

In 1886 they moved to Denver. Here two more children were born--Ethel and Eugene. And then in 1892 they came to what is now called Englewood. And it was here that their last child, Ruth, was born.

After leaving the gold mines, Theodore Calloley worked for thirty-one years for the Denver Bedding Company, and then for twenty-three years more he was associated with the Davis Brother's Drug Company. He was one of Englewood's first Aldermen, and one of the first men to work for and promote schools and churches for our town.

In 1938, at the age of 84, he retired and for the next five years enjoyed the kind of life he loved best--working in his garden, with his flowers; visiting with his children and with his children's children; or just sitting with his wife there on their wide front porch, where the door was always open for those folks who always dropped in.

On September 18, 1943, Theodore Augustus Calloley was called home into his Father's house, leaving behind, for a little while, three sons, three daughters, six grand-children, two great-grand children, and a host of friends.

These are some of the facts of Grandpa's life--a rather cold tabulation of a few of the things that he did. But they're not enough! He was so much more than this.

Perhaps he could be best described as a little bit Irish, with all the warmth and sparkle, all of the kindness and fine humor which is so much a part of the Irish. And he had that sort of smile that made you feel good inside. He was that kind of person who instinctively loved people. He was always willing to believe the best about a person--to give each person he met the benefit of the doubt. He believed in me; even when I didn't believe in myself. He believed in me. And his belief meant more to me than I can ever say.

We have come here today to show, in this special way, the love we have for him; love which was born in and nurtured by the love he had for us. We loved him. You and I. We love him still for he has not really gone away from us. He is with us yet, and he will always be--in our minds and in our hearts.

Yes, we have come here today to pay our respect to a fine and loveable man. But in reality no tribute that we might offer, no words that I might say could do him justice. And that is the splendor of it! He needs no carved memorial or coined phrase to keep the quiet strength and splendid sweetness of him remembered. He so endeared himself to us that he is forever enshrined in our hearts. He will not be forgotten.

There is a beautiful hymn which, I think, is very symbolic of his later life:

Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom. Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home. Lead thou me on...

There never was a man who sought more for the light than did he--a man who searched more diligently for God.

Lead kindly light. Lead thou me on!. It was his humble faith; his living creed. And God asks no more than this of any man.

Prayer: Dear God, hold him very close. He was among the best. And though we wish him here, there is a note of triumph in our grief: we are a little proud to know that he has gone on ahead; that you have called him home. Amen.

William C. Tremmel

LETTER WRITTEN BY MIKE TO MY PARENTS. It is a better expression of the experience of our being Stuck on the Yellow Brick Road than I could ever accomplish on my own.

February 12, 1953

Dear Mother and Dad,

When I think of the variety of things that I could write about, I am almost frightened, because I know that, indeed, this could become very long. However, if you can forgive me for skipping from one thing to another without warning or fanfare, I shall begin.

Thanks for the warm greeting for my birthday [February 11]. This and your letter, Mother, I count as two of the special things that helped make this day a happy one.

In my last letter, I told you that soon I would tell you our appreciation for the lovely gifts

you sent for Christmas, and I want to now. You simply can't know how excited I am to have the steak knives you sent to me. You really can't! On several occasions I have seen wedding and shower gifts that included sets of steak knives. And always I thought, and sometimes said to Bill, out of the corner of my mouth, "I wonder what kind of people one has to know in order to get a set of steak knives." I've wanted some for such a long time--and it would have been a long time before I would have gotten any. There are so many other things always needed--plus the fact that I never think of them until we need them. Actually, I would never have believed that we needed them so often. Somehow passing the paring knife around the table has gotten to be a fixed habit. We are enjoying the luxury of all being able to cut our meat at the same time and a bite at the same time as is proper. The steak knives weren't the least bit hard to get used to, and they are on the table at least once every day. Needless to say, they don't cut steak every day, but they work equally well on other things, too.

Bill likes his shirt a lot and it fits perfectly. It's easy to wash and iron, which I can appreciate. He never has enough sports shirts. Sports shirts and slacks are strictly in vogue in Kansas in the summer. Neckties are usually too warm and few men dress that formally on Kansas summer days...

