any words
 wrong, and spacing: I had to take it
 from the not-always-clear tape.)

For Grandad

My words find me mute
 As I imagine your life in the eyes closed in,
 Your soft strength
 Engaged in a drawn-out battle,
 Your creative spirit
 Flown to higher reaches
 Where is safe from civil war
 That drains your body.
 Now the words lift my pen
 And beg to be heard by your ears
 With the intelligence that cloaks you
 Like a second skin.
 Now, in the suspended moment
 I feel more of you.
 As if your gentle eyes, your sharing voice
 Could have spoken to the shimmying of my work,
 Blended me with understanding.
 Does coming of age always mean recognition of loss?
 The preciousness of what was? Is? And could have been?
 How do I stop the air happening
 That seeks to name you,
 To form words that deserve your praise?
 To honor you, blood of your blood.



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Dear Jackie:

A line from Chad the poet has remained in my mind for years, though I have not now the time to seek out the volume and poem in which it occurs, for my books are in disorder. Some of you will know at once. Though it is from Chad the poet, it is even more from Chad the priest, the gentle philosopher, the quietly humorous reflector upon the nature of humanity. Springing from the Lord's Prayer, the line is anything but a parody, rather a wry extension of compassion: "Forgive us our virtues, As we forgive those who are virtuous against us." I have quoted it many times.

Fullers and Walshes met at the latter's Lake Dunmore locus when we were all somewhat ^{mid-} in our thirties. We met through a highly improbable joint connection with the Greshams. We watched, sceptical and amused, the Dianetics phase the Greshams were going through shortly before they separated, Bill toward decline and tragedy; Joy, toward the astonishing brief bond with C. S. Lewis. But Walshes and Fullers had struck some deep affinity and were hugely important to Fuller lives, and I think to Walshes for many years, until the last ten, when inexorabilities of geography kept us apart and the slow erosions of late life began.

Windy Shores was where our greatest family intimacies flowered, with rewarding times for ourselves and all our children: swimming to the rock, David's "pretty girl" spoof of Gene Bowker, Madeline's "pipeline to God," "walla-walla-woo-hoo," perpetuated in "Nellie and Her Flying Crocodile." And we had meetings in London and in Rome and Connecticut and Beloit. Along with important exchanges we had much laughter (I should say equally important) including an evening at Lake Iroquois (I can't remember who else was there) when we got on a roll and laughed ourselves to exhaustion.

Eva/Chad -- Chad/Eva are indivisible to us as they were to each other--are to each other. In loving her we are still loving him, in loving him, gone ahead of us, we are loving her, with us still. We have not lost anything, they are among the things that cannot be lost.

As I write these few thoughts, Ann calls me in one of the moments of confusion and distress from severe post-stroke impairments, of which, at times, she is anguishingly aware. Yet she can remember much of what I have mentioned, and our lives have been such, for over 54 years, that I have not altogether lost what has been and is.

Love to all who love the Walshes,

Edmund and Ann

Annabelle Dirks

Once at the Lake, the topic of discussion was censorship of children's reading, and Chad said, "I let my children read anything they want to."

"Anything?" exclaimed some man I don't remember.

Chad reflected a moment.

"Well, I guess I'd draw the line at God's Little Acre."

"Oh Daddy," sweetly said Demi (age 11 or 12). "I read that book last year."

When Chad discussed C. Lewis & Williams in my Fantasy class at SSU in 1973, one of the students, Donna Hedborn, was more impressed with Eva. "Oh, wow!" she said to me after class. "She really digs that man! It's great to see a wife still so in love with her husband!"

Dear Jackie:

I have so many lovely memories. Chad and Ed knew each other in the heady days of the 50's particularly through a burgeoning organization called THE FACULTY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP--a loosely knit group of intellectuals across the country trying to come to grips with issues of faith and intellectual rigor and honesty.

My first encounter with Chad, Eva and the girls was in 1954. They all came for an overnight when we were at Lake Forest College. I remember sitting up half the night with the adults pondering the weighty issues of faith, parenting, world affairs, etc.

Later on the Dirks enclave spent a similar weekend with the Walsh family in Beloit. My children still remember the wondrous and fanciful bedtime stories that Chad treated them to that night.

Through the years there were occasional times we saw each other--one lovely visit that Ed and I made to the Lake in Vermont stands out in my mind with special times of conversation and poetry reading. Chad and Eva visited us in California shortly before Ed's death and we had a wonderful time together with no premonition it would be the last time to visit as a foursome.

I cherish the volumes of Chad's poetry which are on my bedside bookstand--Reading his writing is always illuminating and refreshing. What a remarkable loving and gentle spirit he remains for me.

It's hard to put a finish on one's thoughts so I'll just stop there--use what you want--pitch the rest.

Love to you.. Is the mystery trip still on?

Annabelle

Chad was a

Brad & Helen Patterson

lovable man, & the Walsh's are a great family, and we love them.

Brad

I have known and adored Chad Walsh for exactly 44 years. As in all significant relationships there have been many high points--some higher than others--during our friendship. As briefly as possible I would like to recall two of the most important. For ten years I knew Chad only through his writings, beginning with STOP LOOKING AND LISTEN, all of which I devoured as fast as they appeared, never dreaming that in time I would hold the hand of the person who had become one of the guiding lights of my life. Then one day, Don returned to New York City from a trip to Harvard/Radcliffe with his face shining as the sun. "Mom," he breathed, "I've met the most wonderful girl in the world--her name is Damaris Walsh." It is hard for me to remember whether my first actual face-to-face meeting with Chad was more exciting than this sudden dazzling realization that Damaris was Chad Walsh's daughter!!

The second peak experience I want to recall occurred in June 1976 at LE MONT ST. MICHEL. The four of us, Chad, Eva, Fred and I were wandering around in the gardens totally absorbed in a kind of intimacy with Heaven, when suddenly, Chad and I realized that we had promised ourselves the rare treat of attending mass in the ABBATIALE. Fred and Eva opted to continue their meditations in the gardens and see, perhaps, that famous tide racing in COMME UN CHEVAL AU GALOP. Chad and I ran up the Grand Stairway, (15 years later I gasp at the mere thought). The monks were just arriving. We took places on one of the low wooden benches. In front of us was a beautiful modern altar which somehow blended perfectly with the pink and ochre stone of Romanesque and Gothic columns. The cadence of the mass began to mesmerize me and recollection has it that I was floating in a diffusion of light and clouds. I glanced at Chad and realized that he was in his own other world. We were invited to the altar to join the Feast. As I stood cupping my hands to receive the Bread, one part of me knew that the other part of me was having the "quickly

opening door" experience about which Chad often wrote-- "...a moment of double seeing... of sudden insight... a universe beyond the universe...." A fleeting moment of "...seeing into the heart of things...." I do not recall touching any of the steps as we flew down LE GRAND DEGRE to rejoin our spouses. No words passed between us and I never asked him but intuition tells me that once again he had experienced "the quickly opening door." And I do remember thinking --later--that except for Chad I could never have identified for later recollection that "quickly opening door" experience--in this instance an intense illumination of the meaning of the crucifixion!

