

Appendix



Mystery Lady in unknown location at unknown time: Photo was found in frame behind photo of John Wilson and Charlotte Gibson sitting on the porch. May be Margaret Wilson in her thirties ca 1890.



Charlotte Thrall Chaffee, wife of Frederick Chaffee, sister of Frances Lord Thrall Gibson, aunt of Charlotte Gibson Wilson and mother of Newman Keyes Chaffee and George Thrall Chaffee: Photo taken in Rutland, Vermont, January 11, 1865



Myrtice Patterson Moore



2432 Henrietta Road in 1994 when it was entrusted to others who have maintained it beautifully and continued to enjoy its magical environment.



Margaret Patterson DeGray and Julian DeGray in Bennington, Vermont, during the summer of 1952



Wilson Patterson at Lake Martin in April 2001



Heinz Neuman, an exchange student from Mainz, Germany, who lived with the family for a year and attended Ramsay High School as a classmate of George



Nancy (right), the ironing lady who came once a week, was the wife of William whose specialty was barbecues and bartending. The cook, the memory of whose name is in worse condition than the negative for this double exposed snapshot from 1953, is a stand-in for the rest of the household employees who really should be in this book. Names more easily recalled include Viola, a cook who endured longer than many, Josie, Pecola, Ada, who shared everyone's devotion to Betsy, and Bonnie Gamble, as loyal and good a friend as Elizabeth ever had.



Clifton Temple, former pitcher for the Birmingham Black Barons, guitar player, church deacon, resourceful handyman, devoted husband, loyal friend, mentor to the young, and wise, gentle, generous, noble human being.



Ducks enjoying their leisure in the Chicken Yard despite the salivating dog at the gate



The last Peter Piper, a civilized Cocker Spaniel who was succeeded by a rogue mongrel named Oliver



One of a long, proud line of roosters surveying his turf



A typically well-dressed scarecrow standing guard over the garden: The water tower looming behind him was a constant temptation, but was never scaled due to lack of nerve.





This book is obviously a celebration of family, but I have made a conscious decision to ignore a lot of the reality of our family. I am tempted to say it is a celebration of a fantasy about our family, but the feelings involved are too real to dismiss as sentimentality. I have often explained that I knew nothing about sibling rivalry as a kid because we were bound together like a resistance group. Every family has its quotient of conflict and pain. We are all doing battle with inherited demons—some more visible than others but all equally real and powerful. Our parents and their parents also struggled and coped in ways we cannot even imagine but which have shaped the way we experience the world.

I do not know when I began to realize how much I love my family. Certainly as a teenager I was not aware that I “loved” anyone or was even capable of doing so. I had no inclination or ability to be “demonstrative” or physically affectionate because I was so completely cut off from the part of myself that was inextricably bound to my brothers, sisters and parents. Discovering that I loved Judith opened the door to the basement of my soul where all of this was stored. By insisting I behave as a normal human being and express affection for my brothers and sisters, she encouraged me to go down the basement steps and find what she knew I had. Tristan’s birth broke the dam and revealed to me how much I was capable of loving. When I edited Charlie Chaplin’s home movies as part of a documentary on his life, I was actually excavating my own childhood and the yearnings that every kid feels for “family life.” Compiling our own home movies was a similar journey and probably the first step in the retrieval of my youth which has become a major theme of my life.

This book is perhaps the culmination of it all. It is the most satisfying piece of “creative” work I have done since the film on Chaplin, because it has finally helped me discover just how much I love the family. It has also reminded me of how deep my anger runs because our family was not the family every child dreams of having. But even as I suppressed that anger or let it leak out in indirect or ironic expressions, I could find myself looking at a typical expression on someone’s face and realize that beneath or beyond the anger there is an attachment and a fondness, a genuine love for even the person at whom I am most angry. The book is doubly satisfying because the countless hours I devoted to it were an act of love for all the members of the family. I was doing it for myself, but I was also doing it for all of you, and it is rare that I am able to work this way. Ironically, of course, I took time away from my own family to do this; and I am grateful for the understanding with which this neglect has been accepted.