

FOIA MARKER

This is not a textual record. This is used as an administrative marker by the William J. Clinton Presidential Library Staff.

Collection/Record Group: Clinton Presidential Records
Subgroup/Office of Origin: National AIDS Policy Office
Series/Staff Member: Kristine Gebbie
Subseries:

OA/ID Number: 8300
FolderID:

Folder Title:
[Miscellaneous Correspondence] [loose] [2]

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
S	66	5	1	3

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Bob -

you wrote way back in June
& I'm just now catching up on
some of my replies. Wish you
were just around the corner so
we could have lunch at the
drop of a hat - The issues are challenging
and the urgency undercuts time for
reflection. Stay in touch, please - Kristen



6/29/93

Kris-

Just a note to say
"Congratulations!" on your
new appointment. I am pleased that
you were picked and can't think
of a better person to be leading the
charge.

As before, if you see any role
for me and my skills, I'd be
honored to be asked to help in
your important work. Hope we can
continue to have lunch in NYC or
Atlanta or... at times.

Best Wishes-

^{P.W.}
Dr. Bob Wood, M.D.

3408 S. King St.
Seattle, Washington 98144

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear AA -

I'm so slow with this!
Thanks for the wire - & the
good wishes. I hope all is
well for you
Kurtine

ART KEIL
84 WHEATHERSTONE PL
LAKE OSWEGO OR 97035

**WESTERN
UNION** | **MAILGRAM**®



012223000642 06/25/93

SAEB

▶ KRISTINE M GEBBIE
606 LILLY RD NORTHEAST #723
OLYMPIA WA 98506

— CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR APPOINTMENT! —

TO BE POLITICALLY CORRECT, HOWEVER, YOU SHOULD CHANGE THE TITLE TO
CZARINA.

BEST OF LUCK!

ART KEIL

14959

16:11 EST

MGMCOMP

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Dr Allen -

My apology for such a belated
reply to your July letter. There is
much you can do from the private
sector - your vigorous support for
public health agencies in Kentucky
with which you worked for so long can
be an important support - Thank
you for your interest & Christine Gable

P.O. Box 35070
Louisville, KY 40232-5070
502-629-8025
July 8, 1993

Ms. Kristine Gebbie
National AIDS Policy Coordinator
200 Independence Avenue
Room 729 H
Washington, D.C. 20201

Dear Kristine:

Congratulations to you on your fantastic appointment with the Clinton administration! We have had a decade of public health challenge created by AIDS, and we have miles yet to go. You are a perfect fit as an ambassador, negotiator, and expert at bringing projects and problem-solving processes to closure. I wish you the best in this next chapter!

I moved from the public health sector to the private sector about a year ago, and have found it very exciting, also. I am trying to help a hospital system deliver on three public promises:

1. to deliver the best care that can be delivered;
2. to be able to prove that the best care was delivered; and
3. to be able to improve what we have delivered.

It is easy to say, but very tough to do!

At the same time I continue with a very strong public awareness of the public health tasks which must be addressed. If there is any way that a professional who is still in the trenches on the private side can be of help to you, please let me know.

Sincerely,



David T. Allen, M.D., M.P.H.
Senior Vice President
Quality & Medical Affairs

CRS133.93

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear David -

Many thanks for including me in your celebratory dinner on the 18th - I'm honored to be in such company! Let me add my congratulations to the many you've already received - you're a special friend of health in so many ways - back in our ~~appliance~~ ~~trustee~~

THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL-CORNELL MEDICAL CENTER

THE WALSH McDERMOTT
UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE

212-746-5431
FAX 212-746-8670

OCT 19 1993

October 8, 1993

Kristine M. Gebbie, R.N., MN, FAAN
AIDS Policy Coordinator
National AIDS Program Office
Department of Health and Human Services
200 Independence Avenue, SW
Room 721-H
Washington, DC 20201

Dear Kristine:

I have just been told that on Monday afternoon, October 18, the Institute of Medicine is honoring me in a very special way with the Gustav Leinhard Award.

For a number of our friends who we believe may be there anyway, we'd like to have you join us for dinner at the Cosmos Club, 2121 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008, (202-387-7783).

Dinner is planned for 8:00 P.M. after the IOM reception. Sorry the notice is short, but we hope you can join us. Would you please let Maureen or Karen know if you can make it as swiftly as possible at 212/746-5431.

Warm regards,

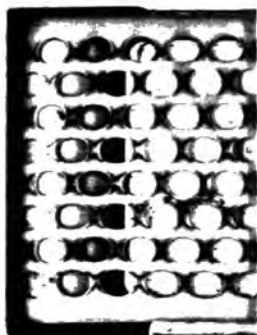
Dave

David E. Rogers, M.D.

DER/kh

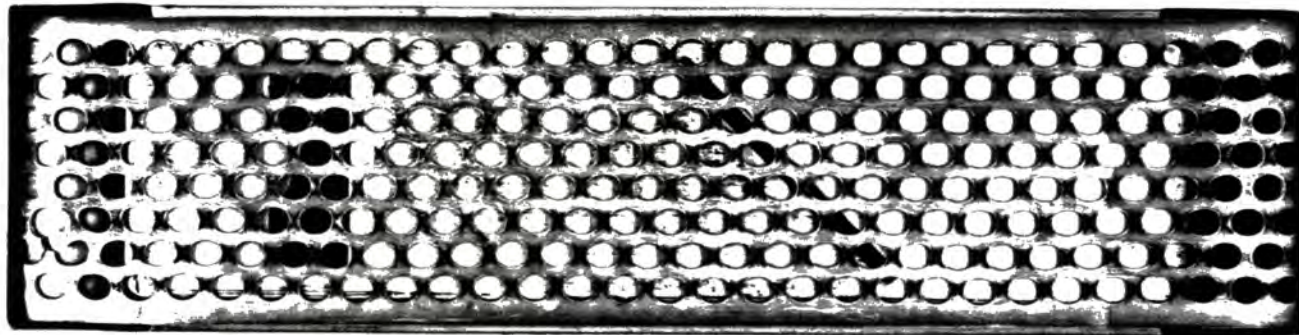
P.S.: If your dear wife or husband cannot come, you are still welcome.





THE WHITE HOUSE

David - Thanks for your note - I
know & respect Cas - but I'm no
longer on the Governing Council (had
to resign because I was a candidate
for Director). I know Tim Westwood.
He's great & has been a great help.
& it's fun having Ben here - I'll pass
along your greeting -
All the best - Kristine





OREGON
HEALTH SCIENCES UNIVERSITY

611 S.W. Campus Drive, SD206, Portland, Oregon 97201-3097 (503) 494-8830

School of Dentistry
Department of Public Health Dentistry

September 9, 1993

Kristine M. Gebbie, MN, MA
Director
Office of AIDS Policy
750 17th Street, Suite 1060
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Ms. ^{KARIS} Gebbie:

I am writing on behalf of Cas Evans who, as you know, is a candidate for president-elect of APHA.

I am sure you are aware of Cas' background as treasurer of APHA and I am sure you are being swamped with information about all the candidates.

