

WALK WITH ME



By
HARRY BRILEY

Chapter 8 – Anne Rittenhouse and Her Family

Second Edition
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Chapter 8 – Anne Rittenhouse and Her Family

I cannot continue my story without Anne. I started a separate document about her as a memento of her death in 2010. However, the more I separated out her story from mine (and vice versa), both story lines suffered in continuity and comprehension of our joint activities. In 2014, I wove our stories back together. Therefore, I must explain Anne’s back-story in this chapter before our move to Livermore, California.

Anne’s Father and His Family

Anne grew up among bookshelves, ghost towns, and historians of the Southwest. Her father, Jack Rittenhouse published the commonly seen reprint of his “Guide Book for Highway 66” in 1946. He photographed nearly every New Mexico Ghost town and Indian pueblo, often with his two daughters visiting these historic sites on day trips.

Jack’s Memoir

For Christmas 1980, Anne sent a hand-written journal book as a gift to her parents. I had never seen it but it surfaced in 12/2016 in her mother Charlotte's estate. Anne wrote short snippets of her varied memories growing up as a way to thank her parents.

Anne wrote to her father in 12/1980 (edited):

Your year as a hobo is a treasure that I shared with Harry as much as I remembered. Such a rich part of our country's history has become personal to me, such as washing floors in a café for a piece of day-old pie. You rode the trains sometimes using your belt to secure yourself so you did not fall off, if you fell asleep. You added a special chapter to my history.

She said that she had wished she had audio-recorded Jack's hobo stories. Anne's 1980 accolade might have triggered Jack to begin memoir writing in 1981. That next Christmas in 1981, we received the first of several annual chapters of his memoir.

Starting in 2010, I edited and illustrated half of his wonderful first draft memories called **Recollections**. His initial chapters describe general family history and Boy Scout years. Follow-on chapters described his years as a Magician, a Railroad Hobo, an Oil Industry Publicist, a Publisher (Stage Coach Press), an Editor for UNM Press, a Rare Books Dealer, and a well-known Historian of New Mexico. Please enjoy reading his visually expressive memoir chapters directly rather than my repeating his story here.

Basic Background

Jack (11/1912 – 8/1991) was born to Earl Rittenhouse and Hazel Giles. After a discouraging divorce, Jack re-married to Charlotte High in 9/1944 in Saint Louis, Missouri. They remained married very affectionately until Jack's death in 1990.

Charlotte kept every store-bought birthday, anniversary, and valentine day card from 1944 through 1990. Sometimes he gave a card from the racks written in Spanish. He signed them simply as "Jack 19__" but wrote his pet names for her on the envelope.

Anne wrote in her 2008 life summary:

My dad, Jack, had good memories of his years in the Boy Scouts. Grandpa Earl was his scoutmaster. He fell just short of Eagle Scout. He was senior class president in high school and got a partial college scholarship, but in the midst of the Great Depression, he did not finish. This was a decision that he regretted.

He regaled us with stories of his boyhood. Once, he and a couple of friends used to make root beer and sell the bottles to construction workers for a few cents a bottle. A prissy little boy wanted in on the root beer market and made his own which all popped [shortly after bottling] and made a mess.

As true for many memoirs, Jack did not write about other people's stories except the accounts on many joint activities with Charlotte. Children rarely appeared in his pages.

He commented about this situation in his Acknowledgements (edited):

I have thus not written much about my dear wife Charlotte or the children. However, without them there would have been no story, no success. They were my true incentives, not my ego. Without them, all else would be empty.

Anne's Mother and Her Family

Charlotte Jewell High (6/1922 – 12/2012) was born to Frank High and Clara Pearl Pratt. Her daughter Susan Blair assembled dozens of binders of raw genealogical data for the Platt and High families. Those original binders reside with Dennis Blair in Texas and Charlotte's set of binders resides in my library. I sent Charlotte's copy in 2/2015 to Richard "Dick" Freer, Charlotte's nephew through her sister Hazel, in Jonesboro, Arkansas. Richard is the family historian for the High side of the family.

Charlotte did not write narratives about her life or family. Other than names and dates from the genealogies, I have no narrative prior to her marriage to Jack Rittenhouse. Even then, the available material about Charlotte fit better within Jack's memoirs. I built up the following High family backstory from a news article and a few collected letters.

High Great Grandparents

Both the families of Charles Haines High (1831-1912) from New York and Julia Ann Phelps (1838-1924) from Vermont pioneered during the westward pioneer migrations.

They married in 1858 in Iowa and homesteaded in the corn belt of Iowa. Charles was a farmer and attended the Methodist Episcopalian church. He proudly was a lifelong member of the Republican Party since its inception after the Whig Party collapsed.

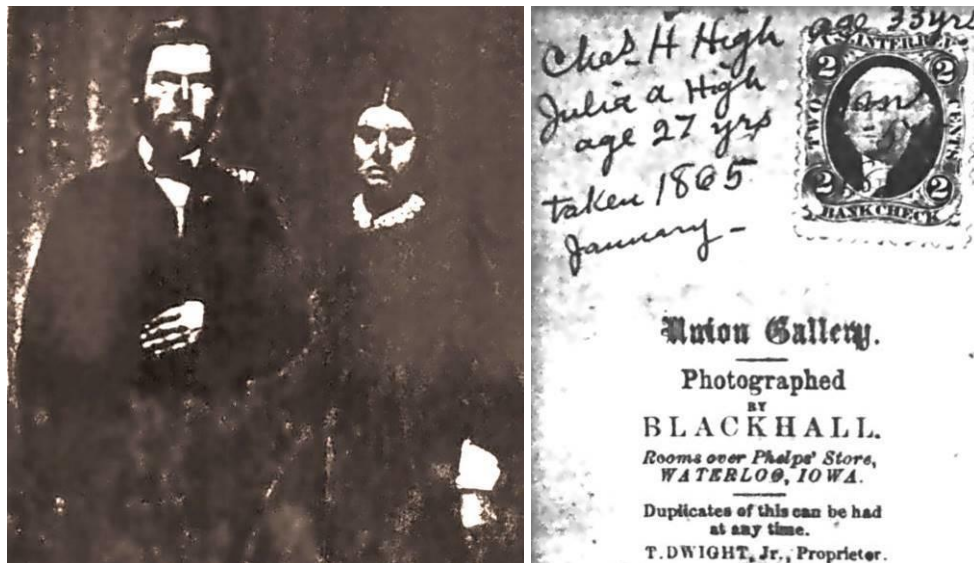


Figure 1 - Charles (33) and Julia (27) High - 1/5/1865

Their five children included:

- Linnie Alice (1859-1943)
- Jed Arthur (1861-1952) - Charlotte's grandfather
- Frank Albert (1866-1944)
- Nellie Mable (1868-1966)
- Charles Henry (1876-1956)

Victorian Era Fashions and Protocol

The photo below seems to be early 1902. Anna [nee Houck] died in June 1902. Julia [nee Phelps] wears black (cassimere? taffeta?) in the formal sitting. Charles is absent and his adult married sons appear to be the appropriate age for that year. All high society women of Philadelphia wore black cassimere dresses as the height of fashion in 1880.



Figure 2 - High Family - c.1902

Standing L-R: Jed Arthur, Anna [Houck], Frank Albert, Julia [Hoflund]
Sitting L-R: James Myron Houck, Charles Henry, Unknown, Julia [Phelps]

Every man wore a vest and an unbuttoned coat. Even in Civil War 1865, when a soldier or officer did not wear his vest, society protocol required that he button the neck button on his uniform coat (even if he left the rest of the jacket sloppily unbuttoned). An open shirt at the neck meant the man was unschooled, uncultured, uncivil, and uncouth.

The women in the photo were not wearing gloves, but their long-sleeve dresses buttoned at the neck and went to floor. This was long past the Civil War hoop skirt era, but I suspect that many women still used uncomfortable corsets.

While the clothing seems appropriate for cool climates, Julia holds a folding hand-fan, which betrays that this sitting occurred in warm weather (or that she wears a corset).

Civil War Era Childhood

Anne's mother, Charlotte, typed up in 1952 a few hand-written family letters. I edited each letter for readability while keeping their Midwestern farm tone.

Linnie High Grenelle dictated memories in 3/1942 a year before she died.

[In 1864 or 1865,] *Father and Mother (Charles and Julia High) made up their minds to "go pluming". We lived on our farm about 2.5 miles northeast of LaPorte City, Iowa. They hitched up the team to the lumber wagon and took Jed and I, the only children at the time. My parents sat on the spring seat, and we children sat on the bottom of the wagon box in front of our parents. They drove to the plum grove at the edge of the timber.*

Jed and I tired of picking up plums and asked to go down to the riverbank and pick up pretty stones. While playing, we looked upriver, saw something coming, and thought it was Indians. We ran back screaming, "Oh Pa! Oh Ma! The Indians are coming". [Our parents] went over to the riverbank. Looking up the river, they saw two people in a rowboat but no Indians.

Going home from gathering plums that day, Jed and I sat again on the wagon box floor in front of our folks. [Due to the jostling of the wagon,] I left some of the plums I had eaten along the way as I had eaten so many. I regurgitated them up and was so sick!

[In that year,] *Father was out in the field and Mother had gone over on an errand to Mrs. Fikes, a neighbor who lived about a quarter of a mile away. Jed and I were left at home with the instructions "If a spark of fire flew out of the firebox at the front of the 'elevated oven' stove, we were to take the dipper and pour some water on it." She left a pail of water so if a spark flew out we could put it out. (I had once sat on the hearth in front of that firebox and caught my apron afire).*

There was a porch in front of the main window. After a while, we heard footsteps and then heard someone setting a gun down on the porch and it leaned ever against the grain sacks in front of the window where we could see it. We jumped up from our play and called out "Oh ma! Where did you get that gun?" but in walked a big Indian buck. He marched up to the stove, turned his back to it, putting his hands behind him to warm himself. We said, "Ma has gone over to Mrs. Fikes." He merely grunted. After he warmed himself, he walked out, took his gun, and walked away. That was the last we saw of him. When Mother returned home, we told her and was she frightened! I suppose a group, in passing through the country, had camped on the river near our place.

[My parents] *found 15 or 17 snakes in the old spring when they excavated for a milk house. I remember going to the spring to get water and having a snake rile the water more than once!*

Once, Jed and I sat in the old well curb [?] put in the yard. Ma and Mrs. Sherman had gone gathering herbs. Jed started rocking the curb and I said, "Be careful, you'll tip it over." Well, it did tip over and lit on my arm, breaking it. When Ma and Mrs. Sherman got back from the woods, Jed said, "Linnie says she broke her arm but I don't believe it." However, it was broken, for they had to get the doctor.

On [1/8/1866] Father came for us at Mrs. Wilkerson's, and said, "A young man wanted to see us", and baby Frank was there.

[We were not rich by any means!] About 1884, when my [second] husband Edward Grenelle (1837-1914) finished his term as Mayor he brought home some wire hooks for the clothes closet. It was the vogue to tie lace [window] curtains back with ribbon (there being a pair at each window). It took about 5 yards of ribbons per window. I had three parlor windows and knew that Edward could not afford to pay for 15 yards of ribbon.

Frank Albert High responded to his younger brother Charles about childhood:

Dear Hize [Charles Henry High ... dated perhaps spring 1940]

Most of what [our older brother] Jed said about Uncle Julius [Phelps?] death is news to me. However, I remember the overcoat. I remember Uncle Julius' [Civil War] canteen that we kicked around on the farm for a long time. It always reminded this young kid of a mud turtle.

I do not remember Jed cutting off his big toe [as a child], but [I had to wear his] boots which had a big cut across where my big toe was located. Returning from school one day through the woods and trudging through deep snow that had fallen that day, I froze that self-same toe since the cut [in the leather] had hardened and pressed down shutting off a proper amount of warm blood.

When Julia [Hoflund] and I began married life [in 1891], I [preached] on a four-point circuit. In other words, I had four [churches] where I ministered. Now I have only two: First Methodist church in University Place and Grace Methodist church down in the city. Each has around 1200 members. I am putting on a Lenten campaign in both churches. My term expires right after Easter and I will be looking for a new job. If anyone who reads this has a job for me, let me know by fast mail. I am willing to take anything except being President of the US!

[Rev.] Frank (Albert High)

4844 Walker Avenue, Lincoln, Nebraska

[Frank was clergy and wife Julia was a lay delegate to the Methodist Conference]

[University Place in Lincoln is bound by 33rd Street to the west and 63rd Street to the east, Holdrege to the south and Fremont and Knox Streets to the north. The Nebraska Wesleyan University campus lies in the heart of University Place.]

Charles Haines High (Sr)

Charles (the senior) farmed but had an active political and religious life. His adult roles influenced two of his sons (Jed and Frank Albert) to become ordained preachers.

The Waterloo, Iowa Evening Courier wrote in 9/21/1910 (edited):

*PIONEER OF 1853 VISITS OLD HOME
C. H. HIGH AND WIFE HERE FROM MANGAM, OKLAHOMA
Voted Straight Republican Ticket since Party Started*

Charles H. High, a pioneer of Black Hawk County, having come to Spring Creek Township in 1853, is here with his wife for a visit among the early settlers who still survive. The couple lives in Mangam, Oklahoma, where a daughter resides.

In 1853, Mr. High, together with his father and brother, "Hass," drove to the vicinity of Waterloo with two yoke of oxen hitched to a covered wagon. They stopped on the east bank of the Cedar [River], opposite an island at the site of the present city, and camped for the night. The next day they drove to the "Big Woods," which had gained considerable repute as the center of a rich farming community. Later they returned by way of Cedar Falls, which was even then a hustling town with a population of 600, and the county seat.

Mr. High finally bought land and settled in the corners of four townships, which were located in two counties: Spring Creek and Fox [townships] in Black Hawk, and Jefferson and Westberg [townships] in Buchanan. There he acquired 204 acres and made what he called a "model farm." It was wooded beautifully and a spring of crystal clearness and icy coldness wended its winding way through the cooling shades of the forest. On the southern slope, he cultivated his crops, and on the northern slope, where the spring sunshine did not strike directly, his apple orchard thrived and produced a bountiful crop.

Taught in Clark Neighborhood

Mr. High had a wide acquaintance among the Clarks, Dennys, Teeters, Cooleys, Hydes, Rickerts, Burlinghams, Tennants, Robes and other early settlers of Spring Creek and Fox townships. He taught two terms of school in the Clark neighborhood, and among his pupils were Mrs. W. M. Robe and William Clark, now residing in Waterloo.

His parents [Rue and Keziah], who died at a venerable age, were buried in the quiet country churchyard in Spring Creek township where also sleep many other well-known pioneers. It is notable that Rev. J. G. Kepford, himself a pioneer of that section, spoke words of comfort and hope to the mourners at the side of most of the open graves in that cemetery. Mr. Kepford, who is the father of former Police Judge U.B. Kepford, the well-known lecturer on Tuberculosis, is now residing at Independence. In the early days, he was connected with Mr. Hryon in conducting a gristmill on Spring Creek.

Active and Alert for His Years

Though High is 79 years of age, he is well preserved physically and mentally, and enjoys excellent health. "I have voted the Republican ticket straight ever since the party was organized," he says, "and am a progressive of the progressives. I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the greatest single force for good and Godliness that the world has ever seen. In its fold, I find great comfort and in the religion of Christ, I have a hope that is undimmed and never faltering."

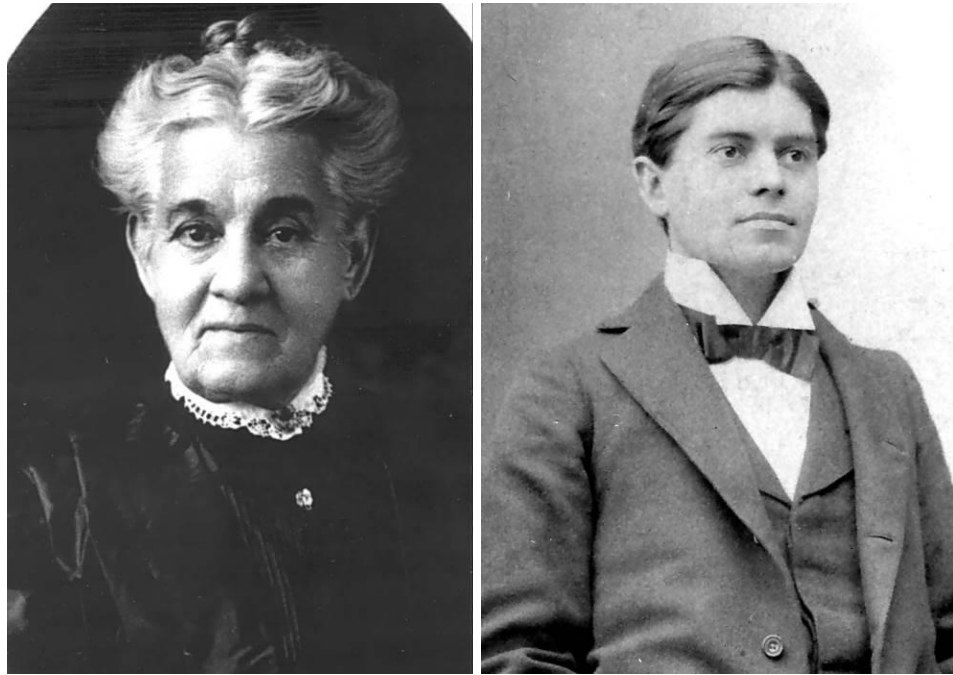


Figure 3- Julia High c.1920 and son Charles Henry Jr ("Hize") c.1896

Not only was Charles Haines High a member of the Methodist Church, but the local Annual Conference voted him in as a member of the Iowa delegation to the General Conference, held nationally every four years. In 1880, he was part of the Methodist Protestant Church delegation and in 1910 part of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I suspect this name change was due to church-wide mergers. When reading his letter from the 1880 General Conference, remember that the Civil War recently ended in 1865.

Charles (senior) wrote to his family on 5/23/1880 from Pittsburg:

General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church

President: George McElrey, DD

Secretaries: Rev. W.S. Hammond, Rev. W.H. Joran, Rev. A.H. Widney

I wrote on a postal stating our safe arrival at the opening of General Conference.

Brother Brown and self are feeling first rate as we board and room together, something that we did not expect. We have as we figure it better than average than the [other] conference members. We board and room at 107 Haggart Street. The proprietors are Mr. and Mrs. Reed. We have a large well-furnished bedroom

all to ourselves, [but] the bed is too hard for my use for want of [it to be stuffed with soft] feathers.

Our room is 2.5 miles away from the conference room. We go to place of business taking an half hour by street car carrying our lunch along, having an hour to eat it at noon, and then adjourn at 4:30pm to take tea at 5pm.

Sister Reed is a good woman, as is also her sister who does the cooking. I have shaken hands with [Iowa] Brothers Scott, Sparks and Murphy. Brother Johnson will not be here we think. The first noon after our arrival, we invited Brother Scott and Sparks to eat with us. Brother Scott remarking that he did not expect to eat of Sister [Julia] High's cooking [pre-packed?] as soon as this.

Conference did not do much but organize the first day and [thus] killed time instead of saving time. Some southern brethren, especially one from North Carolina, has [spoken on] the floor more than their share. We Iowa members have not put in our first speech. We think it wisest so far, to see how well we can keep our seats, which has been well done. On the second day, committees were named and selected. I am in the committee on boundaries. It is composed of seven members and most all are southern men.

Today I have been to church at 11am and Sunday school at 2pm. I had a very pleasant time at each place. I have noticed much the fashions of both ladies and gents and I counted in a street car, 5 out of every 7 wore black cassimere dresses and even on the streets more than [80%] wore black and that principally of cassimere. This is an elegant place of nearly 200,000 people.

Truly, it is a smoky city. The bark of the trees is black with smoke and coal soot. The everlasting hills are on either side. Mr. Reed, Brown and I went up by stairs 200 feet and we could look right over the city or a good portion of it. Coming back down, I concluded to keep house and let them all go to evening services.

It is almost 9pm and they will be in soon. I want any of you to write me the particulars. I sent [my brother] Rue a card the first day and expect an answer soon from him. I wish you to direct your letters to the Methodist Protestant Book room as they have arranged with the Post Office so to do. Have you sold any hogs, etc.? Tell [my daughter] Nellie to write me a letter. Brother Brown, agreeable to promise, seeing that I got my [starched dress] shirt on the right side in front, for he spoke about it before I buttoned it up.

*They have come. I must quit for this time. Love to all C. H. H.
[Charles Haines] High, Methodist Protestant Book Room, Pittsburgh, PA*

High Grandparents

Jed Arthur and Anna May Houck (1859-1902) married in 1881. During Jed's long life, he was once a Reverend (dates and denomination unknown) serving in Carter County, Oklahoma. He does not appear within the Methodist General Conference index.

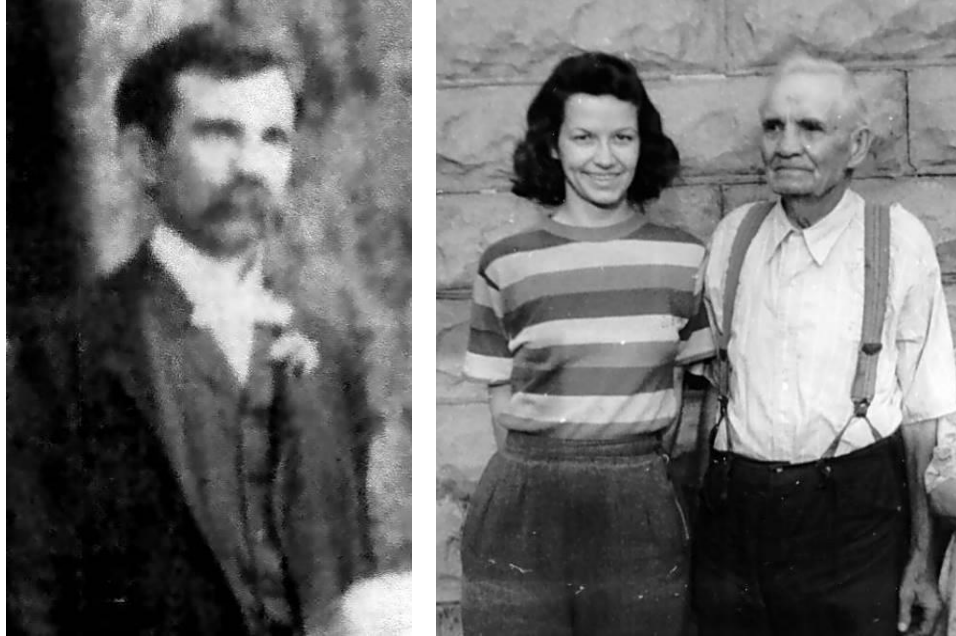


Figure 4 - Grandfather Jed Arthur c.1902 – with Charlotte 5/1944

Their four children included:

- Frank Arthur (1883-1949) – Charlotte's Father
- Anna Mildred (1884-1889) – Died as a child
- Paul Maxfield (1889-1896) – Died as a child
- Julia Almira (1894-1942)

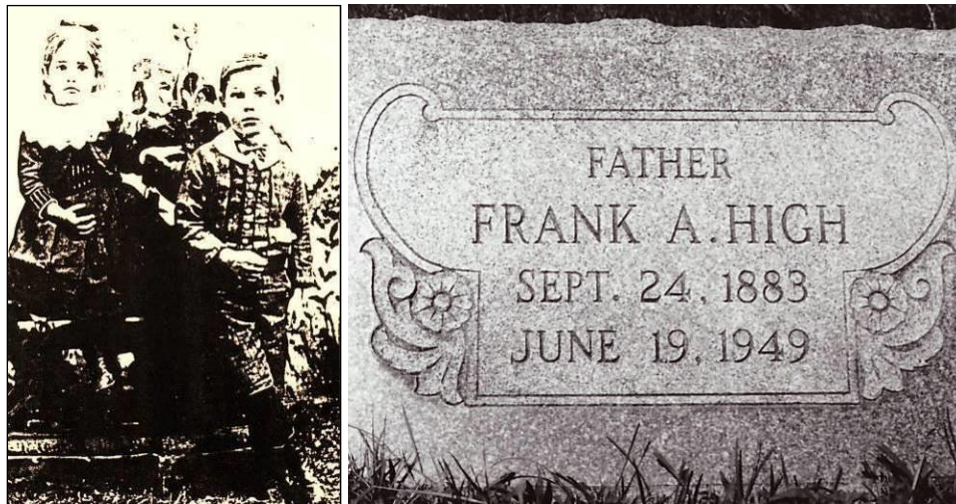


Figure 5 – Anna and Frank Arthur, c.1888 – Headstone, 1949

High Parents

Frank Arthur and Clara Pearl Platt (1888-1981) married in 1904. Frank was a carpenter. They moved about both Illinois and Missouri but settled in Cairo, Illinois. Richard Freer (Hazel's son) and residents pronounce that mid-western city as "Kay-row" to distinguish it from Cairo (Kai-row), Egypt. Pearl was an active member of the Church of God and raised their four daughters within that denomination.