Mike wrote to tell you that he liked his shirt and scarf. And he does. I notice that he considers the shirt you sent quite special because if he knows something unusual is coming during a week of school, he will keep that shirt back for that special day. If nothing unusual is going to happen, then he wants to wear it on Monday. He has very definite ideas about what he likes to wear - clear down to favorite slacks. He much prefers long sleeved shirts and, like most of the boys his age, he doesn't care much for cowboy shirts. Jim loves cowboy shirts but, as you might guess, Mike is too serious and grown up for such pretending. He does play at "pretends" however. He can be an Indian, a cowboy, a doctor, a father, a teacher, a truck deliver, a policeman, a president, a farmer, a hunter--or any number of characters--all in quick succession. But I think he doesn't want to dress like any one of them because then he couldn't change to something else as quickly as he might want to.

As for Jim, he received three shirts for Christmas--two more than Mike. This was something of a victory. He needed every one of them. And he likes each one. He, too, is quite partial to the one you sent. It's the brightest! I like it because it doesn't show soil and he's awfully cute in it--all that bright red plus his sparkling little eyes makes quite a combination. Both of them like their scarfs. The plaids in them are lovely.

Before I leave Christmas I must tell you a touching story about your package. A few days before it came, my Mother had written to say that she had just mailed a package to Mike and Jim. They always want to hear our letters ...and so I had read my Mother's to them and they were immediately excited at the prospects of having the mail truck bring a package. A day or two later the Christmas mail truck came slowly down our block while Jim was playing outside. Mike was at school. The men carried packages to both houses on both sides of the street north of us. I saw Jim standing on the sidewalk watching intently. But then the men got in the truck and drove up almost to the corner past our house. Poor Jim, I could have wept for him. He wanted so hard for a package. To hide his disappointment, he ran up the sidewalk and began climbing the willow tree in the front yard. Then he looked over his shoulder and saw one of the men coming in the direction of our house with a package. He scurried out of the tree and there were stars in his eyes as he helped the man bring it to the door. As soon as the man turned loose of the package, Jim hugged it to his body and for a moment just stood there loving it. I shall never forget his expression and I thought, "Thank God!" When he finally loosened his clutch on it, he said, "It's from Grandma and Grandpa. It's our package that Grandma wrote about." I looked and said, "Well, Jim it is from Grandma and Grandpa, but it isn't the one that Grandma wrote about." And then I explained that it was a package he hadn't even known about, and that the other one would still come to give him another happiness. Also I realized the great necessity of preparing him for other days when his little friends might receive packages and he wouldn't--and vice versa. He understood that when I explained it to him. But he certainly hadn't understood as he stood waiting on the side of the walk that morning. And so I say again that one never

knows what one act may mean at the moment it is transmitted. Do I need to tell you that you mailed your package to us at the exact best moment? You saved the day and because it was so important I wanted you to know. Needless to say Jim will not expect a package every time someone else receives one, but that time it was so good that it could happen the way it did....

We're so glad you like the pictures we sent. Bill does such a nice job with the camera. We have so many pictures (in slide form). We have gay times when we get our slides and projector out. Sometimes we do that with Mike and Jim after dinner. Most of the time I read to them for an hour or more. Sometimes they play a mean game of checkers or cootie or cat and mouse with Bill. After dinner in the evening is always "Our Children's Hour". If it were only for an hour, I'd get more done, but it wouldn't be so much fun. Gee, what they'd do with a television set. That is one of their chief ambitions. They dearly love it. Occasionally they visit our neighbor to the south and frequently she invites them for television. Mrs. Soden is quite an amazing person and one of their favorite friends. Mrs. Soden is one of the older citizens of Emporia--has lived here all of her life. She and her husband (who died about 25 years ago) always had money. She has a lovely house and lovely things in it. Also she has a big yard and flower garden that blooms profusely from early spring to late fall. She has, in fact, the best tended yard in Emporia--so much so that when we moved here we wondered how we could ever be happy and keep her happy--we with our two boys and two dogs. Everything has been lovely between us. I think she is a really great lady. Mrs. Soden is 80 years old--doesn't look it or act it. A divorced daughter...lives with her...Also living with her is a son...who is a cerebral palsy victim. Bill Soden has a news stand in one of the office buildings down town. He has various hobbies. One of these is coin collecting. He has brought parts of his extensive collection for us to see. Also, he has helped me with the collections that I have worked on for Mike and Jim. Mike's I've worked on since he was born. It's fun. Mrs. Soden gave Mike and Jim each big pennies 100 years old. This made them very happy.

Didn't mean to give you a run down on our neighbors, but we do like them and, as I said, Mike and Jim do get the thrill of television sometimes because of them. Also, I am so happy for their association with someone older. It's a good way to learn that there really needn't be such a bridge or gap between youth and their elders.

