



"They shall mount up with wings as eagles . . ."  
--Isaiah

# WE HAVE LOST PETER

I am sorry this issue is so tardy. Please forgive me.



Schmidt, K. Peter

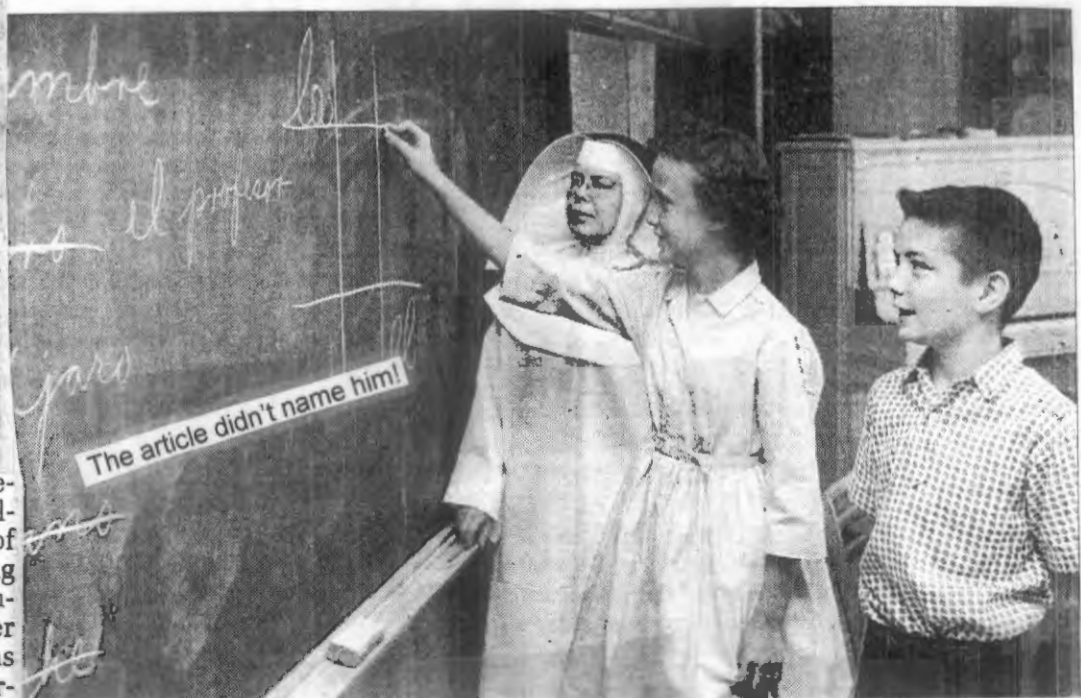
WASHINGTON, D.C./ MADISON - K. Peter Schmidt, age 52, died Sunday, May 27, 2001, at Sibley Hospital, Washington, D.C., of colorectal cancer, having been diagnosed in late January 2001. During surgery it became apparent that it had metastasized to the liver. He was born Dec. 10, 1948, in Madison, Wis., to Karl F. and Joan (Dougan) Schmidt. He was a senior partner in the law firm Arnold & Porter, where he spent his entire law career. He had attended Edgewood High School before his college years at the University of Wisconsin, where he graduated magna cum laude with a degree in chemistry. He was a conscientious objector to the Vietnam War and did two years of alternate service after college, at Grady Memorial Hospital in Atlanta, Ga. He returned to Madison to attend the UW Law School, and graduated in the top of his class. He joined Arnold & Porter in 1975 as an associate, and became a partner in 1982. He specialized in tax law, particularly in the taxation of employee benefits, and he founded and headed Arnold & Porter's employee benefits practice group. His colleagues praised his mastery of the intricacies of a complicated area of the law and his unusual breadth of legal skills. They found him to be a masterful writer, an accomplished and very experienced oral advocate, a savvy litigator and a wise counselor. His clients and colleagues respected his judgement and valued his advice. The tragedy of his death at 52 - a very young and vibrant 52 - is such a contrast to the life he lived. Peter was both funny and fun. He was always irreverent and never forgot where he came from. He