Figure 6 - Maternal Line: Four Generations - 1909

Adults L-R: Laura English **Pratt**, Clara Pearl Pratt **High**, Lucy Ann Hargan **English**
(Charlotte's Grandmother, Mother, Great Grandmother)

Children L-R: Clara Hazel and Ellen Louise (Charlotte's older sisters)

Their four daughters included:

- Ellen Louise (1905-2003) – Lifelong single
- Clara Hazel (1908-1984) – Richard Freer's Mother
- Frances Laverne (1915-2007) – Married George Balch
- Charlotte Jewell (1922–2012) – Anne's Mother



Figure 7 - Frank High Family – 12/1923

L-R: Ellen, Charlotte (on lap), Clara Pearl, Frances, Frank, Hazel



Figure 8 - Frank High Family - 1936

L-R: Frances, Charlotte, Clara Pearl, Frank, Ellen, Hazel
They stand in front of their home at 4327 Kussuth, St. Louis (1933 to 1940).

A New Old Home

As the girls left home, Frank and Clara bought a small fixer-upper house at 227 Lilac Drive in Riverview Gardens. Clara sent out three photos of her new home taken during Christmas week 1940. The newly built front room walls were tarpapered but did not yet have the exterior siding boards. In the new right side wall leading to the older porch, Frank installed two stained glass windows with space for a fireplace between.



Figure 9 - 227 Lilac Drive, Riverview Gardens, MO – 12/1940

On 1/24/1941, Clara described the photos taken during Christmas (edited).

[We have] five trees in front and five down the side drive. The rest are grapes. The shed on the north belongs next door, as most of our ground lies south.

We built out the big front room from the two smaller rooms. The kitchen had doubled as the front room. We needed more kitchen than bedroom, so we have the rollaway bed by that porch side window. You can see a scaffold on the south and work bench in front. I use a stepladder as front steps. How do you like our fancy new windows? Daddy left room between them for a fireplace someday.

One tall tree is a circle of rose bushes. The trellis in front has white rocks all around it. I hope to have the porch clear across the front this summer, within two or three feet of that rose circle, so I can just sit and smell the roses, ah my!

The [porch] side window is in the kitchen where I sit, sew, and look out for the postman to bring letters from my dear little girls. [A motherly hint!] One icicle is still hanging on the eve [a month later].

Charlotte wrote about this new home:

I married from this house. [My parents (Frank and Clara),] Hazel, and Elmer [Freer] pose at the [new] front door. My father scrounged those [stained glass] windows. He was unhappy that I thought them of questionable taste.



Figure 10 - Clara Pearl and Frank High - c.1944

Their eldest daughter Ellen graduated from Cairo High School in 1923 and never married. She became a caregiver at a girl's orphanage called "The Shelter" in Cuttack, India. She much later graduated in 1947 with a Bachelor in Science from Anderson College and Theological Seminary. She then cared for orphans as a nurse in India and China until 1964 (26 years on mission). Ellen held a special interest in Anne and her sister Susan, always praying that they would become positive towards Jesus. I met Ellen when she visited Charlotte in Albuquerque. When Ellen died, she left Anne with a large hand-carved cedar wood hope chest from China that now sits at the foot of our bed.

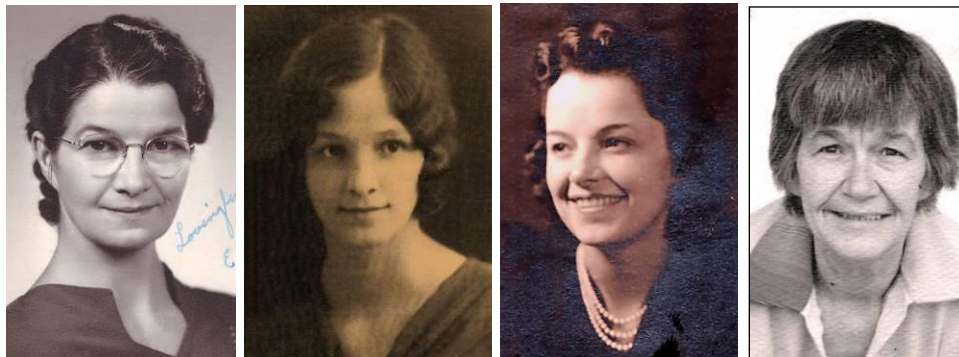


Figure 11 - Ellen, Hazel, undated – Frances, 1942 - Charlotte, 1977

Charlotte High

Only a few records exist of Charlotte's youth.

STATE OF ILLINOIS
Department of Public Health—Division of Vital Statistics

ORIGINAL

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Registered No. **27810** (Consecutive No.) **87**

1. PLACE OF BIRTH
County of Albion Registration Dist. No. 16
Township or Road District or Village of Carroll Primary District No. 3007
City of Carroll
Street and Number, No. 689 St. 9th Ward. Hospital
(If birth occurred in hospital or institution, give its name instead of street and number.)

2. FULL NAME OF CHILD Charlotte Jewell High (If child is not yet named, make supplemental report, as directed)

3. Sex of Child Female 4. Twin, Triplet, or other of birth no 5. Number in order of birth 1 6. Legitimate? yes 7. Date of Birth June 5 1922
(To be answered only in the event of plural births) (Month) (Day) (Year)

8. FATHER 8. FULL NAME <u>Frank A High</u> 9. RESIDENCE <u>Carroll</u> 10. COLOR <u>White</u> 11. AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>35</u> Years		14. MOTHER 14. FULL MAIDEN NAME <u>Pearl Pratt</u> 15. RESIDENCE <u>Carroll</u> 16. COLOR <u>White</u> 17. AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY <u>24</u> Years	
12. BIRTHPLACE (City or Place) <u>Carroll</u> (Name State, if in U. S.) (Name Country, if Foreign)		18. BIRTHPLACE (City or Place) <u>Missouri</u> (Name State, if in U. S.) (Name Country, if Foreign)	
19. OCCUPATION <u>Postmaster</u> (Nature of Industry)		19. OCCUPATION <u>housewife</u> (Nature of Industry)	

20. NUMBER OF CHILDREN OF THIS MOTHER. (Taken as of time of birth of child herein certified and including this child)
(a) Born alive and now living 4 (b) Born alive but now dead X (c) Stillborn X

21. WHAT TREATMENT WAS GIVEN CHILD'S EYES AT BIRTH? None

21. CERTIFICATE OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE
I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child, who was born alive at 12:40 P. M., on the date above stated.
*Where there is no attending physician or midwife, then the father, mother, householder, etc., shall make this return. (See Sec. 13, of vital statistics law.)
22. (Signature) Henry A. H. H. M. D. (Physician or Midwife)
Address Carroll Telephone Carroll
Date Certificate Signed June 5 1922
(Month) (Day) (Year)

23. Given name added from a supplemental report
(Month) (Day) (Year)

24. Filed 6-15-22 Registrar Carroll

WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK - THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD - IN CASE OF MORE THAN ONE CHILD AT A BIRTH, A SEPARATE RETURN MUST BE MADE FOR EACH, AND THE NUMBER OF EACH, IN ORDER OF BIRTH, STATED.

Figure 12- Charlotte Birth Certificate - 1922

ON THE AIR

STEINWAY-AEOLIAN PIANO RECITAL

KMOX, Tuesday, August 15th, at 2:15 P. M.
(Broadcast on 1090 Kilocycles)

CHARLOTTE HIGH

Talented eleven-year-old pupil of Miss Mary Reilly, well known
St. Louis Piano Teacher. Studios at 4382
Penrose Street (COLfax 0988-W)

Courtesy of Aeolian Company of Missouri

Piano Study is not a luxury . . . it brings joy to untold thousands of children when properly taught. A good Grand Piano is indispensable and easily acquired . . . visit the Aeolian Company of Missouri, 1004 Olive Street, "The Steinway Store". Reasonable prices . . . Convenient terms . . . Equitable allowance on your old instrument.

Figure 13 - Piano Recital on the Radio - 8/1933

As a 17-year old teen leaving for college, she wore a wine-colored sweater that she knitted herself. She especially liked the co-ed photo taken in Forest Park in St. Louis.

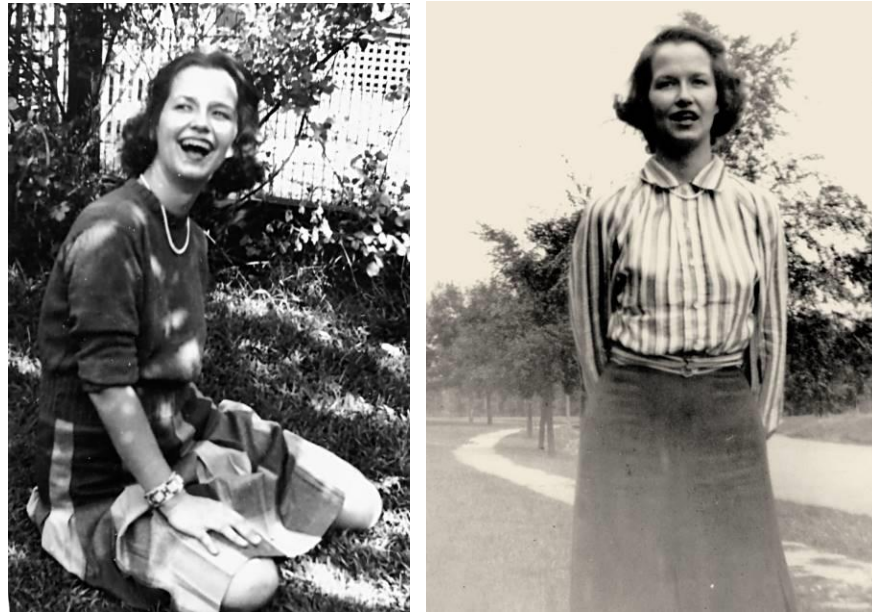


Figure 14 - Charlotte in St. Louis at 17 (1939) and sometime during college

Jack's memoirs describe meeting Charlotte High in Chicago when she was a young Union organizer. The country desperately needed a voice for fair dealings with laborers in the automobile feeder upstream industries. These manufacturing companies brought ill will upon themselves by treating the workers as expendable machine pieces.

Jack filed for divorce of his already dissolving first marriage and yielding custody of first son David. He made a life-long run with Charlotte as his second marriage on 9/17/1944. They had three children, Douglas, Susan, and Anne.

In the late 1950's, their family took several road trips across the southwestern United States, among California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. From their 8mm home movies, I transferred, arranged, and edited numerous reels of silent footage. Charlotte commented on a voice-over track for the compiled footage in our Livermore home. Some well-placed sound effects and appropriate music brought those old silent home movies to life. The VHS video master tape and Charlotte's former copy are in my home. I converted this video for public YouTube access.

Douglas

A gregarious and gentle person, Douglas topped out with a mental age of an early elementary school child. He initially became a ward of Texas at the residential Austin State School for the Mentally Retarded. Admission requirements were set below an IQ of 70. They moved him to the newer Denton State School for the Mentally Retarded (built in 1960) until his death at almost age 54.

Charlotte and Jack took the family to visit while in Texas on his birthdays. Jack brought him home for two weeks during every Christmas break over the ensuing decades.

RITTENHOUSE—Douglas G. Rittenhouse, 53, died November 27, 2001 in Dallas, Texas. Doug was the son of Jack DeVere and Charlotte Jewell High Rittenhouse of Albuquerque. He is survived by his mother; one brother, David Rittenhouse of Westmont, IL; two sisters, Susan Blair of Plano, TX and Anne Briley of Livermore, CA; one nephew; three nieces and one grand-niece. Services were held in Denton, TX. Should friends desire, memorial donations may be made to Volunteer Council of Denton State School, PO Box 368, Denton, TX 76202.



Douglas (9/1978)

Figure 15- Obituary for Douglas (Albuquerque Journal 12/13/2001)

There was some cultural faith in Charlotte's upbringing, but the liberal environment of Chicago Union activities did nothing to promote faith. Instead, Anne told me that unsympathetic churchgoers (in Missouri?) had criticized Charlotte for marrying Jack as a divorced man. They maintained that this was the why her first child was born retarded. That struck a deep wound in her spiritual core, festered for decades, and never healed.

Charlotte became an ardent feminist atheist who bristled at any intelligent person having faith. It is ironic that all her children in that faith-hostile home each became believers in Jesus during our college years (even Douglas believed, as much as he comprehended).

Ellen High explained to Anne on 5/17/1988 (extract):

As you are aware, Charlotte has a deep-seated trauma that she cannot always handle, even though she thinks she does. You [might] understand something of what it has meant to your mother to have lost her first fetus and then to have had a [mentally retarded] boy like Douglas.

Your half-brother [David], a healthy lad added to her [depression]. If Charlotte was willing to seek the Lord, she would have escaped much desperation and heartache that she has carried all of these years. I was with her and Jack in Houston a few days when you were just two years old [in 1958]. Both of them had seen psychiatrists and they had helped her over the terrible asthmatic spells she had. She said to me, "I got over them when I quit hating the world."

However, there is still that deep hurt tormenting her, only she seems to think she is in control. When I was there last March 1987, just a year ago, she flared up at me. I had never seen her act in such a manner and in public. Rather than being hurt I felt sorry for her. I had opposed and stood up to her, embarrassing her. She later "sort of" apologized and I refused to let it "get under my skin." However, I saw an entrance into my sister that I hadn't realized was there.

I am concerned about your hurt [with your mother]. Whatever has gone before, you must let the Lord cleanse, decimate, obliterate and cover with the Blood [of Jesus] until no hurt remains. So that whenever you recall that past, it will be with sorrow for your mother only. So that your forgiveness will be divine like that of Jesus when He said, "they know not what they do." Do not let bad memories linger. Dismiss them as soon as they pop up. Let compassion and love cover.



Figure 16 - George Balch, Frances, Charlotte, Ellen –1991

Data Processing Attempt

With one daughter at New Mexico Tech and another soon on the way, she enrolled in a diploma program at the Albuquerque Technical-Vocational Institute (TVI) majoring in Data Processing Technology. Charlotte, at almost 50, completed her course in computer programming and graduated with honors in 1/1972. She could not find employment, and later that year worked for TVI as a standby assistant and often as a substitute teacher. She completed a calculus course successfully at UNM during the fall.



Figure 17 - T-VI Diploma Charlotte - 1/1972

In Charlotte's family newsletter 1977:

Charlotte started [her fifth work] year at T-VI as a teaching aide in the data processing department, but at midyear, there developed a serious friction with a supervisor. It led to a climactic, unpleasant situation not of Charlotte's doing but resolved only by resignation. She took a crash course to refresh her skills [for] industrial employment in data processing, but by early fall nothing opened up.

Her family newsletters cease further mention of seeking data processing work. Instead, upon Jack's retirement in 6/1978 (at age 65), she became a full and very active partner in their antiquities book business. They gave away their Linotype machine in 1984 to a young printer, after sitting 16 years unused without resale value. This helped them focus on book sales alone. They sent out their last family newsletter in 1987. She kept in contact with several of her book dealer friends after Jack died in 1991.

Sizing Up Harry

Back in 1974, Charlotte considered me a lost cause, telling Anne during our courtship

“Oh, honey, he is such a loser.”

Her 1975 newsletter considered our May 1975 wedding *“the bluest family event of 1975”* sadly sensing both an empty nest and feeling that we married far too young.

She never lost her bristle but we more or less walked on eggshells around each other.

She warmed up to me on four points:

- I adored her husband Jack
- I appreciated his collections of rare books
- my computer career impressed her
- we kept our promise of Anne completing her Bachelor’s degree in Livermore

In 2004, after Susan died in 2003 and Anne started to decline, Charlotte named me as her executor for her Trust and Pour-Over Will. In her final years, she helped me locate Commemorative Quarters with a Philadelphia Mint mark. That joint effort completed my multiple mounted collections.

Charlotte wrote from Albuquerque on 2/29/11 (Leap Day, at age 88):

To gain some weight, I am back on the treadmill for one-quarter mile today. Weather here really cold, then a week of spring! Looky, looky, what I found [Wisconsin “P” Quarter enclosed]. I developed congestive lung disease. I do two nebulizer treatments a day.

I took my grandchildren on a road trip to Albuquerque for her 90th birthday in 6/2012. By now, her hearing was weak and age-fatigue gave her fewer hours of alertness. These great-grandchildren felt like most pre-teenagers dragged into the circle of an elderly person whom they did not know nor could appreciate. She knew that they perceived her as a virtual stranger. I suspect Charlotte started rapidly declining a month after that visit.

Closing Charlotte's Estate

In her decline, Charlotte and I worked frenetically during 11/2012 through six versions to get a suitable Power of Attorney to handle her bank financial affairs. She carefully read every page of each version. I doubt her estate would have had any manageability without that paperwork. She observed and appreciated my financial stewardship with Anne. Through the end, she remained an avowed atheist but still asked me to handle her estate.

Carol Myers (her friend) wrote in 2/2/2013

I am happy you have done so much for Charlotte. I wrote notes to her several times [last two years] and never had a reply. I know she lost her family (every one) in such a short time, but she has always been grateful that she still had you. I remember when you made trips to Albuquerque to help her with her computer. I knew at that time that you would always be there for her. And I thank you.

Charlotte stopped paying her taxes in 2004. The tax forms became lost in piles of unopened mail at her assisted living residence. She invested the funds from her home sale in high-yield long-term CDs that earned significant taxable interest.

The IRS refused to recognize both my Power of Attorney directly and my later Probate papers. A month passed to get permission to pay her taxes before she died. It does not make sense that the IRS refused payment on her past due taxes. After she died, the IRS required a completely different set of official forms. Penalties continued to accrue.

While she created a Living Trust with Pour-Over Wills, she placed only part of her estate into that Trust. That portion became free of Probate, which let me generate the first set of two annuities to the four grandchildren (since her designated daughters had died).

To the Banks, the Pour-Over Wills became moot without Probate paperwork since I was not a direct relative. Upon her death, I found the lawyer who handled her Trust. He still practiced in Albuquerque and set up the Probate case number that named me as her Personal Representative. Since I operated from California, I needed a local lawyer to start the process with the Probate Court of Bernalillo County, New Mexico.

With new identity numbers (one for Trust and one for Estate), I finally could pay her back taxes and halt the compounding penalties. Her neglect cost her \$39K (IRS) and \$18K (New Mexico). I filed as herself for past years and then as estate/trust after 2012.

Despite the State bureaucracy, a solitary woman employee helped considerably in tracking payments and closing out each past-due filing. I showed myself responsible and she gave immediate attention to questions since we both wanted closure on past taxes.

I moved most funds into the Trust to create a second set of annuities to grandkids after I controlled both sides of the fence. This difficult experience taught me to keep most of my assets in a Living Trust (free of Probate) as a means to have mercy upon my own named executor. I closed out both Charlotte's Trust and the probated Estate in 5/2015.

Anne's Childhood

When Anne appeared on the scene, she came with a zest for life. She had an older sister to compete with and an older retarded brother whom was clearly part of the family. Once Douglas moved to a State institution and Anne started elementary school, she carried a lifelong empathy for special needs kids. Douglas was always her beloved big brother.

Jack wrote in his **Books and I** chapter:

On 12/31/1955, our second daughter, Anne, was born that evening. A local newspaperman friend of mine, George Fuermann came over to my print shop. I set the type, printed a birth announcement, and we opened a bottle of champagne. We pulled the lever of the Washington Press when the New Year's bell rang.



Figure 18 – Anne (3) with Charlotte, Houston, TX - 12/31/1958

Jack pulled out his newspaperman’s camera or home movie camera over Christmas. Few home photos exist otherwise. I suspect he did this partly because all three children were available when he brought Douglas home from the State facility briefly each winter.



Christmas 1956 (Almost 1)



Christmas 1960 (Almost 4)



Christmas 1961 (Almost 5)



Santa Fe 1963 (Almost 8)

Figure 19 – Douglas, Susan, Anne – Christmas Portraits

The 1963 photo from Santa Fe introduces Susan’s cello, which eventually became Anne’s in high school. With a new case, that cello passed to Karen Briley in 2012.

The family moved to Santa Fe to a rental home while waiting for their house in Houston, Texas to sell. Jack recalled in his memoirs:

In [summer] 1962, we moved to Santa Fe. I sold my entire New Mexico book collection to raise money and borrowed some more. I rented a U-Haul truck and hired an unemployed oil field truck driver to handle it in two trips.

We first rented a small house at 1312 Maclovia Street.



Figure 20 – Anne at 1312 Maclovia, Santa Fe – 11/18/1987

Anne wrote about Maclovia Street to her parents in 12/1980 (edited):

I picked up the love for books, especially old books with old pictures. The first book I read in its entirety was Green Eggs and Ham. I was probably five.

We always had a cat. Even during the lean years, when we could not afford one, a neighborhood cat adopted us, [such as] George (whom we named 'Ranger the Stranger who keeps away Danger') lived across the street.

Through all of the hamsters I had, none ever got eaten, although [there were narrow escapes] a couple of times. You helped me catch a hamster by closing the door in the dark, setting out food, and listening for the munching. It worked!

I developed a bad habit of running around in the back yard at Maclovia Street with my socks on. [You made me] wash them in the sink. This [consequence] made sense to me since they were my socks and I got them dirty. I never considered that they never got put into the laundry.

What a morning Christmas Day in second grade was! The best things came in small packages like a box of 64 Crayola crayons and a fistful of lead pencils. I felt like a princess having such wealth. I received a little yellow plastic recorder [musical instrument] that I could toot to my heart's content.

I felt rich because of my early experiences. We left Santa Fe going towards Glorieta to pick pinon nuts. It felt like a treasure hunt to find the little pinecones. It felt like picking berries. I probably ate more than I gathered. I can almost smell the cool fragrant air. I got sticky sap all over me! You gave me a kerosene-soaked rag to wipe my fingers. Everyone should pick pinion nuts at least once. Daddy and I went to Fenton Lake. We rented a rowboat and cooked on a grill. We stopped by a stream to get my feet wet, but got out fast seeing all the spiders

I learned a valuable lesson about public property at Bandelier. You said, "A whole tree belongs to me and the same whole tree belongs to everybody else. However, if I took a speck of bark away, none of the tree would belong to me."

A little Indian girl guided us at a pueblo we visited. "Why don't you give her your doll?" you suggested. I did. Her joy and your beaming faces repaid me well.

I went with you to auctions. Once I started to sign for my own number until you stopped me. I thought you were just supposed to register. For little kid, it was difficult to understand the fast talk. The speed of speech is fast and unique. We can appreciate a real auctioneer because we have seen real auctions.

The special event on Maclovio Street was Walt Disney's annual three week showing of the Scarecrow of Romney Marsh. One year was raining or snowing. It was cold and dark outside. It was thus a [rare] occasion for building a fire in that little corner [Santa Fe style] fireplace. We ate wieners put on the end of that long wrought iron fork for supper. There was something very family-oriented about that yearly event that cannot be relived except through happy memories.

In 2019, I listened to a dramatization of *Anne of Green Gables* (FOTF Radio Theater, 2004) to hear a line Anne told often when asked. "My name is Anne, with an 'e'." The line made me wonder if this coming of age book was one of her youthful favorites.

Salazar Elementary

Anne attended Salazar Elementary during her first two grades. Due to her New Year's birthday, she started first grade with Mrs. Martinez at six and half going on seven.



Figure 21 – First Grade with Mrs. Martinez 1962-63

1962-63 (1st)



1964-65 (3rd)



1966-67 (5th)



Figure 22 –Elementary School Photos



Figure 23 - Second Grade with Mrs. Wanda Lowe 1963-1964

Mrs. Wanda Lowe taught Anne’s second grade for 1963-1964. Anne sits in front row near window. The report card below shows what teachers measured in the 1960’s.

NAME Anne Louise Rittenhouse GRADE 2

LEVEL I	LEVEL II	LEVEL III	LEVEL IV	LEVEL V	LEVEL VI	LEVEL VII	LEVEL VIII	LEVEL IX	LEVEL X
Reading Readiness	Pre-Primer	Primer	First Reader		SECOND READERS			THIRD READERS	

(Levels darkened have been completed by your child)

The graph above shows the amount of reading material to be covered before a child enters the intermediate unit, progress to date is shown in the above.