Let me be brief. APHA nominates only people who are qualified. Why then is Cas my choice and hopefully, your choice for president? Here's why:

- Cas has been a section chair and an affiliate president. As such, he can start to address the issue of merging sections and affiliates into APHA in a more cohesive manner.
- We have lost our executive director, Bill McBeath, Seiko Brodbeck, and Charlie Schade. We need someone as president-elect who has the institutional memory that Cas has.
- Cas' service as treasurer for six years and his membership on the Executive Board will provide us with the continuity we need to move forward.
- Cas is on the firing line, as director of Public Health Programs and Services for Los Angeles, during the budget crisis California faces. He knows the problems we are facing today.
- I have known Cas for 20 years and he is a first-class person who will represent APHA in a manner which we can all be proud.

I would appreciate it if you would consider Cas' candidacy and provide him with your support.

thanks for listening. Call me if you have any questions.

Sincerely,


David I. Rosenstein, DMD, MPH
Professor and Chairman
Department of Public Health Dentistry

TO BEN
Tell BON MORRILL
I SAID HOWE.
HAVE YOU MET TIM WESTMORLAND
WHO WORKS FOR HOWARD WAYMAN? He's
an old friend.

GOOD LUCK
IN YOUR NOW
TASK. IF I CAN
OVER 80% OF HOWE,
LET ME KNOW.



**OREGON HEALTH
SCIENCES UNIVERSITY**
School of Dentistry
Department of
Public Health Dentistry
611 S.W. Campus Drive
Portland, Oregon 97201-3097



Kristine M. Gebbie, MN, MA
Director
Office of AIDS Policy
750 17th Street, Suite 1060
Washington, DC 20500





THE WHITE HOUSE

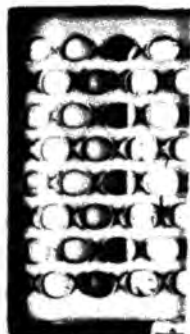
Dear Randy -

Once again I thank you for being so willing to share your story, and Mary's - it's a gift to all who struggle with this disease, & with death. You may hear from Nancy Campbell at the N.W. AIDS Foundation in Seattle - they could use your voice, I think. I'm also working on how to engage the churches more & think you could help. I'll be in touch - please call my time.
A. Rutime

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON



Randall Jacobs, M.D.
Port Townsend Family Physicians, Inc.
934 Sheridan
Port Townsend, Washington 98368

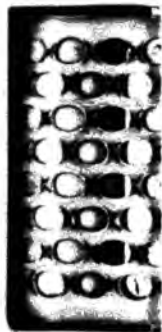


THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Randy -

Once again I thank you for being so willing to share your story, and Mary's - it's a gift to all who struggle with this disease, & with death. You may hear from Nancy Campbell at the N.W. AIDS Foundation in Seattle - they could use your voice, I think. I'm also working on how to engage the churches more & think you could help. I'll be in touch - please call any time.
Kristine

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON



Randall Jacobs, M.D.
Port Townsend Family Physicians, Inc.
934 Sheridan
Port Townsend, Washington 98368



**port townsend
family physicians, inc., p.s.**

DIPLOMATES, AMERICAN BOARD OF FAMILY PRACTICE

J. RANDALL JACOBS, M.D.

DOUGLAS KURATA, M.D.

ANNE E. BIEDEL, M.D.

September 15, 1993

Kristine Gebbie
Office of National AIDS Policy Coordinator
750 17th St. NW
Suite 1060
Washington D.C. 20503

*Please make
me a copy of
this —*

Dear Kristine,

It's been a pleasure talking with you on the phone, and I appreciate so much your sincere interest and caring. We're in transition as a family, and thankfully the children are weathering it well. Bill's call last Friday meant so much, lifting our spirits on a particularly low morning.

I had Mary's memorial service videotaped by our local high school media class using professional, TV studio quality cameras. If you would like, I'll send you a copy. The Seattle PI-Times is planning to do a story illustrating a very positive community response to a person with AIDS, and the writer, Rebecca Boren, plans to contact you.

Please find enclosed my reflections over the past few months, which has been very therapeutic for me to write, as well as an article in our local paper. I hope this will give you some insight into our own personal story. Call anytime I can be of assistance.

Sincerely,

Randall Jacobs, M.D.

MARY JEAN TUDOR JACOBS 1948-1993

THE FINAL MONTHS

5/25/93

Much has transpired over the past month. Obvious periods of confusion and recent memory loss, more apparent following the post endoscopy amnesia episode earlier in the month. Adjusting to the every other day routine of IV amphotericin. Mary is tolerating the confinement and PIC line well. She is so life oriented, incredibly able to surmount her limitations and suffering, clinging to all that she can.

We travel to Seattle, apprehensive. Our scheduled visit with Marty Siegel, MD. He too is concerned about her mental status, and we decide to admit her to Swedish hospital for a neuro evaluation. I had somewhat anticipated this outcome. We had come semi-prepared.

Together we went to the MRI suite--holding her hand on the stretcher as long as I could, she seemed resigned. As I yielded her to the giant scanner I had questions--will it be like this after the end? The scanner engulfed her frail frame, the hood shielding her face. She calmly submitted. Soon the cycle began, mechanically, with unexpectedly loud noises, clicking, firing like rounds from a machine gun. If only they were effective against the virus. It will only give us a picture of how much more it has taken of her.

Thankfully it was over. She re-emerged, stating that this would be the last scan. Once was too much. We quietly returned to her room. And after kissing her good-night I left her side for Port Townsend to collect my clothes, my thoughts, and to touch my children.

5/26

7am

The news. Neurologist Sylvia Lucas visited Mary last night. Mary is anxiously waiting my return. She doesn't remember Sylvia's full exam or visit. I talk quietly with Marty and Sylvia in the hall. Not good. Fears confirmed. HIV encephalopathy diagnosed and the AIDS dementia complex progressing. Help us Lord. I had not prepared for this. Oh bless Mary, Lord. Carry us, for I am not ready to give up this part of her. I ask Marty

how much more time. Cautiously he says 6 months. I'm numb. After Mary falls asleep, I fall back on habits that work--kinetic therapy--I run from Swedish to Volunteer Park and back, on the verge of vomiting the whole way.

God carries us back to Port Townsend, to our haven in this dark valley.

5/30

This past week has been rough, confronting this present reality. I'm not ready to let her essence slip away, her mind and thoughts, her creative and sensitive intellect. Yet its slipping away, I'm losing her and I can't do anything about it except love her as she is. Can we do this? She is so frail, so elderly, reminding me of my grandparents just before their death, lost in the spaces of senility beyond our grasp, places we could not reach or touch with them. And so it is becoming for Mary, and for me once again to experience. Too soon in her life, too premature. Only God knows the answer. Yet I trust Him, and I see that she does too in her quiet grace, her moments of meditation take her far away, to places of preparation to meet Him. He could chose to cure her illness, but has not acted yet. His design is known only to Him. And that is sufficient for us.

6/5

Treasured windows of coherence. We talk and decide to meet with the children to let them know what's happening. Its unexpectedly easy--the boys show little emotion on hearing that their mother may not survive this illness. Hilary runs from the room upon hearing the news. In spite of our offers to hug and support they're off again soon to their routines. Though later in the evening many discussions occur about death, heaven, and angels. They seem incredibly objective and calm. Thank you Lord.

