

Dreaming

INGEBORG WECK

The constant rocking, from starboard to port, and from stem to stern; those furious, lashing waves towering high above the proud towers; the rolling deck, a perfect test for an acrobat; the dank smell of foul air and sick humans; the sea and sky covered with a heavy grey veiling: a perfect picture of an Atlantic storm at its furious height.

Human fears electrified the air, frantic mothers called straying children, thunderous voices issued calm commands, able-bodied men obeying hurried orders,

and all others waiting to man the lifeboats if necessary. But wait, a shore in sight, safety at last, ruffled nerves calmed, peace — quite forgotten — again returned.

Hopes, fears, and courage stood the test of time. Souls were strong, souls believed, and souls trusted; thus the goal was reached in safety.

Yes, not so long ago that picture was real, alive, being lived; now, it's just a dream, a memory hidden from view, a part of a never-to-be-forgotten time.

To Roz

BETTY HAWKINS

You would be startled if I stood before you and stated curtly, "Thanks." You might think it a game and carol flippantly, "Oh, that's all right. Just anytime—," or "Whoops! The girl's mad!" And yet all the time you would know why I was thanking you — for being you; gay, funny, all-mixed-up, the embodiment of all that is young; intense, dramatic, casual, carefree, glowingly alive.

For what you have been to me, thank you. You were the cry for help making me strong; the agitation making me calm; the question making me think; the ambition making me strive.

We were never bound by the usual ties; those of similar habits and mutual friends. Our ties went deep to our hearts, ties not of circumstance but of intellect, ties that made words superfluous.

Thank you for laughing with me at Keats, for liking twinkies dunked in coke, for writing crazy clever letters when the phone was at your elbow, for enduring my puns and inevitably topping them. Thanks for liking double park swings, for wearing pig-tails, for always getting stagefright, for wearing pink sweaters and not wearing mirror earrings.

Thanks for being you, Roz. Thanks for past memories and for future dreams.