- Rating System Defined
- Letter Symbols Explained

EFFORT & INTEREST (Rating System)
 H—High: Child consistently tries to do his best work.
 S—Satisfactory: The effort exerted by the child is about that expected in this level.
 L—Low: Child exerts less effort than expected.

ACHIEVEMENT & CONDUCT (Letter Symbols)
 A—Outstanding
 B—Above Average
 C—Average
 D—Below Average
 F—Considerably Below Average

ATTENDANCE RECORD (Period)

	1	2	3	4
Possible Days Present	45	45	45	45
Days Present	45	45	44	44
Days Absent	0	0	1	1
Times Tardy	0	0	0	0

Rated for Effort and Achievement

	A	B	C	D	E	F
CONDUCT						
READING <i>A class group</i>	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S
LANGUAGE	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S
SPELLING	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S
WRITING	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S
ARITHMETIC	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S
SOCIAL STUDIES	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S
SCIENCE	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S
HEALTH	A	B	C	D	E	F
Achievement	A	B	C	D	E	F
Effort	S	S	S	S	S	S

Rated for Interest and Effort ONLY

	H	S	L
OTHER LANGUAGES <i>(English)</i>	H	S	L
ART	S	S	S
MUSIC	S	S	S
PHYSICAL FITNESS	S	S	S

Table 1 - Second Grade with Mrs. Wanda Lowe - 5/1964

Published Author

Since her father owned the press equipment, he delighted in making a book from a single sheet of tan bonded paper. Anne pronounced with great authority her understanding of American history and science. It became a long cherished family saying thereafter.

Her father printed the text on both sides such that the page folded in fours with the top, right, and bottom edges cut at 3 inches. A single saddle-staple in the left fold secured the resulting two double-sided sheets. This folding yielded a 3-inch booklet of eight pages. Since the text was only 60 letters, there was a lot of blank space for woodcuts.

Anne's nickname was "Boo". Her sister Susan was "Susie". They received a bouncy rocking horse the previous Christmas. Herewith is her first published book.

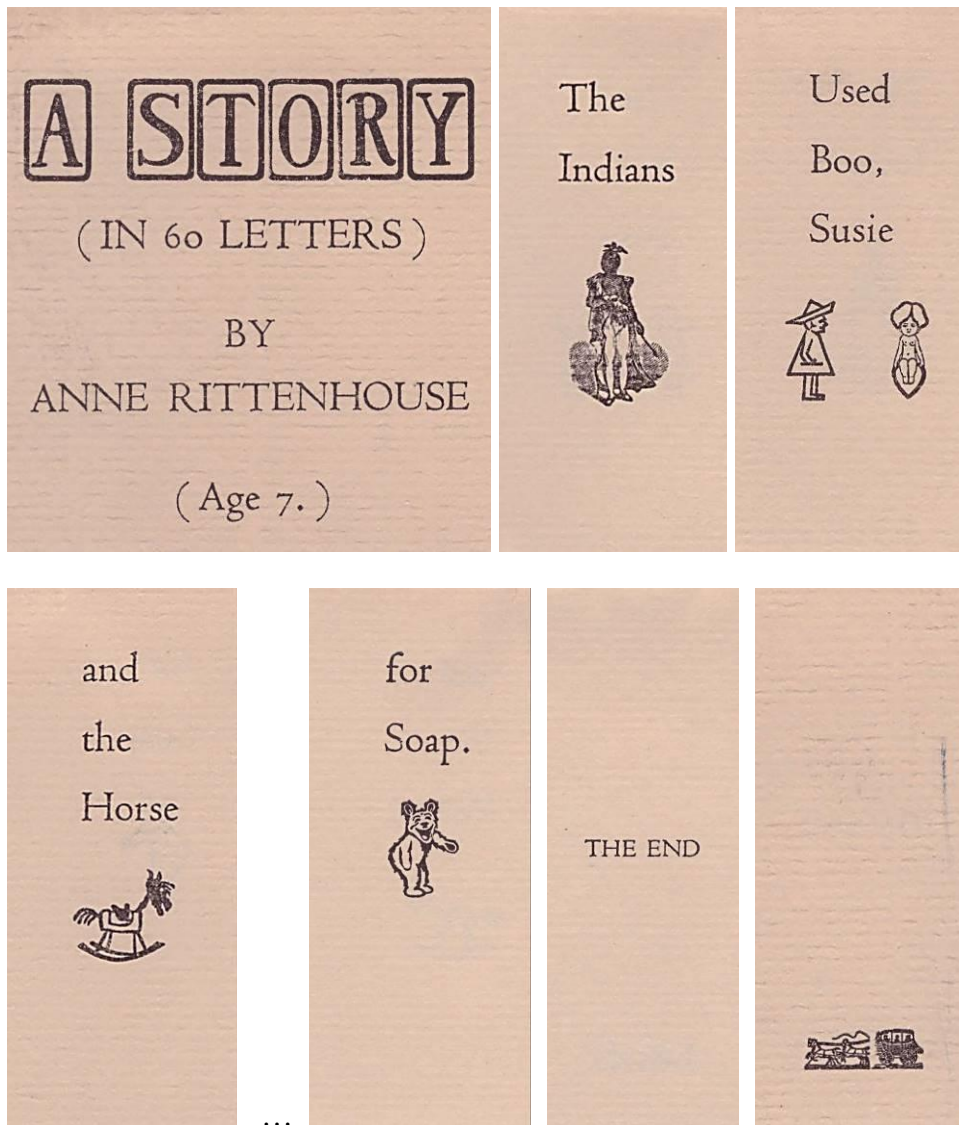


Figure 24 - Boo, Susie, and the Horse (Stagecoach Press 1963)

New Mexico Trips

Anne's parents loved northern New Mexico and explored it all during the 1960s. This included the obligatory pose on the Four Corners marker where Utah, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico meet. The family took Susan (and later Anne) to Girl Scout camp over the Palo Flechado Pass located near Eagle Nest, New Mexico. The non-winter pass is located in the Carson National Forest near the Sangre de Cristo Mountain.



Figure 25 - Four Corners and Palo Flechado Pass – 1963



Figure 26 - Tent Camping - Summer 1963

Anne reminisced to her parents in 12/1980 (edited):

I grew up with old pieces of pottery dipped in solution, dipped in water, and then laid out to air dry. I grew up knowing about a vault of pots partially assembled and a special safe of priceless (to me) turquoise jewelry. I knew what a "dig" was before I ever took the class on anthropology. I know what a se-pa-pu is.

We travelled the washboard roads out to the ghost township of Cabazon. That ride seemed awfully uncomfortable, as how old wagons and stage coaches felt. Cabazon was like an old movie [backlot] but this was the real thing. I wondered why people always seem so thrilled with [commercial] ghost towns that were only tourist traps selling plastic. They have never been to Cabezon!

I am [smitten by] old ruins. It was fun to imagine soldiers at Fort Union; sort of like [the TV series] 'F' troop but the real thing. You had a colleague there. So behind the scenes, I felt like a princess viewing the royal treasures. We had dinner at their house. I wish I could remember more [of our visit to] Fort Union.

Sometimes I get so impatient when Harry finds [and thrilled over] something like square nails in an old building. I grew up with these things. I love relics. I once thought the millstone in our back yard was an oxcart wheel. Mr. Arrowsmith once showed me a skull with an arrowhead in it. He said he did that to an Indian sneaking behind his store. I fully believed him. At the Governor's Palace in Santa Fe, the rifle in the rack with the piece of flint (partly wrapped in paper) belonged to us. We went up some back stairs of the Governor's Palace where you talked to some historians. A hallway bulletin board held photos asking "Do you know where these (places) are?" Child that I was, I wished that I knew. .

I remember the State Historical Society and felt so important to be working the registration desk for you. At the Alvarado Hotel, I liked the banquet with roast beef a lot but I was [more] fascinated as the speaker described taping [audio-recording] old timer stories and relating some material that the project captured.

I remember squawking at meatloaf one Thanksgiving on the road somewhere between Juarez and Chihuahua. I took only one dress and wore it the entire week. My time in Mexico went beyond tourist traps in Juarez and Mexicali. I have been in a place totally submerged in Spanish but made out OK.

*At the supermarket, [I discovered] they sold sandias and manzanos! [mountain peaks near Albuquerque named after the watermelon and the apple.] I was delighted at the 'foreign language' [Spanish version of] **Peanuts** [comic] books. I bought a roll of lifesavers [candy] and tried to get the right change [on my own].*

At the Old Casas Grandes, I did not understand why more was not excavated. I thought people had to go out and look for 'digs'. This place was just sitting there [unexcavated]! I was fascinated when a guide [said that I had just] walked on a small wall which was [in the form of] a snake with a forked tongue.

Reflections of Childhood

In 1/1985 (winter quarter), Anne and I attended a class together called “Spiritual Foundations” at Fuller Theological Seminary. While most of her seminary journal expounded upon the many required reading assignments, a few paragraphs swerved into biographical reflections about her childhood.

Regarding retribution, she wrote (Journal 1/21/1985):

Mob action scares me. In second-grade climbing the slide ladder, my heel must have hit the forehead of the little girl just behind me. I did not realize that until a small group of little boys surrounded me. One boy evidently wanted an eye for an eye. The little girl was there too. I said that I was sorry and the little boy did not let up. The little girl must have either seen that I was about to cry or perhaps saw that I was already crying. She said, “Leave her alone! She said she was sorry.” She had to say it three times before the little boy and his comrades-in-retribution gave up their role as [punishing] Pharisees.

The image comes to mind of the episode of the Pharisees with a mob bringing a woman caught in adultery to Jesus for summary judgement and execution. Only John records it, chapter 8, but that vignette informs us of our cultural proclivity to be vigilantes. The assigned text brought back her painful memory of this schoolyard courtroom. Anne resonated deeply with the unexpected forgiveness by Jesus towards that woman.

Regarding God as a Father figure, she wrote (Journal 1/10/1985):

I read that God’s love is “supportive yet severe”. I am curious about God’s role as a father who chastens his children in love. This is a concept I do not understand, but want to know about, since discipline in my childhood was excessively harsh and abusive.

Many people struggle with inconsistent fathers in general. Even the most competent father cannot measure up to God. Treating God as a father figure thus seemed like a downgrade in status. Anne never doubted God as the ultimate ideal of a father, but she had no personal experience about how discipline was divorced from angry punishments.

Regarding friendships, she wrote (Journal 1/5/1985 edited):

I am grateful for one of the great changes in my life since becoming a believer, and that change is that I am no longer deeply lonely. I was not a child that others wanted as a friend and hence I was the loner. The spiritual love in the community of Jesus Christ transcends this, because of the commonality with Jesus. Others see me through His eyes and can love me rather than [me living in] fear.

This journal entry spills the beans about her faith (see Collegiate Leap of Faith section), but it reflects her sense of exclusion from childhood social circles. She did not appear to be a wallflower but neither did she get much encouragement from her childhood peers.

Girl Scouts

Anne thoroughly enjoyed girl scouting as a Brownie (Grades 2-3), a Junior (Grades 4-6), and on through Cadette (Grades 7-9). She earned the First Class rank as a Cadette.



Figure 27 - Girl Scout Card, 1964-1965 - Sixth Grade, 1967-1968

Anne's Girl Scout sash for the Sangre De Cristo (Blood of Christ) Council surfaced in 2015. The name of the council refers to the mountain range, so named by the Spanish due to the spectacular sunset colors, but the translation reflected Anne's heart-level faith in college. She was in a troop in Santa Fe and moved to another troop in Albuquerque.



Figure 28 – Girl Scout Uniform Sash

Right: First Class Rank, Sign of Arrow, Sign of Star (1963-1980)
Four Cadette Challenge Pins- Social Dependability UR;
Emergency Preparedness UL; Active Citizenship LR; Girl Scout Promise LL

She earned her Brownie age-up wings and 23 merit badges (14 Junior green badges on the front side, 9 Cadette gold badges on the back). She earned 12 badges in 1968 alone.



Figure 29 – Girl Scout Merit Badges

Her Green Junior badges (L-R Top to Bottom) included: Paints, Collector, Observe, Magic Carpet, Rambler, Hospitality, Home Health/Safety, Toy Maker, Water Fun, Backyard Fun, Troop Dramatics, Art in the Round, Indian Lore, and Outdoor Cook

Her Gold Cadette badges (L-R Top to Bottom) included Child Care, Government, Hiker, World Tri-Foil, Creative Writer, Camp craft, Swimmer, Dressmaker, and Hostess.

Anne wrote in her 2008 life summary:

[My father's] *Boy Scout talents helped me become a First Class Girl Scout. He taught me skills to earn a few of the badges, for example, how to splice a rope.*

In Socorro, Anne volunteered as an assistant Girl Scout Leader during her college Junior year (1975-1976). In Livermore, she became a Brownie leader with Burlyne Wilson from Asbury United Methodist Church. They both moved up in troops as their girls aged up. Anne's jewelry box contains her 10-year and 15-year Girl Scout service brooches.



New Home in Santa Fe

When the family purchased the East Berger home in 1964, Anne started third grade with Mrs. Lila French at Wood Gormley Elementary two blocks away on 141 E Booth Street. We drove past both of her Santa Fe homes and that elementary school in 11/1987.



Figure 30 – Anne at 303 E. Berger, Santa Fe - 11/18/1987

Anne wrote to her parents in 12/1980 (edited):

What a home! I always felt that the pussy willow tree outside my window belonged just to me. I had a fear of being kidnapped one stormy night. I was sure someone was scratching their way in. You patiently showed me otherwise. This [tree] incident became one of my first literary efforts in the fourth grade.

What grade? How old?

Since Anne was born on New Year’s Eve, this table brings order to photos and storyline.

School Year	Grade	Age	School	City
1961-62	K	5.5	Spring Branch Elem	Houston
1962-63	1	6.5	Salazar Elem	Santa Fe
1963-64	2	7.5	Salazar Elem	Santa Fe
1964-65	3	8.5	Wood Gormley Elem	Santa Fe
1965-66	4	9.5	Wood Gormley Elem	Santa Fe
1966-67	5	10.5	Wood Gormley Elem	Santa Fe
1967-68	6	11.5	Wood Gormley Elem	Santa Fe
Fall 1968	7	12.5	Harrington JHS	Santa Fe
Spring 1969	7	13	Wilson JHS	Albuquerque
1969-70	8	13.5	Wilson JHS	Albuquerque
1970-71	9	14.5	Wilson JHS	Albuquerque
1971-72	10	15.5	Highland HS	Albuquerque
1972-73	11	16.5	Highland HS	Albuquerque
Fall 1973	College	17.5	New Mexico Tech	Socorro

Table 2 - What Grade? How Old?

Nine-thousand pussy willow buds

By Anne Briley (edited)

“Growing up was traumatic for me. This little girl was afraid of everything, especially as a third-grader.

My elementary school seemed a hundred years old with wooden floors and the white ceramic drinking fountains in the halls. The classrooms had two doors each, and there were long wooden bookcases on each of the long sides of the room.

My teacher wore long dresses and shoes that had to be buttoned. She wore wire-rimmed glasses, long before they were in style. I thought she was a hundred years old and a great-grandmother because she seemed so old. Her name was Mrs. [Lila] French.

She remembered when the school only had one building and called Wood School. The second school building was built a long time later, named after Mr. Gormley. That is why the school became called Wood Gormley [Elementary].

In class, we sat in rows of about six children. Mrs. French let us read science stories to the class for extra credit, but we had to copy them in our best handwriting. These papers got stapled on the big white bulletin board in the back of the classroom. That made us feel good. A boy named Paul always turned in one of these papers. He was smart and once he said his father was a scientist [likely at Los Alamos Laboratory]. He was smart but always got in trouble. Once Mrs. French paddled him because he talked back.

The little girls in class always wore dressed in nicely starched dresses with lots of ruffles, hemmed right at the knees, no shorter. We wore petticoats that itched. If you were a proper little lady, your mother made you sleep on curlers every night. Debbie and Michelle were two of those proper little ladies and two of the most popular third-graders.

I felt honored when invited to Debbie's birthday party. My mother bought Debbie's birthday present the day before the party. I cried when I found out it was a Mother Goose Book! I was so humiliated. That was a baby book. Plead as I could, she would not buy anything else, so I took it to the party. The birthday girl was very nice about it, she smiled at it and said it was pretty. I never got any more birthday party invitations.

Third grade was when I started being afraid of things. I always thought someone was going to kidnap me. This fear started when Debbie announced that someone put a hand over her mouth, but she bit him. After that, I was afraid to walk down narrow streets [of Santa Fe] where elderly men strolled. I was afraid of them. I had no reason to distrust them, except someone tried to kidnap Debbie.

Noises always existed in my bedroom. At eighty years old, the house creaked all the time. I did not mind the noises at first. After Debbie reported her adventure, a strange banging sound started coming from under my window. I looked at the old curtain and it curled strangely from the top corner edges. It all seemed to be so eerie and frightening. This was spring and strong breezes started blowing at night.

There was a big front yard with a big apricot tree. I used to climb it a lot, but I fell out of it once. It used to have a big evergreen tree in the center of the yard, but it was cut down after I moved away. There was a vacant lot beside our house, but I never played there. It had too many bushes. [Instead,] my backyard was a special place. We had a great big swing set that I used to love to climb on, and a lot of Chinese elms. There was a huge hedge of purple lilacs that left a little secret play yard just for me. The whole backyard was fenced in. It was a perfect place for cookouts with my [young] Girl Scout friends.

My little mind dreamed up all sorts of stories about being kidnapped and carried away. They were never scary, except that when you go someplace new it's always strange and frightening at first to be away from home. I [imagined being] taken to the Governor's mansion (the only mansion I knew of then) and given plenty of new dresses, lots of sweet treats, and my hair got curled every day by nice ladies who never pulled your hair when they brushed it. I was to have a maid to clean up my room every day. I felt like Dorothy of the Wizard of Oz at the Emerald City (in the movie version).

Well, back to the noises in my bedroom. My bedtime was at eight o' clock and I usually went to bed without too much fussing, or at least I don't think I fussed too much.

However, when the spring breezes started blowing and the thoughts of getting kidnapped crossed my mind, it was pretty hard to get me to go to sleep. I never told my mother that I thought I was going to be kidnapped. I don't think she ever knew why I didn't like to go down narrow streets, and why I didn't like to go to bed. She did not know I was afraid of the noises in my bedroom at night, not until that one night that I heard the knocking on my window. This knocking was different from the swishing noises heard before. I was sure they were coming to get me. "KID-NAP-PERS!", I screamed. In an instant my mother and father were in my room. My face was wet with tears. I could scarcely control myself. My mother asked me what was wrong. I told her that there were horrible men trying to come in my window.

My father walked over to the window and checked the lock. Then he realized something. My father has a very special Daddy smile that says I love you. Well, he walked over to my bed and scooped me into his arms. He took me over to the window and opened the curtain all the way. He said it was a very windy night, to which I readily agreed. Then he had me look at the pussy willow tree [next to my window] the next time a gust of wind blew. I watched as the wind caused the pussy willow branches to snap against my window. My special tree, the one with nine-thousand furry little pussy willow buds was the culprit! I am no longer afraid of being kidnapped, at least by a pussy willow tree.”

= o =

Wood Gormley Elementary

The boy Cub scouts and girl Brownie scouts proudly wore their uniforms for class photos in the 1960's. Anne sits near the chalkboard door.

V



Figure 31 - Third Grade with Mrs. Lila French 1964-1965

Six Weeks Period	1	2	3	S	4	5	6	S
ACADEMIC SUBJECTS:								
Arithmetic	B	B+	B	B+	B+	A	A-	
English	B	B+	A	A	A	B+	A	
Science	C+	B	B	B+	B+	A	A	
Reading	B	B+	B+	A	A	B+	B+	
Social Studies	B	B	B+	A	A-	A	B+	
Writing	C	C	C	B	B+	B	B+	
N. M. History	B	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Spelling	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	
Health and Safety	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	
Others								

Six Weeks Period	1	2	3	S	4	5	6	S
PERSONALITY TRAITS:								
Cooperation	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Courtesy	S	S	O	O	O	O	O	O
Initiative	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Dependability	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Work Habits	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Health Habits	S	S	S	O	O	O	O	O
Conduct	B	B	B+	A	A	A	A-	
ATTENDANCE								
Days Present	29	29	29	30	30	29		
Days Absent	1	1	1	0	0	1		
Times Tardy								

Table 3 - Fourth Grade with Mrs. Helen Koury – 5/1966
Each mark of "O" means Outstanding.

Six Weeks Period	1	2	3	1st Sem.	4	5	6	2nd Sem.
ACADEMIC SUBJECTS								
Reading	B	B	A	B	A	A	A	A
Literature								
Language	B	B	A	B	A	A	A	A
Spelling	B	B	A	B	A	A	A	A
Penmanship	B	B	A	B	A	A	A	A
Spanish								
Mathematics	C	C	B	C	B	B	A	B
Social Studies	C	B	A	B	B	B	A	B
Science	C	B	B	C	B	B	A	B+
Arts & Crafts	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Music	S	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Health & Safety	S	S	S	S	S	S	B	S/B
Physical Education	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S

Six Weeks Period	1	2	3	1st Sem.	4	5	6	2nd Sem.
CONDUCT								
CONDUCT	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
SOCIAL ATTITUDES								
Cooperation	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Courtesy	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Sportsmanship	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Respects Rules and Authority	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
WORK HABITS								
Dependability	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Work Habits	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Follows Direction	Ni	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Initiative	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Neatness	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
Punctuality	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
ATTENDANCE								
Days Present	28	29	26	83	30	26 1/2	30	89 1/2
Days Absent	2	1	4	7	0	1/2	0	1/2
Times Tardy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Table 4 - Sixth Grade with Mr. Jose Martinez 6/1968

Swimming

She started summer swimming lessons and passed her Red Cross Beginner swimming test in 1964. She received a ribbon for the: “Grade School Championship Swimming Meet, Santa Fe, NM – 4/23/1966, Grades 1 – 4, Girls Division, Second Place, 100 Yard Free Style Relay”. She was newly 10 years old.

Anne wrote to her parents in 12/1980 (edited)

The water wings at the YMCA pool back in Houston were empty gas cans. At the [Red Cross] swimming classes in Santa Fe, I had trouble getting out of 'Minnows'. Daddy took me to the pool one evening to work with me. I passed 'Minnows' shortly after that. I once won second place ribbon in the 100-yard freestyle relay. You told me that no one in our family had ever won a ribbon.

She was a member of the Dolphins Swim Team (ages 6-18) and posed in a newspaper photo of the large team for an article describing their overall 1966 season. In 1968, she joined the relay swimming group at Harrington Junior High.

Anne attempted a lifesaving swim class sometime during either 1967 or 1968. She marked up the flyleaf of her copy of the American Red Cross “Life Saving and Water Safety” manual (11/1966, Second Edition, 21st Printing). She listed her Santa Fe address and specific clothing to bring to the final examination.

Dolphins Excel as Swimmers

The Dolphins of Santa Fe swimming team, coached by Jim Rhudy, participated in 16 swim meets during the past season recording two first place finishes, eight second places, three thirds and a fifth place.

The Dolphins also lost two dual meets in '66 action.

They finished second in the state in competition at the 2nd Annual Western Regional Championships at El Paso.

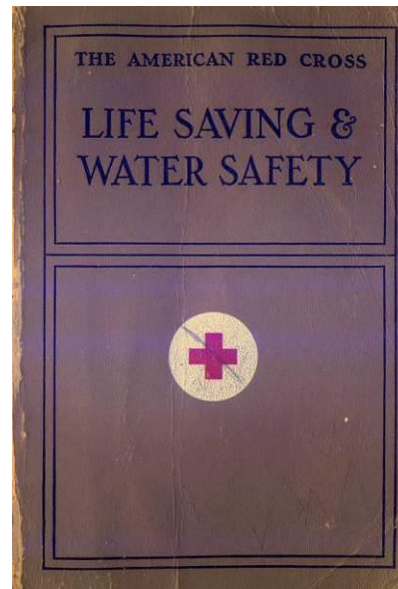


Figure 32 – Swim Team News, 1966 - Lifeguard Manual (11/1966 Edition)

She did not continue swimming and never mentioned this lifeguard goal. This manual surfaced in her archives. Her pre-teen experience probably mirrored mine. Neither of us skinny kids had the physical strength to rescue an adult ‘victim’ in deep water.

