RUTH KIRK 1109 COOPER POINT ROAD, NW OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON 98502-2564

September 3, 2005

Hello Ivan & Carol too—

You are kind to send such generous thoughts re: the Humanities award and doubly kind to even think of speaking at the gathering, were you within striking distance. I'm rather dismayed at being selected; never would have nominated me had I been on the selection committee. But of course it's nice and I'm appreciative as well as surprised to the nth degree. Sorta adds to the retrospective thoughts that come with turning 80.

All is well here. Dick Daugherty and I are Exceedingly Significant Others and that adds/restores a delightful warmth to life. We're working on a complete rewrite of the Wash. Archaeology book. Slow project but I expect to totally finish next spring.

Here's to your new novel! Checking the copy-edited ms and picking cover art is a happy stage. Drafting is what I find semi miserable.

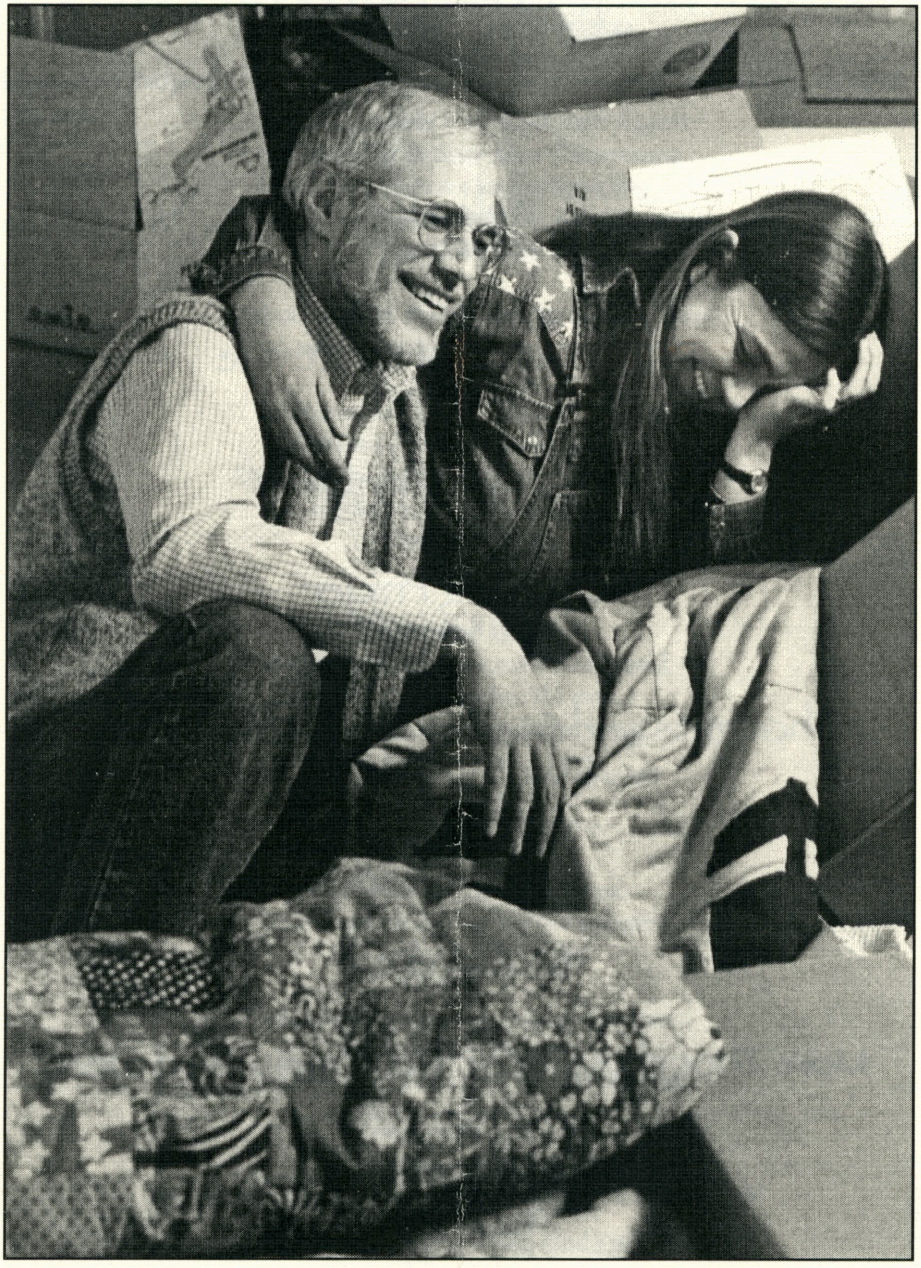
Have a great time in Idaho. I'm VERY fond of that state in MANY ways. Give a call if ever you're coming Olympia-way. Would love to have you come for lunch or dinner or whatever. I live at the edge of the woods where the deer and chipmunks raid my porch lettuce and tomatoes and the jays pick apart the woodpeckers' suet and shake the chickadees' seed from the feeders. Life in the approximate Wild!