Ercell (Mac) Kullberg

THE VERTICAL MOMENT

Karl Barth went strolling down the lunar valley,
The pipe of nature fuming from his teeth.
The night was graceless as a city alley,
The fallen lava hinted hell beneath.

"I am so damned, completely damned," he sang,
And struck a match to light his pipe again,
And then, in the instant glow, he saw It hang—
Shadow of Grace, light-year extended—then—

"Holy, holy, holy," and he was silent;
His knees bruised the porous veneer of stone;
The Trinity raged through his body in violent
Ballet. And once more Karl Barth was alone.

"Holy, holy, holy," he told the night,
Picked up his pipe, and fumbled for a light.

After Chad's memorial service granddaughter Erin, 11, busied herself with pen & paper and chronicled all of us at the Walsh Coudo. Since this marvelous panorama is three feet long (or more) I've shrunk it; you'll need to line up the pages for the total effect. Shown so far, l. to r.; John (Megan's fiance), Lisa Getz, Marc McGuire, Eva (Grandma) Dou McGuire, & myself, Jackie Jackson.

Jan. 26, 1991

①

My Family (and Others)

By: Erin Hamblin

SLOPPY



I have one episode I would like to share with Empty Nesters about Chad. It was at the Sahara. In those days while he could still walk he was crossing slowly down the hall looking reserved. I never asked him if he was looking for something & he said "yes". "Is it you?" she asked - "no" Chad said, "I'm looking for myself."

The rains have come to a parched city - the heat in the Gulf seems to be ending - spring is on the way, and the lake is gone - Chad did not have to completely love himself and death was gentle - so he was.

I think of you on the 16th.
Love,
Eva

FOR EVA
MY WIFE

Look at this moment hard so you will know it
When you meet it again. It has no clear
Artistic corners to mark it off and name it;
Yet it is yours; you must be set to claim it
How many thousand thousand years from here
When God at last will lastingly bestow it.

There is the broken fence I helped you over;
This locust tree - notice the blackened crown,
And the long rift that lightning left - this field
With limestone bones half dressed, revealed
Where little gullies eat the flesh; and down
The hill the milky way of faint white clover.

Look farther down, the chestnut lot is there.
Change is permitted there. The bones of blight
Shall be delivered from the foreign death.
The spirit is another name for breath,
And it shall breathe rough leaves and waves of white
Blossoms to break in spray on the blue air.

Between us and the trees of transient black
Mark well the little farmhouse and the smoke
That rises in a slowly widening wreath;
We shall not go to see who lives beneath;
Nor shall the ropeswing from the hovering oak
Take you from me and bring you laughing back.

All these can wait, but now look well and see
Not what I am in dreams or memories,
But as I am, remember me and keep
The memory through any age of sleep
So when you waken with the chestnut trees
You will not stand, a stranger, here with me.

for Eva
my wife

Be dark with me and do not grieve
When the last mountains lose the day.
The lilacs of the law of love

Still blossom in our secret grove.
We planted roots deep as a vow.
Be dark with me and do not grieve.

In the light breeze their blossoms weave
Above our heads a private sky,
The lilacs of the law of love.

Above our heads the blossoms weave
A scented night the length of you.
Be dark with me and do not grieve.

They give us back the hearts we gave.
From planted earth the green hearts grow.
The lilacs of the law of love.

Beneath the hearts' roof, come and live
Beyond the twilight's afterglow.
Be dark with me and do not grieve
The lilacs of the law of love.

* Eva's referring here to Megan Jackson's upcoming wedding.

My first impression of Chad, one that was reinforced many times thereafter, was of a tall, thin man with a gaze that inquired inwardly before it reacted outwardly. There was always a hint of mischief in his eyes and around his mouth, even as it clamped down on a pipe. His head was thrust forward eagerly even as it dipped in response to his loping stride. With total unconcern for what others might think appropriate for a man, he pushed a stroller that held his beautiful fourth daughter Allison.

She, as well as Demi, Madi, Sarah Lindsay, and his beloved Eva, each reflected the unqualified love that radiated toward them from Chad and through them to one another. There was the happiest, most serene family I ever saw.

Never exclusive, they drew all the rest of us into their magic circle. That circle has enlarged exponentially over the years but each of us feels singularly blessed to have known Chad and his often "Walshs."

All the best,
Virginia Jimmy

Letter from Jenny Rembert

② And continuing, Phyllis & John Winkleman, Esther Doyle, Ercell Kullberg, and Megan & Caitlin McGuire (sisters.)



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SUE DONNIS GAVE THIS LOVING TALK AT THE SERVICE

Chad and Eva are synonymous with Lake Iroquois. In fact, they are the Lake.

All of us "Lake People" have our own story about how we found Lake Iroquois and these stories are retold summer after summer as if discovering and rediscovering a pearl of great price. We who have the marvelous good fortune to summer on Lake Iroquois, quite naturally refer to it as The Lake, for to us it is. Lake Champlain diminishes in size and importance because, to us, Lake Iroquois is not only our summer residence, it is a New England community of the finest order housing family upon family, extended family, a multitude of friends all of whom span 3 generations. Coming from all over the country from May - Oct., what unites us all whether we be 8 or 80, is the common wonderment and awe of ladyslippers, pilliated woodpeckers, carpets of white trillium, resident hummingbirds, great horned owls, flocks of migrating Canadian geese, and the tiresome beavers who insist on clogging culvers and flooding the road season upon season.

