

Dear Lucille,

I know of no one in Bloomington to whom I am so grateful. For your backbreaking, groundbreaking, indefatigable path of helping fellow humans remember and make room for — the many facets and uses and lore of the natural world.

I loved my ten minutes each spring with you, as you once again willingly agreed, on the phone, to take me into the basement with my can to fetch that new season's allotment of red wriggles for my Garden Towers.

I loved working on the Transition Bloomington team with you, especially writing its Statement of Purpose, I think we called it, at your house, in that back porch room, early in the morning.

I loved the days when the Center was located on Walnut Street, upstairs, and I went there, once, in my early days here, to join with others in talking about what it would take to make Bloomington "sustainable."

So amazing, how that word is now ubiquitous, and has been taken over, co-opted, as happens to all the good ones. Like the word "natural," and the word "organic." They become marketing tools, brands, ego-identifications.

But you stayed the course through the decades, no matter what the changes in the culture. Your yard was an early on Wildlife Habitat, much to the consternation of some of your neighbors.

We talked, at times, of how my neighborhood seems more conducive to the mission I've set for us here than yours was, for you and your mission — to rewild ourselves while allowing the wild back into our formal, rigidly controlled lives.

You lived your talk. And had done so for longer than anyone I knew. Christine Glazer, a fellow friend and elder of the movement towards environmental sanity in this town, says that, for years, you were her teacher, her mentor. She learned much from you.

While I am stunned and greatly saddened to hear of your transition to the world beyond, I cheer you on to what is, I suspect, a greater journey of joy, exploration and service.

Thank you so much, thank you, dear friend, dear Lucille, I surround you with love — and bon voyage!

Ann K.