

I have just a few thoughts to share with all of you about Walter. I first met Walter just after the snowstorm of Feb. 11, 1983. Lisa and I drove down from Hampshire College, where we met as students, to visit and then to go to a dinner in New York city on Saturday night with my father. I probably was not the ideal vision of a boyfriend most fathers think of. A young, pony tailed, bearded guy with a VW microbus. While he may have thought many things about me that day, I'm sure he was not thinking about seeing me again in less than a week. Certainly not at a wedding.

Lisa called her parents that Tuesday after we filed our marriage application and his question was ... can he come.

I'm recalling now the gracious way he accepted me in to the family that day.

Through the years he was to me, a hand to help, a shoulder, a laugh, someone to talk to, someone to talk with, in good times and not so good times.

He was my friend and my dad, if not my father.