Warm regards,

Ruth

PHONE: 360/438-3569 FAX: 360/352-5613 KIRKWRITER@COMCAST.NET

In Loving Memory



Jeffrey William Limerick

May 1, 1948 – February 1, 2005

Memorial Service
Saturday, February 12, 2005

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life...
Deu 30:19

Welcome
Bill Mooney

Expressions of Gratitude
Patty Limerick

"I Can See Clearly Now"

Opening Prayer
Rev. Ray Smith

Thoughts and Stories From Loved Ones
Denver Mayor John Hickenlooper
Sallye McKee
Michael McKee
Lynn Ross-Bryant

"Amazing Grace"

More Thoughts and Stories From Loved Ones

Guy Thornton
Juana Gomez
Norman Haun: Reading also on behalf of Cesar Pelli
William Schaw

"When I Grow Too Old To Dream"

"I Can See Clearly Now"

Johnny Nash

I can see clearly now, the rain is gone,
I can see all obstacles in my way
Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind
It's gonna be a bright, bright
Sun-Shiny day.

I think I can make it now, the pain is gone
All of the bad feelings have disappeared
Here is the rainbow I've been praying for
It's gonna be a bright, bright
Sun-Shiny day.

Look all around, there's nothing but blue skies
Look straight ahead, nothing but blue skies

I can see clearly now, the rain is gone,
I can see all obstacles in my way
Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind
It's gonna be a bright, bright
Sun-Shiny day.

"Amazing Grace"

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me....
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now, I see.

T'was Grace that taught...
my heart to fear.
And Grace, my fears relieved.
How precious did that Grace appear...
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares...
we have already come.
T'was Grace that brought us safe thus far...
and Grace will lead us home.

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun

"When I Grow Too Old To Dream"

When I grow too old to dream
I'll have you to remember
When I grow too old to dream
Your love will live in my heart

So, kiss me my sweet
And so let us part
And when I grow too old to dream
That kiss will live in my heart

And when I grow too old to dream
Your love will live in my heart

"Blessed Assurance"

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Refrain

Perfect submission, all is at rest
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Refrain

Vocalists: Sunnie Bell (Jeff's Sister-In-Law) & Roni Ires (Jeff's trusted friend)
Guitarist: Roni Ires

More Thoughts and Stories From Loved Ones

James Bell
Grant Bell
Tamar Scoggin
Charles Wilkinson: Reading also on behalf of Vine Deloria, Jr.

"Blessed Assurance"

More Thoughts and Stories From Loved Ones

Julie Hite
Charles Scoggin
Gloria Main
Sunnie Bell

Closing Prayer

Elliott West

Wedding Video

The Story Behind The Song,

"I'm So Excited"

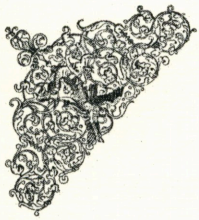
"I Can See Clearly Now."

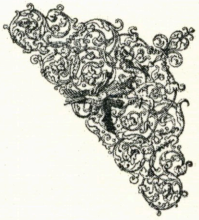
But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.
2nd Peter 3:8-9

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.
Romans 8:38-39

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not on thine own understanding.
Proverbs 3:5

O death, where is thy sting? O grace, where is thy victory?
1st Corinthians 15:56





Jeff –

Wonderful Husband

Precious Brother-In-Law

Fantastic Uncle

Dear Son

Fine, Gentle, Joyful Man:
Genius at Friendship

Loved By God and Loved By All of Us





5 March '05

Dear Patty--

Thanks for sending along the copies of Jeff's memorials. A noble life was nobly celebrated. Carol and I are kicking in a check to the Memorial Fund.