6/27 to 7/5

We journey to Holden Village, a Lutheran family camp in the Cascade mountains with 5 other families. Planned since February, this must be a pilgrimage for Mary. Wonderful couple and family memories at this special place. Such a difficult journey it was for her, with incontinence, diapers, porta potti in the room; always cold, weak, confused and uncomfortable, needing a wheel chair; significant continual shortness of breath given the altitude. Marginal value for her; yet she really wanted to do this for the whole family. Great support from friends and Holden community. Barely could get her in and out of float plane going to and from. Getting to bathroom and using porta potti in car enroute a challenge. Administering IV amphi in the car also a challenge--3 needy children and Mary with all her needs--at

times almost overwhelming, yet thankfully returned to our home, a haven of peace and security. No more trips like this. Said goodbye to Holden as a complete family of five.

7/18

To Lutheran Church of the Redeemer. Mary in wheel-chair, fatigued. Able to mentally connect with about 50% of the program. Spontaneously asked to be taken to microphone during announcements. Needed help to stand; thanked the congregation for their help, love, meals, support. Thanked the Lord for his blessings. Standing ovation with tears. The Spirit moved her, for this would be her last opportunity to share this with those she loved.

7/22-26

Mary at her folks while Colin and I in D.C. Special time for her and Tudors. She seemed to really enjoy visit and being cared for. A real gift to all. Evidence for fullness and healing in the simplicity of their relationship--gentle caring and sharing all sufficient. The gifts of mother, daughter; parent-child realized once again.

7/24 11am to 1:30pm

Rose Garden, White House, '63 Boys Nation Reunion. Bill greeted us and thanked me for letter sent in January. Compassion and warmth, sincere personal interest. Both of us with moist eyes. His eyes said that he deeply cared and understood. Shared picture of Mary and rest of family. I expressed how much his note and concern meant. Oval office visit. JFK and RFK memorial, Arlington National Cemetery. Visits to House and Senate floors. A time of renewing old friendships and feeling once again the roots of our great heritage. What a gift to share with my son Colin. A time of refueling.
8pm to 10pm

Unexpected attendance by Hilary and Bill at reunion dinner, Hotel Washington. Sat at next table. Colin sought him out for autograph of JFK album, asked to put my name on it. Bill complimented him on his shirt and tie, and asked how old his brother and sister are now. Amazing for a President to take such interest in a 10 year old boy. This man is truly special.

7/25

Among other sites, visit to the Wall. Found grade school best buddy Capt. Frederick Sutter, Air Force pilot, MIA. Overpowering, with tears. Colin felt

my pain and sadness for Fred and this lost generation. Felt a soft touch on my shoulder as he comforted me.

8/1

Mary sat writing at her desk in living room. Brought over letters to each of the children, asked me to keep them for them and share at an appropriate time. Last opportunity, must have been moved by the Spirit. Several days later could not physically write or mentally compose coherent sentences.

8/7-8

At home with kids during weekend. Tough duty, Mary a bit agitated, requiring extra help, and kids were kids needing lots of attention. Finally realized I needed extra help--too much for one person. Called Paula and Lisa to start ASAP. They had been scheduled as daytime caregivers to start in September, but desperately needed now.

8/9

Paula and Lisa start, great help and presence. They're guardian angels, comforting and strengthening us all. Mary is withdrawing more. No longer calling for the children. Seems to be much less aware of her illness and impairments. The dementia is agonizing for us, yet seems to be offering some emotional protection for her, as she withdraws quietly yet progressively from our world. Thankfully she still recognizes us, and returns "I love yous" and kisses. On listening to scripture being read to her, will comment "great" or "that's good" at certain passages. Fragments of her mind remain, the most important ones the last to yield.

8/17

Short ride in wheelchair outside. Great day, sunny and warm. Gardens beautiful.

Yet she doesn't seem to notice.

8/18

2nd short focal partial complex seizure. Hilary witnesses, and turns to face the wall with her face in her hands, hiding tears, fear, other emotions too I'm sure. Tough day. Agitated, a real stress for Paula. Mary is trying to put things in order in her own disordered world.

8/19

Insisted on going in car, not sure where. Out of frustration and need to see if she had a real objective I took her on short ride around block. She was

clearly confused as to her agenda. Didn't even appreciate she was in the car. I finally accepted this as a function of her dementia. Had tapered Haldol previous day out of false hope she didn't need it--she clearly does. Hospital bed delivered. Mary wants her own bed requiring much persuasion. New bed clearly easier on her and us.

8/21

Home health nurse inserted catheter, care much easier, no longer needing to be up every 1-2 hours day and night.

8/22

Colin's family birthday celebration with Tudors, Jacobs; Mary unable to go downstairs any more. She doesn't seem aware of celebration, or his birthday. Colin seems ok. Chuck and Mary here to visit from California. I wonder if she remembers them.

8/23

Starting to have difficulty with chewing and swallowing. Have been dispensing and administering her medication for weeks; brushing her teeth, washing her hands and face, and giving her showers, doing her hair, aiding her at the toilet. Need to half carry her to the shower. This will probably be the last one. Too weak and too stressful physically and emotionally for her. It progresses onward.

8/24

Backed off on Haldol day before, Mary brighter but in afternoon became argumentative and angry, agitated. Dan Mass, RN, from Option Care, and Paula here to assist. Needed to increase Haldol, no question it is needed. Wanted her own bed. Said Randy would "beat us up!" if we didn't put her in her own bed. Paula in tears. Intellectually Paula knows, but emotionally it hurts.

Hilary at bedtime asks me when we're going to get a new mama. Responded with assurance that we will just love and take care of each other.

8/26

Colin's birthday; Mary kissed him and told him she loved him. Mom and Dad left 8/25 to return to Kansas City to pack up their house to move to Port Townsend. Was obviously hard for them to leave. And Mary seemed a bit fearful at their departure as they have provided her with a sense of security. Surprise birthday party given for Colin by Pete and Marsha. A real gift. Pete spent night in tent with Colin at our home. I'm between two worlds: one so

natural, children laughing and playing; the other world upstairs, my beloved drifting away from us.

Increased fatigue, cough. More sleep than awake periods. No comprehension of hour or time of day. Able to focus on immediate needs, no cognitive function or recall.

8/27

Janelle here as per her frequent visits. Mary loves her presence and relaxes like a baby with her massages. Gwen, Rin, Lucy all favorites.

Last shower today--we barely made it through the ordeal. Bed baths from now on.

Mary is so serene and beautiful. More difficulty with swallowing meds. Wondering how long this can go on. Initial shock in June with declining cognitive function. Was not prepared. Children cried then wondering if mama would recognize them much longer. Was losing her in life--almost more than I could bear. But adjusting now. Just thankful to have her with us no matter how much impairment as long as she was comfortable. Comfort in her physical presence, comforted by her breathing, her warmth, her eyes. Frequent kisses and hugs given, some returned. Whispers back "I love you too."

8/28

Barb Maille and Pam Roberts here. Mary's faithful friends from KU sorority days. Mary seemed to really enjoy. Viewed old video of sorority reunion, and family trip to Mexico in March given as a gift to us by so many friends. Good talks, yet she tired easily. Wonderful people.

8/29

First sacral breakdown.

8/30

Pain now with turning, otherwise seems comfortable.

8/31

Quiet, introspective, gazing into space. Wants quiet, little conversation. Declines radio, TV, music. Wants limited visitation.

