E. Berry
P.O. Box 175
Big Horn
Wyoming 82833

Ivan Daig

January 22, 2007
Big Horn, Wyo.

Dear Mr. Doig,

You no doubt receive many "fan" letters, but none could be more enthusiastic than mine. Your fine use of language, I, as a former teacher, appreciate. Also, your early life resembles somewhat, my early years.

My father deserted my mother & me, so later she married a young man who had homesteaded on land in Wyoming. They tried raising sheep, but times got tough, they sold out and tried a few years in California. The lure of the country life found them back in Wyoming. They purchased a few hundred head of pregnant ewes. My step-father hired out to sheep ranchers, part of his pay being pasture for his herd.

We lived in a sheep wagon for three years. I boarded with friend and family during school months.

I married, my husband and I had a daughter. He was a casualty in World War two.

The man I then was lucky to find was good to my small daughter & me. He had three sons. None of my children became farmers or ranchers, but they are true Westerners in thought & spirit.

I am fortunate at age 87 to be living alone on a seven acre "spread"! My livestock? Tame - one cat; wild - deer, pheasants, ducks and an occasional mountain lion!

What I am trying to express, to convey to you, is that what & how you write is so true to the way things were. I relish your literary efforts and keep hoping for more to come!

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Berry

(Mary Elizabeth (Betty) Gerber, Lucas Harris Berry)!!

happy valentine's day

Betsy & Dean

February 2007

Happy Valentine's Day!

We bring you good tidings of great love on Valentine's Day in lieu of our traditional Christmas letter. We did not send out cards this year as our Christmas was shaped by sorrow and loss with the unexpected death of Betsy's father. While the year ended with great sadness, it was a year full of family, friends, milestones, and memories in the making.

The theme for the year was visiting and visitors. It began with a business trip to the city that never sleeps…New York, New York, it's a helluva town! We mixed play with work enjoying a frothy *Elixir of Love* at the Met, seeing our third *Light in the Piazza* (it premiered in Seattle before its journey to Chicago and Broadway where it earned six Tony Awards), and splurging on a $70 breakfast (now really!) at *Café Sabarsky* in the Neue Galerie with Viennese paintings as the delicious backdrop. We dined on classic Dover Sole à la meunière at *Café des Artistes* while eavesdropping on the next table where Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward were joined by E. L. Doctorow and wife. We can confirm that Paul Newman is still one gorgeous guy, drinks his beer out of the bottle, and frets about getting to the theater on time (for *Sweeney Todd*).

They say that April showers bring May flowers. In our case, April and May showered us with welcome visitors. Dean's Uncle George and cousins Paul and Staci Baum ushered in the string of friends. We cheered the Mariners on to victory and cruised Lake Washington past Bill Gates' estate. Opal and Paul Trapp, along with their long-time friend Russ Fox, traveled to the Emerald City on the Empire Builder. In addition to the requisite Boeing factory tour, the Museum of Flight, and the Skagit Valley tulip fields, we welcomed fellow Hansvedt "alum" Sarah (Chirchi) Cashell and husband Bill up from Portland for a memorable evening of Dungeness crabs and Northwest wines. As the Trapp delegation was heading out of town, Pat and Ken Belt rang the door bell, and we found ourselves enjoying yet another week of good food, wine and friendship. The cherry on the top was a visit from Seif Chirchi and fiancée Rachel Yang as they considered bringing their culinary talents to Seattle. Indeed they brought them, to *Coupage*, a tantalizing mélange of French and Korean cuisine, which opened in November to rave reviews from the most critical of critics. It has become our favorite of all favorite restaurants.

The first weekend of May we flew to Omaha for the Berkshire Hathaway annual meeting (aka the Woodstock for Capitalists). We joined 30,000 other Buffett fans to bask in the wit and wisdom of Warren and Charlie Munger. But, honestly, we really went to Omaha to spend one swell weekend with our good friends Carol and Jon Lindhjem and see that gorgeous grandbaby Jack (known in some parts as The Judge). We made a second trip to Omaha later in the year for a surprise 60th birthday party for Carol and Jon, beautifully and secretly orchestrated by daughter Alison.