A thought, which needn't be answered now but we'd ask you to hold in mind: how about coming up here for a visit sometime? Guest quarters await. Or fetching up with us in Montana, if you'd like to see some of the country I'm chronically writing about? We're intending to knock around the Rocky Mountain Front (Montana division) a bit in mid-September this year. Anyway, we're here (or there as the case may be) if you ever want to get out of town, okay?

All is well here and I'm closing in on the end of the next novel--those two statements go together--but I do have a strange anecdote to share when we next get together: had to head off my own obituary a couple of weeks ago. About to be prematurely released, natch, and I got to do the Twain shtick (the report of... greatly exaggerated etc.) a lot, but was it ever eerie there for a while. Other than that, we're simply bracing for a hell of a drought here and trying to outlast the bastards of the Bush regime.

Love, and keep in touch as circumstances allow,

February 27, 2005

Dear Ivan and Carol,

The neurologist believes that Jeff experienced no pain or even discomfort. On his last day, in the Intensive Care Unit, he had sixty or seventy visitors, and if he was able to hear, he heard many statements of deep and intense affection for him.

I am coping, though occasionally knocked over by grief.

Love,

Patty

OBITUARIES

Architect Jeffrey Limerick dies

By Desiree Belmarez
Camera Staff Writer

When Patricia and Jeffrey Limerick decided to build their Boulder home, Patty could not express what she wanted, so she left it up to her husband and architect to decide.


Limerick

"Jeffrey was very good at psyching out people," said Patricia Limerick, a University of Colorado history professor and chairwoman of the board of the Center of the American West. "He knew what I would like, even if I didn't."

Jeffrey Limerick built the house in Boulder that he and his wife called home, and received a prize for his work. Jeffrey William Limerick, of Boulder, died Tuesday in Boulder of complications from a stroke. He was 56.

Limerick received a bachelor's degree in architecture from the University of California at Berkeley, and a master's degree in architecture from Yale University. He was a co-author with Richard Oliver and Nancy Ferguson of the book "America's Grand Resort Hotels."

Limerick team-taught with Cesar Pelli at the Yale School of Architecture. He also worked as a designer for architectural firms in New York, Massachusetts and Colorado.

Mystery writer Steven White remembers Limerick as a witty and compassionate person who was always willing to lend a helping hand.

When White began his writing career, publishers would not read his manuscript. Then he met Limerick, who made a contact for him at Viking Press, which eventually published the book.

"Jeffrey was very influential to my career," White said. "He got me in the door."

When contemplating the secrets to a happy marriage, the Limericks turned to Patricia's favorite professor, Page Smith, who had been married for more than 50 years. Patricia Limerick recalled that Smith said whenever he and his wife faced a challenging matter or decision, he always responded with "Whatever you say, dear," and continued with what he was going to do anyway.

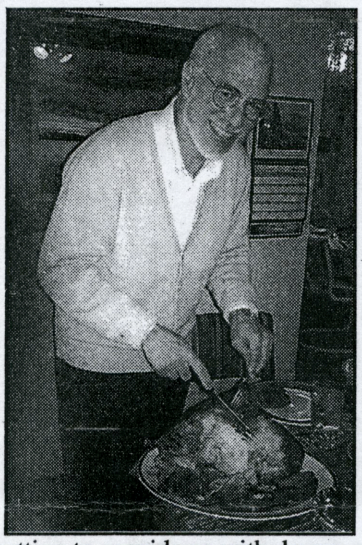
"Jeff took this to heart and applied it brilliantly, and repeatedly," said Patricia Limerick.

Limerick, who was born May 1, 1948, in Lafayette, Ind., is survived by his wife of Boulder; and his parents, Max and Onalee Limerick of Sacramento, Calif.

A celebration of his life will be at 5 p.m. Feb. 12 at Old Main Chapel on the University of Colorado campus, with a reception after the service.

Contact Camera Staff Writer Desiree Belmarez at (303) 473-1328 or belmarezd@dailycamera.com.