9/1

Shy about Dan bathing her, says "I can do that myself." Yet clearly she can't.

More difficulty swallowing. Intake much less.

9/3

Bad day, rigors after amphi with temp 102. Father Heffernan to visit. I took kids dirt biking --more kinetic therapy, and had good sharing time with them in car; discussed mama's progressive illness and what to expect; refreshing time out. Mary taking no significant food or fluids, refusing. Stopped elective meds and food.

9/4

Hilary awoke and immediately came into room to check Mary. Mary very still and quiet in her sleep, Hilary reaches out and touches mama who stirs; Hilary states emphatically " Well, mom's not dead yet!" promptly turning around and walking out of the room apparently satisfied with her discovery. Dick Lynn our internist came and we discussed treatment. Agreed since she no longer was interested in fluids or food we would stop all feedings and continue comfort meds only. Landmark day in this chapter of our lives. The time had come for her, and some relief for us that the end would come within days. Shared decision with family, and all supportive. Started Duragesic patches for pain and prn iv Ativan for sedation. Working well. No response throughout day and night.

Agitation late in evening with twitching and eye flutters, furrowed brow; thankfully could make her comfortable with iv ativan. Finally around 12mn she took a big sigh after ativan and slept. Janelle and Keith came by in evening--a God-send, suggesting and offering to set up a nighttime vigil with a schedule of volunteers. Dorothy, Mary's mother, and I covered this night. So good to be near to her.

9/5

No response in am. LCR group here with David Housholder our pastor at 1pm. Amazingly she opened her eyes and was aware of group, music, and communion--a real gift. Later in afternoon was able to weakly whisper "I love you, too" back to children and me--what a gift it was. Unresponsive in evening and night. Volunteers here 12mn to 6am. Amazing visit with Lynette at 11pm at Mary's bedside. She's dealing with her brother's own battle with HIV. Wonderful sharing.

9/6

Rin here 4-6am, great comfort and sharing, Rin had breakfast with kids and I.

Mary opened eyes later in day and again was able to weakly yet perceptibly relate to kids and me. Colin came to her bedside and she whispered "Hi sweetie." Repeated back "I love you, too." to each of us. After this afternoon no longer responsive other than some pain with turning.

Volunteers again at night. I treasured the hours with her after kids were asleep and we were alone. Just enjoyed sitting quietly by her, holding her hand, caressing and kissing her.

9/7

Slept all day. Only response was when turning--discomfort obvious. Added additional duragesic patch. I tried to work at the office, couldn't concentrate well at all. Left to come home around 2pm. Kids first day at school and they are so excited. Great teachers, perfect match for each child given our situation. They are aware. Comic relief at office: medical supply house sales representative Doug R. offered freebie: gift certificate for 1 free visit from Jack Kevorkian. Nurses horrified. Later saw him in parking lot and tried to console him. The Lord was again telling me to keep a good sense of humor. The timing was perfect; struggling recently with Mary's meds, trying to not cross the line between enough for comfort and avoiding direct intervention hastening death. Trying to focus only on her pain and not ours. A practical and ethical\theological fine line. My inner spirit is comfortable with where she is and I am in this process.

Respirations changed, more labored, T 104 and P120 in evening. Brought kids in and let them know mama might not be alive when they woke in am. Lots of hugs and kisses for mama but not returned. The kids ran crying to boys room and I joined them with lots of tears, and hugs for each other. Hilary said "papa, lets don't get a new mama, we can't ever replace our mama." They finally fell asleep, crying.

Volunteers back thankfully. I don't expect her to make it to morning.

4am Couldn't sleep, Di and Terry leaving and Hilary Metzker arriving. Lord brought to my heart a realization that His promise to her had been fulfilled, having completely healed her. I saw for the first time the difference between an earthly physical cure, and healing. Every part of her life had been offered to, touched, and healed by Him. Every relationship, including her relationship with Him. She would leave this life perfected by Him, prepared and ready to meet Him face to face, so that He could restore her physically. Hallelujah! He really did what He promised. No deceit, no feelings of

betrayal or abandonment. God is gracious and holds true to His promises. Peace came to my heart and soul. God prepared me for Mary's final steps. Temp continues. Urine output much decreased. Pulse fainter.

9/8

Using Ativan q4-6h due to facial signs of distress. Combination working well. Paula here through all 9/7 and here in house last night. Lisa was called at 6am. Kids in immediately upon awakening to see if mama is still alive--they uncharacteristically linger. I obviously did not want to be away today, cancelled work. Asked each child if they wanted to go to school and all 3 said yes. Only Graham wanted to be called if she died during the day. They were told it probably would happen.

1230 p152, T104.6axillary, R12. No response.

230pm BPdecreasing, fingers cyanotic. Respirations shallow. Unbelievable the life force, clearly functioning from brainstem level. Fuel tank on empty, working on fuel vapor only. I focus on Mary and also on preparations for her memorial service, reviewing our notes we made together at Holden, looking at scripture and hymns. 10 minutes on the word processor and the outline is complete, ready for David. Will add the parable of the twins that Dianne from Option Care shared earlier today.

3pm David here, administering the short service for the dying. Passage imminent. Wrote essence of memorial service at her bedside while waiting. Many kisses and caresses. I love holding her hand. She's so hot, so limp, turning cool peripherally, working so hard with each breath, yet no sign of pain. Offered to carry her downstairs so Mary's dad could be with her, but he declined.

3:30pm Kids home, immediately to room, hugging mama and telling her they love her. Sticking very close. Learned that several days before Colin took Pete his best 11 year old friend to see Mary. "Pete, mama has AIDS, do you know about AIDS?" Pete said yes. "I want you to see my mom, she's very sick and is going to die soon. I want you to know."

Colin asked if we could find one of those pastors who can heal, and we could sell everything to pay him. I explained that it wasn't a matter of finding the right person, it was up to God's plan for Mama and us. He seemed ok.

4:40

Doug and Jane walk in unexpectedly. Mary barely hanging on. David holding her hand, I the other. They are greeted and asked to join in this event. Many tears and hugs. Unbelievable that she is still able to hang on. No palpable peripheral pulse for 2 hours, and inadequate ventilations.

Incredible, heroic efforts to hang on, a precious thread of life separating her from death. Amazing that Doug should be called here at this time, for he, too, a victim of the transfusion event as the ordering physician, bearing the burden, and hopefully soon to be relieved of that as will Mary.

4:42

Dianne her sister arrives from Seattle, last car on 3:10 ferry. Drove in excess of speed limit the whole way. Emotionally drained, joining me, children, Dorothy, Debi, David, Paula, Lisa, Doug, Jane, Joe and Ruth at her bedside. Too quiet, just the sound of soft tears and I love yous with background of struggling respiration. Put on music "Cry out" by Abba. David reassuring her, asking her to let Jesus take her and to let go.

4:45

I've physically and emotionally transferred her to David, she needs him to help her cross the line into Jesus' arms. The father of the bride giving her to the groom. It is right, for David is our good shepherd. David is holding her by the hand, lovingly regarding her face. I am by her side feeling her advancing coolness as life's warmth ebbs. I love her so and repeatedly tell her, caressing her.

Mary opens her eyes, nods at David's bidding to let go of life and walk to Jesus; she attempts to speak, then lets go.

She has passed from earth to heaven, joining our Savior, now healed and complete.