Back in Seattle, the visitors began arriving once again. What a treat to have Margrit Meyer pay us a July visit while she was attending the national Quaker conference in Tacoma. She regaled us with stories of her solo adventures in Alaska (she really *does* rely on the kindness of strangers), and demonstrated to us why we need more spontaneity in our overly-scheduled lives. We spent a lovely summer afternoon with Charles Van Delinder (Augie's army buddy from World War II) who was in the area visiting his daughter and son-in-law, Eleanor and John Branthoover. Van shared tales of his time with Augie, and we gained even more respect for the Greatest Generation. We have enjoyed getting to know Eleanor and John, and continuing the friendship begun by Van and Aug more than half a century ago.

Most of Betsy's professional travel kept her stateside this year. She knows the United Airline schedule to Columbus, Ohio by heart! However, she managed a trip to Seoul to attend the Pacific Rim Digital Library Alliance meeting in August. Not only did she fall in love with Korea's peripatetic energy and get an eerie chill when she visited the DMZ, but she also became a kimchi convert. If she had her way, she would eat kimchi at every meal (and some days in Seoul she did).

Betsy's family gathered in Iowa over the Labor Day weekend to celebrate Aunt Marilyn and Uncle Mac's 60th wedding anniversary. The anniversary weekend also marked Betsy and Dean's 23rd, and Mart and Joan's

56th. Add them all up, and we raised the champagne glass to 139 years of marriage. Dean finally toured Betsy's childhood homes of Cedar Falls and Cedar Rapids. Betsy teared up when she saw that the swimming pool where she spent endless hours no longer exists. Her old haunts looked pretty much the same but the distances had shrunk. Betsy swears that she walked miles to school, but it turned out to only be six blocks. Unfortunately, we never did locate a Maid Rite stand for that Iowa culinary delight, but we did get to spend a fun afternoon with family friends Jane and Fred Proctor.

In October and November, we celebrated Edna's 90th birthday with a ten-day trip to Tennessee, Illinois, and Wisconsin. We wore our custom Birthday Tour T-shirts as we visited Brian and his family in Nashville. Edna was well-pleased with how the old neighborhood and house in Lyons looked, but was disappointed with her Jewel grocery store ("What did they do to the soup aisle?"). We loved our visit with the Baum's in Wisconsin. We drove the back roads with Edna and her brother George to visit their cousin Caroline in Berlin. They really do talk like *Fargo* up there. The culinary highlight was David's gourmet dinner in Fort Atkinson where we cooed over beautiful baby Xavier. It was so good to see the whole Belt/Davis clan in Dawn and David's new abode (even though we wished they would have stayed in Seattle!). We capped the trip in Chicago with a Bohemian meal with the Bradburys, dinner with family friend Brod, and a night at the Lyric Opera with the (now) svelte Deborah Voigt making her *Salome* debut.

Not long after our return to Seattle, Betsy's dad Marty had a massive heart attack on November 12th. This took us all off guard because he was a life-long athlete and, until very recently, a competitive racket ball player. He had been working two days a week for Habitat for Humanity; the day before his heart attack, he helped prime and paint 17 doors. His deep physical and mental reserves gave him a fighting chance for recovery.

Betsy was called back to Louisville early on Thanksgiving morning when Marty experienced a set back. Dean stayed in Seattle as guests were already en route, and hosted a bittersweet celebration. With a home-cooked meal no longer in the cards, Dean, Edna, and friends Glen Tomlinson, his mom Vera, his sons Benji, Jason and Kevin, and Gina Collecchia enjoyed an excellent Thanksgiving Dinner Buffet at the Rainier Club instead. Our day-after tradition of seeing Taj Mahal at Jazz Alley soothed the collective soul. After it appeared that Marty had turned the corner once again, he then suffered a series of insurmountable set backs. He passed away on December 2nd surrounded by his beloved wife and family.