We come because of the special people there. It was through Lake Iroquois that I first met Chad and Eva Walsh in 1975. Through Eva, the Donnises contacted Ed and Carol Dell and had the good fortune to rent the Dell cottage for five years, next door to the Walsh's -- affectionately termed "The Dell Camp". Back then the dirt road that serviced (and I do mean serviced) the Walsh cottage ran 10 ft. from the door of the Dell camp. Although we rented for a mere two weeks each summer before purchasing a camp of our own, the traffic that went by the Dell's door was incredible. I soon discovered that the Walsh's ran a hotel. People arriving and leaving seemingly all the time. When Eva would casually comment that she had just taken 40 towels to Greers laundromat, I knew this was no small operation.

My first impression of Chad was of a quiet, kind, intelligent man with a twinkle in his eye, a ready hug, a dry wit and an eagerness to talk of spiritual things. His difference from usual clergy attracted me. He was first a poet and a CS Lewis scholar. Instead of speaking with definitions, with certainty and pronouncements, he largely wondered aloud with me. It started with musing together about the different types of people who would visit the Lake.

Two Types: The first type was the one we all loved. "Oh, (excitedly), isn't this wonderful! How did you ever find this place! (Awe and wonder) It was love at first sight.

The second type arrived somewhat irritable from taking a wrong turn on the numerous dirt roads leading to the lake. They were put out to have to travel this far out into the Sticks. They couldn't get beyond the potholes, the mosquitos and the seaweed.

"Oh, (blandly), isn't this nice."

Chad's dry comment was, "Yes, we had those uninspired types too. But they weeded themselves out long ago."

I connected with the Walshes first around this spirituality of The Lake-- the essence of community of its summer residents and the Thoreau-like nature of The Lake that transcends the backed-up septic systems, the water heaters on the blink, the bats and the noisy motorboats. All the families on the East side share tools, tricks for priming finicky water pumps, dock putting in and pulling out parties and share Fred Edgerly as our resident carpenter. We share birthday parties, 4th of July parties, babysitters, flashlights for the night walk home, and bathroom facilities when ours are unpredictably nonfunctional.

Then gradually the spirituality deepened for me. Chad Walsh was the first religious man I met to invite me to talk about what was on my mind. He was the first clergy to pose and model the idea that the purpose of religion is not to tell people what to do, but the truest purpose is to help people ask their own questions. Chad mused and questioned. He did not pontificate or make pronouncements. His humility astounded me.

I began reading. I read CS Lewis books and many many books of Chad's. At the same time I was reading Lewis's Surprised by Joy of Lewis, I was also reading Chad's children's book Nellie and her Flying Crocodile to my own daughters. Chad was equally at home with whimsy and fantasy as he was with his scholarly works.

As a young person in my late 20's struggling for a different kind of spirituality than the one I'd been taught, Chad quietly introduced another option. His chapter on The X-Dimension in his book The Rich Feast, has always stayed with me.

"In writing a poem, I sometimes have a strange experience. I set out with great confidence. I think I have a clear idea of the poem's theme. My job is to handle all the technicalities: determine the metrical form, create whatever metaphors I want to use, control the length of the poem. And for a time all goes well. The poem, as I compose it line by line, is obedient to my will. I am the master.

After a while I have an odd feeling. It is as though an invisible hand were resting on my right hand, trying to guide it. It wants me to write words and lines I have not planned. Some nameless force, some anonymous intelligence is trying to change the course of the poem. At this point I can get my back up, and I sometimes do. I decide to fight it out. And I may win the conflict, by sheer determination. Exhausted but triumphant, I put the finished poem aside, and only after some weeks come back to have a last look at it before mailing it out for publication. And at the moment, the battle between me and the mysterious force trying to guide my hand is renewed. I find that the poem sounds forced. I can detect the exact line in which the struggle with the alien intelligence began. The remainder of the poem has an

unnatural air about it, as though it had been beaten and twisted into shape. I see now I should have relaxed and allowed the mysterious second poet to take over. He knew better than I what the poem on its deepest level was trying to say.

Let me turn now to a couple of analogies. If you are walking through the woods, you may gradually become aware of a particular fragrance. Perhaps the source is some locust trees with their white blossoms and haunting perfume. You may not ever come on the actual trees, but you are enveloped by their presence. Your feelings and thoughts, so to speak, begin to be perfumed; the unseen trees bear witness of their reality by the fragrance they send you.

Or take another analogy. I am sitting in my study on a small Vermont lake. From across the lake comes the music of a composition by Vivaldi. Until this moment I was not consciously aware of it. But now I suddenly recognize that the music has gained entrance into my mind. It is subtly altering the sentences that I write. The very rhythms of this prose that you are reading now show the shaping influence of the musical phrases that quietly reach me as a gift of the unseen record player across the lake."

He could go from the spirituality of The Lake, locust trees and Vivaldi, to creating poems based on the 22nd Psalm. Of the 40 poems that he wrote in his book, The Psalms of Christ, it is actually the preface poem that has stayed with me all these years simply entitled, INVOCATION

Great-hearted Christ, importunate and mild,

Whose time was time enough for woman and well,
Whose arms were slow enough for any child,

And made the necessary trip to hell,

Fate-parted Christ, why did you leave me so?

In bread and wine and bed and vine I see you

And in the small gnats when the sun is low

And in the darkness too. They cannot be you,

Not all can be. Late-started Christ, return;

Be in a certain time and public place.

If they can see you once, my eyes will learn

To see you under any other face

You wear, and if all faces are your own

And places, then I worship you alone.

It is this concept of finding Christ in every face and place that I so treasure about Chad. It was Chad who authored the poem and it was Eva who placed it before me. On an overnight stay at their condominium I found on my bedside table two pieces of reading material: one, a House Beautiful magazine, the other The Psalms of Christ. For whatever reason that late evening, it was the poetry that won my favor.

Chad seemed so content, within his musings and questionings and I at times so angry with my own questions. Chad and Eva are charter members of our Study Group which was formed three years ago. Chad's health permitted him to attend meetings for the first two years. In one of the early meetings I once asked Chad if getting older brings some abiding comfort with respect to spiritual and religious questions. Sitting in his blue wing chair by the fire, he brightened, threw his head back and said with a delighted smile and twinkle in his eyes,

"Oh, no! I've found that getting older and passing 70 I've become less sure of what I know and more and more of a skeptic."

You see, that was what is so astounding. He was content in his unknowing.

My own questions would eat at me, pursue me and drive me to anger or exasperation. Chad would delight in the questions, would eagerly be open to them. He, like Rilke, found contentment in living with the questions.