hated, and himself avoided, any kind of pretension. He made no claims to perfection. He was always honest in all his dealings and wore his heart on his sleeve. His directness was sometimes a little unsettling, but everyone who knew Peter recognized that he was caring and thoughtful and very generous. He helped organize Save Our Aging Religious (SOAR!), a charity benefiting retired Catholic nuns and brothers, and served on its first board of directors. He was a runner, skier, occasional mountain climber, and played passionate basketball until a knee injury sidelined him. He had played the violin in his early years and loved good music of all genres. He was a gifted chef and a lover of good wine, and had a talent for pairing the right wine with the food he prepared. The memories of his intimate dinner parties are cherished by those attending. Survivors include his wife, Pamela Shadid, and their son, Dylan, 9, both of Washington, D.C.; two children from his first marriage, to Betsy Hoffman, Jenny, 25, of Tacoma Park, Md., and Matthew, 23, of Arlington, Va.; his parents, Emeritus Professor Karl F. Schmidt and Joan D. Schmidt; siblings, Jeremy (Wendy Baylor) Schmidt and their daughter, Kestrel, Wilson, Wyo., Katie (Richard Jr.) Yde and their children, Sonja, Joshua and Benjamin, West Bend, Wis., Daniel (Julie Brew-

ster) and their children, Karl Andrew, Sarah Joan and Megan Elisabeth, Wilmette, Ill., and Thomas (Terese Baldwin) and their children, Patrick and Colleen, Bozeman, Mont. Peter was buried May 31, 2001, in the Gates of Heaven Cemetery, Silver Spring, Md. If desired, honor his memory by contributing to the National Colorectal Cancer Research Alliance, 11132 Ventura Blvd., Suite 401, Studio City, CA 91604.

*Dear Peter, - May the Lord bless you and keep you. May the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. May the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace.*

**What is missing from Peter's obituary is the story of his triumphant death. Jo, who was there, can tell it much better than I; I wept at her telling. Peter didn't choose to die, but he chose the manner and the grace. His doctors were preparing to start aggressive treatment when Peter began to bleed. He had many transfusions, but the bleeding continued. They couldn't stop it, they operated twice. After a private talk with his doctor, he told the family that he was stopping the transfusions, for**  
(See p. 2)



This hitherto unknown picture of Peter surfaced in 1997 in the Catholic Herald, Madison Diocese, "Foreign Language Program Marks 50th Year." Pete was born in '49 so he's 8 or 9 here.

even if the bleeding could be made to cease, his treatment would be long, difficult, and had little chance of success, though it might buy him a few months more. So they stopped giving him blood, and the family stayed by his bedside. For 12 hours Peter talked: he reminisced, told stories of his life, some funny, some intimate, alternately kidded with his family, and was tender, while, said Jo, the jugs of Peter's blood on the wall behind the bed were taken down by the nurses when full and were replaced by empty ones which kept filling, filling-- Peter once glanced back, saw how it was, and never looked again. While Peter talked, nurses and doctors slipped inside and stood by the wall, listening. The word went all around the ICU. At about four a.m. Peter went to sleep. His strong heart beat for 19 more hours before giving up. The family stayed the whole time, holding his hands, keeping vigil. His wife lay beside him in the bed till he died, then she and the nurses took off the tubes and washed him. His funeral was packed with stunned colleagues and friends, for he had been at work on Tuesday, dead the following Sunday. His sister Katie says, given that he had the cancer at all, the way he died was the best possible way. He died painlessly (though with morphine), bleeding to death, --and he decided for himself.

People who wished to make a gift honoring Peter were asked to contribute to the National Colorectal Cancer Research Alliance. I heard from Jenny Schmidt, in July, "We have already raised over \$10,000 in my father's name."

Stephanie Dalvit McPhillips (Pat Dougan Dalvit's daughter and Peter's first cousin) composed a piece in remembrance of Peter, called "Tears" --"I cried all the way through it," Stephanie told me, "so the title is appropriate. And it's in five flats--shows how depressed I was." It's about three minutes long. She had an artist-in-residence at a Cleveland college perform it onto video, so that the family could hear it without struggling to play it. Jo was much moved, and says that it is a lovely piece. The ENNL editor plans to hear it soon.



### From the Archives

Dear ENNL Readers: Once, during college, I went on a date to Lake Geneva, and at the arcade there on the pier, had my handwriting analyzed. The man studied my lines, told me some things about myself, then said, "You are very curious." He looked a little longer, then looked up at me, sort of sideways, and with a funny little smile said, "You're more than curious. You're nosy."