Many tears, hugs, kisses, and caresses. Children sharing in all. Graham says quietly "Don't be too sad, mama is doing cartwheels in heaven." Just like she used to do when she was whole and well.

5:00

It is over. Much to do. After more hugs and tears a new chapter begins. Dianne, Debi, Lisa, Paula, Hilary and Graham bathe her body after we carry her from the hospital bed to our marital bed. Midway thru the process, Hilary pulls off her gloves and pronounces "That's enough." Leaving completion of the task to the rest. Mary is dressed in her silk blouse and her hands fall naturally into a wonderful position. She is being prepared for her coronation and for goodbyes from friends and relatives. Medical equipment is removed from the room, and our bedroom is given back in its completeness save one spirit. I visit Gussie, Phyllis, and Sheila, our special neighbors, sharing our events. Many hugs and tears. Relief that she no longer suffers is beginning to comfort me.

6:00

Friends starting to drop by. Preparations have been completed. We had planned a wake several days before to allow others to say goodbye, and we spread the word by phone that our home would be open to all who wanted to come 7-11pm.

Amazing event. About 100 came by, adults and children, with our children bringing their friends to the room quietly sharing their mom. Many confronting past losses of loved ones, as well as fear of death itself. Closeness and love, sharing with defenses down, a remarkable time of blessing for all. Some even returned with their children to experience this event. All emotions and activities. Tears, laughter, stories, child play noises, piano filling the house. Gifts from all attending flowing in a circle and crescendoing. Molly Shaw notes that Mary passed on the day of the Nativity of Mary the Mother of Jesus. God is incredible, for she was Mary's namesake and patron. From death to new birth in eternity with God our Father.

11pm

House finally quiet. Her body is changing, once supple now stiff and ice cold, skin and features subtly distorting. The children note the difference. Hilary says "That's not mama anymore."

11:15

Children awaiting the mortician who has been called. Observe him wrap Mary in a white sheet and follow her to the hearse. The door shuts, driving away. Now we've lost both parts of her. It's so lonely without her. We're exhausted. Hilary quiet but clinging to me. Demands to sleep with me, but not on mama's side of bed, and I had to remove all visible traces of bedding used during the wake before she would climb into our bed. Boys fall quickly asleep after prayers. Then we do, too.

10-12mn

I learned later that Laura Higby and others spent 2 hours in the bell tower of the Presbyterian church witnessing the beauty of the aurora borealis, with its wonderfully soft hues of rose, yellow, blue and green. Certainly Mary's crown and a gift from our Lord confirming His salvation Grace and that she was meeting Him face to face with all the Saints. As they left the tower they tolled the bells in celebration.

9/9

5am

Awake, quietly remembering the events, sadness and beginning to feel more of Mary's suffering which I must have not been able to process and function while she was living.

Beautiful sunrise. After I exercise on the Nordic track I'm drawn to the gardens, feeling her presence there, seeing her healthy, happy, smiling, and assuring me that all is well as she tends her beloved plants. Tears, yet comfort. Sun's warm rays minister to my body and soul. I'm comforted by watering, offering continued life to her plants. I cherish what she designed and which now expresses her love in these gardens. Then back indoors, for the children will soon awaken.

7am

Children are up. Ready for school. No second thoughts. Gracious Jeinelle picks up kids and takes them to school. No appetite. I'm numb, emotionally drained. Much to do.

9am

Obituary notice is created on the word processor. Never thought I'd be doing this, is it a dream? Too condensed for her life, too edited, for she was and is so much more. Does not do her life justice. But so is the world.

11am

I'm at Kosec Funeral Home, not real, the bad dream continues. What a job he has, but done well, gently, completely. The papers are reviewed and signed. I need to see the crematorium and he consents. Deja vu, physically it appears similar to the MRI scanner. Part of me has been here before. Massive, it fills two rooms. I remember the Holocaust. It is industrial, orderly, and barren of any indication of life. It condenses nature's process into 2 hours, via 1600 degrees. Only the dessicated bones remain, which crumble as they are raked out. The final step macerates them into fine dust, all that will remain of her earthly form. Yet I am grateful for this process, the best of bad choices, for the process will be complete and uninterrupted, unviolated. The virus will be destroyed, and the real she is beyond. From ashes to ashes. I am tempted to see her one more time, but don't ask. I have witnessed enough of her physical deterioration, preferring memories of vigorous healthy days. It will be done tomorrow, then she can return to our home.

1:00pm

Calls to those participating in service: Lou, Joyce, Steve. All graciously consent.

3:30pm

Kids home from school. Teachers reporting all is well. They even shared the events with their classes. Quiet support from other children, especially those who have lost loved ones. Hand-holding, gentle stories about events and feelings. How time can resonate between the mundane and the profound-- life and death itself. So it is with children. Wonderfully directed toward living-- the life force orients and sustains. A moment aside with Pete who confirms Colin is doing well, "Much better than I would." Colin reports that all the kids were really nice and especially helpful. Much shared nonverbally, apparently.

9pm

Children fall gently asleep. Boys ok but both wanted the other in their room. Hilary asleep on living room couch, needing to be close. Mary's book of poems beckons, as does the letters she wrote to her children. Tears come as I'm immersed in love memories, recollections of all the gifts we shared, of all her fruits; her struggle mentally and physically in the end to communicate her love and faith to her children; how precious she considered time in 1982, and beyond. I must share these with others in the service. Will call David.

11pm

Fell asleep with tears, forgetting even to remove my contacts; Hilary at my side.

9/10

8:30am

Slept poorly, tears frequently, little reminders of her. Packed H's lunch and pulled out a recycle bag with Mary's riddle on it for share-time from last school year. Kids off again to school. They're doing amazingly well. It's hard to focus, though the many details help anesthetize the pain for now.

10:30am

Dad answers the phone, excitedly says I'd better take the call, it's the White House.

"This is Air Force One operator on a secure line. Is this Dr. Jacobs? Standby for the President." And 2 minutes later the President's warm voice:

"Randy, this is Bill. I just wanted you to know I've been thinking of you, buddy. How is Mary?" I shared the story of Mary's last hours with him. The President: "Your letter that you sent last January really touched me. It was

great to see you and your son in Washington." I expressed how supportive our community has been, and how much I feel for the poor; those rejected by families because of lifestyle or race; those without financial, medical or social resources to deal with this dreadful disease. I thanked him for the letter of 9/1 and call from Kristine Gebbie. I offered to assist her in any way; perhaps as physician and husband our experience might help others. Expressed again how much his compassion, personal interest, and time to write and call has meant. He closed with "Let's keep in touch thru Kristine."

Tom called--God ordained. For he is the one to read Mary's poem and letter to the children. Now both Tom and Joyce, such important people, past and present in the fabric of our lives. Perhaps it will bless them too.

Picked up loose ends and returned medical supplies. Felt good to remove medical paraphernalia. Picked up her cremated remains, 10 lbs of bony grit in a simple plastic bag and box, carried in a paper shopping-type bag. As I was driving home I never dreamed we would be riding together this way. Yet I was glad to have her physical essence back at home. Carefully carried her to our bedroom. A comfort to have her home again. Many have called and come by to love and support us. Frank Garred, editor of the local paper, called and we agreed to do a full story in 2 weeks. Spoke with Kristine Gebbie who asked that we video the memorial in case Mary's story can be used in the future. Arranged with Robert Force and Chimacum media class. A sharing and good cry with Marla and Jeanne. Can't work with her personal things yet--tucked them away in her desk. Realized that the deeper we love the greater sadness we feel in the loss; tho wouldn't trade the depth of love and relationship we had to avoid this present pain.