Church Exploration

Santa Fe was starting to become a liberal bohemian artist community, but there was still a strong sense of faith across several denominations. The Santa Fe Catholic Cathedral dominated the skyline a block from the central plaza.

Susan and Anne attended the Episcopal Church of the Holy Faith in Santa Fe as children and walked there themselves. Anne was thrilled when we attended that congregation on the Sunday of our honeymoon in 1975. Towards the end of her life, walking with a cane, she relished attending a Sunday service here on her final visit to New Mexico.

Juvenile Diabetes (Type 1)

At age nine, Anne developed insulin-dependent juvenile diabetes in early 1965.

Charlotte wrote in the family Christmas newsletter:

In March and April 1965, it was apparent that all was not going as it should with Anne. On May 23, she was examined by Dr. Carol Smith and placed in St. Vincent's hospital for a thorough examination for diabetes.

Charlotte wrote her mother Pearl and sister Ellen on 6/4/1965:

Your birthday present [of a nice dress slip] came today. If you were here to determine at first hand rather than having to guess what I needed, you could not have come closer to the mark. I have been mending, darning, and sewing up rips in my slips to the extent that I had almost decided to get myself a new one.

We have been having rather more difficulty than usual. Anne had lost a lot of weight, and we decided that she should see a doctor, but were putting it off until she could go for her [Girl Scout] pre-camp examination. Then last Wednesday night a week ago, it occurred to me that she got up a lot at night to go to the bathroom. I called her pediatrician Thursday, and took her in for an appointment Friday morning after having stopped by the laboratory first. The doctor said I was a good diagnostician and sent her right on over to the hospital.

She was on the edge of coma, but we got her there in time. Her pediatrician has transferred her care to another pediatrician who has a sub-specialty of juvenile diabetes. He has all the diabetic children in [Santa Fe], she said. It all is not as bad as I had feared. Anne's [new] doctor depends entirely upon medication for control, and allows his young patients completely normal diet and exercise.

We brought her home at noon today, and she is pretty well regulated, he thinks. As far as I can figure out, her case is not too severe. Her daily insulin dose totals 40 units. She learned to do her own testing. Both Anne and I have learned to give her shots [injections]. We are aiming to have her sufficiently educated in a month that she can go to Girl Scout Camp for ten days. Since Susan has been the three previous summers, Anne will have "cat fits" if she gets done out of her chance. She will continue swimming and dancing lessons this summer.

Her [new] doctor has his patients maintain a slight positive urine sugar reaction, to minimize possible [insulin] shock reactions. Anne's previous pediatrician says that he gets very good results with the children he treats, and I am sure that such a regimen is a lot easier for everyone concerned.

The only way to test for blood sugars was urine reagent testing strips, initially rigid plastic strips in a test tube and then later as a paper strip held in front of the stream of urine. It simply became part of the daily bathroom routine.

The strips could pick up trace sugars on the fingers if mishandled. “*Did you test Anne?*” was followed by “*Did you wash your hands?*” and then followed by “*Did you wash your hands BEFORE you tested?*” After years of such daily maternal queries, Anne did not appreciate anyone asking about her testing routine without express permission.

Blood Glucose ranged from below 40 (comatose, insulin shock, hypoglycemic) to 100 (normal) to 250 (high or hyperglycemic) to 500 (ketone poisoning or ketoacidosis) to 2000 (death). These test colors had such overly wide ranges that test results were never granular enough to determine the correct insulin dosage to yield a normal reading.



Figure 33 - Lilly urine test kit 1930's (Indiana State Museum 6/2016)

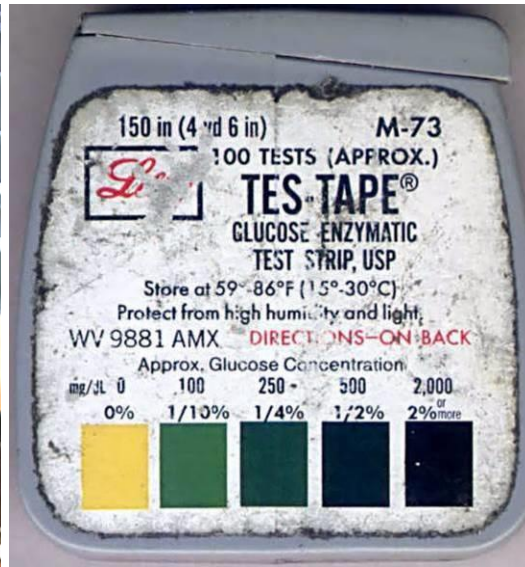


Figure 34 – Lilly portable paper reagent urine test strips in 1970s

1925 – Home testing introduced with eight drops of urine mixed in a test tube with 6cc of Benedict's solution. The tube is put into boiling water for five minutes. The color becomes greenish (light sugar), yellow (moderate) or red/orange (heavy).

Late 1940's – Helen Free develops the “dip-and-read” urine test (Clinistix).

1960's – Home testing for glucose levels in the urine increases [with Tes-Tape].

www.defeatdiabetes.org/diabetes-history/

There was another huge drawback with this archaic inaccurate test. It did not account for the time delay from the last meal before “spilling of sugar” appeared in the urine. This meant that the actual blood glucose could be plus or minus 100 points in the opposite direction. The only semi-accurate readings occurred before a meal.

I am amazed that Anne survived childhood, much less, her teenage years when changing body chemistry affected sugar uptake ratios. Taking insulin became more of a “How do I feel” guess, which often failed since the sensation was merely “I do not feel normal”.

Anne learned to boil her expensive glass syringe and sharpen her own needles. It was barbaric in the 1960's for an adult diabetic, but extraordinarily difficult for a child. She once broke her one glass syringe while cleaning it and remembered the parental anger (from her mother I presume) for being so careless. The broken glass syringe appeared to be a significant emotional experience as reflective of the kind of punishments received.

Charlotte later wrote that in the summer 1968 before Anne's Junior High:

Anne and Susan went off to Girl Scout Camp near Eagle Nest, high in the mountains. On the third day, Anne had a diabetic reaction. We feel she was given a wrong dosage of insulin and she wound up in the hospital in Taos.

To compensate [for her loss], we took her home the far, long way via Fort Garland in Colorado, then to Alamosa and up over Cumbres Pass and down into Chama and home. Camp Insurance paid the [medical] bills.

Doctors hospitalized Anne twice in 1971 and once in 1974 for diabetic treatment.

Anne wrote to her parents in 12/1980 (edited):

I once woke up sitting on the edge of my bed [in the middle of an insulin reaction] with you both on either side of me. Daddy kept saying "Drink, baby, drink!" I cried because I felt awful and you had just called me a baby.

I understand now you were plenty scared. Those early morning reactions were caused by a sort of chemical reaction with slightly over-cooled PZI insulin. I always wake up now if I have a problem. I have not passed out in over seven years. Does that [put you more at ease]?

You wrote Dr. Rembe saying that you would make arrangements if he treated me when I could not pay. He showed me the letter and swore me to secrecy. We settled in Livermore with two excellent health care plans and I have not seen Dr. Rembe in over five years. Thus, it is safe now to say that I knew the secret and I love you for it. I carried the warmth of that letter a long time.

Summer Camp Letters

Anne wrote from Girl Scout camps (1965 and 1968) and YMCA camp (1968? 1969?). She wrote in cursive. These letters mostly sought needed but unpacked items (insect repellent, archery finger guard, Chap Stick, etc.)



Figure 35 - Susan at Girl Scout camp with tag-along Anne – 1964?

She attended Girl Scout Camp Elliot Baker (near Angel Fire and Eagle Nest Lake) on the eastern slopes of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, New Mexico. It had horses, which she thoroughly enjoyed riding. She wrote one Wednesday noon, “*We have not had showers yet. I am the dirtiest, filthiest child you might imagine!*” The 1968 camp ended early for Anne, as noted by Charlotte, due to a hospital run to Taos for an insulin error.


She later attended the high-altitude traditional two-week YMCA Camp Chief Ouray in the Rocky Mountains National Forest near Granby, Colorado. It had horses, archery, and a rifle range. They named the cabins after Indian tribes. She wrote about seeking the Blue Rag challenge (as in my own YMCA camping) but said nothing further.

It appears that the YMCA set aside more than one cabin for diabetic girls. She wrote bunking in the oldest diabetic cabin with the second oldest diabetic cabin nearby. A few letters speak of her insulin syringe and sugar-free snacks. The girls usually “*poked themselves*” but the camp had Jill, their cabin counselor, learn to give them injections just in case she needed to give a glucagon rescue injection during a hike. Anne had spilled ketones and adjusted her insulin between 46 and 48 units to account for that hiking.

Harrington Junior High 1968

Anne told me nothing about her half-year at nearby Harrington Junior High School (closed sometime prior to 1999). Junior High then covered grades 7, 8, and 9.

A sole Physical Education slip from the seventh grade shows her as an obedient child who improved her physical coordination and strength conditioning skills. A photograph shows her with new braces and cropped hair. She had an orthodontic retainer by college.



HARRINGTON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Report of Anne Rittenhouse
Year 1968 1969 Grade 7
Subject Physical Education

First Semester

	1	2	3	Semester Mark
Scholarship	<u>C</u>	<u>B</u>	<u>A-</u>	<u>B</u>
Conduct	<u>B</u>	<u>a</u>	<u>a</u>	
Days Absent	<u>B</u>	<u>B</u>	<u>C</u>	

Second Semester

	4	5	6	Semester Mark
Scholarship				
Conduct				
Days Absent				

D. York Teacher
Thomas B. Walsh
Principal Superintendent

Figure 36 - Harrington JHS, Santa Fe, Fall 1968 – Braces, 1969?

New Home in Albuquerque

The new family home in Albuquerque on Solano Drive looked like a rabbit warren of doors, which mostly controlled the flow of the heat during winter. The main section contained the living room, dining, large kitchen, a tiny library, and a large office (a former master bedroom). The full two-room basement became a warehouse for Jack's rare books business. Jack liked the short commutes to schools and work.

He wrote:

At the end of 1/1969, we moved to 600 Solano Drive SE, in Albuquerque. At first, we rented this house, because:

[it was shy of two miles from Wilson Junior High]

it was [just 1 mile from] where our daughters attended Highland High

it was [about 3 miles] from the University [of New Mexico]

it had the right number of rooms



Figure 37 – Anne at 600 Solano SE, Albuquerque – 12/1974

An add-on in the rear had a steep stairway (not built to code) to the three bedrooms. Jack fell down that stairway while Anne was in college. A large high-ceiling two-car garage sat beneath those bedrooms. Half the garage held the mothballed equipment Jack used in his Stagecoach Press. He hand set the family Christmas cards there for his flatbed press.

Wilson Junior High – 1969-1971

Upon moving to Albuquerque, Anne started Wilson Junior High School at 1138 Cardenas Drive SE. She kept most of her report cards starting in 1970.

TO THE PARENTS (OR GUARDIAN) OF: RITTENHOUSE ANNE L						ANY CONCI DENTS.	
STUDENT NO.	SCHOOL NAME	SCHOOL YEAR	GRADE LEVEL	DISTRIBUTION NO.			
139641	WILSON	70/71	09	202	FALL		
PERIOD	COMMENTS	TEACHER	SUBJECT		1	2	SEM.
01		N ADKINS	INTERMED ORCH		A+	A	A
02		E OGLESBY	ALGEBRA I		C+	C	C
03		R DWYER	CIVICS		A	A	A
04		B COLLIER	TEACHERS ASSIST		N	N	N
05		R DWYER	LANG ARTS 9TH		A-	A	A
06		P BERRYHILL	FRENCH I		A-	B+	A-

Table 5 - Ninth Grade - 12/1970

Her sixth grade report card noted that Anne had weakened slightly in Math. It appears this became a difficult subject area for her by the ninth grade. On the other hand, she excelled in the liberal arts. She played cello in orchestra.

High School Essays

A folder of undated essays from high school English classes showed high marks. She wrote all in cursive. Most were student exercises, but I found three papers of interest.

One paper gave a first person observation of the crucifixion of Jesus by a new visitor to Jerusalem. That paper seems dated 1972-73 when she attended the youth group at Saint Marks on the Mesa Episcopal Church. She quoted specifics known only by reading the Gospels. A research paper about conquistador Coronado appears written the same year.

She wrote a half-page mini-story (undated):

The 'jolly green giant' was the name of this person. She was a tall person, probably six feet tall or at least she seemed that way. During her entire school life, she had always been the tallest in her class. She took a lot of teasing when she was younger. Things like 'jolly green giant' or 'daddy long legs' or 'beanpole' had been hurled at her by unknowing third, fourth, and fifth graders. They did not know how those comments really hurt inside.

This person is very sensitive inside, probably she considers herself inferior, but I do not 'think' she has changed. I know she has changed. She is me.

Anne grew to five foot ten inches. She was indeed the tallest in her classes. I felt the same way in my school. My young classmates called me those identical names. At least in Oregon, we saw hundreds of real beanpoles with the green bean harvest in August.

Highland High 1971-1973

Anne attended summer classes in 1971 and 1972 at Highland to graduate a year early, skipping her senior year.

She started Highland High at 4700 Coal Avenue SE as a sophomore in the fall 1971. She attended summer school in 1971 and 1972 to pick up two English courses. She thus graduated in 1973 after her junior year at age 17, spending only two years at Highland.

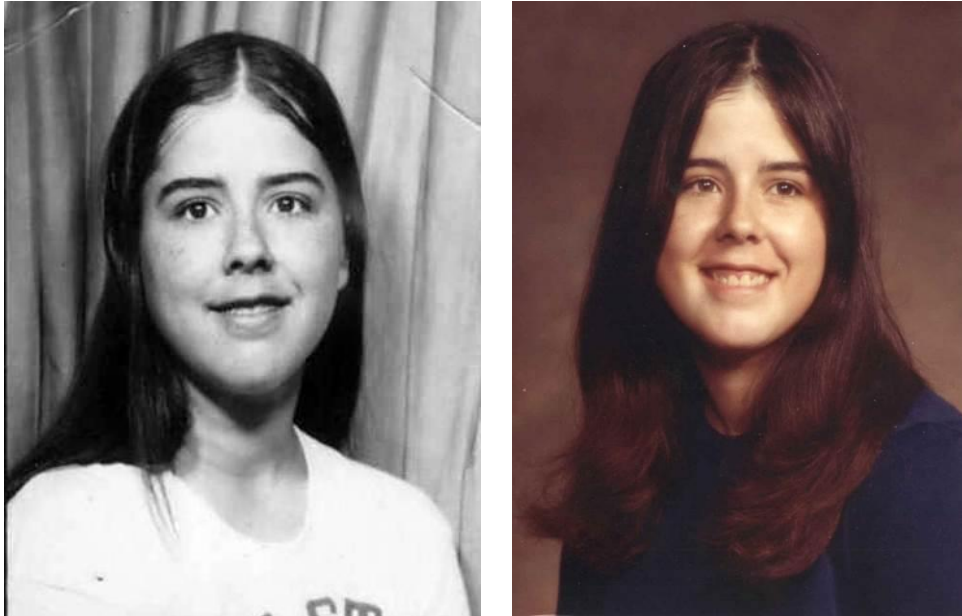


Figure 38 - Albuquerque NM – 1971 and 5/1973



Figure 39 - French Club in 10th Grade (1972 Highland Yearbook)

Rainbow Girls

Anne's sister Susan started in the Order of Rainbow for Girls (a teen girls club within Freemasonry) in 1968. Anne soon followed in the various posts and became Worthy Advisor (club president) in early 1973. The club emphasized civic morality within the local environment of faith (mostly Judeo-Christian, but a syncretic blend in practice.)

She carried a white purse-size Rainbow Girl Bible as a revered totem of faith while leading weekly meetings. It was the bare King James Version, printed in England, given on 6/6/1972 by the Advisory Board of the Albuquerque Assembly. She never read it. The few verses used by the girls came from the ritual by Rev. Mark Sexson (33rd degree founder of the club in Oklahoma).

INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF THE RAINBOW FOR GIRLS OFFICIAL TILING CARD	
No. <u>25</u>	Date <u>Jan 2</u> 1973
Miss <u>Anne Rittenhouse</u>	
City <u>Albuquerque</u>	
has paid dues for the current year and is entitled to all rights and privileges of the Order. Is a member of Assembly	
No. <u>20</u>	Located at <u>Albq</u> City <u>NM</u> State.
<u>Linda Cruse</u> Recorder.	

All girls had to attend a local church service for the club anniversary nearest to April 6.

v



Figure 40 - Rainbow Girls Formal Portrait - 5/1971
Anne stands on top row, second from left.

Rainbow Assembly Will Install Grace Meintzer to Top Post

*Miss Grace Meintzer, daughter of Mr/Mrs. Frank Meintzer, will be installed worthy advisor of Albuquerque Assembly 20, Order of Rainbow for Girls, today in the Masonic Lodge. Miss Michelle LaMaire will be installing officer; Carol Coburn, marshal; Marilyn Large, chaplain; **Susan Rittenhouse, recorder.** Other officers to be installed are Kathy Large, worthy associate advisor; Yolanda Sarason, Charity; Raeann Ayers, Hope; **Anne Rittenhouse, Faith.** Mrs. Logsdon is mother advisor for the assembly and Henry Cook is Rainbow dad.*

Albuquerque Journal 9/19/1971 Page B-3

Anne earned her “Pot-of-Gold” pin at that same 9/19/1971 installation ceremony. Her records partially lists her progression through from Faith to Hope to Worthy Advisor.

Rainbow Girls Schedule Installation Ceremonies

*In open ceremonies Sunday in Masonic Temple. Miss Cathy Large, daughter of Mr/Mrs. Hobart Large, will be installed worthy advisor of Albuquerque Assembly 20, Order of the Rainbow for Girls. Mrs. Shirley LeMaire and Hobart Large will be installed as mother advisor and Rainbow Dad. Line officers are Miss Yolanda Sarason, worthy associate advisor; Miss Raeann Ayers, charity; **Miss Anne Rittenhouse, hope**, and Miss Trina Cruse, faith. Presiding at the ceremony will be Miss Annelle Gray, installing officer; Miss Michelle LeMaire, recorder; Miss **Grace Meintzer, chaplain**; Mrs. Carol Coburn, marshal, and Miss Marilyn Large, musician. The theme of Miss Large's term is "Faith." Her colors are purple and silver, her flower is the violet and her symbol the cross.*

Albuquerque Journal 1/15/1972

The rituals of adult Masons were minimally infused. The noticeable absence led Anne to buy the book *Masonic Rites and Wrongs* by Steven Tsoukalas (Presbyterian and Reformed Publishing, 1995). Despite the disparaging tone indicated by the book title, the author quoted extensively from authoritative Masonic books with a dispassionate hand.

Given a 90% absentee status of paying members, leading authorities spent significant effort to define what the rituals contained and religiously signified. Despite the secrecy imbued, they openly published material to educate members about the religious aspects of Masonic beliefs and practices. Special one-day classes occurred such that a Blue Lodge Mason (third degree) could become a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason at day's end. The 33rd degree is an honorary distinction for exceptional actions as a Mason.

The engaging 2005 Disney solve-the-puzzle movie “*National Treasure*” created a treasure hunt leveraging Masonic lore and symbols. It mixed conjecture of the murky historical European past with early American presidents while remaining as an observer.

Steven Tsoukalas wrote, pages 19-21 (redacted):

[Since] *certain Presidents were members of both the Craft and a church ... and Clergy are members ... the majority of Masons worldwide believe that the craft is not an [organized] religion. [However, their scholars claimed it as a religion with all the criteria for a religion. These historians include,] Albert Mackey (33rd) in his Encyclopedia of Freemasonry (a landmark work for the institution); Henry Coil (33rd) in his Masonic Encyclopedia; and Robert Macoy (Supervisor of formation of Order of the Eastern Star) in his Dictionary of Freemasonry.*

Despite the veneer of faith, her club did not provide Anne with enough insight to discover Jesus as her Savior and thus her means of access to God. Even Jesus' enemies knew and despised Jesus for saying, “*No one comes to the Father [God], except through me.*”

Years after Anne leaving for college, a year and half after we married and moved away, Rainbow Girls honored former members who had indeed married.

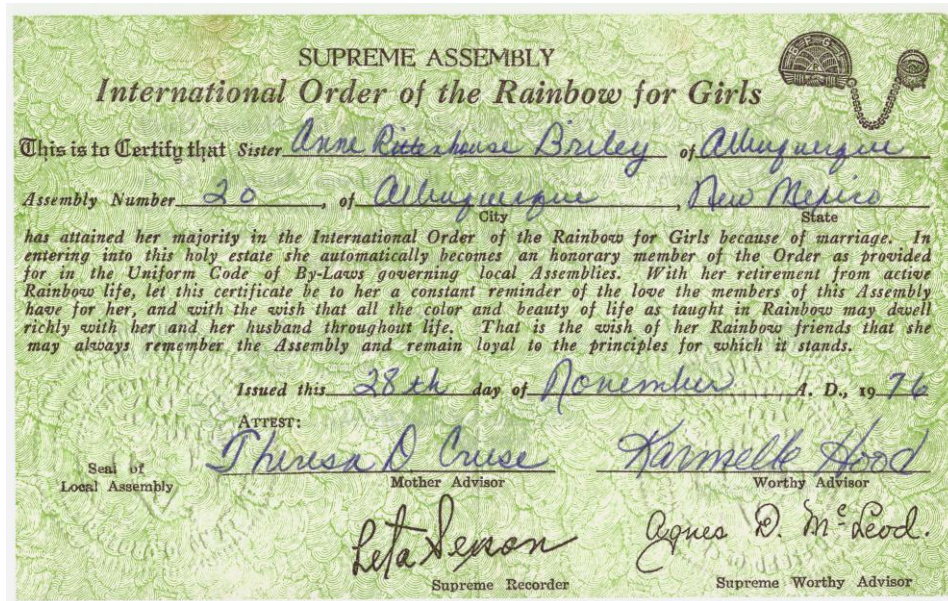


Figure 41 – Honorary member due to Marriage – 11/1976

And just for fun, long before airline and credit card “points”, families in the 1960’s collected Green Stamps for the same purpose. Here is a page from among Anne’s papers.

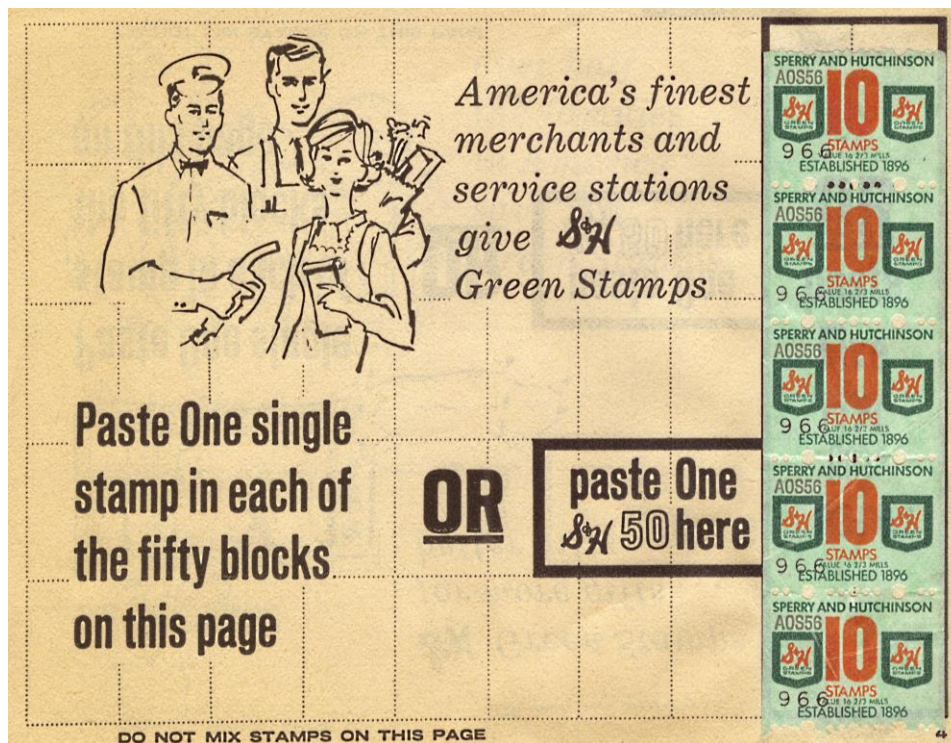


Figure 42 - S&H Green Stamps - 1960's

False Start with Church

Without knowing Anne’s faith journey, her social action accomplishments would be out of context. Her collegiate faith enabled her to take on daunting social tasks in Livermore.