We continue to be blessed by support and love from our many friends and dear family. Marty would have enjoyed seeing so many members of the Wilson and Hausser families come from so far away to celebrate his life. He would have loved seeing the men with whom he worked, played racquetball, and built homes over the years come to pay their respects. He would have been delighted, and not at all surprised, to see how Betsy's sister Sally's girlfriends fed our family during the difficult four weeks. He would have been so proud of the strength and grace with which his wife Joanie endured his brief illness and passing. He was a kind and gentle man with great personal integrity. We celebrate his life.

On this Valentine's Day, join us in celebrating the loves in all our lives. Northwest poet Raymond Carver expresses our wish for you. We offer his *Last Fragment* for your contemplation along with our Valentine wishes for a year overflowing with good times, close friends, and love of all shapes and sizes.

Love,
Betsy & Dean

And did you get what
you wanted from this life, even so?
I did.
And what did you want?
To call myself beloved, to feel myself
beloved on the earth.

Last Fragment
Raymond Carver

Did we tell you how much we loved "Whistling Season"? When's the movie?

Roy & Betty Mayfield
9436 NE 129th Place
Kirkland, WA 98034

Ivan & Carol Doig
17277 15th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Join us to celebrate the years
...5 years of school
25 years of marriage
50 years of life

... time to dance

dance

Friday, July 7, 2006
The University of Washington Club, University Campus
6:00 p.m. Reception – 7:00 p.m. Buffet Dinner
8:00 Dance Dance Dance to *Spoonshine*

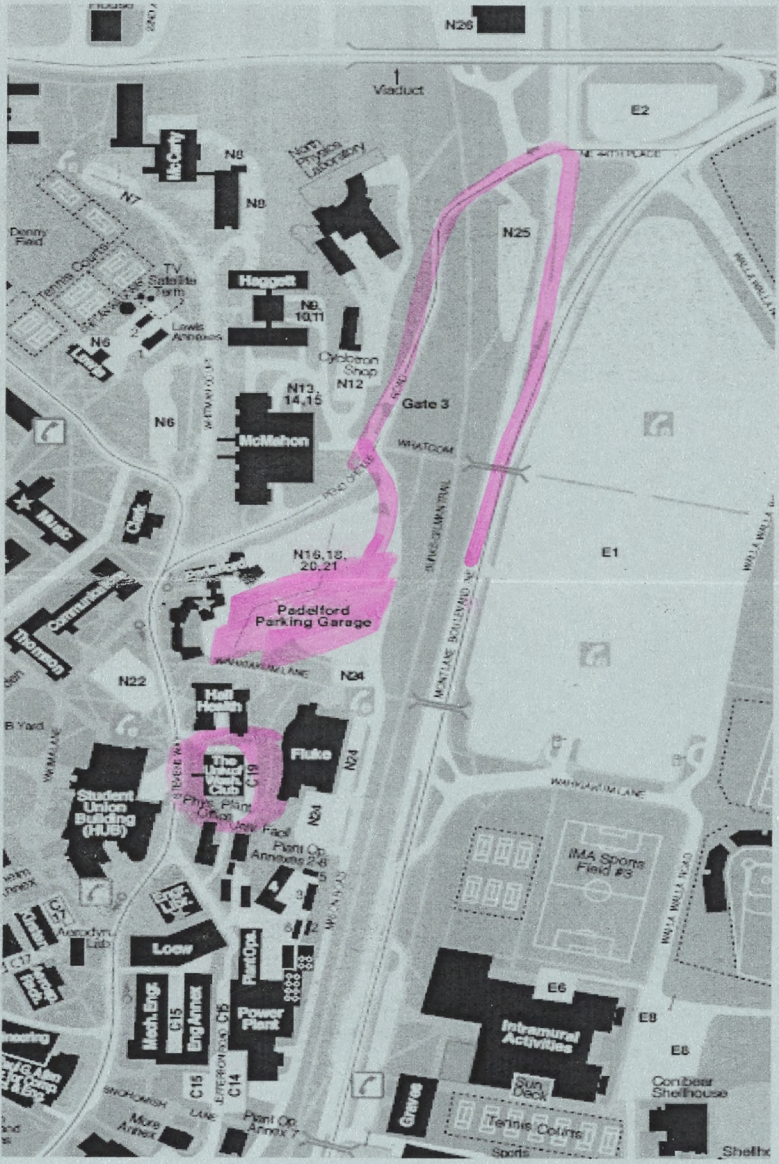
...And they
lived
happily
ever
after.