JEFFREY WILLIAM LIMERICK

Jeffrey William Limerick of Boulder died of a stroke Tuesday, Feb. 1, 2005, in Boulder. He was 56. The son of Max Limerick and Onalee Huffman Limerick, he was born May 1, 1948, in Lafayette, Indiana. He married Patricia Nelson Limerick on June 28, 1980, in Woodbridge, Connecticut. Jeff obtained a Bachelor of Architecture degree from the University of California in Berkeley and a Master of Architecture degree from Yale University. Jeff moved to Boulder in 1984 and came to consider it fully his home.

In a long, varied, and productive career, Jeff worked for the Yale School of Architecture; Ulrich Franzen Architects in New York; Frank Gravino Architects and Dehar/Buchanan in Connecticut; Cambridge Seven in Massachusetts; and, in the Denver area, William Muchow & Associates, Hoover Berg Desmond, John Williams Architecture, and Guy Thornton Design. He was also self-employed in his own private practice. Jeff had an extraordinary gift for observing the temperament and preferences of his clients and imagining the buildings and spaces that would suit them, and Colorado has a number of families living happily in Limerick-designed homes. As Jeff often said, he thought of architecture as the stage-setting for our lives, and he wanted that setting to provide us with drama, meaning, humor, and comfort. He designed the home in which he lived with his wife; Historic Boulder gave the house an award for its originality and compatibility with the neighborhood. Perhaps the most impressive aspect of his design for his home was his ability to observe and respond to the equally inarticulate spatial preferences of his spouse and of his cats, resulting in a proliferation of window seats and a nice, private route of access for the cats to get to the basement.

Jeff was a co-author with Richard Oliver and Nancy Ferguson of "America's Grand Resort Hotels," and at the time of his death, he had a book in progress on "How to Work with an Architect." He was a member of the American Institute of Architects.

Jeff Limerick had a wide-ranging knowledge of architectural history, omnivorous curiosity, fondness for good food and wine, a fine-tuned appreciation of human nature, and a sharp but good-natured wit. "Jeff was a gifted architect, a masterful conversationalist, and one of the most charming and gracious people to live on this planet," his wife said. "Everyone loved and loves him."

Jeff's beloved sister-in-law Sunnie Bell offers this testimony: "Jeff was the epitome of a classically wonderful uncle to his two nephews. Like the rest of the family, Grant and Jay admired his attention to detail, his artistic and architectural skills and achievements, and his clear precise ability in communication, whether written or spoken. They were moved and motivated by his brilliant mind. Jeff was always willing to share a well-considered answer to any question and to give trustworthy advice to help with any concern, trivial or profound. They deeply love his beautiful heart and soul that permitted them so easily to know him through the generous sharing of bright smiles, rich thoughts, and gentle ways. Jeff was an extremely important influence in shaping both of his loving and devoted nephews. Although Uncle Jeff has passed from his earthly life, this gift will continue. We are eternally thankful."

Jeff spent his last day, Tuesday, February 1, 2005, immersed in the affection of people he loved and admired, and who loved and admired him, as indeed he spent all of his days. At the end of his life, Jeff received superb care from the extraordinary Dr. George Garmany, a physician equally remarkable for his expertise and his compassion. Jeff's family and friends are also grateful to the fine and attentive work of his primary care physician Dr. Robert Levine; and his neurosurgeon during an earlier affliction and now close friend, Dr. Gene Bolles. Paula Cowan and Heidi Cogswell, his nurses in Intensive Care during his last day, were saints and stars. Dr. Charles Scoggin was Jeff's essential and crucial companion through tough times. The Center of the American West staff, board, and faculty have been extraordinary in their kindness, helpfulness, and whole-hearted support.

Jeff's treasured friend, Professor Gloria Main, speaks for hundreds with her words about Jeff: "How does one express the overwhelming sense of love and loss that his death inspires other than through poetry or painting? Who was Jeffrey Limerick? Besides being a marvelous designer, Jeff was an artist, and also an historian, an extraordinary conversationalist, and a mischievous leprechaun. His sense of fun was, perhaps, the greatest of his many gifts. But he was also kind, generous, and profoundly gentle in his nature."