Anne grew up in an irreligious family. Her mother became an atheist with little love lost for churches. Her father had latent sympathy for faith in various denominations growing up. However, he was already a long-term non-attender upon marrying Charlotte.

Yet in spring 1971, her parents felt that a youth choir at the nearby Immanuel United Presbyterian Church would be important and low-cost musical training for both girls. Indeed, Anne hit pitch-perfect tones when playing and tuning the cello by ear.



Figure 43 - Immanuel Youth Choir - 1972



Susan



Anne

The choir planned a summer 1972 concert tour through Colorado as far as the Grand Tetons National Park. The rules required her to become a church member and thus baptized first. She later owned up that she did not believe but badly wanted to go on tour. She easily recalled songs of that tour decades later but she had no personal faith.

It prepared her to respond fully in faith, but 1972 was not that year.

Anne's mother might not have attended the Baptism based on the odd nomenclature. They listed her father as Jack but did not list her mother in the same manner.


<p style="text-align: center;">Certificate of Baptism</p> <p style="text-align: center;">This Certifies That</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ANNE LOUISE RITTENHOUSE</p> <p>Child of <u>Jack D. Rittenhouse</u> and his wife <u>Mrs. Jack D. Rittenhouse</u> Born at <u>Houston, Texas</u> Date of birth <u>December 31, 1955</u> Was baptized in <u>Sanctuary, Immanuel</u> <u>United Presbyterian Church</u> On the <u>14th</u> day of <u>February</u> In the year of our Lord <u>1971</u> in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost</p> <p>Witnesses:</p> <p><u>Saul Calloway</u> Pastor</p>	<p>THIS CERTIFIES THAT</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ANNE LOUISE RITTENHOUSE</p> <p>was received by <u>Confession of Faith</u></p> <p>into the Communicant Membership in the</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Immanuel United Presbyterian Church</u> CHURCH</p> <p>of <u>Albuquerque, New Mexico</u></p> <p>on this <u>sixth</u> day of <u>April</u></p> <p>in the year of our Lord <u>1971</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"> The seal features a cross with a dove above it, and the text 'THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA' around the perimeter. Inside the cross are the letters 'IC XC NI KA' and 'A O'.</p> <p><u>Saul Calloway</u> PASTOR <u>Dale D. Strong</u> PASTOR <u>Elaine Roberts</u> CLERK</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><small>This is not to be used as a letter of transfer or dismissal.</small></p>
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Figure 44 - Presbyterian Baptism 2/14/71 and then Membership 4/6/1971

Caryn Wesner-Early wrote in 2014:

We met at Immanuel Presbyterian. Since Anne was 3 years older, we did not move in the same circles until I was in 7th grade and she was in 10th. I think we went on one choir tour together (the only one I went on) - I will check my tour picture, but I think she was on it. I hung out with Anne and several other people.

There was an all-day cello clinic at UNM; the church was having some event in the mountains, so Mom and Dad dropped me off with lunch money and an agreement as to when they'd be back to pick me up.

After the first three hours, the clinic ended - it was only a half-day clinic! This was long before cell phones, so there was no way of letting people know that I needed to be picked up early.

Anne attended the clinic and stayed with me all afternoon. We wandered all over campus hauling our cellos, got to know each other, and were close ever after.

Mom was really impressed and grateful that Anne had stayed with me all day at UNM, and maintained a lively interest in her and your family from then on

Anne was my Big Sis and I was her Li'l Sis. I most remember her "Warm Fuzzies." Warm Fuzzies are [sincere] hugs and she was awfully good at them!

Mom recognized the importance of Anne's announcement about achieving the Eastern Star honor [of Worthy Advisor], and took me out to get a present and made sure I got to the ceremony (she may have gone, too).

Caryn's comment explains an odd hand-sized hand-sewn brown furry pillow stuffed into a blue cloth "pocket" left around our house adorned with felt letters "WF". Anne would ask if a friend needed a "warm fuzzy", and then would say, "Here you go!" loaning the ensconced furry packet to her needy friend, and then followed up with a real hug.

Since Anne grew up as an [undervalued] "baby sister", she relished being an older mentor to someone whom she truly liked and had similar interests, such as advanced cello training with Caryn Wesner at UNM. Caryn may have been Anne's first real lifelong friend with whom she could talk about anything and everything.

About That Choir Trip

By Anne Briley (edited)

“The annual choir tour was the big thing at the [Presbyterian] church I attended. I really wanted to go and participated in the fundraisers in my first year. My mom could not bring herself allow me to go. This really broke my heart.

So the first year I didn't go, although my sister did in 1971. I do not think I resented my sister as much as I resented my mother's overprotection. I just could not understand it. She said she wouldn't allow me to go unless a doctor went along. Fat chance.

I kept up with the choir as a source of pride and accomplishment. The next year, the Minister of Music took a preliminary count of how many would go on the Choir tour the next summer. I told him that it wouldn't come to pass. He smiled sympathetically.

A week later, my mom would allow me to go if I wanted. I immediately said yes. I do not remember if I asked why she changed her mind, I think because I did not want to break the magic spell of her approval. When I told the Minister of Music, he chuckled and said he talked it over with my mom. I was delighted and threw myself into the music. I later reported the good news to my doctor, who chuckled and said he knew. There seemed to be some sort of conspiracy that finally worked in my favor.

A registered nurse, Teddy, helped chaperone the tour. I talked to Teddy during a pre-tour choir parties and explained how overprotective my mother was, that I could take care of myself, and not to worry about me. I did not consider how hard a release this was for my mom. This was the first time she let me go anywhere out of her immediate grasp. It took a lot of blind trust on her part. I am glad she did, because every parent just has to let go. [However in my teenage mind,] she did not let go, ever.

On tour, I soon fell into my "I am absolutely normal" pattern of behavior, until the choir hit Yellowstone Park. Teddy caught me with a box of Crackerjack and told me to knock it off. I cringed under his authority and resolved to keep my indiscretions under wraps.

The remainder of the day was spend in a delightful whirlwind tour of the park, taking in Old Faithful and Yellowstone Falls. It was [dusk] when the bus left and the chaperones decided we would eat outside the park to save money. That [delayed my dinner for] some time. It was getting later and darker. We finally pulled into a little restaurant whose one waitress and one cook shook their heads as the busload of kids poured in.

The chaperones convinced them we did not have to be fed simultaneously, and the restaurant staff agreed to serve us. I put in my order ahead of the crowd and then busied myself carrying cokes to my friends. My order took a very long time and I started to get [physically] shaky. I checked on [my order] and found they were out of whatever I ordered and thus put my ticket on the very bottom of the pile. I re-ordered, got a candy bar somehow, and [safely] made it through the rest of the evening. We left the restaurant filled and contented, except for me. The events of the day troubled me.

I felt like I missed the boat with my [diabetic timing] denial. Even though I had a full meal in my travel bag (crackers, Vienna sausages, bean salad, and canned peaches), I never once thought to eat that back-up meal before we pulled into the restaurant.

We had several hours to travel before reaching a church that let us use their hall to spread out our sleeping bags. I made my way up to the front of the bus to talk with the Minister of Music. I needed some sort of help in working out my feelings. I felt I deserved some sort of punishment for my carelessness, and knew I needed some sort of guidance to help me to stop and think [clearly] the next time. He obliged and told me that except for emergencies, I was not to buy sweets for the rest of the tour. That really hurt, as I expected extra KP or restriction from some activity, but not [a restriction of treats].

I kept true to my word and survived on sugarless gum and diet sodas for the rest of the trip. That day taught me something even more important. I was not the good little diabetic that my mother demanded I be. Once turned loose, I blew it. But with just a little prodding on Teddy's part, I realized what I was doing [wrong]. I learned there were people I could turn to who cared about me and could help me grow up.

I started to take responsibility for myself. At one stop, I left my vial of long-acting Lente insulin with [our host] family and I had only my vial of [immediate-acting] Regular. I survived one day on [small] multiple injections but made up a story about needing a new vial of Lente, as my old one seemed to lose potency. The chaperones "bought" this [lie] and purchased new insulin for me. My older sister was the only one who questioned my story. I told her to mind her own business."

= o =

St. Marks on the Mesa

That fall in 1972, Anne attended a high school group with a friend at St. Marks on the Mesa Episcopal Church. Father Fish (a wonderfully appropriate name for a Christian minister) gently exposed the students to the Bible and Biblical doctrines. He inscribed in her pocket Book of Common Prayer at her 5/13/1973 confirmation, "*To Anne - May the Spirit of the Lord received this day ever increase and grow within you. Charles Fish*".

On the inside cover of her Presbyterian Membership document, Anne wrote:

[My 1971 Baptism was] *invalid. On 5/13/1973, I was confirmed by Rt. Rev. Richard Trelease into the St. Mark's on the Mesa congregation, [of] the Episcopal Faith, [under] Charles Fish, Rector.*

Anne decades later wrote, "*Charlie Fish was a significant person. He listened, asked questions, probed, and showed God to me. He was there for me.*" His mentoring slowly percolated in the background. Anne likewise credited co-pastor Judson Wagg.

While this was a huge spiritual step, she was at that same stage of faith as Anglican Priest John Wesley prior to Aldersgate. She had knowledge but no heart-level faith quite yet.

Academics

By the end of tenth grade, Anne’s grades sputtered in sciences and languages. Despite serious trouble with second year French, she joined the French Club in the tenth grade.

TO THE PARENTS (OR GUARDIAN) OF: RITTENHOUSE ANNE L						AND IF CONCEI DENTS.	
STUDENT NO.	SCHOOL NAME	SCHOOL YEAR	GRADE LEVEL	DISTRIBUTION NO.	SEM.		
139641	HIGHLAND	71/72	10	010	SPRING		
PERIOD	COMMENTS	TEACHER		SUBJECT	1	2	SEM.
01		SMOCK		BIOLOGY I	B	C	C
02		SUTTON		GEOMETRY	B	B	B
03		CLEAVELAND		ADVANCED ORCH.	A	A	A
04		FORM		POLTCL HISTY US	B	A	B
05		TRIANDAFILIDI		FRENCH II	E	C	D
06		HENDERSON		POPULAR NOVELS	B	B	B

Table 6 – Tenth Grade – 5/1972

At the end of tenth grade, Anne excelled in her language skills in the 93 percentile but not so well in arithmetic at 71 percentile. Her scores were a near full inverse of my own math/language testing. Her top category was spelling at 98 percentile. Her worse categories at 59 percentile were arithmetic concepts and applications.

CTB [®] INDIVIDUAL TEST RECORD		Q4		HOME REPORT		COMPREHENSIVE TESTS OF BASIC SKILLS	
AREA	Test	RS	A	B	C	D	NATIONAL PERCENTILE
READING	Vocabulary	38	759	723		92	
READING	Comprehension	38	679	708		73	
	TOTAL Reading	76	721	721		85	XXXXXX
LANGUAGE	Mechanics	21	692	662		78	XXXXXX
LANGUAGE	Expression	25	694	692		78	XXXXXX
LANGUAGE	Spelling	29	809	662	+147	98	XXXXXXXX
	TOTAL Language	75	761	684	+ 77	93	XXXXXXXX
ARITHMETIC	Computation	44	719	673		85	XXXXXX
ARITHMETIC	Concepts	23	639	694		59	XXXXXX
ARITHMETIC	Applications	16	641	699		59	XXXXXX
	TOTAL Arithmetic	85	672	696		71	XXXX
	TOTAL BATTERY	236	718	710		84	XX
STUDY SKILLS	Reference Materials	16	650	689		62	XXXXXXXXXX
STUDY SKILLS	Graphic Materials	25	723	703		87	XXXXXXXXXX
	TOTAL Study Skills	41	705	707		82	XXXXXXXX

Table 7 - Standardized Test - 3/1972

Extracurricular

Anne played Cello at Wilson JHS and continued as third chair in the Highland High orchestra. Her cello grades permitted private lessons from a professional Albuquerque Symphony cellist. She considered private lessons as a highlight of those years.



Figure 45 - Cello Section in 10th Grade (1972 Highland Yearbook)

Anne wrote to her parents in 12/1980 (edited):

Even though I never got quite good at it, I got a love for music such that hard rock music quickly disinterested me. You always seemed to get me to concerts especially at the University of New Mexico. I had a crush on Greg Mathews, my cello teacher, as did all my other girlfriends who took cello from him.

You exposed me to the Symphony, the violin, and later the cello. I hope that you felt repaid when I played that first year with the Livermore-Amador Symphony. I never got turned on by opera and only saw one opera. However, I [indeed] saw "Madame Butterfly" and have been to the Santa Fe opera [outdoor amphitheater]. That is more than many people can say.

She entered the Junior Miss Pageant Junior in the fall 1972 as the representative from Highland. Anne dearly wanted to win, which included sewing her own daisy yellow sleeveless dress with a zipper up the back. This beauty contest seemed stacked against a teenager like Anne. The strong point was her cello solo played during the talent portion.

On the other hand, her talent in writing became evident. She submitted the winning article for publication by a woman's political organization. This adult approval prompted her to engage with the upcoming Democratic State Convention as a volunteer helper.

Graduation

YOU ARE MENTALLY QUALIFIED FOR ENLISTMENT IN THE U.S. AIR FORCE.

The results of the Aptitude Tests you completed recently are shown in red. Minimum qualifying scores for each Air Force specialty are shown in parentheses. Those specialties requiring normal color vision are preceded by an asterisk (*). The current Guaranteed Enlistment Program covers most of these specialties.

<p>YOUR ADMINISTRATIVE SCORE IS <u>70</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Accounting and Finance (80) Supply Systems (Computer) (70) Procurement (70) Communications Center Operator (60) Radio Operator (60) Inventory Management (60) Chaplain Services (60) Legal Services (60) Personnel (60) Air Passenger (50) Air Operations (40) Program and Work Control (40) Traffic Management (40) Supply Services (40) Special Services (40) Administration (40) 	<p>YOUR GENERAL SCORE IS <u>95</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Intelligence (80) Weather (80) *Electronic Intercept Ops/Analysis (80) Information, TV, and Radio (80) *Safety (70) *Photomapping (60) *Precision Photo (60) *Optical Instrumentation (60) Medical Photo (60) Aerospace Control Systems Operator (60) Communications Center Operator (60) Automatic Digital Switching (60) Maintenance Analysis (60) *Site Development (60) Engineering Entomology (60) Inventory Management (60) Data Systems (60) Data Processing Machine Operator (60) Management Analysis (60) Chaplain Services (60) Management Engineering (60) Education (60) Investigation and Counterintelligence (60) Medical (60) Para-Rescue (60) Dental (60) *Nondestructive Inspection (50) *Audio-Visual (40) Maintenance Scheduling (40) Program and Work Control (40) *Fire Protection (40) Packaging (40) Meatcutter (40) Food Services (40) Fuels (40) Materiel (40) Printing (40) Steward NCO and Officer Clubs (40) Security Police (40) Aircrew Protection (40) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Maintenance Analysis (50) *Egress (Escape) Systems (50) *Aircraft Maintenance (50) *Missile Maintenance (50) *Corrosion Control (50) *Electrical Power Production (50) *Cryogenic Fluids Production (50) Refrigeration and Air Conditioning (50) Liquid Fuels (50) *Protective Coating (50) Air Cargo (50) Loadmaster (50) *Office Machine Repair (40) *Aircraft Accessories (40) *Aircraft Environmental Systems (40) *Aircraft Fuel Systems (40) *Inflight Refueling Systems (40) *Aircraft Engine Maintenance (40) Vehicle Maintenance (40) Vehicle Operator (40) Metalworking (40) Heating Systems (40) Civil Engineer—Structural/Pavement (40) Water and Waste Processing (40) Fabric, Leather, and Rubber Repair (40) *Marine (40) Program and Work Control (40) Fuels (40) *Wire Communication Maintenance (40)
<p>YOUR ELECTRONIC SCORE IS <u>75</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> *Communications Electronics Systems (80) *Missile Electronics Maintenance (80) Avionics (Weapons Guidance) Systems (80) *Training Devices (80) *Nuclear Weapons (80) *Nuclear Reactor Systems (80) *Telephone Switching Equipment, Electro/Mechanical (60) *Electronic Switching Systems (60) *Missile Control Systems (60) *Telephone Equipment Installer Repairman (60) *Communication and Relay Center Equipment Repairman, Electro/Mechanical (60) *Intricate Equipment Maintenance (60) *Munitions and Weapons Maintenance (60) Data Processing Machine Operator (60) *Egress (Escape) Systems (50) *Missile Electrician (50) *Missile Facilities (50) *Electrician (50) *Electric Power Lines (50) *Electrical Power Production (50) Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Maintenance (50) Tabulating Equipment Maintenance (40) *Aircraft Accessories Maintenance (40) *Aircraft Instruments (40) *Aircraft Electrician (40) Maintenance Scheduling (40) Program and Work Control (40) Fuels (40) 	<p>YOUR MECHANICAL SCORE IS <u>20</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> *Telephone Switching Equip, Electro/Mechanical (60) *Telephone Equip Installer Repairman (60) *Munitions and Weapons Maintenance (60) Nuclear Reactor Systems (60) Gunsmith (60) 	<p>NEXT STEP . . . Contact YOUR AIR FORCE RECRUITER FOR DETAILS ON OTHER QUALIFICATIONS.</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; text-align: center;"> <p>SSgt Don Adkins 1311 San Pedro N.E. Albuquerque, N.M. 87110 Phone: 266-4876</p> </div> <p>OR . . . MAIL THE ENCLOSED CARD.</p>

Table 8 - US Air Force Aptitude Test - 3/1973

Found in 2019, Anne never talked about her general score with this US Air Force qualification test. The family lived a mile from Kirtland Air Force Base and many in Albuquerque had military connections despite the angst about the Vietnam War. While it was clear she would not be mechanically competent with a low score of 20, her high scores elsewhere gave her access to many intellectually oriented positions had she enlisted.

I suspect her diabetes would disqualify her from active service. Charlotte feared Anne's diabetic prognosis and wanted to stay within driving distance in case of a medical emergency. In the 1970's, as noted earlier, the deadly game of diabetic control chased blood glucose levels with long-delayed sugar traces in the urine. Anne thus chaffed at her college choices limited by a day's drive from home.

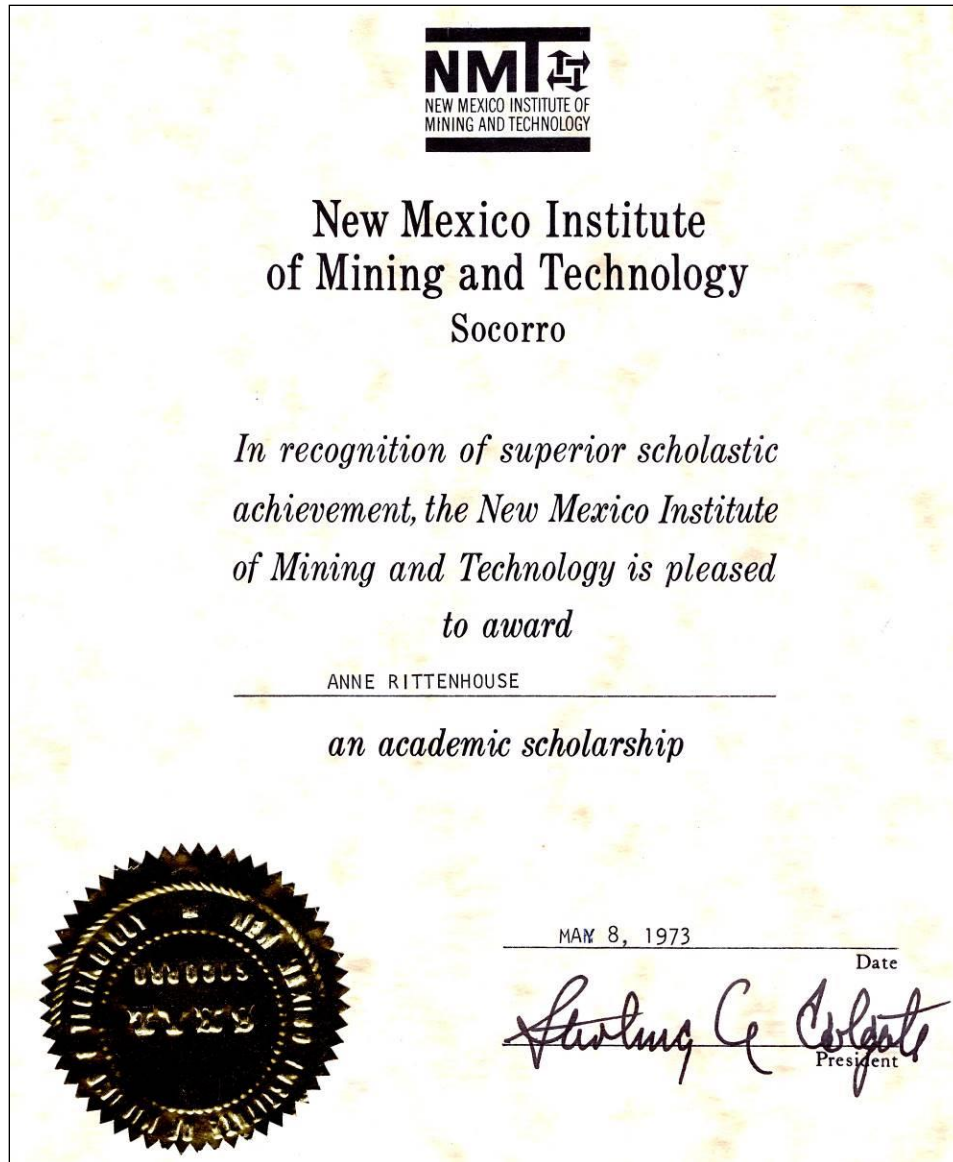


Figure 46 - New Mexico Tech Scholarship - 5/1973

Anne received admittance to New Mexico Tech as she finished her junior year in high school. President Sterling Colgate signed and sealed her scholarship certificate (but she never spoke about this scholarship to me). Her parents (who never finished college) pushed for a decision towards this nearby science institute rather than military enlistment.

She earned full academic scholarships for her 1973 and 1974 college years. Her parents paid room and board from 9/1973 thru 5/1975.

She earned the National Honor Society Gold Key (also never spoken about) in 5/1973 on her high school diploma. She was sick the day of and missed her graduation ceremony.

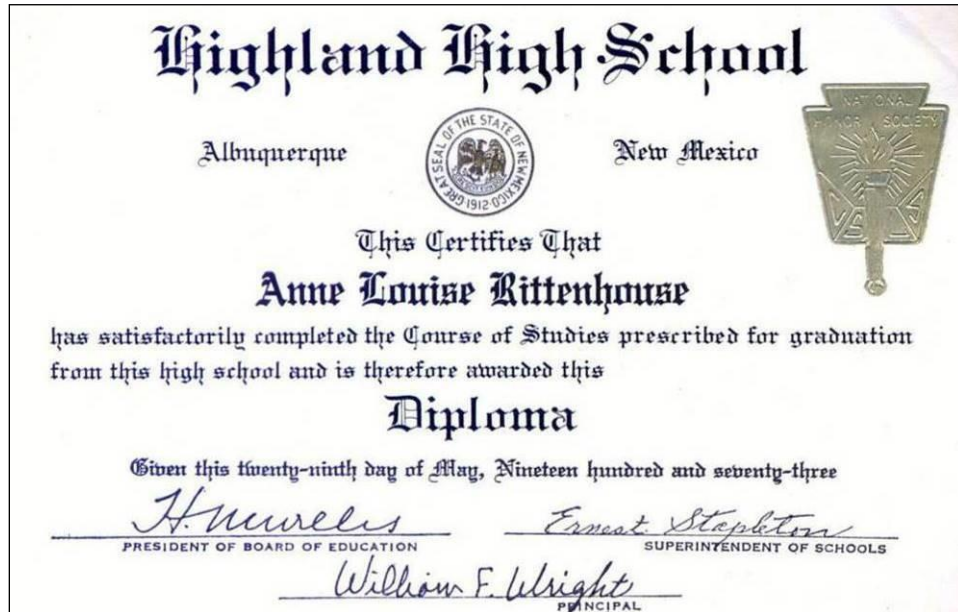


Figure 47 - Highland High Diploma, Albuquerque – 5/29/1973

Anne was best suited for a liberal arts degree at University of New Mexico and had the bonus of being a child of an employee. Her interests were clearly not in the sciences.

While she wanted to get out on her own, her parents made New Mexico Tech the only option. Her older sister Susan attended there and could be a local emergency contact.



