

Last Words

Beloved, when my spirit leaves  
Do not cry any tears for me.  
Because, where I rest there is peace,  
An Eternal Day exists for me!

Where all earthly sorrow's disappear  
And your faces always by me bide,  
There will I seek a healing balm  
For your wounds and your pain.

Peace wafts nightly on Angel wings  
Over the earthly kingdom.  
So—think no longer of my grave  
Because I greet you from the stars.

Droste Hülshoff

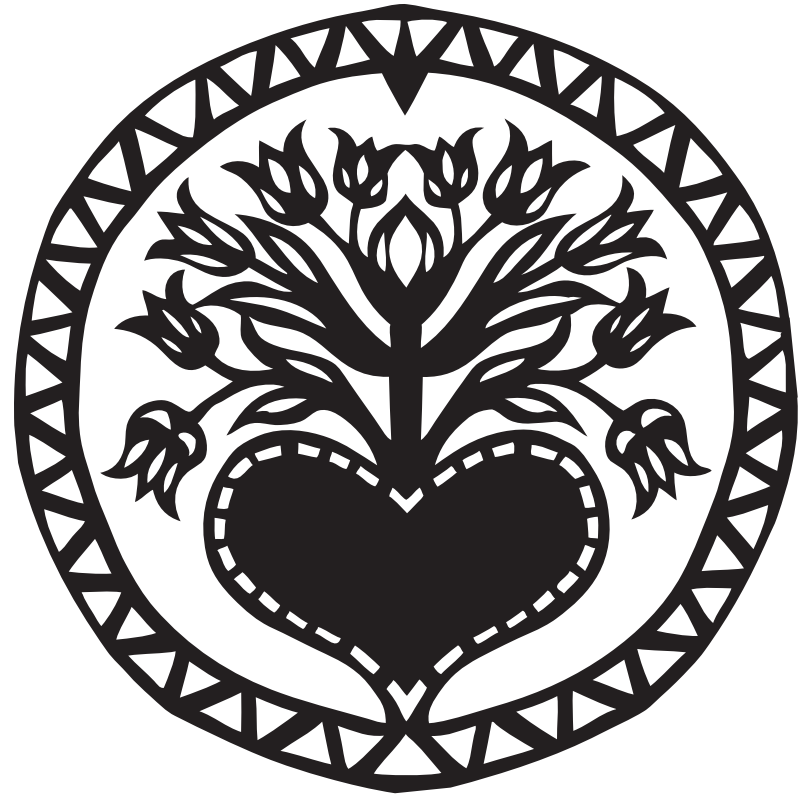
Ah, when to the heart of man  
Was it ever less than a treason  
To go with the drift of things,  
To yield with a grace to reason,  
And bow and accept the end  
Of a love or a season?

Robert Frost

Child's Prayer to God

Müde bin ich, geh zu Ruh,  
schliesse beide Äuglein zu.  
Vater, lass die Augen dein,  
über meinem Bette sein.

I am tired, I'm going to rest,  
I am closing both my little eyes.  
Father let your eyes be over my bed.



Kathryn Hedwig Miller Shultz

April 16, 1929 - January 21, 2013

“Why not?”

## Recollections of Mother



Mother loved fun. She lived by the phrase “Why not?,” which is how she would respond when you had an idea, even if it was off-the-wall. She carved those words into a sign that hung over a door at the summer bungalow. Even though she wanted to be in the thick of things with all the fun, she was equally entertained reading books and holding down the corner of a tent during a hurricane.

Mother took us to the beach, took us to get our teeth fixed, and our eyes fixed. She ran a groove in the emergency room seat, we were there so often.

Mother loved to learn – even how to use the cell phone and the computer. She took college courses and upon discovering they would be free if she was an instructor, started teaching again. She taught GED at the prison because she was so passionate about educating. The prisoners were excited when she would come. Mother made a special effort to take them things that they wanted like glossy magazines so that they could make their “tramp art” objects—which they gave her, and which she cherished.

Mother liked all the activity around the kitchen table. She liked when people would come over, sit down and talk before going to work. She fed them breakfast and lunch and would give them money for snacks or whatever – she didn’t keep track.

You couldn’t go shopping without someone coming up to her and saying “Frau Shultz, you were my most favorite teacher.” She would take a moment, ask the person’s name and remember them.

She loved shoes – but her feet were size 11.5!! All the shoes in her size were ugly. Nothing fit and it vexed her horribly. Once she and I were shopping and there was a fantastic sale on shoes so we bought 8 pair of shoes in one day. We laughed about it – knowing that there would be hell to pay when we got home.

Mother always recognized the strengths of her students even before they were aware of it themselves. She opened doors through education and with compassion to help a student want to learn.

She would take kids under her wing and help them thru the maze of learning, until finally the light bulb would go on.

I am going to miss the talks we had that ranged from plumbing to shooting marbles; to the distance from one planet to another in light years. The conversations were so varied, yet she could hold her own with poignant questions and reasonable answers.

She once canoed a category 5 rapids in the Delaware River. In her early years, she would go up on the roof and swing a hammer. She moved refrigerators, sofas, carpet, and was a hard worker who could assess a job and figure out how to get it done. She was daring and sometimes stupid when in a hurry. She once stood on a swivel piano stool to change a light bulb and fell off and broke her leg. She swam 20 laps a day at Green Valley, before she said “enough” and went back to the bungalow.

She was a gifted artist and mastered many crafts like the scherenschmitte on this page. It was a tradition we shared. She also painted and was an expert knitter.

She sold her art work at the Kutztown Folk Festival and was a juried member of the Pennsylvania Guild of Craftsman.

If there were mistakes she would simply say “lesson learned.”

She loved road trips. One of her weekly jaunts was to sneak away and find a place where she could read, uninterrupted.

Mother was interested in the world. She would question things like “How is a wall built?” She loved to know about building, refurbishing, and repairing. She would read the New Yorker for the intellectual cartoons, and the superior writing of all the articles. She would read it from cover to cover. She loved to read – any chance she got, everything from Woman’s Day to This Old House Journal. She would read Michener to Louis L’amour and love it all. Her secret place was Barnes & Noble—with a mocha Latte. Her last trip there was on December 14<sup>th</sup>.

And no, she was never arrested even though there was due cause.