9pm

My tears during prayers with Graham; he said " don't be sad, papa, mama's healthy now." Needed sleeping pill at 12mn. Slept ok with that help.

9/11

Blessed with another beautiful sunrise after awakening early. Children excited for we're off to Grandma's trailer to celebrate her 70th birthday. As we're leaving Hilary states " Mama's coming with us, I can feel her , papa!" Its good to get out. Fun, light-hearted breakfast. Then we enjoy Wooden Boat Festival for a couple of hours.

11am

I return home alone, treasuring moments of quietness and reflection. Kinetic therapy--vis a vis sweeping out the barn. New insights, the Lord revealing many things in my heart. Mary's life was full, her cup runneth over. A successful and distinguished career, with a national reputation in her field; 3 wonderful, healthy, well-balanced children; a marriage brimming with fruits; a beautiful home and garden that she created and nurtured, giving so much to others; relationships with others and her God that were complete, and balanced, without anger or estrangement. Other than dying prematurely, she left this life fulfilled, and fulfilling to others; completed. She passed the blessing on to so many. And the Lord says to me, "Look around, see how many die in poverty of relationship, estranged; in poverty of spirit, rejecting me. Be content. She has been prepared to meet Me, and I have called her home for a reason that you will one day understand. Be content; asking for more is asking for too much."

A peace came upon my heart at that moment. I am content. And I remembered how our Savior suffered, and through that suffering how we are saved and He was glorified. Yes, that is Mary's story also, for through living life to the fullest possible in the midst of her gracious and courageous suffering, Our Lord and she triumphed. And in that triumph many were touched and healed, fortified in their own life journeys. Her faith and ours grew through the years of testing and trial. We walked paths untrodden, trusting that the Lord would lead us by the hand which He faithfully did. He never gave us more to understand, to face, or to bear than we could withstand. His grace was continually sufficient, and He has wonderfully provided for all our needs.

New-found peace. Thanks be to God.

3pm

Now the little reminders--her writing, her clothing, her rings, are more welcome, comforting reminders for which I am thankful.

8pm

My brother Steve flies in. We share, just the two of us, and it is good to have him here.

9/12

This day is the "The Holy Name of Mary" on the Roman calendar--amazing, unbelievable!

6am

I awaken to our 17th anniversary. Hilary sleeps quietly beside. I feel Mary's presence and thank her for 17 years, and tell her I love her. I'm beginning to discover that our relationship can continue in a new dimension, a dimension not requiring her physical presence. And I am grateful for the birth of a new phase. We can continue on together, and my heart is lifted.

1030am

First time at LCR in 6 weeks. Its great to be back. Many hugs and understanding glances. Words of instruction, music, and sacrament feed my hungry soul. I am able to offer this during prayers, only the Lord's strength enabled me to get through: "Father God, Lord Jesus I give you thanks and praise you for 17 years of life with Mary, for the abundant gifts, love, and blessings that flowed through her from you, Father. Praise you Lord for the incredible love, support, and prayers that have come to us from this community. And thank you Lord for the peace that has come to our hearts, the peace that only you can bring. We love and miss you, Mary, and we praise you Lord that one day again we shall all dance in your presence."

1pm

Tom arrives, warm greetings, share Mary's poem and letters. Then visit the church across the street to help in set-up. It's therapeutic. The altar is prepared, and in the warm sunshine and soft breeze she and I travel from our bedroom to rest on the altar with her bible, rings, confirmation cross, and a rose across the simple cedar box containing and sheltering her remains. Her coronation is soon to begin. Ben Parker's letter so helpful. It follows:

"Dear Randy, Colin, Graham, and Hilary,

No, we're never really ready to give them up, are we? Not even when, as he often does, Death comes as a friend.

There is real comfort., I've found, in a verse so familiar that we tend to skim right over it without plumbing its depths: "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me...."

First, we are specifically promised the presence of our Lord in our time of trial.

Then, what is a shadow? It is an intangible, transient, caused by an intrusion between us and the source of Light. So the Psalmist dismisses death as, not

the great, grim finality, but a mere way station on our journey. Our journey where?

Note well, my friends, that we walk not into the valley of the shadow, but through it, to emerge into the sunlight of God's everlasting Morning. There our loved ones await us, beyond pain, beyond tears, beyond death itself. They are healed and whole, safe and joyous in the presence of our Lord and Saviour. Meantime, being human, we weep. So did our Lord at the grave of Lazarus--He understands.

My other favorite pastor used to say at the services for a saint, "This is not a funeral service; it is a service of Coronation." So it is with dear Mary.

May the promised Comforter speed your healing.

Shalom, and God bless---
Ben Parker"

2:30pm

All preparations ready, family and friends present at our home. Hilary with Jeinelle at the signing table greeting all who come. We're blessed with a warm beautifully clear day, all the wooden boats sailing in their glory in the bay on this weekend of the festival.

3:00pm

We leave for the church, Jeffrey and Graham, Pete and Colin, their friends offering comfort and security in their quiet presence beside them.

3:20pm

A moment of panic as I can't account for Colin and Pete; after checking the yard and house I'm told they are in our pew already.

3:30pm

Hilary waits til the last minute before joining us as she stayed at the signing table until all had registered.

Quiet harp prelude lovingly given by Paula. The church bells mournfully toll the call to worship. The moment begins, to end too soon as her life. David commences the service.

3:30-4:30pm

Such a mixture of feelings, I called upon the Lord to sustain me and the children and He did. Hilary emphatically telling me not to cry and an

occasional tear emerged which she accepted with her frequent explorations of my face. Graham near tears, and Pete too. Colin stoic but clearly feeling it all. The incredible richness of the service, Mary's letter and poem touching her essence:

"September 12, 1982

To Randy on our 6th Anniversary

Time? What is "It"?

It's all we have; it's nothing at all.

Did we have it?

We did; we do. But we don't
possess it - it only passes through our hands.

Where did it go?

On. It went on - around us,
without us. It's passing now.

Did we use it?

I hope so. To listen, to heal,
to care, to hope, to cry,
to laugh, to be, especially to love.

What about tomorrow's time?

Tomorrow I will use my time more frugally,
to hold you, sing to you, know and love you,
for you and time are all I have,
all I want."

Followed by her letters to the children written shortly before and asked to be shared after her death, the words and essence edited into one:

"Dear Children,

What wonder gifts you are! When you were born I was so happy. I wish I could tell you how much I love you! You're growing up so quickly. I didn't

have enough time to hug you! You touch my heart with your kisses and hugs.

Be gentle on yourself and others. Know that you are a gift of God. Of all the things that are important, the most important is to stay close to God and our Lord Jesus Christ. That is where you find your happiness and peace. Jesus loves you so much and so do I. I'm giving you a kiss and hug!