Figure 48 - Freshman at Tech – 9/1973

Summer Jobs

During three summers in Albuquerque, she worked nights to earn spending money. She worked as a carhop and cashier at VIP's Big Boy Drive-in during 1972 and 1973. She worked as a waitress at Deli City (a sandwich shop) in summer 1974. Jobs were not as available as previously since gas shortages and general depression slowed the economy.

JB's BIG BOY FAMILY RESTAURANTS										No. 027404														
REGULAR HOURS	O-T HOURS	TIPS	EXTRA EARNINGS	GROSS	F.I.C.A.	FEDERAL W-H TAX	STATE W-H TAX	NET AMOUNT	RATE	INSURANCE	AUTO EXPENSE	PROFIT SHARING	MEALS	MEDI-CAIDE	SUPP.	UNI-FORM	UNIFORM CLEANING	1	2	3	4	5		
215				2795	164	97	15	2351	130				168											
DATE			EMPLOYEE NUMBER	DEPT.	YEAR TO DATE TOTALS																			
082673			18397	610	F.I.C.A.	FED. W-H TAX	STATE W-H TAX	EARNINGS																
					2973	5398	809	50817																

Figure 49 - Summer Waitress \$1.30/hour - 8/1973

Anne wrote to her mother in 12/1980 (edited):

Thank you for the blue blazer that you got me as a college freshman. You drove me around for my first job applications ... so much driving. [It must have felt like] the seemingly endless thankless job of every mother: appointments, classes, lessons, scout meetings, and shopping trips. Thanks. I needed you so much.

I value human decency. I just heard on the radio about two Salvation Army bell ringers. A teenager slapped one and a punk kid threw his beer on the other. They muttered vile obscenities at these two. I thank God that I was raised right. I am grateful that the circumstances I grew up with taught me that life is not cheap and violence is not the way. I am grateful that I was a 'square' to my peers such that they assumed I would not want to get drunk or stoned [on drugs].

Every family has phrases known only to them. One found a second generation. "Cruel, Cruel" is muttered standing back to a wall heater on a [frigid] morning.

I am so glad that I always saw you two hug and kiss. A lot of times, I was included in a three-way hug. I am glad because a hug and kiss for my husband is more than just natural and comfortable. It's great!

New Mexico Tech

Collegiate Leap of Faith

Anne started at New Mexico Tech in 9/1973, yielding an Associate's Degree in General Studies (mostly in Psychology). She soon became a humble believer in Jesus.

In Socorro, she visited the Episcopal Church in Socorro, but got lost in the shuffle due to the newness of college life. Sadly, the personal vibrant faith of Father Charles Fish was missing from the small Socorro congregation. She sensed that the congregation was on the wrong side of the faith ledger, so to speak. Only a few students attended there.



Figure 50 - Anne on Driscoll Dorm Porch (Gold Pan 9/21/1973, page 6)

She initially dated John Gibson, a Baptist. Known on campus as “John the Baptist”, he was not overtly religious, but he knew the basics. He challenged Anne by asking, “*If you got hit by a car/truck and died, would you go to heaven or to hell?*” Anne, being a freshman, tossed off a cocky, “*I’d probably go to hell*”. John suddenly turned serious and earnestly entreated her not to walk in traffic. That shift in demeanor got her thinking.

That Sunday afternoon, 10/7/1973, she stared out her Driscoll Dorm room window listening to the 1812 Overture (perhaps on the KTEK campus radio?) She had a vision during the cannons and church bells in the Overture. Anne said she saw God's Holy Spirit coming to her through the window. She never described the vision to me except that she was stunned. She counted that as the exact instant when she became a believer. She immediately ran from the room looking for her roommate Sheli, loudly announcing:

“God is real! God is real! I believe! I believe!”

Sheli was not yet a heart-level believer and hearing about this vision caused her to think of her own faith. Since Anne was clearly in her right mind, she committed her life fully to Jesus three days later. They both became active believers among Tech students.

Sheli told me only the week after Anne died that the 1812 Overture was instrumental to Anne's turn-about. Anne never mentioned that specific musical aspect to me.

Sheli's remark amazed me because Socorro, in the middle of nowhere with rocks for lawns, had only one cowboy station and a mostly hard rock campus station. No one played classical music except for me as the Sunday afternoon disc jockey. However, I worked in Albuquerque that fall of 1973 and have no idea who else was a classical aficionado at the KTEK station.

Regardless, Anne committed her life to Jesus. All the songs from the Presbyterian youth choir and the Bible teaching heard from Father Fish suddenly made sense. Sheli said Anne was ready as a freshman to convert the entire campus by herself.

Anne joined the Mustard Seed Coffee House and attended the off-campus Methodist Wesley Foundation where God drew students from all faiths, and new believers with no church background. This was the fruit and flurry of the Jesus Revolution of the 1970s.

Sheli became a pastor's wife with my friend David Snyman in January 1975. Together, Dave and Sheli mentored us towards our own upcoming marriage in May. Anne shamelessly called them "Shave and Deli" without getting in trouble from them. Sheli, Heidi Hawley, and Anne became inseparable Christian friends in their first year at Tech.



Figure 51 - Sheli, Anne, Heidi – Mustard Seed Coffeehouse Reunion - 1982

In Her Own Words

Anne first summarized her newfound faith in 11/1975

I was a freshman at Tech [in 1973] when I found Jesus as my Lord, Savior, and friend. [A former boyfriend] challenged me “If you got hit by a car and died today, would you go to heaven or hell?” I did not know.

It was on [the next] Sunday morning in October that the Lord came to me. He poured out His love [on] me and I realized that Jesus Christ is everything. I confessed Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior and was saved (Romans 10:13). My life changed from being totally self-centered, lonely, and seeking; into becoming conformed to Christ.

When I first became a Christian, I was so totally gung-ho about sharing my faith that I turned off a few people. I was speaking [based upon] feelings and not fact. I did not really know the Bible. The Lord had patience with me, and so did my brothers and sisters in Christ. Through them, I was shown how to build up my faith by reading my Bible (Romans 10:17), and by claiming the promises in it. I found the love of Christ to be sufficient for all my needs and found in Jesus Christ a friend who will never let me down or leave me.

[While I am painfully introverted,] some people may still consider me a self-centered loudmouth, perhaps to a certain extent I am, but I know I am the Lord's and He is mine, and that He will never leave me (Matthew 28:20).

Later (its year and purpose unknown), she wrote a much extended background narrative (found in her papers only in 2021) as follows.

My Faith Journey

By Anne Briley (edited)

“I never had anything dramatically wrong with me during my earlier years but I could just not adjust to people my own age. The consequences resulted in my becoming a loner, not because I chose this lifestyle, but no one cared to associate with me.

During my junior high and high school years, I never went to any games, parties, or dances. This person was the loner, she didn't fit in, and nobody really likes her anyway. Perhaps my peers judged me harshly or were indifferent, but I was very lonely.

I started doing worldly things to become more popular. I joined clubs, put on junky make-up (remember the gold eye shadow craze?) and went to charm school classes! None of these things worked, for I sought approval of the world and not from God.

High school was especially hard. I had no one to spend lunch period or even my free period with, so I filled the void by eating, eating, and more eating. I spent away an entire summer of savings on potato chips, sodas, and candy bars. I became fifty pounds overweight and more miserable. I developed a peculiar neurosis. When I was upset by something, my upper lip would puff to an enormous size or my eyes would swell shut.

I wanted to get away from high school and into a new environment where people had not already judged and classified me. By going to summer school, I was graduated a year earlier and soon found myself at New Mexico Tech [in 1973].

I became part of a little group of girls in my wing of the dorm plus a few guys that wandered in for one reason or another. I started dating a tall red-haired guy [John Gibson] who had previously accepted Jesus Christ as his [Savior]. We both were loners in school and it seemed for a couple of months that this was a good match.

He challenged me, saying, *"If you crossed the street right now, and died from being hit by a car, would you go to Heaven or Hell?"* I said I guessed I would go to Hell. That is when he started praying for me.

From that point of time on, I felt a strange need for God. I began reading a book in which the writer told of the power of prayer [*Hotline to Heaven* by Frances Hunter]. She mentioned spontaneous prayer, something that interested me. She mentioned many of her miraculously answered prayers. I started praying at different times of the week. I had not [yet] asked Jesus into my life, but I still felt warm and loved when I prayed.

My boyfriend [John] told me about [walking] forward in church and being saved. This was how I thought one became "saved". On Sunday morning [10/7/1973] in my dorm room, I found how much easier it was than that. My roommate [Sheli] had already left for church, and I was sitting on my bed writing a letter.

I especially remember how sunny the room was, how green the tree was outside, and how lively the record on the stereo [radio?] was. God used all of these things to get me to accept Him. It all happened very quickly and almost unexplainably, but God poured out his love to me. I remember looking out the window, seeing an invisible wall of God's love come through the window, and feeling that wave engulfed my body. Jesus Christ, God the Father and the Holy Spirit had chosen to manifest themselves to me in this manner. I knew, absolutely, that this was what I was searching for. Jesus was so real!

I was ecstatic. Bubbling over with joy, I ran upstairs up to the dorm room of a girl who I knew to be a Christian, but she was [still] at church. I called up my boyfriend and then dashed over to his dorm room. Still ecstatic, I kept up a steady stream of praise, and announcing, "*Jesus is real! Jesus is real!*" He was shocked but delighted. He asked me if I believed it in my heart, which of course I did, and he then took me out for a late breakfast to celebrate.

I had my first [faith] trial that evening. I went to [the Socorro Episcopal] church at 5pm as I usually did; only this time the minister told me that my father had a serious accident that very [Sunday] morning. He fell down a flight of stairs [at home] and was knocked unconscious for a little while. He was in the hospital with a broken wrist, a shattered shoulder blade, with possibly a broken rib, and a concussion. I was stunned.

I cried a little but could now turn my grief over to Jesus. I felt comforted and made plans to visit my Dad the next weekend. Through the experience that evening, Satan tried to get me back, but Praise the Lord! Jesus got the victory.

Since I was [newly] a child of God, He had [new] plans for me. My roommate [Sheli] asked me to go to an [evening Wesley Foundation] college-age fellowship meeting with her because she did not want to go alone and she did not [yet] know anyone there. I agreed, not knowing that this was more than a social group. I found several students who were [very active] believers in Jesus Christ. I let them know of my newfound faith.

They started nurturing me, teaching me how to walk with Jesus, and showed me how to find and claim God's promises in the Scriptures. Through their ministry, I was shown the promise of eternal life, something I had not realized. I just thought Christians went to Heaven to become angels. The Bible says we are going to be heirs with Jesus Christ by believing that His death on the Cross cleanses us from sin and makes us righteous before our Father. I found out about the Rapture, where Jesus Christ comes in the clouds with His angels to claim and carry all true believers to meet the Lord in the air!

The group members led me into a coffeehouse ministry on campus [Mustard Seed Coffeehouse], where the Lord allowed me to find [mid-week] teaching and fellowship. I acquired the label of "Baby Christian" which I did not mind at all, since I had just been "born again". I had a [newfound] wonderful life in Christ to grow and mature into.

The first summer [back home in Albuquerque] after I met the Lord felt unusual. Being away from campus fellowship helped me to depend more [directly upon] the Lord, but I

also went my own way for a little while. I took my eyes off the Lord for part of the summer and once again sought worldly approval. As a waitress in a delicatessen, I felt good about my job, and felt that the other workers accepted me.

I was crushed when the other waitresses accused me of stealing their tips. I was upset, let my delicate feelings be hurt, went into the backroom, and cried. In His infinite love and wisdom, Jesus placed Matthew, the only other Christian who worked there, to counsel me. He was very blunt as he told me I had just given Satan a victory. I was numb and yet I realized how right he was. Earlier that week, I concluded that happiness comes from being accepted by others, and I thought I [found] that acceptance at work.

When I went back [to Tech that fall of 1974], I decided to try a different crowd. I found myself in a pot party smoking. The Lord gave me such a horrible experience with it that I vowed never to come near it again. [Anne never talked about this lapse.]

I soon found myself back in the campus [Christian] fellowship. I realized that approval from God is the only approval I needed. He is the only one who judges righteously and everything my happiness depended upon could be found in Christ and the Body of Christ. The world has nothing really to offer.

My brothers and sisters in the Lord helped me pray for direction in my life. I became engaged [in October 1974] and married in May 1975. The Lord has called me to be a wife and a helpmeet to my husband. Jesus Christ is still the Lord of my life, and He has now given me a home of my own where Jesus is spoken of frequently with much love.

[God] saved me for His Kingdom. His wonderful love saved me from loneliness, something that can absolutely destroy some people. Most of all, the blood of Christ saved me from myself. I am no longer hurting myself with the load of sin I once carried. I am no longer a slave to sin. He changed my life.”

= o =

Anne hand-wrote a condolence card in 7/18/1999 (edited)

Dear Mr. Gibson, I am so sorry to hear of John's passing. I was his girlfriend during our first semester at Tech. He was the single most important person used by God to lead me to know Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. Tom Brockman gave your address. I wanted to tell you that John influenced me eternally.

Unusual Water Baptism

On 1/6/1974, Anne experienced the Baptism into God's Holy Spirit. Anne never talked with me much about that initial experience. In hindsight, it made her decision to briefly run after the party-hardy crowd that upcoming September somewhat inexplicable.

I first met her that January at the Mustard Seed Coffeehouse while I made sandwiches for customers. Days after, she and several other students wanted an immersion water baptism as believers. Anne was perplexed regarding her own baptism, which occurred under false pretenses for the choir trip. She telephoned Father Fish with her dilemma. After she described her faith-based conversion, he gave his blessing to go forward.

Methodist churches typically have no baptistery. Our young Methodist pastor was willing to break with tradition to nurture this campus faith awakening. We proposed driving down to the Sacramento Mountains in southern New Mexico to the Methodist Retreat center and throwing them into a deep snow bank. Snow is water after all.

A local rancher offered a water trough. We layered plastic in the front of the church and ran a garden hose inside. A light 1/27/1974 snow was on the ground making the hose water freezing cold. That water trough was a rounded World War II coffin lid rigged not to roll over. Anne loved the symbolism of that coffin lid and the concept of dying to self.

Therefore, Anne formerly baptized in a Presbyterian church, was baptized by immersion like a Baptist in a Methodist church with the formal blessing of a godly Episcopal priest.

She later joined St. Paul's as an affiliate member on 5/5/1974. Anne soon became a knowledgeable believer even to the point of presenting scientific evidences against evolution for her speech class in 1975. As in the 2014 movie *God is not Dead*, her speech professor and fellow students angrily denounced her. Yet, her research ability with apologetics had already grown to that significant level. The hostile class could not make a scientific rebuttal but only resorted to hornet-nest polemics.

The Christian students rallied and helped elect her to the Student Senate (1974-1975, during her sophomore year).

Medical Setback

Anne had a brush with mortality.

Charlotte explained in her newsletter (edited):

On December 4, [1973] Anne felt intense pains in her lower right side and went to the Socorro General Hospital. The doctor planned to remove the appendix the next day. I drove down the next morning and learned that the doctor was [only] an osteopath, so I moved Anne to the Presbyterian hospital in Albuquerque.

Their doctors made more tests and ruled out appendicitis. A few days later, they determine that it was a large benign cyst of the right ovary, which they removed on December 10. Anne stayed in the hospital until December 15 and came home.

Thus, she received Incompletes in all classes for her first semester. Her first report card surfaced in her papers in 2016. Most incompletes were resolved by the end of February. However, given her final grades in Chemistry and Psychology (her declared major); she struggled initially with the expectations at this highly competitive technical college.

LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	M.I.	NMT		
RITTENHOUSE	ANNE	L.	NEW MEXICO INSTITUTE OF MINING AND TECHNOLOGY		
585460963	BOX 3125				
FALL	SEMESTER	1973	DATE	02/22/74	
COURSE NUMBER	COURSE TITLE	SEM. HRS.	GRADE	GRADE PTS.	
CHEM 121	GENERAL CHEMISTRY I	3	FD	3	
CHEM 121L	GENERAL CHEMISTRY I LAB	1	FB	3	
ENGL 111	COLLEGE ENGLISH	3	I		
HIST 121	NEW WORLD CULTURE, COLONIAL EXPERIENCE	3	IA	12	
MATH 103	COLLEGE ALGEBRA	3	IA	12	
PSYC 121	GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY I	3	IC	6	

Table 9 - First Semester Incompletes Resolved - 3/1974

Jobs and Money

Anne’s early resume’ as a student gave far too much detail typical of a resume’ but showed the hourly wages earned by a Southwestern college student back in the 1970s.

From	To	/Hour	Employer	Job
4/72	8/72	Unk	VIP’s Big Boy Albuquerque	Car hop, cashier
5/73	8/73	1.30	VIP’s Big Boy Albuquerque	Car hop, cashier
9/73	10/73	1.40	NMTech Admissions PT	Admission Mailings
1/74	5/74	1.60	NMTech Cafeteria PT	Line Attendant
5/74	7/74	1.10	Deli City	Waitress
5/75	12/75	2.10	NMTech Daycare Center PT	Infant Care
2/76	5/76	2.00	Socorro Public Schools PT	Substitute Teacher
3/76	5/76	2.00	Whoppa Burger Socorro PT	Cashier, counter work
10/78	12/78	3.20	Cat State Hayward PT	Tutor Sociology

Table 10 – Anne’s College Jobs

After deciding to follow Jesus at heart-level, her focus on life radically shifted into thinking more as an adult. She transferred her bank account to Socorro and chose a check design with the word Jesus overlaid on an image of the planet.

A bank account alone is not that significant except that she wanted local control. It gave her a chance to share her newly energized faith in Jesus with whomever she did business. In those years before ubiquitous credit cards, we wrote hundreds of paper checks.



Figure 52 - New Bank Account - 2/1974

Courtship and Marriage

Hopeless Case

Anne first met me while visiting the MSCH as a freshman in January 1974. She tried to flirt with me but I was busy behind the counter handling a recent order and praying, “*Oh Lord, bless the person who eats this sandwich.*” She gave up on me as a hopeless case.

After Anne became a believer in Jesus, her whole outlook on life attracted me as a friend. At an outdoor prayer meeting on a campus lawn one evening, I noticed that Anne had a braid with a ribbon on only one side. I blundered into that minefield asking why there was no symmetrical braid on the other side. Mary Ann French rescued me saying, “*You must forgive him Anne. He has no sisters and does not know about such things.*” That innocent social failure confirmed me as a clueless geek.

She returned home to Albuquerque for the summer 1974 to earn money for college as a carhop server at a 1950’s style drive-in diner. I was leaving for my second six months as a Co-op student and welcomed having an active Christian friend from Tech during that summer. I considered her solely as if she was my own sister and a pal.

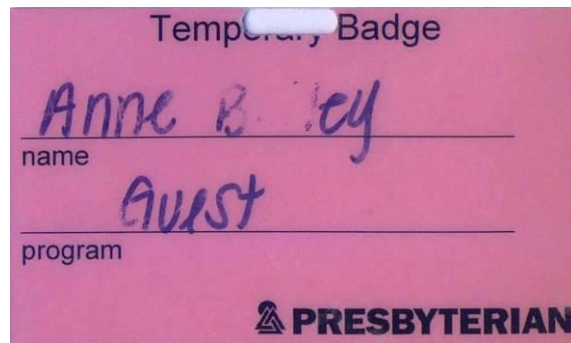


Figure 53 - Presbyterian Hospital pass, Albuquerque

Anne did hospital visitation for the Episcopal Church in her spare time. With Saturday off, we bicycled all over southeast Albuquerque with brown bag lunches in our knapsacks. Anne valued the weekly fellowship without the baggage of boyfriend issues.

Anne confided that her heart went pitter-pat when I motioned her to come up alongside me on a car lane by saying “*I need you.*” She was miffed to discover that I meant that we needed to be together in the lane to bike safely over a narrow bridge.

On a 7/6/1974 morning ride to visit Presbyterian Hospital, my first, we took a shortcut through the parking lot at the top of the hill and coasted down towards the main building. At the last possible moment, I noticed a dull gray chain blocking off the upper parking lot. The slack chain flipped up to my handlebars and flipped me into a somersault head first onto the pavement. No one wore bicycle helmets in those years. Anne rode up from behind and walked me down the rest of the hill while bleeding into the Emergency Room. They put six or so stitches into my scalp and attached reflectors on all parking lot chains.

Summer 1974 Courtship

While one could say that I fell head over heels in love through that July bicycle accident, I was still a bit dense. By August, Anne considered me well beyond friendship despite my clueless early love wishing her well on her return to Tech for September.

I became smitten and loved every chance to be with her. Late August started a mutual courtship. A journal, now missing, described my thoughts and prayers. We did not date and never considered bicycling as dating but just ordinary times among best friends.

In August of that second term at NWEF, Dr. Larry Oliver, some office staff, and their families, including his son Brad, took me on a backpacking trip into the Pecos Wilderness on a trail south of the Santa Barbara Campground, north of Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Figure 54 - Grass whistles with Brad Oliver (L.Oliver 8/1974)

Finding a 3”x5” wood chip from a felled tree near the trail, I inscribed a postcard message, “Anne, I Love You - Jesus and Me!” Vegetable oil brought out the color and preserved it. This first “spoken” word of love for Anne proudly hung in our home for decades. We later picnicked with the Oliver family at a park on the forested east of the Sandia Mountains in that same August. Anne then returned to Socorro for classes.



Figure 55 – Sandia Mountain Picnic (L.Oliver 8/1974)

An October 12 car-bike accident (described later) put me in the hospital. I managed to call Anne’s parents and they became my advocates. Anne immediately found a ride up from Socorro and helped me return to my apartment after I convalesced one full week at the home of the car owner. I have no idea why the owner did so but I gratefully accepted.

That car family helped me probe my feelings towards Anne. When I asked her in my apartment to take her to visit my parents, my heart was far ahead of my words.

“Oh? And why would you want to do that?” Anne coyly inquired.

Trapped, I bumbled out, “If I knew it was God’s will, I would marry you.”

In minutes, I asked her to marry and she agreed. We were such novices that she had to say, “It is OK to kiss now since we are engaged.” After an awkward first bump of our noses, we sealed the deal with a simple kiss. On 10/27/1974 evening, I indeed proposed to my best friend. At her death, 35 years later, she was still my best friend.

Anne found and annotated a dead-on-the-mark comic strip in November.



Figure 56 – Timely Comic from Anne (Momma 11/22/1974)

Pastor David Pina wrote in 2010:

I think Anne made her mind up about Harry long before he knew what happened!

Anne’s mother wrote in a 1974 Christmas newsletter:

Anne became strongly attached to Harry Briley, a Tech student, and in late 1974, they decided to look toward possible marriage in late 1975. Anne went with Harry to California to meet his family during the Christmas vacation.

The believers in Socorro started ‘taking bets’, half in jest and half in response to what they observed that our wedding date would be moved up earlier. Indeed, we moved it to the end of my junior year in 1975. It was only a seven-month engagement. Her father, Jack Rittenhouse, helped print our wedding invitations using his flatbed printing press.

Engagement Trepidation

Anne wrote her parents about our engagement (edited). It appears that it was not entirely a fait accompli, with a measure of trepidation for reasonable cause.

10/29/1974 Tuesday

Dear Peoples - Perhaps I am copping out by writing, but I have been better able to write out my thoughts instead of expressing them orally.

Harry and I are engaged. I realize you probably saw this coming. I think he is the greatest guy on earth, and he thinks I am wonderful. Perhaps we are too young or too inexperienced to get married. We have agreed to wait at least until he graduates, which will be at the end of fall 1975. I will [almost] be 20 by then. There is a lot we have to learn about love and marriage. We have agreed to receive counseling from one or two ministers: Dave Pena in Socorro and Judson Wagg from St. Mark's. We are absolutely not going to get married until we both feel and know it is right. I know I do not have to get married.

I was frightened by your attitudes toward Susan's [earlier 1974] wedding. It is because of this that I am writing. I know you were against it, as you are probably very upset now. I would love to tell you face-to-face and see you be happy about it all. It depresses me that you cannot really be happy for me.

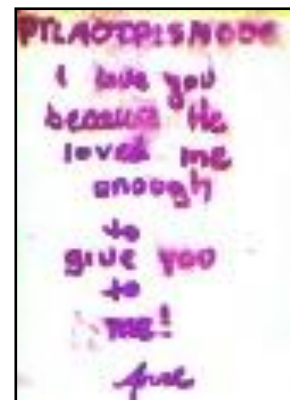
Daddy, remember the night I asked you, "How do you know you are in love?" You seemed to say, "If you would want to spend the rest of your life with him." Well, I thought on all of that. Harry is very gentle, intelligent, hardworking, and honest. His talents range from music to the sciences. He put himself completely through Tech as an out-of-state student. We are finding how our lifestyles are similar, and what we both enjoy. We both share the same viewpoints on our religious beliefs, which I feel is of greatest importance.