R.S.V.P.

M_____

Will _____ Attend

Roy and Betty Mayfield
9436 NE 129th Place
Kirkland, WA 98034
U.S.A.


N26
Viaduct
E2
N8
N9
N7
Denny Field
Tennis Courts
TV Satellite Earth Station
Lewis Annexes
N6
Hoggett
N9, 10,11
Cyclotron Shop
N12
N13, 14,15
N6
McMahon
Gate 3
WHATCOM
N25
E1
N16,18, 20,21
Padelford Parking Garage
N22
N24
Hall Health
Fluke
Student Union Building (HUB)
Phys. Plant Office
Plant Op. Annexes 2-8
Loew
Mech. Eng.
Eng Annex
Power Plant
Plant Op.
C15
C14
C19
IMA Sports Field #3
E6
E8
Intramural Activities
Sun Deck
Tennis Courts
Sports
Conibear Shellhouse
Grounds
Plant Op. Annex 7
More Annex
SNOHOMISH LANE
WAHKIAKUM LANE
MONTLAKE BOULEVARD NE
PACIFIC STREET
NE 45TH PLACE

From I-5

- Take the NE45th St – University Exit
- Go east on NE 45th, Turn right on University Way
- Due to construction on Stevens Way, proceed to Pacific
- Follow directions for Eastside via 25th Avenue

Parking

- Park in the Padelford Parking Garage. Take the escalator up to Stevens Way. The University of Washington Club is one building down on your left

From Eastside (Montlake Blvd)

- Cross the Montlake Bridge and bear right past the stadium
- Get in the left land and bear left when Montlake branches off
- This turns into 25th Avenue NE
- Turn left at the second light onto Pend Oreille Road, follow the road up to the Kiosk. If it is open, stop and purchase a campus parking permit.
- As soon as you past the kiosk, make a left turn onto Mason Road.

Parking

- Park in the Padelford Parking Garage. Take the escalator up to Stevens Way. The University of Washington Club is one building down on your left

It seems to me I am forever sending you thank you notes. What a treat to come home and find your book complete with signature + a photo. Can't decide if I save reading it for the v-berth on Arnie or not - I don't know if I can wait that long.

We decided to send you an invite to our party "just in case". You never know - there could be an earthquake or something and you may find yourself all alone on a Friday night. If we play our cards right we may see you at one of your readings.

Best of luck with the tour - if we don't see you we will drop a line from the back of beyond.

With heaps of fondness.

Roy & Betty.

Patricia Nelson Limerick

&

J. Houston Kempton

752 15th Street

Boulder, CO 80302

RSVP

by October 10th, 2007

M_____

_____will attend _____cannot attend

_____number in party

❑Vegetarian ❑Non-vegetarian

Map & Accommodations

Homewood Suites

Family accommodations are available at Homewood Suites Hotel by Hilton. Master suites, with full kitchen and fireplace. Accommodates 4-6 people at a special VIP rate of $99 night. Not within walking distance.

Alexis-303.499.9922
boulder.homewoodsuites.com

Boulder Outlook

Guests of the Limerick-Kempton wedding can reserve rooms at the Boulder Outlook Hotel. A standard room is $85 per night. An executive (includes fridge) is $95 per night. Within walking distance.

800.542.0304
boulderoutlook.com

In lieu of gifts

The gift of your friendship is entirely sufficient. Should you wish to make an additional expression, we ask that this be only in the form of a donation, either to a charity of your choice, or in the name of the "Limerick and Kempton Fund" to one of the charities below.