One cannot think of Chad without thinking of Eva and the exquisite relationship between the two of them.

I'd like to close with a letter I wrote to Chad and Eva on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary:

DEAR CHAD AND EVA,

August 1988

Oh my, fifty years!

I first met you when Erica was just a baby, which means I've known you both for thirteen years. This is a mere whisp of time compared to fifty years, yet so rich indeed. I was attracted to your kindness, your kitchen overflowing with pungent smells, your books, your intellect and most of all, your collective spark and vibrant pursuit of Life with a capital L.

When I think back over the years of memories I have of you both, I tend to remember less the events or occasions which brought us together, and I remember more the wonderfully rich discussions we've had. We're talked of THINGS THAT MATTER.

How remarkable the discussions! We've talked of politics and Planned Parenthood; of ladyslippers and dock building; of hospice and cancer; of Vivaldi and spring peepers; of racism and repressed evils of the world; of trillium and spirituality; of finicky water pumps and septic systems; of the Lewis and May Sarton; of Jesus and Ghandi; of Joseph Campbell and C.G.Jung; of what it means to live and what it means to die; of your love for your daughters and my love for my daughters.

You are gracious, warm, generous and frank. You have extended an open door and extra bedroom to me as well as countless warm dinners and a humming woodstove. I am deeply pleased and gifted to know both of you. To borrow from Willa Cather in her book The Song of The Lark,

"I want to put my arms around you and say to you both,

You have a feeling between you like a nosegay in a glass of water."

With love and admiration,

Susan Donniss

For Marion Munford upon her Confirmation

I was not there. I wish that I had been
 To see the Holy Spirit settling in
 (His purchase sealed by few words quietly said
 And hands, holiness, grafted upon your head).
 I was not there to see your Pentecost.
 (Would I have seen them, seven flames, wind-tossed,
 Like good Greeks, each a bearer of a gift?)
 Stephen beheld the helpless ceiling lift
 And drift away, the heavens open wide
 Revealing Son and Father side by side.
 Kneeling in Stephen's Church, did you see Too?

The mysteries, made right and sound for you,
 Are your privacy, I shall not intrude.
 (I, too, have been remarked, pursued and wooed.)

The Holy One, a frequent, friendly guest,
 Entered the household he had long possessed
 In all but deed, arranged the bread and wine
 And vowed the welcome home into his shrine

Chad Walsh

At the end of the Service Lisa Getz, Marc's fiancée, stood and told what Chad had meant to her, the
 she'd only known him since his illness. Her voice was too soft to transcribe, but a story: When she + Marc
 visited Chad at The Arbors, (they just engaged) they said, "Granddaddy, can you keep a secret?" Said Chad with
 a smile, "I'm even better at that, now!" ... And at the very end, Linda Patterson came forward, & said,
 "I'm here because I need to say goodbye to Chad," and she told most movingly what it had been like,
 + meant to her, growing up near Chad. How she'd been too shy to sing for him when he'd asked her to.
 Now, she wanted to sing: and she sang the first verse of "Amazing Grace" alone, and then we all joined
 in. It was a perfect finale.

③ Now we come to Erin herself, Christina Parente (what a vision!)
 Damaris McGuire, Melauie Hamblin (an-
 reclining before the fire, Madeline
 other vision) and,
 Hamblin.



THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL IX NO 6 P 12

REMEMBERING CHAD

I remember sitting around the Walsh livingroom with the Boggses and other kindred souls with instructions to make a list of what distinguished Democrats from Republicans--in an attempt to help Adlai Stevenson's campaign. Then we had to write out what we'd like Adlai to discuss in his speeches, and I recall my astonishment when my very words showed up in a speech he made in New Orleans!

I remember that when Fred came to live with us at the age of eight he had a chronic cough. Two doctors had given up on it. One day Chad came by with an inscribed copy for him of Nellie--hot off the press. Fred curled up in the big brown sofa and dived in. A half-hour later we realized that he hadn't coughed since he started reading. Later, when we mentioned this, Fred--being one bright kid--realized that coughing wasn't something he had to do. Nellie was, and still is, better than a team of doctors.

I remember Chad's telling about the time Alison had to have an emergency appendectomy in Finland, and as they wheeled her in to the operating room, Chad, who had been studying Finnish, read the sign over the door: CARVING DEPARTMENT.

And I think I remember his saying that he sent out one of his poems (the one on the Finnish war dead?) twenty-seven times before it was accepted--and then it became one of his most popular poems. I've often told this to encourage poets who get glum after one or two rejection slips.

* * * * *

Jackie, you've turned on a tap! Each silly little memory generates another. I could go on and on--probably making half of it up, due to the legendary nature of the subject.

I don't expect you to use any or all, but here it is. I look forward to the EN.

Cheers! And thanks for having such a great idea (or idear, as Eva would say).

Marion K. Stocking *Marion*

Here in My Dry, Square Space

A thousand-murmur tumult is in the leaves
And those that are closest glisten as they sway
In slow arcs up and down from the drenched bough:

Off the low eaves of this small house the rain
Barely beyond my hand drops in the leisure
Of silver slender columns that break and form.

In the dark woods beyond this dry, square space
Dampness, decay, and the shy, little lives
Rising from old deaths. I almost rise and go.

But I am nearer to the fallen log
Than to the winged maple seed sprouting,
So wall the woodland out and keep me dry;

I'll listen to the meter of the eaves,
And bless the dark things of the dripping forest,
But here in my square space I'll wait and see.

ever book was published that had been written in Grumkin, and he received many! even a few of mine. There was a list kept on the wall. Once Chad ended a book intro, "Grumkin Hall, Vermont." Years later the post office delivered a letter from some far-off state which had no other address on it but that! Grumkin #2, with all its elegance, was built later. G.H. #1 still stands, still for rent. It's a wonderful, quiet, isolated place to write, with nature the only distraction. (3 in 3 pinnacles!)

FOR EVA, MY WIFE

Kneeling against the window sill
We share a midnight and a hill.
And from the hill a road descends,
Flowing to where the midnight ends.
And from the road remembrance comes
Of any night of thicket plums
In flower, and any road where I
Have stood at midnight with the sky.
And since the thicket plums foretold
That I should kneel by you and hold
Your hand in mine, come, let us go
And see the road of midnight flow
Around the silver hill, and there
I shall pin blossoms in your hair.