I see in Harry a loving soul, who I would like to spend my life sharing with. Please forgive me for having to write. I am sure you will write and we will discuss this to great lengths the next time we get together.

Young Love Lingo

On the back on a 1974-snapshot given me, Anne wrote out our private acrostic of PTLAOTPISAOOS with "I love you because He loved me enough to give you to me! – Anne"

Referencing II Timothy 4:2, it stands for the fun sentence:
"Praise the Lord all over the place, in season and out of season"



Engagement Ring

We shopped together for an engagement ring at the Living Word Christian bookstore in Albuquerque. We immediately latched onto one specific ring that expressed our hearts. It was sterling silver with moldings of two fish pointing at a central cross. It was the best that I could afford as a poor college student. Anne wore it proudly.



Figure 57 - Engagement Ring - 1974

Patricia (Patty) Morgan in 2012 wrote:

I was blest that Anne's heart was so loving towards me. She gave me her engagement ring to wear for a while. Thank God, that I realized in my naiveté that it was a gift from you to her and I gave it back. It had two fish meeting at a cross and I thought that was so cool!

The engagement ring was a loan from both of us to Patty. Anne had the idea but I forget the reason. Patty was special to us. It seemed the right thing to do and had a deep meaning for Patty at the time. This ring rests in Anne's memorial box of mementos.



Figure 58- Engagement Photo (L.Gagner 1974) – Anne, Undated

Miracle of Healed Dislocated Shoulder

Miracles are miracles because they do not happen frequently. Most churches downplay miracles. We tend to doubt the "staying power" of healings since we all eventually die. Sometimes years go by and then three miracles happen at once (as in 2005 at Trinity Baptist in Livermore) with no apparent provocation other than some people prayed.

I suffered a dislocated and shattered shoulder joint from an accident in Albuquerque on 10/12/1974. I bicycled downhill after a rain without rear brakes (ironically in route to replace the brake cable). A car misjudged my speed and crossed in front. My brain turned the pre-impact into slow motion to let me turn and roll into the back passenger panel of the car with my left shoulder instead of flipping over or sliding beneath the car.

The impact left me stunned sitting in the wet intersection. The next day surgery was less than optimistic. They ground the socket and wire-wrapped the joint. Rehabilitation was exceedingly poor. The proscribed therapy did not work. After four weeks, my arm stiffly moved at the elbow but pain entirely immobilized my shoulder.



Figure 59 – Arm in sling, Water Canyon, Socorro - 10/20/1974

David Briscoe (who played trombone?) invited me to his concert band performance at a small Baptist church Sunday evening. Afterwards, I asked David and friends from the University of New Mexico to lay hands on me near the podium and pray for my shoulder.

God remarkably unfroze the non-functioning arm. It could suddenly move in front of me to a bit below horizontal without pain (and no further). No one else could lift my arm above horizontal either. It allowed a decreasing arc to my side but I could not lift my arm straight out from the side. We all gave God immediate credit in the quiet auditorium.

I was astounded but puzzled why God did not allow full freedom. I did not expect much but knew that if anything occurred, it would come from the community praying. I was glad for some movement instead of none.

This bolstered my faith considerably prior to a healing conference. I began a two-day fast to remove any hindrances on my part. Morris Cerullo, of Jewish background, headlined a “Spiritual Life Crusade” November 18-22 at the Albuquerque Civic Auditorium Convention Center. Twenty-one churches sponsored it (nearly all Assembly of God or Full Gospel Businessman’s Fellowship). Yet, I found no denominational emphasis. God used him to provide a forum for trusting faith to flourish during the first song of the second evening (my first evening attending).

At or after the opening song, the evangelist asked that we all raise our arms to worship God. I thought, “*You have got to be kidding!*” Still, I raised the wounded limb to that forward partial horizontal where God had allowed the Sunday before, but it continued to rise unabated, without pain, soreness, or stiffness. I could then swing my arm full circle, even reach over my head, and touch my back! An alert usher escorted me to the stage with others with confirmed healings. A staff writer called me weeks later for particulars.



Harry Briley had an operation on a dislocated shoulder and it left his left arm disabled. He could not raise it above his head. In fact, no one else could even move it above his head which he demonstrated to Rev. Cerullo. In the first service as the healing power of the Holy Spirit fell upon the audience, suddenly complete mobility returned to Harry's arm!

Figure 60 - Instant healing (Deeper Life v13n3 pg5 4/1975)

I mailed Anne twice shortly after our engagement (edited):

11/17/1974 - Praise God! My arm came out of the sling on Friday, the same day our engagement ring arrived for you. [Tonight, I] was prayed for and now leveling my shoulder at horizontal but it refuses to go [up] any further yet.

11/19/1974 Tuesday

6 pm - Praise God! Hallelujah to Jesus, Holy Spirit, and Father, three in one. I am waiting for a ride to the Morris Cerullo Crusade. Pardon me while I just write things as they happen. If you come up [from Socorro] Saturday, I just might have a car! I will not be able to drive it around quite yet!

Maybe, God will give complete strength to my arm to drive. Tonight, I hope that our Father in heaven will completely heal my shoulder! Keep praying.

I am fasting today, and [my] expectation is running high [since the partial healing on Sunday evening]. I can get the [left] arm [slightly] above horizontal by walking it up a wall, but not [at all] on muscle power.

***Later** - I am at the Convention Center. Brent (who drove us home on our engagement [two weeks prior]) picked me up. As a [crusade] counselor, he had to come early, and thus I am in the foyer. A drunken woman walked by saying to me, "I don't know why I got drunk tonight, I just had to." That was strange.*

[By comparison,] you are neat and God's Holy Spirit flows so much from you with the fruit of joy, peace, and patience. I love you a whole lot. People are streaming in by droves. They have 540 ushers and counselors. [They said] half of the 2500 member audience went forward to accept Jesus last night. Oh, sings my soul, my savior God to thee, I love thee Lord!

*I bought and read a book on Saturday called **Sanctity of Sex** [Olford and Lawes, Spire Books, 1963] It helped a bit. It reiterated what other books already said [about courtship, engagement, and marriage], but put it in a concise spiritual way. Praise God. I am getting over my hang-up with sex being dirty. Every time sex was spoken of at school, the kids always made it sound obscene and a big joke and that made it a distasteful subject. However, Praise the Lord; I see (in part of course) the beauty that it is supposed to be, when seen in the light of Jesus Christ! Hallelujah! Thank you for praying. I will read a bit now and refresh my spirit with scripture before the meeting.*

***10 pm** - Praise the Lord! GUESS WHAT??? I have been healed! I can raise my arm, touch my opposite ear, scratch behind my back, and reach behind my neck. Oh Anne, Jesus is so great! Our Father through his Holy Spirit has healed me! [This occurred at or after the first song when asked to raise our arms in worship.] They had me testify on stage. When Morris prayed for me, I was "slain in the Spirit", the first [and only] time in my life. Lord, Thank you! Satan is harassing me now by giving me some discomfort and a little pain and stiffness. HOWEVER, [the fact remains that] I CAN MOVE IT! Praise God!*

The muscles are tense and tired, but Satan cannot overcome what I already know by faith, plus the physical movement [that] I can do [now by muscle, which I could not do minutes earlier]. Oh, Anne, keep praying, lest I pass this beautiful miracle of healing off lightly. This is so worthy of the praise to Jesus. Thank you Lord! Anne, I have a big hug waiting for you (two arms yet!)

***11 pm** - We are at Burger Chef for milkshakes to wrap up the evening. I have to get up by 5:30 am [for work]. I just talked to both Brent and three girls from the [University of New Mexico] prayer group. What a coincidence they came separately from the Crusade and we met here! Well, glory, and I love you.*

Unsavory characters, at work and away, ever since our engagement, point out girls with snide unkind remarks. It is strange. Today I had a compliment in reverse. Virgil at work said in response to some vulgarities, "Harry can't say that. These Jesus Freaks have to watch their image!" When I [openly] agreed, they did not say anything for a while. Praise God! I belong first to the Lord, but he is giving me to you too ... and vice versa. I am really happy, so happy.

***12 pm** - While midnight trucks on, I had better truck off to bed. What a day, what a Lord! Tomorrow, I will check to see if the stiffness goes away. [It rapidly abated.] The shoulder is still hurting. [It was fine by 5:30 am]*

***12:30 pm** - I just finished reading the Song of Solomon. I never read it quite that way before! The Amplified Version makes it sound even more [intimate].*

As stunning as the miracle was to me, I was more amazed that my anti-church parents read about my healing in their hometown paper 1200 miles away (with details and a color photo of myself). I did not know how to tell them. It is one thing to wave off stories of unknown people but quite another when a family member leaps off the newspaper page.

I wrote for the (Catholic) Weekend of Christian Challenge in 11/1975:

The personal encounter with Jesus Christ and His Holy Spirit totally transformed my life. I was a loner, introverted, and extremely shy. While in high school, I found out what it meant to give my heart to Jesus. I was baptized in water [in February 1970] and elated. This started a journey of real joy that has never ended and has never proved defective or fake.

[Forty days] later, my cousin introduced me to the person of the Holy Spirit. What took place is called the "Baptism of the Holy Spirit." This turning point in my life made my salvation effective and gave me a joyful knowledge of its permanence. My friends describe me by as an extrovert [even though I am not] and a joyful, committed Christian. This change was immediate and has constantly been mine for six years this [coming] March.

During this time span, I have seen people turn to Christ, a Christian Coffeehouse started (the Mustard Seed), a jail [visitation] ministry started. I have seen people healed spiritually, physically, and emotionally—all through Jesus Christ.

For me [on 11/19/1974], God recently healed my dislocated shoulder from a car-bicycle accident last October [10/12/1974]. Before being healed, I could not move my arm, yet immediately upon praise and worship of God (in a meeting led by God's Holy Spirit), I could swing my arm in a full circle without pain, soreness, or stiffness. Praise God, I know he lives!

A shoulder x-ray in Livermore after college gave no evidence of the wire tape or injury. A lump and a surgical scar remind me daily of God's provision. A small insurance settlement provided funds for a used 1971 Duster (yet another story).

Wood Shop Project

My long unfinished woodshop project from the eighth grade followed me from Eugene to Hawaii and back, stored in my bedroom closets over the years. I learned in Junior High to draw simple drafting diagrams, but any physical complexity besides using a lathe was far beyond my mechanical skills. I designed a two-by-four foot triangular coffee table in 1967 with influence from space race modernism.

The style looks like an artifact from that era. Back in 1967, my teacher glued together my remnant stock of black walnut lumber of variant widths to account for the outline of the design. Two strips of black walnut scrap glued together created each leg. Shortly before high school graduation, I turned those leg blocks on my father's ShopSmith lathe. Without access to equipment, the raw table remained untouched.

In the spring 1974, I discovered that Dr. Shortess had a woodshop in his Socorro home basement. He graciously gave access but handled the dangerous band saw himself. His direction guided me in using his rare two-foot wide planer in multiple passes to bring both sides to a common level. The better-surfaced side became the top although both sides could have qualified. Dr. Shortess provided the clear spar finish from his stock. Once the finish dried, I finally had to commit to which side would be top. The legs screwed into angled mounting brackets attached to the proclaimed bottom side.

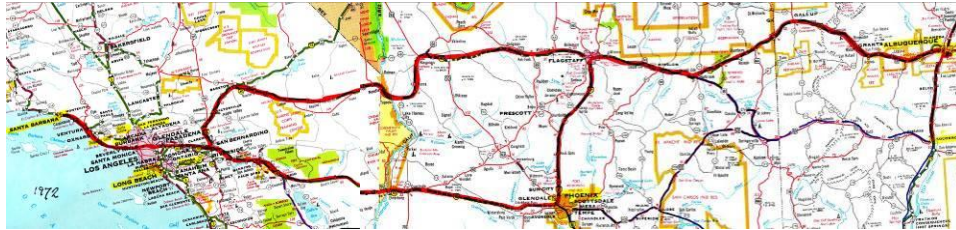


Figure 61 - Coffee Table - Designed 1967 - Completed 1974

This table became a Christmas gift to my mother in 1974. She used it at her bedside with a lamp. I reclaimed the table from her estate and brought it out of storage in 2014.

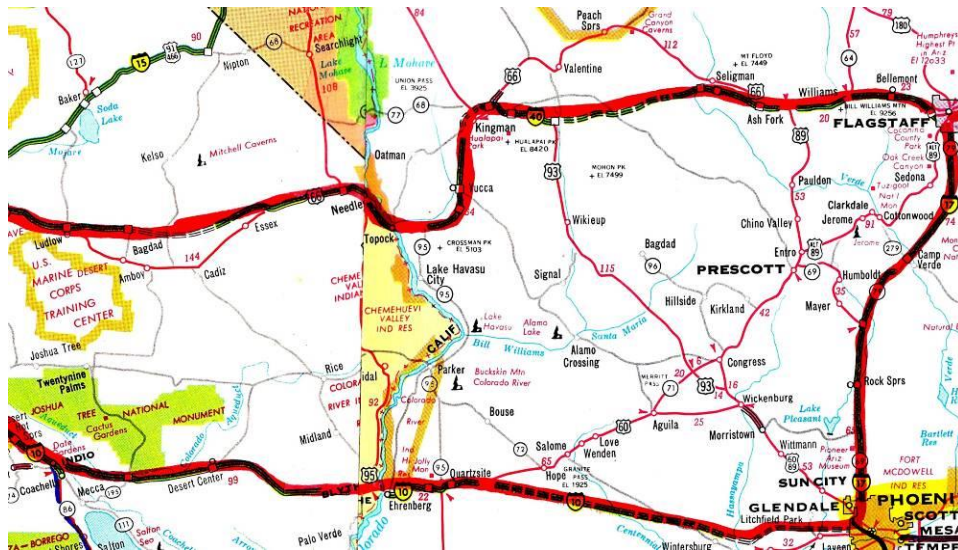
Post-Christmas Break 1974

We drove that newly finished table to Carpinteria from Socorro to let Anne meet my parents near Santa Barbara. We switched drivers several times during the 15-hour drive. Our bicycles fit on a bumper-mount rack on my 1971 Duster, newly purchased the prior month. The coffee table laid against the back seat with our food supplies propping it up.



Map 1 - Socorro to Carpinteria

Long portions of both Interstate-40 and Interstate-10 in eastern Arizona did not exist during 1974. We decided to use the north route over portions of Old Route 66 between Seligman and Needles and again through middle of the Mojave Desert. We took this identical route to Bakersfield when we moved in 1976 to Livermore, California.



Map 2 - Missing Segments on I-40 and I-10 - 1974

As young believers in Jesus and poor college students, neither of us wanted to share a motel room halfway. We chose this partly due to the expense and obviously for the moral optics. It never dawned on us that merely driving together as a couple would raise scruples. We merely operated as friends on a road trip. We had not considered the awkwardness at my parent's small apartment. They put me upstairs in a spare apartment since they managed the complex and Anne stayed in their apartment.

We bicycled past the rich estates (e.g. Pillsbury) on our way to Santa Barbara. We were completely out of our social strata while stopping at a convenience store for water. This low-end store sported chandeliers and wall-to-wall carpeting. It felt overly gaudy.

At the Santa Barbara harbor on 1/8/1975, we rented a tiny two-person “Flying Fish” to sail the protected waters. It cost \$5 an hour. Anne had never day-sailed and needed to consider whether she trusted my skills. She soon got the hang of the mechanics and thoroughly enjoyed our mini-cruise. We had life vests on board but did not wear them. It was probably for the same reason that no one wore bicycle helmets in those years.

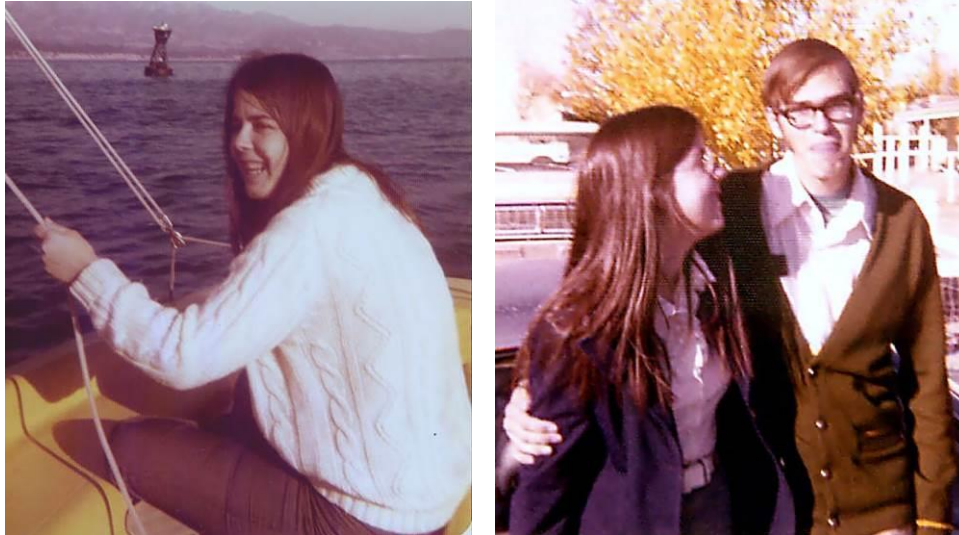


Figure 62 - Santa Barbara 1/1975, Socorro 3/1975

Oddly, we never got any signal from my parents about our engagement, which was the primary reason for the trip. We must have presented ourselves as a “done-deal”.

Certainly, my undiplomatic explosion at my father at the end of our visit did not encourage a follow-up conversation. Out of frustration, I said that he acted as a Jehovah Witness rejecting birthdays (Anne’s) and Christmas (dismissing the new coffee table).

Earlier that week, I gave a pathetic cupcake with a solitary candle for Anne’s birthday in Carpinteria since only a convenience store was open that New Year’s eve. This cupcake image became a romantic icon on recurring birthday cards. When Anne died in 2010, I took a cupcake and candle to her headstone on her 55th birthday as a closing tribute.

In 2010, David told me that Calvin disapproved of Anne because of her diabetes. My father kept it to himself in my presence, so I never heard his complaint. Anne’s mother, as mentioned, expressly questioned me about my intention to care for Anne’s diabetes. Indeed, her diabetic complications were a constant medical issue but without regrets.

On our return trip, we drove straight through to Socorro for our winter classes. By this time, we had the rotation of drivers down pat for the return trip. Driving together felt much more pragmatic than our carefree bicycling together earlier that summer. It was merely a way to transit long distances and confirmed that we could operate as a team.

Preparing for the Wedding

APPLICATION FOR MARRIAGE LICENSE No.

STATE OF NEW MEXICO
County of Socorro

ss. TO THE COUNTY CLERK:

We the undersigned hereby make application to be united in marriage and certify that we are not related within the degree prohibited by the laws of this state; that neither is bound by marriage to another; that there exists no legal impediment to this marriage; and that the information contained herein is correct.

Male Applicant Harry H. Briley Female Applicant Anne L. Rittenhouse
 Date of Birth 9/7/53 Date of Birth 12/31/55
 Place of Birth Van Nuys, California Place of Birth Houston, Texas
 Present Address Box 3125 Campus Station Present Address Box 3125 Campus Station
Socorro, New Mexico Socorro, New Mexico

Harry H. Briley Signature Anne L. Rittenhouse Signature
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of May
 A.D. 1975

Ignacio N. Garcia County Clerk
 (SEAL) Ruby Neusey Deputy

Tripp Jewelers
DON AND ELINOR TRIPP

LA VILLA SHOPPING CENTER PHONE 835-1099
 SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO 87801

Customer's Order No. _____ Date 2/8/1975
 Name Harry H. Briley
 Address _____

SOLD BY	CASH	C.O.D.	CHARGE	ON ACCT.	MOSE. RETD.	PAID OUT
QUAN.	DESCRIPTION		PRICE	AMOUNT		
	<u>14K 2 1/2" Ladies wedd. ring 10/32 E</u>			<u>30.00</u>		
	<u>size 8 1/2 needed</u>					
	<u>st. box</u>			<u>1.20</u>		
<u>2/8</u>	<u>pd by ck</u>			<u>31.20</u>		
				<u>XX</u>		
TOTAL						

ALL claims and returned goods MUST be accompanied by this bill

6738 Rec'd by _____

Certificate of Marriage

This certifies that
Anne L. Rittenhouse
 and
Harry H. Briley
 were united in
Holy Matrimony
 at St. Paul's United Meth. Church
 on the 24th day of May,
 1975, according to the ordinance of God and the laws
 of the State of New Mexico

David A. Sena Minister

Witnesses:
J. Steven Hughes
Carol S. Wesner

Figure 63 – Poor students and wedding paperwork - 1975

Even with our Wesleyan theology, I did not pay attention until decades later that John Wesley had his conversion experience on Aldersgate Street in London on that same day in May. Only by looking backwards, do such alignments of show the fingerprint of God.

Anne’s father printed our wedding invitations on his flatbed letterpress. He set it by hand using *Fine Italian Hand* lead type from his Stagecoach Press collection.

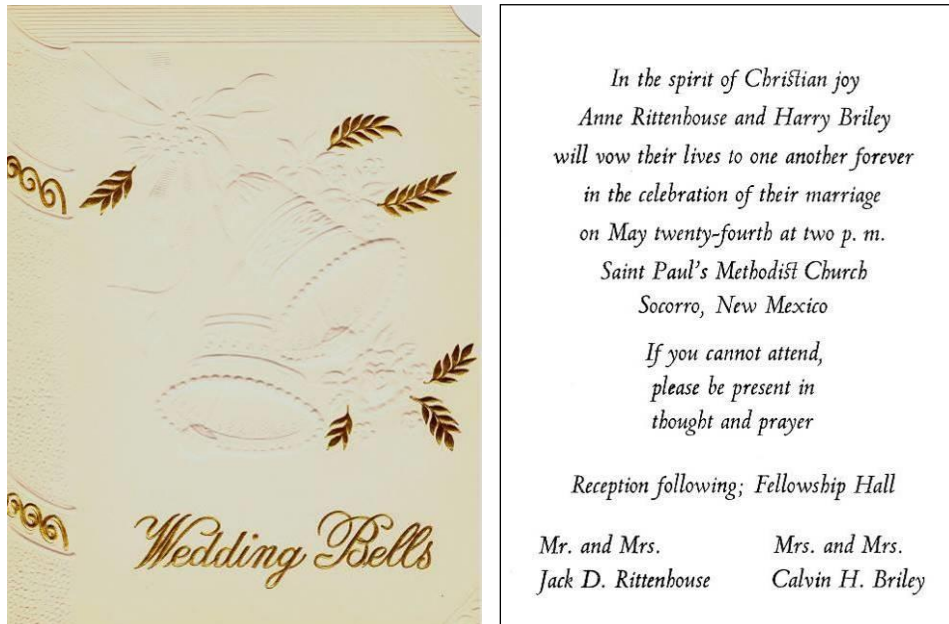


Figure 64 - Wedding Invitation - 1975

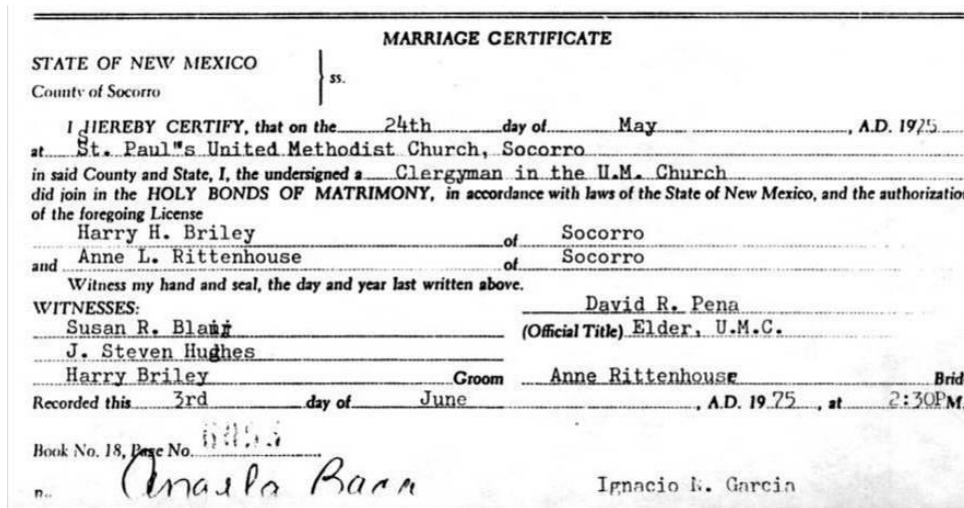


Figure 65 - State Marriage Certificate –1975

After our marriage, my parents moved without leaving a forwarding address. It was not anger towards me alone. My father was angry with everyone. Not knowing the overall scope, we presumed that a misprint in the wedding invitation (“Mrs. and Mrs. Calvin Briley”) offended him, that we married in a church building, or that my undiplomatic outburst back in December had cemented his 1972 decision to disown me. Many factors were in play, which reinforced that we were indeed on our own (sink or swim).