Energy Outreach of Colorado
225 E 16th Ave. Ste. 200
Denver, CO 80203
303.226.5056

www.energyoutreach.org

or

Doctors Without Borders
P.O Box 5030
Haggerstown, MD 21741-5030
888.392.0392

www.doctorswithoutborders.org/donate/honorariums/index.cfm

Patricia Nelson Limerick

&

J. Houston Kempton

Request the honor of your presence at their wedding

On Sunday, The Fourth of November, Two thousand and seven
At four in the afternoon

Glenn Miller Ballroom,
University Memorial Center
University of Colorado,
Boulder, Colorado

Reception, dinner, and dancing to live music will
follow the ceremony in the ballroom.

Dear Carol & Dan —

What a thoughtful and pleasant surprise — you guys giving me Thomas' ~~Sea of Thunder~~ for my 90th Birthday, it supplements Drury & Clavin's Halsey's Typhoon, and the contitempt Adm. Halsey's actions off of Leyte.

A great backdrop for my experience with Halsey's reckless leadership in the Typhoon & later experienced off of Okinawa, for which he was really castigated and almost court-martialled, having disregarded all the lessons he should have learned in Leyte!

Season's Greetings (again — and a great new publishing year for you!)

Love, Walt

John Chao is a Seattle area photographer who revels in exploring the Pacific Northwest in hiking boots, 4-wheel drive truck or light aircraft. Tom Haseltine Photography is pleased to present the work of many of the region's finest photographers.

Aerial of Mount Rainier encircled by clouds, reflecting a December's sunset.

TOM HASELTINE
PHOTOGRAPHY

PO Box 46934
Seattle WA 98146
T 206 762 6005
F 206 763 6363
tomhaseltine.com

Mt. Rainier Sunset

No. 1002

Printed on recycled paper

Ms Connie Gunderson
49 Rainbow Rdg
Irvine, CA 92603

SANTA ANA CA 927

22 JUN 2007 PM 2 T

IVAN DOIG
17277 15th AVE NW
SEATTLE, WA 98177

98177-2846

V. VAN GOGH

Jardin des Maraîchers
Collection Van Gogh, Amsterdam

Moestuin
Verzameling Van Gogh, Amsterdam

Market-Garden
Collection Van Gogh, Amsterdam

Gemüsegarten
Sammlung Van Gogh, Amsterdam

Printed in Belgium.

103/3.

6/20/07

Hello!

OK, so I picked up "The Whistling Season" on the basis of something I read in "Bookmarks" magazine. Plus I love the prairie in general.

I'm only partly done reading, but I had to stop, suddenly, and write to you to ask this:

Has anyone yet pointed out

the misspelling of the word (← if only I could spell "word"...) PHARAOH? On p 145 of my paperback copy, that word is misspelled (in the very common manner) PHAROAH and in the ironic context of a classroom spelling bee.

FYI! (In case it hadn't already been noted and corrected).

Loving the book!

Connie Gunderson

Oregon

Jim Bowers/07

Greetings from the Eastside!

I thought you would like to have this picture of Roy & Betty, just a reminder of old friends. We think of you often and wonder how the battle goes. We sympathize with daily & weekly trips to medical offices. Our one-eyed Roy was given a reprieve and now doesn't have to go back for a month. The eye is still blurry, but he manages to get through the work day.

Our best to both you and Carol. We look forward to catching up in a month or so.

Take Care of Yourself - Betty & Roy

Morgan
978 Aaron Ave
Bainbridge Is. WA
98110

SEATTLE WA 981
24 OCT 2007 PM 5 T

Mr Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Shoreline, WA
98177

SB17733846

October 24, 2007

Dear Mr. Doig,

I'm writing with an unusual request.

My husband is a real fan of your books. He's reading *The Whistling Season* right now and has told me more than once how much he admires your writing. He has read a few lines out loud to me, as we are snuggled in bed at night.

For a Christmas present to my husband, I was wondering if you and your wife would like to be our guests for dinner sometime next winter. Does this sound just too strange, dinner with people you don't know? Perhaps. But I think it would be a real pleasure for us to cook a dinner for you and your wife, have a glass of wine together, sit down at our dining room table and just have a conversation. An evening with my husband's favorite author would please him greatly and be a real knock-out of a present. What would be in it for you? Just a great meal, I promise. I love my husband and want to give him a gift that is not just "stuff" but an experience. I thought of this.