Well, I think all of you know that as I clear Chez Nous, I read everything--also gradually send things back to the people concerned, if they're still alive. My excuse is, I'm looking for any nuggets about the farm, and that is true--but also, I'm finding so much fascinating stuff that the job is taking me forever. Recently I found a diary Jackie Dalvit Guthrie kept for half a year in 1961 when she was 9. Brief entries, but delightful. I sent it off to her. Forgive me, Jackie, for sharing a few of your notations that I saved: "going to practice today on thrid pisishtion"--"I started 3rd poisen this morning"--"Today its cloudy. And that's the way it goes."--"While their at orctra [*her parents*] Steffi and I went with granpa Dougan to a lecture on animals it was interesting but I got sort of sleepy" -- "Jan 24 I am going to my grandmas house to practice my piece. grandma Dougan is going to have an operation on her finger."--*Jackie tells her diary about Stephanie*: "Steffie by the way has long blonde hair blue eyes and in 2nd grade. I am in third grade. (Steffy is my sister.) P.S. in case I forget."--"boy was my teacher Frenchey He sure had a lot of purfume on. After he went we could smell the purfume in the air."--"Today walking home from school a man drove up to us and asked if we wanted a ride. So I remembered what Mommy told me about being kidnaped so I ran away and Julie a friend got in the car and I shouted get out and so did Steffy. But soon we found out he was her father." --"Steffie and I are making a play house out of a pighouse."--"March 6 Mom had a bad day today first the box of cards fell down, the garbage fell, the water flooded the road, and Mom went to a concert that was a week to early."--"July 29 Today we got to our Aunt Jackie's house. Steffie and I and some friends of Aunt Jackie and Mom and Dad had a picnic on the lawn. Aunt Jackie's friends were bad mannered."

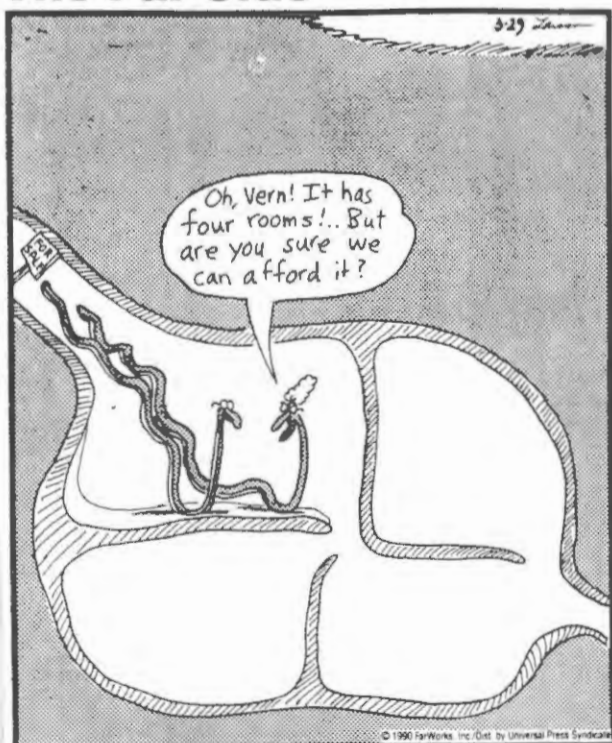
## UPDATE ON THE FARM

**Beloit.** The latest word is, (late October) that they will sell the bonds in February, close on our property in April. Then we have 60 days to get out. The whole thing grieves me more than I can say, but, what's the alternative. Shepherd may move the seed house, possibly Chez Nous. He may be allowed to farm the land next summer; our farm is slated for commercial and light industry, and that won't come for a while. I hope to reap another crop of asparagus. I've been gradually sorting, did a whole lot with Cressida last spring, but there's still a lot to do. Question: What if the bonds don't sell? Then the property reverts to us, I guess. Once we're out, Nick the dog can go home, but what will happen to Angus the cat? Last time someone tried to adopt her, she walked all the way back to Chez Nous. Took her three days. But it's a longer walk from Springfield. **BIG QUESTION:** I have not yet found the board that's carved with **A ROOD DURTY DRAWERS**, from the old schoolhouse. I simply can't have hidden it that well, and forgotten where; also it was safe where it was. I'm coming to the reluctant conclusion that Dad in his dotage gave it away. But to whom? The Bartlett Museum? Or to you, Jerry Dougan? When he gave you the Miss Glenn/Trever picture? Also never has shown up: Mom's gorgeous beaded Parisian dress.

