

Fancy Nancy, with an impeccable eye. Fancy Nancy was inscribed in the concrete floor in our home in Wayzata. As you can see about you, my mom was an great artist, altho she was shy about claiming she was an artist, a trained designer with a short career before we all came along and amazingly creative as Mrs. Stitches, Hardenbergh Handicrafts, Eratta Press and the Deciduous Bindery and in her every day life.

Wild Woman Nancy. She and Robin would run along the ridge pole of the rectory as children. When their mother came home from work, she would avert her eyes and rush inside without saying a word. She also told me about diving deep to get under the white water in the big waves at the second break.

Gifted Athlete Nancy, Field Hockey, Soccer, in high school she was given a scholarship at Wykham Rise, perhaps not explicitly for basketball, but, certainly with the understanding she would play. Golf, Tennis, and of course, Paddle Tennis Club and Tournament Champions on several occasions. I remember being in 4th grade and winning races in the school track meet. I came up to her should, so I was not little. I challenged her to a race from the paddle tennis court to the house and she beat me! It was a few years before I challenged her again.

Her love of sports stayed with her when she slowed down. Fan of the Vikings, the Wild, the Red Sox and the Twins. She went to the 1991 7<sup>th</sup> game to see the Twins win the world series.

Keen intellect Nancy, from star to finish. Her greatest fear was losing her marbles. She need not worry about that any more. Master Points in bridge and Honors in the New York State Regents in Geometry. But not keen on school. She would become a scholar later in life with Peripetics. She claimed she only with to Parsons because juniors spent the year in Paris. As that would have been 1939, that did not happen. Instead, she met Collis in a wartime aircraft factory. She came home one days and said “Mother, I met the man I’m going tp marry” she said, “Good, what’s his name” She replied, “I don’t know yet”

The picture of the Christmas Stocking symbolizes her love for her kids. Each Stocking carefully stuffed with magic and joy. Each kid unique, each of us loved unconditionally. I think all of us have jested from time to time – “I know you all think you are her favorite child, but I know I am!”