The president of our college died on the third of January. This is extremely upsetting to us. We had gotten to know him quite well and to know him was to love him. Dr. MacFarlene was a Scot--brought here to America when he was young. But he never fully forgot Scotland. He was gay and serious and sentimental and religious and good, at least to those he liked. We were two babes in the woods whom he took kind-good care of. His death is upsetting. Mrs. MacFarlene was just as genuine as he was and I am sorry for her. Their home is across the street and one house down from us and so we saw them often.

Now you know what I meant when I said that there are a variety of things that I could write about. It has become long already--and I'm not finished yet. This is Sunday night--February 15. Mike and Jim are quiet and tucked away for the night. It's 8:30.

You no doubt wonder how Bill is coming along. [WCT was recovering from a hernia repair.] He has, we think, come along very well considering everything...However to say he is well would not be true. He is taking care of all of his classes and last Sunday and today he went to both of our churches and preached. He functions very well until noon each day. But by afternoon he can barely stay away from the bed...He is not supposed to drive the car for two or three weeks yet. I am the taxi. I was most of the time before anyway and so this takes little more of my time. Between him and Mike and their varying schedules. I know the path to school well...

My Mother and Dad came by and stayed a couple of days with us in the middle of January. They were on their way to Florida. They had planned to be gone about a month. However, in the notes sent with valentines for Mike and Jim, they were still in Florida and were not planning to start back for a week or so...Mamma has always thought that I had too many white shirts to iron and so while they were here they had an ironer delivered to the house. I am still flabbergasted at the thought of it. When I walk in and see it standing there,

I almost think I'm in the wrong house. I've had lots of fun using it--so have Mike and Jim with the flat pieces they iron...So far I'm kind of frustrated but perfectly willing to learn. And when I finally can turn out a professional ironing on it, I'm sure I'll think that I can never be without it again. It is already such a wonderful help. I don't dread that basket of ironing the way I used to.

I have been on a cloud! Bill had Santa bring me a big new double dresser for Christmas. I'm thrilled to pieces with it. It's a lovely piece of furniture. Formerly we had only a small chest of drawers to put our things in, in our bedroom, and Mike and Jim had even less. They fell heir to the chest of drawers, which pleased them. The dresser is very plain in design and looks very pretty with the very plain Hollywood bed that Bill made soon after we came here. The bed was an old one that had a high headboard. He used the foot piece for the head of our bed and sawed the other piece even with the springs. It is solid walnut and very nicely done. Bill can do many things, and does them well.

I shall soon finish this and send it on to you. Also, I should rest my pen.

My pen--I'm very proud of. Bill, Mike, Jim bought it for my birthday. I haven't owned a fountain pen of my own since someone stole mine while I was working at Scott Battery [back before Opal L. and WCT were married]. Just one of those things that never got replaced. I've been borrowing Bill's all this time. I think you'll be surprised to know that Bill still uses the one you gave him several years ago. He doesn't lose things the way he used to. It's still a very good pen. I'm not sure, but I think that his irritation at my always using it was the reason I got one for my birthday. I'm suspicious because I know why he got a new billfold for Christmas. He was always using mine.

Incidentally, I think that this is one of the last birthdays that we will use the proper number of candles on the cake. Twenty-nine candles can look like a bonfire. I wouldn't have been surprised to have the neighbors send a fire truck...Mike and Jim were impressed. They said, "Let's turn out the lights--it's bright enough without them." Not very nice! They sang Happy Birthday over and over again--at the suggestion of Jim.

Mike and Jim love the valentines you sent...I don't know where I was when it came time to send valentines this year. Not one...went out from here. I think part of the reason...was that I haven't been down town for a couple of weeks. The other reason was that Mike requested cookie valentines for his friends at school. Jim and I became involved in making them. Jim gave cookie valentines also. He and I cut them out and baked them while Mike was at school. Both of them used my cake decorator and squirted red frosting around on them when Mike was at home. This consumed two evenings for them. They put a dot of frosting on the back of each cookie and stuck them to a small paper doily. They were attractive and all strictly their idea. Quietly to Bill, I said that the valentines reminded me of fishing. He said, "Why?" and I said "Because those stringy blobs of red frosting reminded me of fish worms." Mike and Jim claimed that it looked like Chinese writing. Anyway, they had lots of fun with their valentines. And I had forgotten how exciting Valentines Day is. Jim met the mail man each day after yours came--hoping for more. There were a few more in the mail...He even built a valentine box after Mike told him that he had made one at school...Saturday morning he was up early to open his mail. He had a good time.

Now it's time to let you go. Don't think that I will always take this much time and space...
Love, Opal