We live on Bainbridge Island and could pick you up from the ferry, so that you would not have the hassle of bringing a car.

We are "empty-nesters" and gray-haired, in our 60's. My husband is a retired pilot and is a part-time instructor at Boeing in the simulators. But what he really loves is steelhead fishing, playing golf with his buddies and cooking great meals for us. I formed an environmental non-profit five years ago, after working as a speech-language pathologist in special education for many years. Now, I promote the reduction of toxic chemicals through natural yard care classes. So, the book I'm reading is the "story" of Dow Chemical and its stable of toxins. My husband and I have different tastes in our reading choices at the moment, but somehow the marriage works.

Please just ignore this "unusual request" if you want to. But if you would like to be part of this Christmas present for my husband, please email me at morgan.bobbie@gmail.com and we will make a plan.

Best regards,

Bobbie Morgan

Bobbie Morgan
Bainbridge Island


Thank You

Christmas was grand—
turns out Santa loves
handing out presents,
so we sat while he
served the gifts to us.
Now on to the New
year—the end of the
Bush reign!

love,
Ann

Dear Coral & Ivan,

There is no more perfect gift than a bookstore certificate! Not only can I buy books, but I can spend an hour or two browsing. Thank you so much!

We did sample the delectable scotch before we came home from the beach — a nice mellow moment after a day chasing after a 17-month-old.


Hallmark

The Twenty % Tippers
676A Ninth Ave
Box #240
New York NY 10036

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. NW
Seattle WA
98177

98177783846 C083

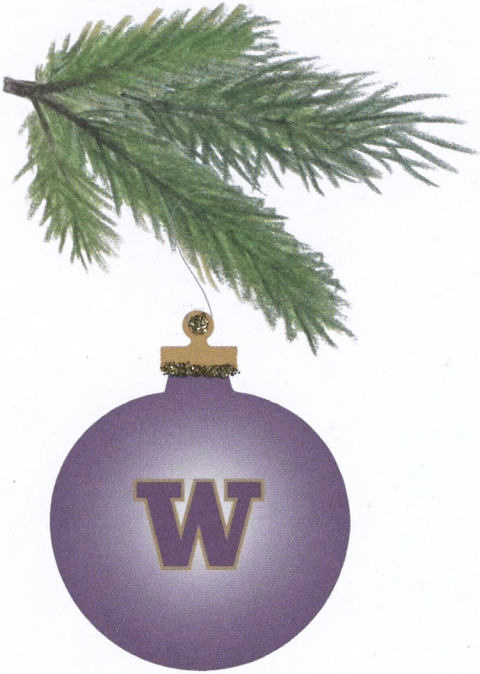
"The best time of your life," the parents kept whispering as we nervously scanned the local playground, vaguely aware of the strange world awaiting on the periphery: gangsters in snappy clothes lying at the bottom of the East River, Portuguese sailors in the Indian Ocean driving the dodo bird to extinction, Japanese soldiers torching the Shanghai Commercial Press Company, China's largest repository of classical history and literature, epidemiologist Ernest Wynder painting the backs of mice with cigarette tar distillate to see how many would develop cancerous tumors. Autumn came and saw us dressed in bizarre tin foil and macramé outfits and deposited into the Third Avenue Ragamuffin Parade. Sometimes a creaky old black and white movie came on tv, pale lovers rendezvousing under the gazebo at the chime of midnight. Gee, maybe adult life wouldn't be so harsh after all?

Soon we were hustled through a series of antiquated brick schoolhouses to receive a lopsided education stressing home economics, jumping jacks, long division, driver's ed, and upon graduation found ourselves working a series of dreary day jobs in places you'd refer to as nowhere or nothing, taking orders from a boss always named Mr. Paris or Mr. London, unseen behind a frosted glass door, discussing revolving letters of credit with smiling bankers, screaming furiously into the telephone at ungrateful family members. On lunch breaks we spoke over and over of being born at a very fortunate sliver in time and narrowly missing compulsory military conscription, marvelling at our dumb luck again and again, our cheeks bulging with turkey meatballs, cheese triangles, sausage roll-ups, pickled eggs.