Wedding – 5/1975

The night before the wedding, Anne asked her bridesmaid of honor, Caryn Wesner, to read all of Paul's letters aloud to her touching upon marriage. She wanted to know what she was getting into! Anne borrowed Heidi Hawley's wedding dress as used that year.

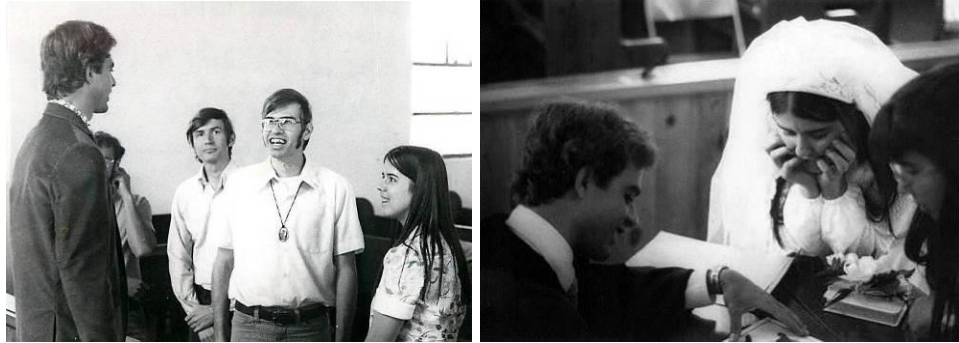


Figure 66 - Rehearsal and Certificate Signing (T.Asher 5/1975)

Rehearsal L to R: David Pena, Earl Eiland, J. Steven Hughes, Harry, Anne
Certificate L to R: David Pena, Anne, Susan (Rittenhouse) Blair

Anne appears to be thinking in the right photo, “*Oh no! What have I gotten myself into?*” She was simply engrossed in the signing. Anne frequently rested her chin in her hands when examining something. However, the angle of the photo and given that Pastor David Pena is signing our marriage certificate builds the suspense.

Pastor David Pena officiated. He changed his last name to Pina in 2008 after visiting his grandparent's graves in the San Francisco Bay Area and noticed their spelling. He felt honored while he retooled at our local seminaries to visit Anne at her nursing home. He prayed with her a few weeks before her death in 2010 gladly recalling the 1975 wedding.



Figure 67 - Wedding Receiving Line – 5/1975



Figure 68 - Wedding with Stand-in Parents (T.Asher 5/1975)

R to L: Jack and Charlotte Rittenhouse, Anne, Harry, Wealthy and David Shortess

Officiating Pastor: David Pena
Anne's Parents: Jack and Charlotte Rittenhouse

Bridesmaid of Honor: Caryn Wesner
Bridesmaid: Susan (Rittenhouse) Blair

Guitar: Irma Edwards
Pianist: Carol Pucci
Flute: Amy Shortess

Processional: Ode to Joy (Beethoven)
Stand-ins for my Parents: Dr. David and
Wealthy Shortess
Best Men: J. Steven Hughes, Earl Eiland
Homily: Dr. David K Shortess, Biology
Professor, Faculty Advisor Wesley Foundation
Wedding Dress: Borrowed from Heidi Hawley
Location: St. Paul's United Methodist Church
Photographer: Terry Asher



Figure 69 - Jack Rittenhouse, Father of Bride (T.Asher 5/1975)

Tech Students Exchange Vows

St. Paul's United Methodist Church was the setting for the wedding on Saturday, May 24, 1975 at 2 p.m. of Miss Anne Rittenhouse and Mr. Harry H. Briley, with Rev. David Pena officiating at the double ring ceremony.

Anne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack D. Rittenhouse of 600 Solano Dr. S.E. Albuquerque and Harry is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin H. Briley of Carpintera, Calif.

The church altar held two vases of pink baby roses. pianest was Miss Carol Pucci who played "St. Anthony Chorale" for the processional and Beethoven's "Hymn to Joy" for the recessional Soloists were Marie Shortess who sang "Karrie's Song" and Irma Edwards singing "The Wedding Song."

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a full length white gown of double knit featuring a high neckline and full length sleeves. The bodice and sleeves were accented with lace. She wore a shoulder length veil and her headpiece was also lace and trimmed with pearls. She carried a white Bible topped by white roses.

Maid of honor was Miss Caryn S. Wesner and matron of honor was Mrs. Dennis Blair, sister of the bride. The attendants wore full length dresses of pink print accented with roses. The dresses had high necklines and short puffed sleeves. They carried white Bibles topped with pink carnations.

The groom wore a white tuxedo, black pants, a white ruffled shirt trimmed in black a black collar, and a white rose boutonniere. Best man was J. Steve Hughes and he wore also a white tuxedo, black pants, black collar, white ruffled shirt trimmed with pink and a white carnation boutonniere.

The usher was E. Earl Eiland and he was dressed the same as the best man.

The mother of the bride wore a full length dress of a pink print trimmed with white and a corsage of pink carnations. Standing in for the parents of the groom were Dr. and Mrs. David K. Shortess. Mrs. Shortess wore a street length dress of green crepe trimmed with white lace and a corsage of white carnations with white trim.

Anne and Harry exchanged rings and then Dr. David Shortess gave a Homily on Christian marriage and then Communion was shared by everyone present.

Following the wedding the reception was held in the Fellowship Hall of the church. The wedding cake was three tiered and decorated with pink roses topped

by a silver wedding cross with wedding rings entwined. On either side of the cake were ivory candles in wooden holders. Guests were served cake and punch. Serving cake and punch was Mrs. Mike Hawley. Attending the guest book was Mrs. David Synman.

Harry is a senior at New Mexico Tech majoring in computer science and Anne is a sophomore at New Mexico Tech majoring in psychology. The couple made a wedding trip to Santa Fe.

Members of the wedding party from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Jack D. Rittenhouse, parents of the bride from Albuquerque, Mr. J. Steve Hughes of Pasadena, Calif., Miss Caryn S. Wesner, Albuquerque, Mrs. David Synman also of Albuquerque, and many other friends from out of town.



Mrs. Harry H. Briley
Photo by Terry Asher

Figure 70 - Wedding Article (Defensor Chieftain 6/5/1975)

Anne knew beyond doubt that she wanted her closest high school friend Caryn Wesner to be her Maid of Honor. She made many lasting friendships at Tech, but she reserved this specific honor for Caryn who, at age 16, became the youngest member of our wedding.

Caryn-Wesner Early recalled in 2014:

I missed Anne when she went to college, and was so surprised, pleased, and flattered that she wanted me for a bridesmaid (and especially for maid of honor, which I think made her mom mad). Anne guided me on being a maid of honor, and I helped with her [wedding] shower. Your wedding was the first one I was ever in, and the shower I threw for her (with MAJOR help from my mom) remains the only one I have given. After that, I REALLY missed her. I only saw her one more time, when both of us were in Albuquerque. Nevertheless, we remained close, first via postal mail and then later by e-mail.

Poor Planning for Honeymoon

Heide Hawley and Sheli Snyman, Anne's best college friends managed the reception. Anne's parents helped us buy a three-tiered wedding cake. Kimberly Eiland loaned her wedding cross for the cake top. We froze the top for our first anniversary. Otherwise, we made only the foggiest of plans or rather owned a profound lack of plans.

We sneaked off from our wedding reception around 4pm to reach Santa Fe before nightfall. I regretted that in hindsight. We should have stayed longer at our reception.

After a sumptuous seafood dinner at Zeider-Zee in Albuquerque, we had trouble finding a vacant motel near Santa Fe on a busy Saturday night in the dark. We found a vacancy at La Posada (not knowing its proximity to the Plaza). Once settled, I found difficulty learning to fall asleep with a beautiful woman! Who is this awesome person in my bed?

We attended Sunday morning worship services and toured the city. Everyone seemed kind to us. It baffled us that so many strangers commented that they spotted us as newlyweds. We stayed at the Santa Fe Cottonwood Court Sunday night. The clerk inquired about our plain wedding bands and offered a better room for newlyweds.

On Monday afternoon, we drove up to Terry Asher's family mountain cabin near Pena Blanca. He offered it and we had visions of a cozy off-season ski chalet. We enjoyed the scenery but could not now find my way back. We found a five-pound black glass obsidian chunk in that volcanic region, which I loaned to the Tech Mineral Museum.

To our dismay, the unfinished cabin had no furnishings, facilities, heat, or electricity. Aside from our sleeping bags and food, we had not packed for backcountry camping. To make matters worse, Anne came down the next morning with a bladder infection.

We quickly drove to Albuquerque for an emergency room visit, staying in David and Sheli Snyman's apartment upon their offer. After recovery from that infection, I promised Anne a real (that is, a properly planned) honeymoon after graduation.

Blood Red Moon in Santa Fe

Our honeymoon night preceded Pentecost Sunday (red is its liturgical color). Neither of us could sleep on our first night even after a hot shower. We got up and walked out onto the patio for some brisk mountain air on a clear night. A huge moonrise due to the atmospheric curve completely transfixed both of us. The harvest-type full moon was deep red. In the 1970s, conservative Christians focused upon end-times Bible prophesy. You can imagine what went through our minds, both still young in our faith.

No one believed us. People at every church over the next 35 years treated me as if I invented it to match scripture verses as some kind of Bible wacko to claim the moon turned a blood red color. (As if saying, *“It is all metaphorical don’t you know. Such stuff does not happen. We cannot take the Bible literally in a scientific age. Jesus was just emphasizing human tribulation.”*) Even I attributed it to observing the moon through smoggy conditions in Albuquerque ... but deep blood red was indeed its color. I was gloriously stunned to find objective affirmation that resolved this 35-year puzzle.

According to the “Starry Night”™ software (run by a co-worker in 5/2010), there was indeed a total lunar eclipse about 10pm on 5/24/1975. It was a “blood moon” we saw that evening rising from the Southeast looking from Santa Fe towards Albuquerque.

The next morning, we discovered our La Posada motel room door opened directly opposite of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Faith (e.g. Santa Fe in Spanish means Holy Faith) decked out with long red draped banners. Anne attended that congregation on her own as a schoolgirl. The red moon and Pentecost Sunday were perfect signals to focus our marriage firmly upon Jesus Christ. After Anne died, a blood red moon occurred seven weeks later in Livermore on 12/21/2010 as a fitting closure to our marriage.



Photo - Doug Jorgensen

The clouds disappeared long enough to give Valley residents a clear glimpse of the lunar eclipse that occurred late Monday evening into early Tuesday morning. The last total lunar eclipse, when the sun, earth and moon were almost exactly in line, was in February 2008. This December's eclipse was the first on the Winter Solstice for nearly 400 years.

Figure 71 - Blood Moon Marriage (D.Jorgensen, Independent 12/23/2010)



Figure 72 – Episcopal Church view from La Posada room - 2/1999

Rittenhouse Accolade

Anne's mother wrote a Christmas newsletter to their close friends. Anne and I were never on that mailing list. These newsletters surfaced in Charlotte's estate in 2014.

Charlotte wrote in her 1975 Christmas Newsletter:

Anne and Harry found a rental home in Socorro and stayed there through the summer. Harry was rated the best mathematician at New Mexico Tech during the 1974-75 school year, which is quite an honor at a technical college.

This math accolade surprised me. I indeed earned the Math Department Trophy as a Junior at my high school (but not as a college Junior). My ACT scores put me in the top 2% nationwide of college-bound students, and in the top 1% in the ACT math section.

However, my SAT scores listed me in the top 10% in math, which more closely matched my observed reality at Tech. Freshman calculus squashed my hopes of mathematical prowess as everyone else with a science major at Tech was equally in the top 10% in their math scores. I graduated cum laude (with honors) only by significant effort.

Both sets of parents felt we married too young, which might adversely affect our educations. Yet, Charlotte found comfort that the US Navy employed me as skilled enough to program for them as an undergraduate. She was still appropriately concerned whether Anne could complete her four-year degree.

Instead, marriage rapidly matured both of us. My personal stress points included senior classes, seeking employment after graduation, and a hospitalization. Despite these concerns, my grades became nearly straight A's with a spurious B in my final year.

Anne, as a junior, thoroughly enjoyed working as a lab assistant monitoring and weighing diabetic hamsters. She likewise scored better than her prior year. She received an AA degree in 1976 and waited for residency to enroll at Cal State Hayward.

Graduation

Upon our wedding, Anne’s parents voiced their concerns that Anne needed to complete her Bachelor’s degree, and that they worried that married life would derail her. Both Anne and I affirmed the intent to complete her degree, as described in the next chapter.

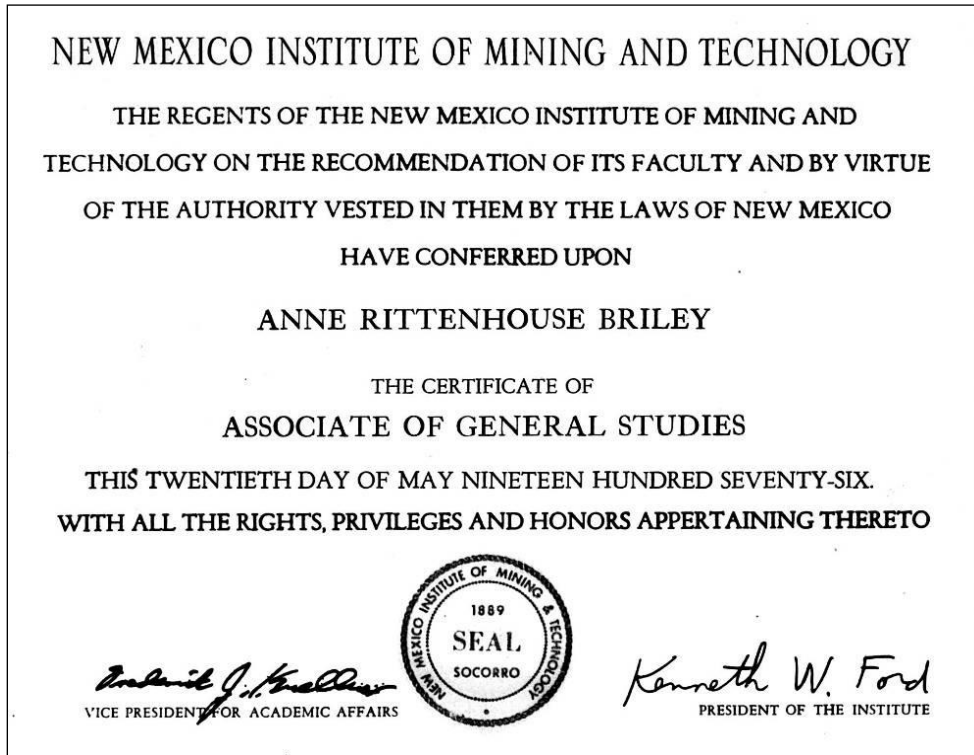


Figure 73 - Associate of General Studies – 5/1976

Tech was my first and only graduation for myself attended. The smallness of the college made the outdoor ceremony intimate and meaningful. Anne’s parents attended.



Figure 74 - Tech Bumper Stickers



Figure 75 – Graduation Portraits - 1976



**Figure 76 - Diploma from President Kenneth Ford – 5/20/1976
with Fredrick Kuellmer (1924-1992), Dean of Students, at the podium**

PROCESSIONAL

PROEM

ROBERT H. CORMACK
*Professor of Psychology and
Dean of Students*

REMARKS

KENNETH W. FORD, *President
New Mexico Institute of Mining & Technology*

MUSIC

J. S. Bach, *Overture to the Peasant Cantata*
SOCORRO/TECH ENSEMBLE

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

HONORABLE JERRY APODACA, *Governor
State of New Mexico*

PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

FREDERICK J. KUELLMER
Vice-president for Academic Affairs

JAMES I. KIRKLAND
President of Student Association

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

KENNETH W. FORD

RECESSIONAL

CANDIDATES FOR
BACHELOR DEGREES

• Honors •• High Honors ••• Highest Honors

- MOHAMMAD SAYED ABDUL-WAHAB, B.S. in Petroleum Engineering
- STEPHEN E. ADAMS, B.S. in Chemistry •
- FAROUK HUSSIEN AL-ZENKI, B.S. in Petroleum Engineering
- JENNIFER ANDERSON, B.S. in Biology •
- TERRY ROBIN ASHER, B.S. in Biology ••
- TARAK ATTIA, B.S. in Petroleum Engineering •
- GIAN ANDREA BACIGALUPA, B.S. in Biology
- NANCY CHRISTINE JOHNSON BILDERBECK, B.S. in Biology •••
- FRED BINGHAM III, B.S. in Physics
- SUSAN RITTENHOUSE BLAIR, Bachelor of General Studies
- LINDA BLAKESTAD, Bachelor of General Studies •••
- DANNY DARWIN BLEAK, B.S. in Geology
- DAVID WALLACE BOLLSCHWEILER, B.S. in Environmental Engineering
- JEFFREY J. BOLLSCHWEILER, B.S. in Petroleum Engineering
- BOURNAME BOUCHAIB, B.S. in Petroleum Engineering
- LINDA F. BOZEMAN, B.S. in Mathematics
- DAVID R. BRANNAN, Bachelor of General Studies
- HARRY HOWARD BRILEY, B.S. in Computer Science •
- STEPHANIE MARSON BROWN, B.S. in Petroleum Engineering
- RICHARD EAGLE CARLBERT, B.S. in Mining Engineering
- STEVEN MARTIN CATHER, B.S. in Geology
- PATRICK F. CHAVEZ, B.S. in Physics
B.S. in Mathematics •••
- SANDRA LOUISE LEYBA CHAVEZ, B.S. in Chemistry •••
- KEITH ALLEN CHRISTOPHER, B.S. in Chemistry
B.S. in Biology •••
- CHU WEI CHUN, B.S. in Chemistry ••••
- CARL MEREDITH CLARK, B.S. in Mathematics •••
- WALLACE T. CLARK III, B.S. in Physics
- ROBERT MOORE COLPITTS, JR., B.S. in Geology
- DARRELL L. CONNELLY, B.S. in Geophysics •••
- MELISSA ELIZABETH CONNOLLY, B.S. in Petroleum Engineering ••

Figure 77 - Commencement Program (Partial) - 5/20/1976

At the time, I yellow highlighted my copy of the program of each student whom I thought I knew more than as a passing acquaintance. Now, 43 years later in 2019, only past close friends jumped off the page, namely Terry Asher and Susan Blair on this first page.

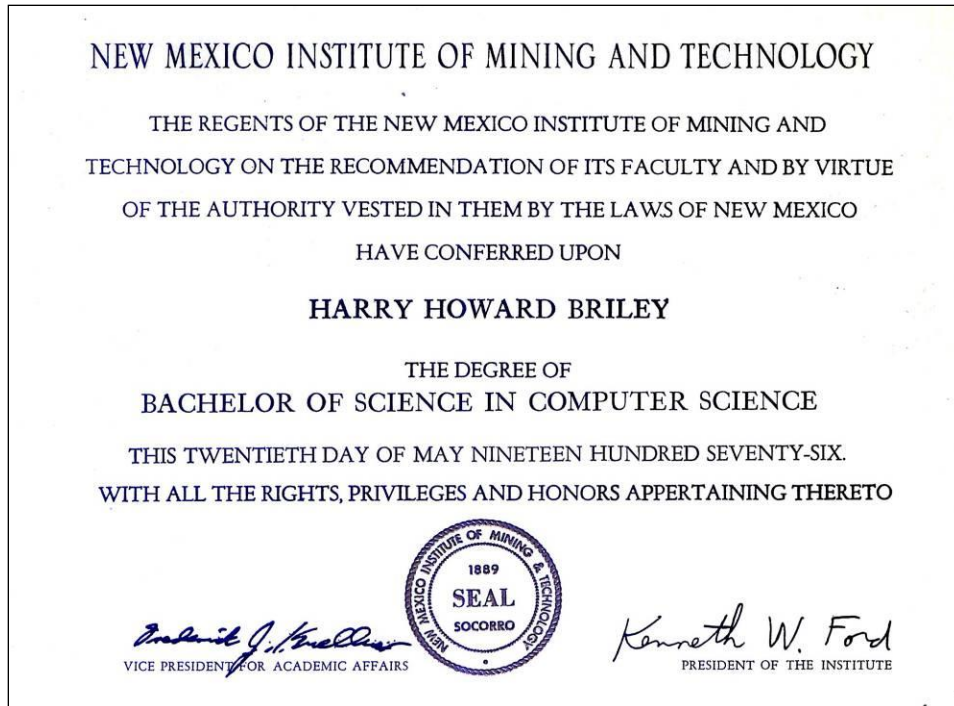


Figure 78 - Diploma - BS in Computer Science – 5/20/1976

Despite my GPA-killing spring 1973 semester, I still graduated with Honors (or ‘Cum Laude’ if it were a liberal arts school). I earned my Computer Science degree in 5/1976. The “With Honors” certificate arrived seven weeks later in the mail, dated on the day upon which I started work at Lawrence Livermore Laboratory.

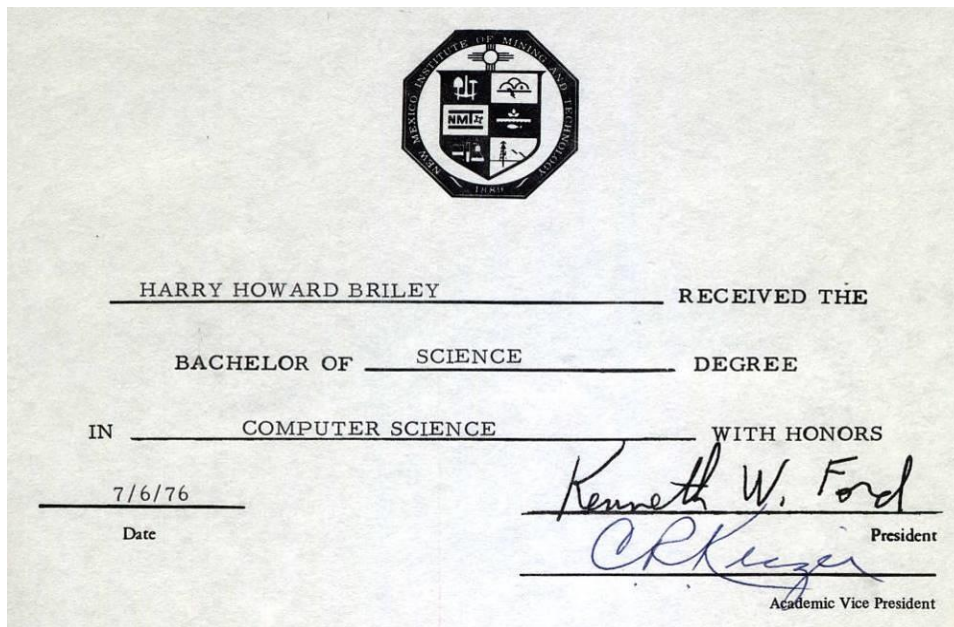


Figure 79 - Confirmation of "With Honors" (Cum Laude) – 7/6/1976

Acknowledgments

I edited and credited materials from public sources in offset boxes.

Materials not publically available came from:

- Terry Asher, Wedding Photos
- Anne Rittenhouse Briley, Estate Papers and Photos
- Lee Gagner, Engagement Photos
- Ellen High, Anne's Aunt, Letters from her to Anne
- Larry Oliver, Engagement Photos
- Charlotte Rittenhouse, Estate Archives, Photos, and Christmas Newsletters
- Jack Rittenhouse, Memoirs

Those who contributed and/or assisted me in person with this chapter were:

- David Briley, my brother
- Patricia (Patty) Morgan, Socorro HS
- Carol Myers, Charlotte Rittenhouse Friend
- David Pina, St. Paul's UMC, Pastor
- Caryn Wesner-Early, Highland HS