## BUT SOMETHING REMARKABLE SHOWED UP

**Chez Nous basement.** It was there all the time, looked like a wall. But it was the back of a huge cabinet with glass doors, probably held dishes at Aunt Ida's, for "James Croft 1895" is on a tab on the back, never noticed before. (Liz Weir made the discovery.) And I've found two pictures of the Croft house interior, both with the cabinet in them (and James Croft). My guess: the summer we moved, 1938, us kids were all at the lake, so we left from the Little House and returned to Chez Nous. At some point that summer I bet Hazel and Aunt Lillian moved into an apartment (it was around that time), and that impossibly huge piece of furniture got given to Mom and Dad, who put it in the far recess of the basement beyond the furnace, and must have forgotten all about it. Since the glass faced the wall, the unfinished back looked like wall. And it was in that section of the basement we never went in--full of storm windows, etc. So we kids never noticed it. It never got appraised, of course, so with considerable effort several men wrestled it out and up the stairs to a U-Haul and thence to Elle and Royce's; they cleaned it up, and it's now the star of their living room. Can you imagine a house (Chez Nous) so big that you can lose a cabinet 7 feet high, 5 feet wide, 2 feet deep, for 63 years?

## The Far Side



Tapeworms in a cow's stomach

### UPDATE on MORE STORIES FROM THE ROUND BARN

**Springfield** Northwestern U Press has taken its time, the book won't be out for this Christmas, but it IS in the Spring 2002 catalogue, and projected publication date is July 2002. Given what Stephanie's told me about her book and the Sept. 11 catastrophe, I'm glad the publication is not now. **I AM GOING TO TREAT IT AS A NEXT FALL BOOK, SO KEEP IT IN MIND FOR HOLIDAY GIVING 2002.** I'll mount a publicity blitz, and I'll offer the same deal as before: you may buy it from me at what it costs me, 60% of list price, plus the postage to send it. (I get a royalty, so all I'm losing is the bookseller's profit, which I don't want on account of income tax.) My interest is still in getting the BIG BOOK published, and the way to assure that it to sell lots of MORE STORIES. **You will find BOOK #2 fully as good as BOOK #1. You can't go wrong!** MEANWHILE, if you want hardbacks or paperbacks of STORIES for this holiday giving, let me know: 217-544-2916, or 816 N. Fifth St, Spfld IL 62702, or jjackson@uis.edu . Judy Hocking, blessings on her, just bought 8 paperbacks at ten bucks each! AND, a hardback at \$15.



*"Getting U.S.D.A. approval means a lot to you, doesn't it?"*

### THERE'S MUCH TOO MUCH NEWS FOR THIS MAILING. I WILL NEED TO SEND ANOTHER ISSUE ERE LONG TO TELL ABOUT:

- the UIS trip to Scotland, with family members Jackie, Damaris, Gillian, Cressida and Paul Campagna in the class. (We visited Forbes and Craigievar castles!)
- Jackie's recent neat honor from UIS
- Ron Dougan's induction into the Beloit Hall of Fame and they forgot to tell us
- Royce and Elle's good news (due date: June 1)
- Jackie's trip to Michigan to see the Hockings, and Pam Taylor, almost-cousin over from Cornwall.
- some sad deaths
- the Ydes move from West Bend to Madison
- Cheswick's hairball
- Gillian teaching a chemistry lab again
- Jeremy, Wendy and Kestrel, and many more, having to evacuate their homes in the Wilson, WY fires this summer, but the fire was stopped in time.
- continued deterioration of the round barn; owners keep trying to raise money
- other news from family (let me know yours!); other news from friends (ditto).
- much fascinating stuff from the Archives!

ALL THIS AND MORE COMING SOON TO A NEWSLETTER NEAR YOU.

(I've long given up trying to send Christmas cards or letters, though I appreciate receiving them. Have happy holidays--as happy as possible under the circumstances.)