The spot Chad is describing in the poem below left, is the first Grumkin Hall (where he moved after the bathroom anteroom) -- a tiny Hansel/Gretel house built by Gene Bowker & back in the woods behind the adjacent Bowker camp. Its desk completely filled one end; there was a chair, a lamp, & some scant floor space behind. No heat, but a small heater could be brought in. It was

a tree house originally; the teen-age Johnny Bowker had used it as a radio station. Gene's "rent" was a copy of what.

My fond memories of Chad go back to 1945 when Chad came to Beloit College as Writer-in-Residence and I as Artist-in-Residence. At that time we lived only three houses apart on Church Street and our children playing together as well as our mutual respect for the other's creative talents gave us a closeness from the very beginning. Over the years we invariably found ourselves on the same side of heated faculty debates, such as not to send our winning basketball team to a national tournament where a black player was barred, or the right of Beloit College to continue publishing its Poetry Journal despite the objection of a trustee who disliked the wording of a particular poem, or whether the college should continue to build pseudo-Georgian buildings or consider contemporary architecture.

After we both returned from Fulbright grants to Finland, I built a sauna in my studio which gave us more enjoyable times together with our wives and the Alexanders, who had also spent a year in Finland on a Fulbright.

Chad's interest in music brought him to play the recorder with Sondra, Lee Alexander and other faculty members in Beloit's Baroque Music Ensemble. Weekly practice sessions brought Chad to our house on a regular basis.

There were wonderful times with the Walshs and our memories of Chad will go on forever.

LETTER FROM FRANK BOGGS

Frank

One has so many memories of Chad that warm the heart: his unfailing courtesy, his humor, his loving kindness. He was so easy to be with, so comfortable. The last time I saw him at the lake was the only unhappy time. Confusion had set in and hallucinations were wracking his brain. Physical movement seemed to help so we went for a walk on the woody road. A birch tree was bent almost across the path. Chad commented on the fact that ~~at~~ the center of a birch tree is not very sturdy. In a storm the tree can easily be blown down. "Never give your heart to a birch tree," he said. "Chad," I replied, that is the beginning of a poem. What is the next line?" "I do not know," he said. "It has to come of itself." He never got beyond that first line but I have thought of it often. "What a lesson for life!" "Never give your heart to a birch tree." The next time I saw Chad he was living at The Cedars, ^{and} his poetry was ^{there with him.} ~~never far from~~

After dinner I read some of it aloud to a group of residents. As I left, one rose and said, "Thankyou. It was wonderful." Chad's poems are ^{wonderful, and} such a rich legacy of his thoughts and feelings that his spirit will always be with us.

Ether M. Doyle

In the early late Inqouis years ('51, '52, '53, '54) Bob & I stayed in the Rockhaven camp with Chad and Eva and the girls. Rockhaven wasn't as elegant then as now, and there was, at first, no Grumkin Hall. There was a small room off the main room which contained a smaller room--actually a booth--which was the toilet. The larger room was Chad's study, and there he worked at his table and typewriter, morning after morning, while a steady procession trooped in and out of his work area, to use the facilities. He seemed not at all distracted by all the traffic, but went calmly on writing. However, when he was interrupted by a child with a question or story, or just wanting some fatherly attention, he'd stop his work, and with no impatience, only gentleness, converse with the visitor. -- Jackie Jackson

④ Finally, imbibing in the kitchen, we find Sarah Parente and Alison Sackett;

Kitchen

Carol Dell conversing with Bill Hamblin, and Paul Sackett



Remembering Chad looses such a flood of memories that it becomes a matter of selection, of letting the most prominent ones provide a theme. There are the images of Lake Iroquois, which coalesce into an endless summer of childhood in my mind, and then there is the poetry. The poetry was there all along, of course, but it was not until I became an adult and watched the blue fire light up Chad's eyes that I began to understand. He was kind enough to edit some of my efforts a few years ago, (always a tough favor to ask of a friend) and told me that he was " Relieved to discover that it was actually pretty good. " Even later, when I had the honor to be in place next door as the late in the season " Walsh Bodyguard ", he astonished me by quoting the first complete stanza of Elegy In A Country Churchyard, for all the world like Wolfe on his way across the St. Lawrence to conquer Quebec. It seems appropriate to end this brief reminiscence by quoting another poet, W.B. Yeats, and some lines I once mulled over with Chad, seated in the comfortable chairs next to the windows, overlooking the lake:

" Whether man dies in his bed
Or the rifle knocks him dead,
A brief parting from those dear
Is the worst man has to fear.

"Though grave-diggers' toil is long,
Sharp their spades, their muscles strong,
They but thrust their buried men
Back in the human mind again. "

— David Munford

FOR EVA MY WIFE

Why do I take such long delight in you,
The mind as avid as the body? I think
Because we stand each on his honest brink;
Below, real alligators swim in plain view.

You are the primaries—yellow, blue, and red;
Conviction's vehement hyperbole.
The pastel palette comes easiest to me,
And the ambivalence of the softly said.

In you, truth is so truly true and pure
That it could hatch the complementary lie;
In me, nuance buds from nuance, till I
Could come to nothing absolute and sure.

If there were not a chasm, then no leap,
And no refreshment of our partial souls.
If it were wider, see the torrent that rolls
With gaping teeth, and plunging banks too steep

For any climb. Plato was right. By night
We cross, recross the barely crossable
Above the monsters of an abstract hell
With the certain leaps of love. And there is light.
And being one, we see with single sight.

*My praise is of thee in the
great congregation.*
—Verse 25 (BCP)

It is a kind of alchemy.
The sugar bowl, though glass, is turned to silver
And silver is the small aluminum tray.

The plain oak table, cleared of books
And magazines, and moved before the fireplace,
Is holy now, beneath the holy vessels.

The Dells, the Jacksons, Durhams, Scotts,
And Hockings come in clusters few by few.
There will be many children here to bless.

Outdoors, the lake sings in slow ripples,
And there is singing in the long pine needles.
The old reed organ teaches us to sing.

I speak the bread and body broken.
Those big enough for broken food take, eat.
The blessing hand must feed the little ones.

Why is the room so full? These others,
Who are they? They were and they shall be.
The organ blends their voices with the angels'.