Survivors include his wife of Boulder; his parents of Sacramento, California; his sister-in-law, Sunnie Bell and brother-in-law, Dudley Merk of Las Cruces, New Mexico; his nephews James F. Bell and Grant Bell; their wives Hilary Bell and Bethany Bell; and his grand-niece Kate Bell; all of the Los Angeles, California area. Jeff considered many, many people to be his kin and family. Every member of Jeff's "extended and extensive family" is encouraged to send written memories of him to his wife, Patty Limerick, at the Center of the American West, Campus Box 282, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado 80309, or to Patricia.Limerick@colorado.edu.

A celebration of Jeff Limerick's life will be held at 5 p.m. on Saturday, Feb. 12, 2005 at Old Main Chapel on CU Boulder Campus, followed by a reception. In lieu of flowers, contributions should go to the Jeffrey Limerick Memorial Fund for Architectural Library Resources. Checks should be made out to the University of Colorado Foundation/Libraries, and sent to James Williams, Dean of Libraries, 184 UCB, Norlin Library, University of Colorado, Boulder, CO 80309-0184.

Patricia Nelson Limerick

27 Feb. '05

Dear Patty--

The news of Jeff's death just caught up with Carol and me, and what damnable news it was. I felt so heartened for the two of you when I was in Boulder for that library event and Jeff was vigorous and vital and funny, intrepid at the steering wheel while the two of us could barely figure a logical(?) way out of the hotel parking lot. The one saving grace in the aftermath of such a loss is that you are all of those things, too, Patty--that's why you were such a couple--and Jeff's ever-intrepid spirit is doubled into yours now.

Love from us both,

874 Fairmount Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55105

April 20, 2005

Dear Ivan Doig,

Liz D. called me today with news of your remarkably generous endorsement of my novel. I already felt deeply in your debt for your agreeing to read the manuscript, and I am thrilled and humbled by your kind words. My wife, Ellen, and I have been fans of your work for many years, so it is particularly rewarding for both of us to get this news.

I for one am sitting up a little straighter for having gotten the call.

Many thanks, and best wishes,

Peter Brown

(This seems so inadequate – I cannot imagine how you must be inundated with these kinds of requests. I hope someone of your stature was equally generous when you sent your own first novel into the world! –P.)

November 12, 2005

Dear Ivan -

Thank you so much for your kind note about Dad. I am convinced, just as you suggested, that Dad waited until the Trailing of the Sheep was over to fully let go. I treasure all my recent trips to Connecticut but even more so my life so inspired by him. And now of

course I miss him so much.

Again thank you for making the trip to Idaho and filling the Trailing with such magic moments. And I'm pleased to hear that Carol is tolerating her new, strong medication well. Fingers crossed this continues until she no longer needs it.

And thank you for your kind remembrance of Dad. Until we see each other again - My best to you - (and John) Diane

Wednesday, December 28, 2005

Dear Ivan,

Thank you for your help with ideas for Wayne's obituary. However, when I contacted the Seattle-Times to place it, I was shocked at the cost. Thus, I printed the bare bone essentials (January 6 it will run). I was told that the editorial department reviews obituaries for possible stories, and I may be contacted. One would think that Wayne left his mark on the creative scene in that community and his passing would be of some interest. However, organizational memories are sometimes very short when staff come and go so readily.

I went to our cabin this past weekend and started looking through his things. I gathered up his journals to bring back to Helena and started reading through one while I was there. I had forgotten that you visited us at the property – March 26, 1985 to be exact. We had waffles for breakfast!

One of the things I noticed in his writings was how gentle he was in what he had to say. Sometimes there were wildlife issues that were occurring during that time that he felt very strongly about, yet his anger over the matter was not reflected in his writings.

On March 30, 1985 he conveys what I call a "chainsaw philosophy" to life:

> *Sharpening a chain saw is not unlike developing the brain or life direction:*
> *One must have the right file (teacher)*
> *the right angle (attitude) and*
> *keep the teeth even (the way of man* [I can't read his writing here])
> *only then can you attack large trees (problems) and*
> *obtain the wood for the fire of life.*

I look back and wonder where 24 years went! His passing is an adjustment and seems to reinforce the importance of the moment.

Best wishes to you in the New Year.

Jan

Sourbeer
301 S. Howie St.
Helena MT 59601