

## **What a Life!**

By Jeb Boasberg

Dearest Gay, Charlie, Tim, and Deirdre,

"Welcome back!" he would boom from the kitchen in the Sconset house the moment you set foot indoors. Dressed most likely in Nantucket reds and tanned because he had been on the island longer than you had. In one hand was probably a cold Cisco beer he had ready for you. And on his face that famous wide smile that meant your vacation could now begin. It wasn't so much that you were in Sconset -- and in the most lovely summer home imaginable -- it was that you were in his hands. And you knew he cared so deeply -- and completely selflessly -- about your comfort. All would be just fine.

How many memories do we all have about our time with all of you on Nantucket: picnics, Great Point, Bunny's beach, Sconset cookies, herb bread, charades, kids, grandkids. We only love Sconset because we wanted to be like you. Heck, if Charlie could convince the Ogilvys to come all the way from Scotland, he could sell anyone on the town.

Beyond Nantucket, I have so many memories of him in Washington coming to Newark St. or welcoming us in Cathedral Heights or Kalorama briefly. His infectious laugh, his delight in everything and everybody. He was always the life of the party and never because he wanted to be the focus of everyone's attention. People were drawn to him by his vitality; we all wanted to be like him one day.

Unlike so many of my parents' friends, he was always interested in us as people long before any of us had anything of interest to say. He wanted to know what was going on in our lives and was always completely supportive of whatever foolish interest occupied us at the time.

His death leaves a gaping hole, but neither would we want to watch his mind wither away until, like Liddy's mom, he would be embarrassed to see what he had become. Instead, I will always remember him at his best, larger than life, and a model for how we should all live our lives.

Much love to all of you,

Jeb