Dear Eva:

May I tell you and the girls how sad and sympathetic I feel for you all for having lost dear Chad? At Christmas time Jackie told me that he had had a set-back ~~last year~~, but had "steadied out" after it. Apparently, though, things turned worse and the end ~~has~~ come. I'm so sorry: sorry for him, and sorry for you. How you all will miss him -- one of the kindest, gentlest, most considerate men I've known in my life. At the same time so quick in intelligence, so intuitive in understanding, and so wisely humorous. And certainly closer to God than any one I've known personally. And I hope, oh how I hope, that his blessed relationship with the Ultimate Grand never failed him during his illness. If it did not, ~~then~~ you will have this consolation in your years of re-adjustment.

I think in my life-time I've seen more unhappy marriages than happy ones; so many, in fact, that I've thanked my stars I never married. But you and Chad were the ~~shining~~ ^{shining} exception. When I was with you I always rejoiced in the proof that marriage could be the blessed institution people dreamed of. My imagination tells me this could have one of two influences on your present feelings. It could make your sense of loss almost too deep to bear; or it could give you a sustenance, making gratitude for what you had ~~such an~~ ^{an} easing factor in your sorrow. How I hope the latter feeling is uppermost for you. Knowing your response to life, I suspect it is. And what a blessing that you have the girls and their children. Please give them all my love and sympathy, as well as my gratitude for them that they had so dear a father for so long. Not all children have had what luck.

I count Chad as one of the greatest blessings that came to me because of The Plant in My Window. As you will recalled it was his review of the book in Presbyterian Life that brought us together. My letter of thanks started our correspondence, which began in 1950. And the crown of our friendship was played on that visit to Windy Shore in July 1952 when I met you, the girls, Jackie and Bob, and the Dellas, as well as Chad himself, in the lovely setting you both made that was as lovely humanly as it was because of nature. And I loved all my subsequent visits too, with one of the few regrets of my shifting to Mexico being its cutting me off from summer visits to Vermont. But somehow over the years I never felt any diminution in our closeness. It would always be the same as ever, I felt, if I could get back to Lake Iroquois.

One thing for which I remain eternally grateful to Chad is all he did, through his publishing connections, to help me find a publisher for School of the Soldier. No one ever did as much.

I hope the memorial service was beautiful and that all those who were able to get there gave you an overflowing sense of how much Chad meant to others as well as to yourselves. Truly a man of extreme goodness.

My love,

Ross Parmenter

I never ceased to be amazed by the sensuality and earthiness of my Grandfather. He was once asked to pick one word that would best describe Eva. In his usual slow, deliberate way he sat there for a moment and then said with a mischievous smile 'I guess I would have to say..' he paused for effect, 'JUICY.'

REJOICE IN THE BASEMENTS OF MEMORY

God was in touch. Stroking the holy
Extent of your arm I adored him,
Sleeping with you in his peace.

God was in sight. Seeing the sumac
That bled in the meadows of eucharist,
Daily I drank the good blood.

Hearing was God. Wind on the ripples
And laughter of girls in the attic
Sang the Commandments of God.

God was in taste. Breasts that I savored,
Dark bread that I baked in the oven
Christened the buds of my tongue.

God was a smell. Musk and the lily
Confused in the rose of a heaven
Cloyed with the fragrance of saints.

Ends of the nerves, perishing senses,
Rejoice in the basements of memory,
Kiss the emptying night.

I too have loved Chad's earthiness; the above poem glorifies all the senses, and his poems are rich in Eros as well as Agape. I like that he starts with touch. One touch he didn't relish: Nearing bed time one night at Rock Haven I watched him take his pajamas from a hook and stare intently into each aperture. I finally asked him what he was doing. "Years ago I got into my pajamas and there was a spider in them," he said, "and I've examined them every night since." The photos to the right -- if decipherable at all -- show Chad & others inside the tipi Savana at the Jackson camp, steaming & sweating from the red-hot rocks in the middle pit. Then we'd all go plunge in the lake.



One of my favorite memories of my father comes from the time that he acted as a babysitter for Giuseppe who was, at that time, about two years old. Both my mother and I had instructed him intensively on the care and feeding of Giuseppe before we left and had settled Giuseppe next to his grandfather in the study of 745 Church St. My father spent the next two hours hunched over his typewriter, oblivious to all distractions, while Giuseppe happily and busily stripped and ate all the oranges from mother's prize orange tree which occupied a prominent position in the study. When we returned we found Giuseppe covered with orange peels and juice and the floor was littered with remnants of the once beautiful tree. My father was still typing and had no idea of the havoc that had been created only two feet away from him.

Sarah Walsh Parente

Dear Jackie,

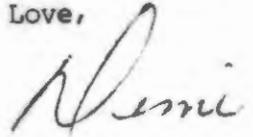
We owe thanks to Jane Gates, UVM Cont' Ed., who located the glossy of the candid photo on the front page -- Chad & Eva in a class on Irish history -- & sent it free of charge. I'll make a negative; I know if you want a print -- I'll send it at cost.

Dramatis Personae are Chad and the four Walsh daughters, aged 4 through 13 (or thereabouts). The setting is the table on the eating porch at the lake. There is one lone Oreo cookie remaining and not one of the Four Graces was about to give up her claim to that cookie.

After a rather heated discussion, Chad, with a deep and disappointed sigh, gets a sharp knife and carefully cuts said cookie into four absolutely equal pieces. Each daughter is handed one-fourth of the cookie. I have never forgotten what he said, his voice and eyes full of both sadness and humour -- "I cannot wait until you girls can live by grace rather than by law."

I don't know how many times over the past 40 years I have used that quote. It will remain with me forever and my kids will probably pass it on their children unto the 10th generation. For me, those words illuminate Chad better than anything I can think of.

Love,



JOHN ROSENWALD WRITES:

Many of us in Beloit will remember Chad because he was still here even after he had long since retired. Prospective students would ask for him; their parents would tell us they had known Chad's work since the 1940's or 50's. There was often this quiet, slightly embarrassing moment, as they took stock: If Chad Walsh is no longer here, should we even consider this institution? Fortunately, Chad's vision was so strong that many of us were able to at least try to continue the tradition even after he was no longer physically present.

My own recollections are more immediate: during my first term at Beloit I was assigned Chad's office in Morse-Ingersoll. His ashtray was in front of me. His pipe smoke hung in the air. My bones and muscles had to adapt to Chad's chair, worn--or at least I imagined so--through years of use to certain postures, certain old comforts. Sitting in that office, talking with students who had worked with Chad, breathing that air--there was no way I could not become part of the English department and writing program he had helped to mold.