Outside of these day jobs, we drifted in and out of relationships with those as emotionally blindsided as ourselves, and upon reaching a certain age, married whoever we were keeping company with, like musical chairs when the recording stops. Due to our marked weaknesses and the absence of adults to ask a single question of, those who became closest to us were hurt profoundly.

But then there was the music, which was totally our own, distant from what was referred to as the music business or the business of music. We came up with original songs, slowly, cautiously, in one instance taking seven years to complete a short four-line stanza. The music had to be good as it was the truest part of ourselves, the part we hoped would stanch a culture forced upon us without consent - cheap credit cards, breast implants, tuna salad without a trace of tuna, hysterical canned laughter, corpses floating down the Euphrates, university accreditations, bench-clearing brawls, an entire society of sore winners and sore losers.

We didn't know how to reach you, but hoped you might feel the same way. Meanwhile, we constantly scribbled notes on the backs of fast-food napkins and gas station receipts and in the patches of white-space from trash magazines, practicing what we'd tell you if and when we were to ever meet up.



merry christmas

Dear Carol & Ivan:

It is always a treat to get your holiday news, and we are thrilled that Whistling Season is doing so well. Just don't the two of you "go Hollywood" on us.

News from Campus: I was pleased to be back in the classroom (and no larger Chair) this autumn; one of my students turned out to be Jim Welch's nephew. And, the teaching gig to New Zealand is back on. I leave in Feb. and come back in June. Linda will join me for as long as the Book Store can permit. Revisiting the Otago Peninsula is high on the list of things to do. All the best in 2008.

John & Linda

SayangNari Greeting Cards
Seattle, Washington
206-841-7885
HKXM 23 : Large Branch Ornament

6/40 angola Flower 7F95

And now another daughter and her family have moved to Portland. A western outpost may be in order.

If we are in Seattle for a longer visit — we are just coming for a few days in December, at Christmas — we would love to see you and catch up. I am writing a book about Florence Kelley, the first factory inspector in Illinois in 1893. It's fun and a website too will be created. With all best wishes, and congratulations again.

Sincerely
Leah

December 8, 2007

Dear Carol and Joan,

That is wonderful news about the success of the book! We are buying our tickets to the movie already! Congratulations. Enjoy all the celebrations, in Hollywood — where you will see many of our graduates — and elsewhere.

We may be spending more time in Seattle in the future because our daughter, son-in-law, and three wonderful grandsons live on Vashon.

NORTHWESTERN
UNIVERSITY

TONY FITZPATRICK (AMERICAN, BORN 1958)
ANGOLA FLOWER, 1995
COLOR ETCHING
MARY AND LEIGH BLOCK MUSEUM OF ART,
NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, 1996.7.3
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

FORMERLY A TATTOO ARTIST AND SEMI-PROFESSIONAL BOXER, TONY FITZPATRICK IS A SELF-INSTRUCTED CHICAGO ARTIST. HIS SMALL, METICULOUS LINE ETCHINGS REVEAL A PERSONAL VOCABULARY OF ENIGMATIC AND MAGICAL SYMBOLS INFLUENCED BY STREET LIFE IN CHICAGO AND HIS CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES.

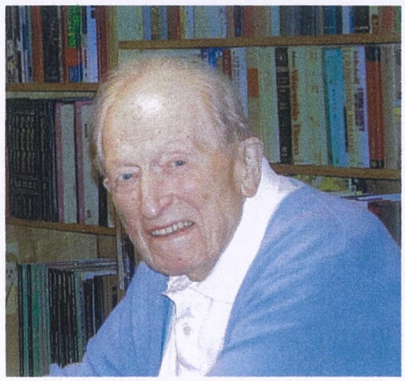
Ovan –

I just read Out Stealing Horses by Per Petterson. It seemed relatively unknown when I picked it up, but think it's getting a lot of buzz now. I really enjoyed it, & think you would enjoy his writing, too. It's spare & fits the Norwegian landscape!