I love you,

Mama "

I'm lifted in heart and spirit as the service unfolds, awed by God's greatness, goodness, and mercy. Tears surface as every fiber of me is touched by love for her, love for Him, and love for all those so freely giving of themselves here. We are indeed joined on earth and in heaven in these precious moments. I pray for strength for those participating in the service; it's obviously difficult for them to control their emotions, and God provides. Spontaneous prayers are offered. The Spirit is so present. The music lifting our hearts and brightening our eyes. Mary is pleased and so thankful I know, for so many that loved her and for her Lord whom she now knows fully. The bells ring triumphantly at the conclusion. We leave this celebration to join with friends at the reception.

We're told that over 500 people came to mourn and celebrate with us.

4:30-5:30pm

Yellow balloons for the children, music, cookies, punch in the reception hall. Mary's memory table with wonderful pictures of her through the years. Many hugs and comforting words from special friends. My cup indeed runneth over; I've been and am being incredibly blessed. Sharing a common history now with so many who have lost precious loved ones and our hearts are intertwined in remembering sadness and joy. This gift of life! The alpha and omega, the yin and yang, peaks and valleys account for so much of life's beauty.

6:00-9:30pm

Relatives, close friends, and children at the house. Great food and drink, our home bustling with all the goodness that Mary loves. Music fills the rooms, with Neva and Joe combining talents. The day closes and we're exhausted

yet feeling complete. In my heart I feel there has been nothing left undone--
all the words of separation, the goodbyes for now, the tribute of today. I can
sleep undisturbed, joining our Lord and Mary in my subconscious dreams.
Thanks be to God, and for the boys, and Hilary who sleeps quietly beside me.

Randall Jacobs

9/15/93

Com:

Obituaries

Mary Tudor Jacobs

The First Presbyterian Church was filled to overflowing Sunday, Sept. 12, as friends and family members gathered to celebrate the life of Mary Tudor Jacobs with a memorial service at 3:30 p.m. Mary, 44, died at home in Port Townsend Wednesday Sept. 8, 1993 after battling the debilitating effects of the AIDS virus in recent years.

Mary was well-known in the community as a nursing specialist with the Jefferson County Health Department for many years and as the wife of Port Townsend family physician Dr. Randall Jacobs.

"The community of friends we have has been tremendously supportive. So many were there Wednesday, with us all day. Everyone is so generous," Dr. Jacobs said. "She was loved by so many in this community. She will be deeply missed."

Mary was born Nov. 2, 1948 in Kansas City, Mo. to Ken and Dorothy Tudor. She graduated from Shawnee Mission North High School in Mission, Kan. She then went on to receive her bachelor of science degree in nursing from the University of Kansas in 1971 and a master of science nursing degree from the University of Washington in 1972, specializing in maternal-child nursing and pediatric developmental disabilities.

She was employed as nurse consultant and program coordinator of the San Juan Handicapped Infant Project in Sacramento, Calif. from 1972 to 1976. She then served as clinical nurse specialist in pediatrics for Washington's Klickitat and Skamania counties from 1976 to 1978. She was also an assistant professor in the School of Nursing graduate program at the University of Oregon Health Science Center in Portland from 1977 to 1978.

After moving to Port Townsend in 1978, Mary served as the clinical nurse specialist in child development for the Health Department here until illness forced her retirement in 1989.

She was married to Dr. Jacobs on Sept. 12, 1976. Their family included three children: Colin born Aug. 26, 1982, Graham born Feb. 9, 1985 and Hilary born March 14, 1987. She was an active member of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer and "loved her church, her friends, her family, gardening and outdoor activities," her husband recalled.

Dr. Jacobs was the subject of two recent Leader stories which told of his traveling to Washington, D.C. with his son Colin to a Boys' Nation 30th reunion at the White House Rose Garden. While there he was reunited with fellow alum and now President Bill Clinton.

On Tuesday of last week, Dr. Jacobs received a supportive letter from the president and a call from the director of the Office of AIDS Policy, Kristine Gebbie. On Friday, the president phoned Dr. Jacobs at home to convey his sympathy to the Jacobs family.

In addition to her husband, two sons and daughter, Mary is survived by her parents in Port Townsend; two sisters, Dianne Tudor and Debi Tudor of Seattle; and a brother, Bill Tudor of Danville, Calif.

A memorial fund from which contributions will go toward the purchase of a baby grand piano in her name has been established at the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, P.O. Box 70, Chimacum, WA 98325. Also, a special Mary Tudor Jacobs Memorial Fund has been set up to support the Jefferson County Health Department's family resource and child development programs. Donations to this fund will be received by the North Sound Bank, P.O. Box 1178, or the Jefferson County Health Department, 615 Sheridan St., in Port Townsend, WA 98368.

Carol Hardy and Linda Atkins, at the Health Department, are also inviting those interested to contribute 12 and a half-inch quilt squares for a Mary Tudor Jacobs Memorial Quilt which will be completed and hung at the department's Castle Hill Center quarters. For further details, interested people can call 385-9400.



"Home Free!"

Mary Jean Tudor Jacobs
1948-1993

The family and friends of Mary Jean Tudor Jacobs celebrate the blessings of her life and extend heartfelt thanks to all for your years of faithful care, prayers, love, and support.

May you be blessed as she has blessed us.

Randall, Colin, Graham, and Hilary Jacobs

THE VITA

Mary Tudor Jacobs: 1948-1993

Mary Tudor Jacobs, surrounded by family and friends at home, passed from her earthly life to join her heavenly Father on Wednesday, September 8, 1993, eight and one-half years after contracting HIV through a blood transfusion.

Mary was born on November 2, 1948, in Kansas City, daughter of Ken and Dorothy Tudor. She graduated from Shawnee Mission North High School in Mission, Kansas; received her B.S. Degree in Nursing from the University of Kansas in 1971. She completed her Master of Science Degree in Nursing in 1972 at the University of Washington, specializing in maternal-child nursing and pediatric developmental disabilities. From 1972 to 1976 she was Nurse Consultant and Program Coordinator of the San Juan Handicapped Infant Project in Sacramento, California. From 1977 to 1978 she was assistant professor in the School of Nursing graduate program at the University of Oregon Health Sciences Center in Portland, Oregon. From 1976 to 1978 she was Clinical Nurse Specialist in pediatrics, Klickitat and Skamania Counties, Washington State. In 1978 she moved to Port Townsend, Washington, and served as Clinical Nurse Specialist in Child Development for the Jefferson County Health Department until illness forced her retirement in 1989. She accomplished a distinctive career in her field of nursing, respected locally, regionally, and nationally for her pioneering developments in the field of pediatric developmental disabilities. Her Jefferson County Birth to Three program and her Child Development Textbook for nursing will continue to bring help to many.

Mary Tudor and Randall Jacobs were married on Sunday, September 12, 1976. Their marriage was blessed with three children: Colin born August 26, 1982; Graham born February 9, 1985; and Hilary born March 14, 1987.

Mary was an active member at the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer; she loved her church, friends, family, gardening, music, and outdoor activities. She was blessed with living a full life in her 44 years with us.

Mary is survived by her husband Randy, and three children Colin, Graham, and Hilary of Port Townsend; her parents Ken and Dorothy Tudor of Port Townsend; two sisters Dianne and Debi Tudor of Seattle; and a brother Bill Tudor of Danville, California.

Memorial funds have been established at the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, P.O. Box 70, Chimacum, Washington, 98325; and at the Jefferson County Health and Human Services, 615 Sheridan, Port Townsend, Washington, 98368.

