

Hargrove Annual Report for 2001: The year of Before and After

An enhanced version of this report is available at http://www.hargrove.org/annual_letters.htm.

Before:

Romance dominated the first half of 2002. Claire met her new boy friend, Steve Jones, a London resident on a trip to the beach in Mexico. As it's cheaper to fly from New York to London than to Austin, the two have exchanged several visits this year. Deciding that "surgeons have no life, especially female surgeons," Claire switched to anesthesiology in July. She's much happier now.

In March, Charles and Amy Willats announced their engagement, with the wedding planned for **July, 2002**. According to Charles, when he popped the question, Amy's answer was simply, "Absolutely." Charles said that is his favorite word. We are thrilled to welcome Amy to the family, and hope both can find jobs somewhere close to Austin.

In early June, Jim and Linda traveled to Colorado for the wedding of Rosalind, our former foster daughter, and Greg Willbanks. We managed a day and half birding in Rocky Mountain National Park, which included an incredible sight of a Northern Goshawk from a distance of about 15 feet! We enjoyed *Shreck* with Rosalind's two kids, Dylan and Rachel, and her niece, Ashley, three cute, special children.

Charles landed a plum summer internship in Washington, DC, archiving at the Smithsonian Museum of American History. So, over the **Fourth of July** we gathered in the nation's capital for a frantic round of museums and memorials. Jim, Charles and Linda got a private tour of the Museum of Natural History, seeing the assortment of bird skins, including some specimens collected by Darwin and Audubon! Claire arrived in time for a brunch with other family on Saturday.

In August, Jim and Linda went to Peru for two weeks of non-stop birding with John Arvin, an acknowledged guru of Peru birding. After a quick visit to Machu Picchu, we spent most of the trip driving and birding along a one lane road that crosses the Andes at 14,000 feet and descends to the *Rio Alto Madre de Dios*¹. We observed the *Andean Cock of the Rock* displaying at a lek, a total comic masterpiece of a bird.

The birds seen on the trip pushed both Jim and Linda over the mini-milestone of 2500 species worldwide, leaving us way behind many of our birding friends.

The Day: September 11, 2001

Jim and his cousin, Sandy Fowler, watched TV all day between attempting to contact Claire and fielding calls from friends asking about her. Jenny Salomon called in the afternoon to report that she had heard from Jill, her sister, that Claire was OK.

Linda, at work all day, ducked into the office of Barbara Frantz, the business manager for the clinic, between patients. "What's happening to the World Trade Center?"

"They're gone."

"Gone! What do you mean, gone?"

"Look," Barbara said, gesturing at the TV screen.

Charles spent the day attending some classes, some TA work, then went home, to watch the news.

Claire, when we finally heard from her, reported that all operations had been canceled to prepare for the expected rush of patients from lower Manhattan. Few came. We're thankful Steve Jones came to visit for a couple of months and provided needed comfort.

After:

¹ This river is the subject of Aldo Leopold's essay, "The River of the Mother of God," and also appears prominently, though unnamed, in the recent documentary, *Keep the River on Your Right*.

Normality is not a highly prized trait in the Hargrove clan, but when the President asks you to just act normal, you have to give it a try. In our case, that meant Thanksgiving in Galveston. We, including Dama, borrowed Tommy and Lizzy Hargrove's ab/fab Victorian house for the occasion. We feasted in Houston at Tiel Way before driving to the coast.










We continued the family tradition of computer-generated animation, by seeing both *Monsters, Inc.*, and *Harry Potter*. We also dragged Claire and Steve along on an expedition to the wilds of the Bolivar Peninsula, but let them off without the full rigors of birding. The weather was glorious; the *Sandhill Cranes*, superb.

Despite the tragedies and uncertainties of the year, we find ourselves in pretty good shape, with "advancing issues leading declines" as they say on CNBC. We're healthy and happy and looking forward to the last palindromic year in 110 years, 2002.

After hearing a wonderful talk by Bill Moyers at the LBJ Library, we are reminded of the importance of religious tolerance and strong support for freedom and democracy. As survivors, it's important to use our remaining time wisely. As Moyers put it, "We have to use democracy to save us from those who want to save us against our will."

Parting thought, a quotation from Carlos Castañeda's 1971 book, *A Separate Reality, Further Conversations with Don Juan*. The *brujo* Don Juan says to Carlos: *I don't hate anyone. I have learned that the countless paths one traverses in one's life are all equal. Oppressors and oppressed meet at the end and the only thing that prevails is that life was altogether too short for both.*

Pictures of the year: (These are better on the web)

		
Charles breaks the 4 hour barrier in the Motorola Marathon	Charles and Amy	Celebrating 35 years with the same person, which in Linda's case is especially noteworthy.
		
Claire and Steve at The Oasis restaurant on Lake Travis near Austin.	Rachel, Dylan and Ashley by Cache de la Poudre River in Colorado.	Rosalind (née Holder) and Greg Willbanks
		
The four of us at unknown location, July, 2001.	Linda and Jim at unknown location in Peru, 2001.	Male Andean Cock of the Rock