Both Ann Arbor and I also remember the Walsh's generosity towards us in our first year. We sat at their table for dinners, often with visiting poets present. And Chad never seemed to forget that we had separate names. If most of our colleagues persisted in calling Ann "Mrs. Rosenwald," Chad always stressed "Ann Arbor" in introductions, as if there were some magical connection between her and the city where he had studied. Both of us appreciated that.

I could go on: the Poetry Journal, Chad in the locker room in his final years, Walshes as over-the-back-wall neighbors, Chad's final reading at the college, Elle's writing her essay on his prosody in 1989. But your space is limited, and, as always, work at Beloit is calling. I miss him.

I'd already Xeroxed the Stapes poem (below) when I told Martha Robertson (ENNL reader & keeper of Faculty Files at SSU) abt this project. She's also an avid reader, & taker of many English classes, and heard Chad speak when he came to campus in 1973. She said, "Oh, you must include that Stapes poem!" So this one is by request. Last month, Martha (preparing to retire from SSU) was cleaning out papers, & sent me, through campus mail, a copy of the first "SSU News," which had an item she'd circled, and I print it on this page, below John R.

Chad Walsh, poet, author and editor of several texts, biographer of C.S. Lewis, will visit John Knoepfle's poetry class at 8:30 p.m. Tuesday, Jan. 23, in Room G-31, Main Campus. At 1:10 p.m. Wednesday, Jan. 24, he will speak to Jackie Jackson's Fantasy class about the fiction of C.S. Lewis and Charles Williams. Anyone interested is invited to sit in on either class.

SSU NEWS, 1973

Ode on a Plastic Stapes

for Dr. Rufus C. Morrow, surgeon

What God hath joined together man has put
Asunder. The stapes of my middle ear
Rests in some surgical kitchen midden.
Good riddance to an otosclerotic pest.
And welcome to the vibrant plastic guest
That shivers at each noise to let me hear.

What would the theologians make of this?
The bone God gave me petered out and failed.
But God made people, too. One of them sawed
A dead bone off and put a new one in.
I hear now through a storebought plastic pin.
Where God's hand shook, his creature's skill availed.

Dig where they bury me and you will find
A skeleton of bone perfected in plastic.
Gleam down the buried years, synthetic bone,
Await the judgment of the Resurrection,
The shining glory or the sharp correction
When calendars and clocks read chiliastic.

Will my old stapes rise, expel my plastic?
Do I own or do I merely borrow?
God is no divorce court judge. What man
Hath joined together, he will not put asunder.
Praise God who made the man who wrought this wonder,
Praise God, give thanks tomorrow and tomorrow.

You dare not die before me. When you die
The stricken moon will plunge into the sea,
The anguished novas blaze the hurtling sky,
Scalded sea monsters writhe on quai and tree;
Blood will be sold in Coca-Cola bottles,
Babies offered to Moloch at High Mass,
Locomotives claim home rule for their throttles,
Sheep munch on flesh and panthers gorge on grass.

In you all things cohere, and their coherence
Is strong and frail as your sustaining heart.
Only you can veto Christ's new appearance
Set for That Day when the world falls apart.
I am unready. Spare the unready sky.
Lead me not into damnation. Do not die.

THE BAT LADDER

For Chad Walsh

(Not being able to find a ladder that would fit neatly between the joists of Rockhaven's eaves, from whence he could extricate a troublesome bat population, Chad took it upon himself to build one.)

I have known ladders in my day.
Not that it matters, but they
Have ranged from step and stool
To wooden, warm and worn round-rung
(Splintered by long farm use, unsung),
And sliding double-deck aluminum,
Which either roast the touch, or cool.
Most have been treacherous, shaky,
The paradox of the Ladders game; snakey,
Where you slide down into the dirt; you
Fall instead of mount up
To the next virtue.

But the bat ladder! the bat ladder!
I have never known a ladder
To inspire trust
Like the bat ladder.

I know if harm comes to me
It's not in the ladder the fault is found.
I will have placed it on uneven ground
Or sprung up at too rapid pace
(The bat ladder was not built for race),
Or leaned too far to see
A fleck, a scrape, or ream a hole with paint,
And I, never ladder, grow faint.
True, its rungs,
Each a square, uncompromising beam,
Slice into my insteps, my metatarsals scream.
But that is because I choose,
Swearing in tongues,
To go barefoot instead of wearing
Thick-soled shoes.
I suffer the consequence.
The ladder is beyond reproof.
It is what it is, and reaches to the roof.

Whatever sliver or pinch,
It is the giver of confidence.
It will not move an inch.

The bat ladder! the bat ladder!
I have never known a ladder
To inspire trust
Like the bat ladder.

Perhaps it reflects its maker.
Lean, rough hewn, with graceless grace,
The face beautiful to me
In more than utility;
Solid, steady, in any emergency
Ready to go for the poem of paint:
A bat or a rhyme; whichever
Is best suited to the place
And the time,
And with bat/word passion
Or bat/word restraint.
It's not exactly in fashion
To be thus,
Though I count it as a plus.
But then, fashions have never bothered
My fellow laker
Who has semi-fathered,
Fully friended, loved and taught me.
On this reflective pad,
My feet awade,
The ladder leaning in the cottage shade,
Perhaps I ought to sing of Chad--
Walk-lurcher, faith-churcher,
Dream-truster, life-luster;
Of epithets a few,
(They can run away with you),
Who through criss-cross
Godparentage relation
Is part of me--
Not sing of his creation.
Perhaps I must.

But the bat ladder! the bat ladder!
I have never known a ladder
To inspire trust
Like the bat ladder. -- Jackie Jackson

Jackie Jackson at the Service: "I had my start in writing through Chad Walsh at Beloit College, in his second year there, my first--1946. And my heart leapt up when I discovered that creative writing was a valid part of the curriculum; one COULD--WRITE! Chad was gangly, soft-spoken, gentle, encouraging--and from that point on, I cannot talk about Chad without talking about Eva, too. Who, as a pair, always have had a way of seeing not only where and what you are, but in the most generous and positive ways where you may--and can--be. And by that vision and confidence, and by being a vital part of it, help bring it to pass. I owe a large part of my life, my environment, my friendships, what I have become, and what I am still becoming, to Chad and Eva. And my daughters, each a loved godchild of a loved Walsh daughter, and my grandchild, baptized by Chad eight years ago at the Lake, with Lake Iroquois water, share that debt and legacy."

