

A Note from Ren Brown:

Our sincere thanks--it was an absolutely lovely afternoon in remembrance of your mother. You are all to be commended for handling all the details so beautifully. Music, food, readings and remembering to include so many members of the family. We were pleased to see so many familiar faces in attendance. I just wish I had been as organized as you. When sitting in the Hillside Club, I suddenly realized I should have put some thoughts together to share with the crowd. Sarah said she thought of me as "a fourth brother" and I certainly spent much of my youth growing up with your entire family.

So here is what I would have said:

I first met Beverly and the entire Bouwsma clan soon after their arrival in Berkeley. My father, Delmer Brown, and Ann and Hildy's father, Henry May, were instrumental in luring the noted scholar to join the Cal History Department. John was placed in my fifth grade class at Hillside Elementary School, and we soon became fast friends. Our two families were a study in contrasts. Mine small and relatively quiet, theirs large and active. Many people like their friends' parents better than their own, and I was no exception. Beverly seemed so much younger than my mother!

Special memories are the fine food Beverly made for the ten and under crowd. At the Arch Street house I was introduced to something she may have called Brown Betty's--a special treat my mother would never have put out: Not the more sophisticated oatmeal and apple concoction with a similar name. Instead it was white bread spread with margarine and generously piled high with brown sugar. MMMM Good, though hardly the epicurean fare she would later learn to dish out.

Another long-cherished memory involved a car trip to San Francisco. Beverly was driving an old family sedan, crammed full of kids and perhaps with Bunny Bartelme or one other adult. At the Toll Plaza of the Bay Bridge, she calmly handed over two quarters, saying "this is for me, and the other is for my boyfriend in the Mercedes behind us." I long marveled at how quickly she thought up this little prank, and how it was something MY mother would never consider doing.

Her quick wit was also noted after a group of us worked long and hard on a building project for her 50th birthday. It was a brick patio for the La Loma house which required a lot of hard labor - leveling, setting bricks with sand, aligning and firmly setting them in place. Philip inscribed beautiful calligraphy in wet concret for a plaque commemorating the occasion: *The Beverly Bouwsma Semi-Centennial Memorial Plaza*. We all thought it great fun to remind Beverly of what seemed to us her great age on the plaque. But she did not respond to that; instead she said, "Memorial? I'm not dead yet!"

After Bill's Fulbright sojourn in Italy, dining at Beverly's house was always a special gift. An abundance of delicious food for the large groups assembled, as well as plenty of wine, and almost always music. I especially remember gathering around her piano to sing Christmas carols--another thing that never happened in our household since none of the Brown's have a

musical gift. It was always with a bit of awe, and envy, that I would watch Bill & Beverly belt out tunes, entertaining their dinner guests.

For my parents' Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary Celebration, Robert and I organized a gathering at the Campus Drive house. Robert spent countless hours putting together a video he made from photographs contributed by family and friends. He wanted a sound track to go with, and Beverly suggested she and some friends would gladly help. She threw herself into the project and got a foursome to sing my parents' 1930s favorites such as "*Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue.*"

One Christmas, a few months after my mother died, we were all gathered at Beverly's for a special meal. She made a point of inviting Dad and insisting that he come. As someone who often reached out to help others, Beverly was most sensitive to his being alone and wanted to give him what she could--fine food, festive company, and the idea that he still belonged in her large family. I have seen her do that with many other friends and family over the years. Always trying to combat their loneliness or sorrow.

Beverly was sensitive to others in many ways. For example, she made a point of including Robert in the family gatherings from early on, as she did with the assorted girl friends, boyfriends and spouses of her extended family. She went one step further with Robert, commissioning him to do a painting of the La Loma house. His painting of the front door to that famous home was displayed for many years along with Sarah's paintings of trees and Philip's calligraphy.

So my memory of Beverly will always focus on her sense of humor, her love of music and food, and her thoughtfulness towards family and friends. She will be missed by us all.

Love,
Ren