Lisa

P.S. One of my best Seattle girlfriends (from high school) gave her husband the

Whistling Season &
he loved it!
Lisa



Jerold B. Van Faasen

Jerold B. Van Faasen, age 94, passed away with family members at his side February 22, 2008 after battling myelodysplastic syndrome for six months. He was born in Holland, Michigan on October 19, 1913 to Albert and Wilhelmina Cornelia Van Faasen. He graduated from Michigan College of Mining and Technology (now Michigan Technological University) at the top of his class in civil engineering, and subsequently worked on many projects in Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Washington and Pennsylvania.

He met Ruth Shanahan while working on the Fort Peck Dam project in Montana in 1936. They married in 1938, and together they raised three daughters. He is survived by daughters and sons-in-law Ruth Jean and Robert Shaw, Mary and Rob Inkpen, and Beth and Dan Betker; two grandsons and their wives: Douglas Shaw and Leonor Tomero, and Shannon and Rita Inkpen; and two great-grandchildren, Liliana and Santino Inkpen. He was preceded in death by wife Ruth; their infant son, Albert Jerold; his parents, Albert and Wilhelmina, and his second mother Margaret; his brothers, William Cornelius Van Faasen and Elmer Jay Van Faasen, and their sister, Alma Halko.

As a U.S. Navy officer during WWII, he supervised shipboard logistics and engaged in civil engineering including airfield construction in the Pacific theater.

After 38 years with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, where he served as chief of construction and resident engineer in various locations and projects, he worked an additional 20 years as consultant to Will Construction Company, founded by his longtime friend Merrill Will, retiring again at 86.

He authored two autobiographical memoirs, the first shaped with considerable encouragement from his wife, Ruth, titled *Making It Happen: A Sixty-Year Engineering Odyssey in the Northwest*. The second, *William C. Van Faasen 1923-1944: Uncle Willie, His Life, His Family and His Friends*, detailed WWII service of the three Van Faasen brothers. Both books describe his personal and professional experiences, and were widely distributed to extended family and friends, who especially cherish their family history content; but they are also preserved in various historical and engineering societies, universities, and public libraries.

Residents of Seattle will recognize his contributions in local landmarks such as the Shilshole breakwater, both designed and built under his supervision while with the Corps. He worked on the Hiram B. Chittenden Locks in Ballard, both for the Corps and for Will Construction; and with Will as they built the Elephant House at Woodland Park Zoo and other local projects.

He enjoyed fishing, hunting, traveling, reading, theater, music, the ballet, and playing games with family and friends. Over several years, for months at a time, he and Ruth opened their home to several immigrant families to assist in their resettlement in the United States. He remained active in engineering societies in the Pacific Northwest and in his church; belonged to two book clubs and a weekly current-events discussion group; and attended as many bridge games and musical concerts as his schedule allowed.

He was a man of character and steadfast consistency and encouraged others with his optimism in solving problems. He constantly set an example in thoughtful risk-taking and using reflection to resolve difficulties. He encouraged years of musical study for his three daughters and his wife in multiple musical disciplines. An active church member wherever he resided, he always returned to rejoin and serve Northminster Presbyterian Church in Seattle in many capacities, including chairing an ambitious building expansion.

A memorial service will be held at Northminster Presbyterian Church, 7706 25th Ave. N.W., Seattle, WA 98117 on March 8, 2008 at 2 p.m. In lieu of flowers or other gifts, memorials can be made to Puget Sound Cancer Care Foundation, 1560 North 115th Street, G-16, Seattle, Washington 98133-8402.

Dear Friends and Family,

We are writing to share sad news. Our father, Jerold Benjamin Van Faasen, passed away on Friday, February 22, 2008, after a six-month struggle with myelodysplastic syndrome. He had managed to stay out of the hospital most of those months, and it was certainly due to his lifelong determination to persevere and remain strong. His mind remained agile and creative for 94 years!

We have included his obituary notice with this letter for a more detailed story of his life and achievements.

Thank you for the caring you have shown him. We know your hearts are with us, and ours with you!

Ruth Jean and Robert Shaw
4100 Doroshin
Anchorage, AK 99516

Mary and Robert Inkpen
2006 Aberdeen Court S.E.
Renton, WA 98055

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