To the left, cliffs; the shore where cottages
End with the road; mountain ascents of berries
For the valiant; antlers between the trees;
Tracks of a bear or two (the story varies).
To the right, fields studded with placid cows;
Fences in love with trees like English hedges;
Apple orchards with downward arching boughs;
Farm children diving from the low, bright ledges.

And we possess all shores as our canoe
Glides the long oval of the constant lake;
World upon world that folds into our view,
And fades like shifting bubbles in our wake.
We've made our choice for two abiding things:
Love and a lake refreshed by hidden springs.

COME CLOSE TO ME

Come close to me. The snow is blowing
And soon will whiten field and tree.
The last gray tones of day are going.
The night is dark. Come close to me.

Against the window beats the cold
Of leafless boughs and vanished birds.
Come let me stir the fire and hold
Your hand in quiet that speaks my words.

And if with time we take our road
To freeze by field and whitened tree,
Remember, then, the coals that glowed
So short a while. Come close to me.

Esther Doyle read this at the Service:

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My seed shall serve him.
—Verse 31 (BCP)

Fatherhood is a school of humility, it corrects the soul.

Girls are the best school. I have four of them. Sometimes when I look at them, I wonder where I fit in.

I might claim two noses, but their owners wouldn't thank me

For the gift. Alison's blond hair is hers, not mine; When Demie plays the cello I cannot contend my poor recorder

Prenatally put music in her. Madeline dances ballet,

A straight queen, five foot three. My six feet stumble at a fox-trot.

And Sarah-Lindsay, when not shaking the house with her declarations,

Does the serene acts of compassion and love with the grace

Of a soul that needs no schooling, forethought, or prompting.

In short, here they are, and I am glad. But where am I in them?

I was most in them at the start. The microscopic miracle—

Momentary, essential—was mine four times to assist.

It was as though four times I was able to help open a door,

And four bright spirits, assorted, entered from outer space.

Now they walk the four pilgrim paths, each in her style.

What I have told and shown them of God is as transient

As the last year I could outswim Sarah in the race to the dock.

If they find God, or are found; if they have him, or rather

If he has them, it is in four separate and secret ways.

Those doors are not mine to open. I do not knock.

Instead let me praise the fact. In any poem I write, In my handwriting, or the way I build a bookcase

There is more of me than in Demie, Madeline, Sarah, and Alison. They are a revelation

Not of me, but of the other father. Glory and laud Forever to him who has given me more than a trinity

Of bright messengers, giggling with creation's first dawn

In the ballet of a water fight between the float and the dock.

Elle,

What a lovely tribute to Chad! And it has been fun for me to see YOUR process of composition. What was a good rough draft has now become a substantial and polished essay. I don't feel the seams in too many places; as a whole you move very smoothly from one topic to the next. I wonder whether you shouldn't send a copy off to Chad and Eva, though I gather that he is not in much shape to read/respond.

What might come next from this essay is an exploration of your final point. There has been much interest in the past few years in formalist poetry. This course is one manifestation of that interest. Your essay, perhaps your whole background, is another. What is/was the process by which non-metrical verse got canonized? Chad's anthologies, the rising reputation of the Beats, the shift by "academic" poets (Rich, Kinnell, et al.) from metrical to non-metrical verse, the growth of ethnic poetry (often traditional in form, non-traditional in language)—all contribute to the current situation. Why does Chad feel himself to be "not strong enough"? And what do those strange lines about Shakespeare mean?

In any case, you've pursued well a fascinating local topic which has implications that affect all of us who are interested in poetry. And you've done it with skill and class. Thanks for the effort.

WATER CONSERVATION, WASTE MANAGEMENT

Judy & Roger Crouse

One resource that environmentally-conscious people concern themselves with is water. Such people take extra care to use water sparingly and take measures to protect the quality of existing water sources. This is also true at Lake Iroquois where residents have taken such measures as water treatment, weed cutting, and periodic sampling and testing.

Of equal importance is attention to waste water. Residents at Lake Iroquois are particularly careful about not using phosphates and verifying the proper functioning of septic systems. The Walshes have been no exception.

Water conservation and concern about adequate functioning septic systems became particularly evident to us during one of our first visits to the Walsh camp on Lake Iroquois. We had been invited to their place with some other Lake residents to enjoy an evening meal. We had enjoyed a wonderful social hour of drinks and h'ors d'erves complete with a peaceful view across the Lake. A buffet style dinner provided all of us with plenty to eat and drink. And being in the company of Chad and Eva, as has always been the case, was delightful in terms of idle conversation, intellectual stimulation, and learning about other places and times past.

As is a natural phenomenon, at one point I excused myself and retired to the bathroom. After turning on the light and closing the door, I observed a small sign posted just above the toilet. In what appeared to be a lighter form of poetic style, it read:

"If it's yellow, let it mellow.
If it's brown, flush it down."

I must confess to plagiarism, for we now have that poem prominently displayed in the same location at our camp.

This is the final page I'm putting together. This could go on for another 18, a book, books. So much more to say about Chad: the frog worship religion he invented when he was a boy, wandering the Virginia countryside unschooled. The many diaries he filled in code, as a boy, and will some Walsh daughter now decode them & perhaps share with us bits of the young Chad? How he got his name by his mother calling him "her little shad"? How, as a college student in required chapel he'd sit with a girl & try'd leaf through the hymnal, silently adding a 3 word phrase to every title: "I need that every hour -- between the sheets" -- and stifling giggles. What his classes at Beloit were like. My awe at our first class visit to a professor's home, Eva's warmth. Chad cradling me like a child while I wept on his breast, once when things had gone terribly wrong for me, in my later years. The week I spent with Chad & Eva in Oxford, reading CS Lewis's letters in the Bodleian, & living at the Isis Hotel. The week's trip to Nova Scotia in search of Eva's roots. Dock life, Services on the rock. Reading & talking around the central fire. Poetry nights. The Summer Festival at Gene Bowler's birthday. The companionship. The fun. The friends.

A finale, & Elle will kill me; in John Rosenwald's Beloit College poetry class, Fall '89, Elle wrote a 20 p. paper, "Traditional and New Poetic Forms in the Poetry of Chad Walsh." It's a well thought and wrought paper, tells a lot abt Chad while discussing his poetry, & is far too long to reproduce. But here are John's comments: