

There is a memory that always makes me smile with contentment and admiration, and that is the memory of my maternal grandparents. There were fine, elegant chairs with brocade upholstery on the seats and beautiful tables, not to mention some exquisite mirrors. Once, when she had gotten into her cleanliness frenzy, she called someone in and got rid of genuine antique furniture that grandfather had painstakingly collected over a number of years and arranged in this perfect replica of a drawing room. He never raised his voice, never lost his temper, and had a special ability to always rationalize things ever so smoothly that the worst calamity seemed like a slight twitch. My grandfather was a dedicated lawyer whose moral fiber prevented him from taking advantage of circumstances to make a profit! He was highly respected in courts and had the reputation of being the most honest law specialist. He was genuinely interested in people, history, law, and philosophy and was always reading when he was at home. He was the calmest, most serene person I have ever met.