Memorial Gifts can be given to:

Mary Tudor Jacobs Grand Piano Fund, Lutheran Church of the Redeemer
P.O. Box 70, Chimacum, WA 98325

Pediatric Program, Jefferson County Health and Human Services
615 Sheridan, Port Townsend, WA 98368

Organist: Shirley Finley

Ushers: Reuben, Starr, and Natan Ben-Yonatan, Rob Keyes, Alicia Firoved, Edna and
Glen Schenk

Service Director: Margie Firoved

"Home Free"

Mary Jean Tudor Jacobs
1948-1993

Memorial Service
12 September 1993
Port Townsend, Washington

Prelude and Silent Prayer

Paula Lalish, harp

Greeting

Opening Hymn (all sing!)

"For All the Saints" (1,2,4,6)

For all the saints who from their labors rest, all who by faith before the world confessed
Your name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia! Alleluia!

You were their rock, their fortress and their might; you Lord their captain in the well fought fight
You in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine; we feebly struggle, they in glory shine
Yet all are one, within your great design. Alleluia! Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the West; soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest
Sweet is the calm of paradise the best. Alleluia! Alleluia!

Prayer

The Vita

-Steve Jacobs

Instrumental Interlude

"Terzetto 11" -J.S. Bach
-Port Townsend String Ensemble

I Corinthians 2:9 and the Parable of the Twins

-Joyce Soeldner

Hymn (all sing!)

"Now the Green Blade Rises"

Now the green blade rises, from the buried grain; wheat that in dark earth many days has lain
Love lives again, that with the dead has been. Love is come again like wheat arising green

In the grave they laid him, love by hatred slain; thinking that he would never wake again
Laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen. Love is come again like wheat arising green

Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain; He that for three days in the grave had lain
Raised from the dead, my living Lord is seen. Love is come again like wheat arising green

When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain; Your touch can call us back to life again
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been. Love is come again like wheat arising green

Psalm 91

-Lou Hefner

Special Music

"Keep On the Sunny Side of Life"
-Vocalists and String Ensemble

Message

"Home Free"
-David Housholder (assisted by Kim Cornman and Bob Forman)

Prayers, Prayer of Saint Francis, Lord’s Prayer (trespasses)

Commendation Prayer

Closing Hymn (all sing!)

"On Our Way Rejoicing"

On our way rejoicing, gladly let us go. Christ our Lord has conquered, vanquished is the foe
Christ without: our safety. Christ within: our joy. Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?

On our way rejoicing! As we forward move, hearken to our praises, O blest God of love!

Unto God the Father, joyful songs we sing; unto God the Savior, thankful hearts we bring
Unto God the Spirit, bow we and adore. On our way rejoicing, now and evermore! Refrain

Benediction

Recessional

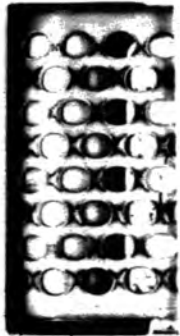
"Divertimento #1," K.136 -W.A. Mozart
-Port Townsend String Ensemble

+++++

You are invited to a reception in the parish hall.

Mary wrote these messages and requests together with Randy at Holden Village this past June:

-Thank you all for your love and support!
-Love one another!
-I’ll miss you!
-Hilary, Graham, and Colin, I love you more than you’ll ever know!
-I’ll always be with you.

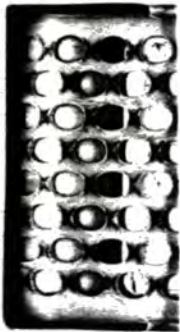


THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Karin -

I appreciate your note - and
your prayers. That spiritual
support is extremely important
to me, as I go to work assembling
the community-wide support we
need to defeat this virus. I
hope to see you before long -
Kristine

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON



Karin J. Dufault, S.P., Ph.D.
Chair of the Board
Sisters of Providence
Post Office Box 11038
Seattle, Washington 98111-9038

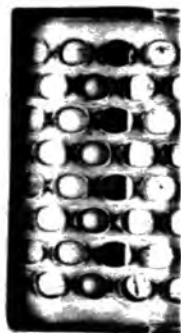


THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Karin -

I appreciate your note - and
your prayers. That spiritual
support is extremely important
to me, as I go to work assembling
the community-wide support we
need to defeat this virus. I
hope to see you before long -
Katherine

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON



Karin J. Dufault, S.P., Ph.D.
Chair of the Board
Sisters of Providence
Post Office Box 11038
Seattle, Washington 98111-9038

CORPORATE OFFICE
520 PIKE STREET
P.O. BOX 11038
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98111-9038
PHONE: (206) 464-3355
TELECOPY: (206) 464-3038



September 9, 1993

Kristine Gebbie
National Aids Policy Coordinator
200 Independence Avenue, #738G
Washington, D.C. 20201

Dear Kristine:

Congratulations on being selected as President Clinton's AIDS coordinator. I read of your recent appointment in the Washington State Hospital Association's "Weekly Report," as well as the "Seattle Times" and the "New York Times!" All of us concerned about the issues of HIV/AIDS and about all the individuals whose lives are touched by this disease are grateful you are in your position.

Our prayers are with you as you begin your new responsibilities. Please let us know if the Sisters of Providence Health System can be of service to you in your work.

Peace and Hope,

Karin J. Dufault, S.P., Ph.D.
Chair of the Board

KJD:mz

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Bill -

Thanks for your kind note. I appreciate the good wishes. I do remain interested in APHA & look forward to seeing you & other colleagues at the Annual Meeting. If there would be an opportunity for dialogue with the leadership at some time, I'd appreciate it - Thank you again -
Kristine

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

William H. McBeath, M.D., M.P.H.
Executive Director
American Public Health Association
1015 Fifteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Bill -

Thanks for your kind note. I appreciate the good wishes. I do remain interested in APHA & look forward to seeing you & other colleagues at the Annual Meeting. If there would be an opportunity for dialogue with the leadership at some time, I'd appreciate it - Thank you again -
Kristine

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

William H. McBeath, M.D., M.P.H.
Executive Director
American Public Health Association
1015 Fifteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005



American Public Health Association

1015 Fifteenth Street, NW
Washington, DC 20005
202/789-5600

William H. McBeath, MD, MPH
Executive Director

September 17, 1993

Kristine M. Gebbie, BSN, MN
National AIDS Policy Coordinator
750 17th Street, NW
Suite 1060
Washington, DC 20503

Dear Coordinator Gebbie:

How pleased we all are by your selection to this critically important national post of service at this most significant time in the history of HIV/AIDS! "Who knows but thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

True, there are other prominent professional positions which will now have to forego the benefit of your many gifts, but that loss makes possible the great gains promised to the entire public health community by your crucial and able leadership against this scourge of humankind. You may well be uniquely equipped for the task — certainly you go to these new duties with the genuine esteem and warm affection of your professional colleagues in public health.

Your many friends in APHA would want to join in my sincerest personal congratulations and best wishes for you in this assignment. We are so proud of you and so grateful for the contributions you have already made to the Association, to our profession, and to the public.

You know that the leaders and members of APHA stand ready to assist you in this important work. Please call on us any time we can help in any way. Again, thank you and good fortune.

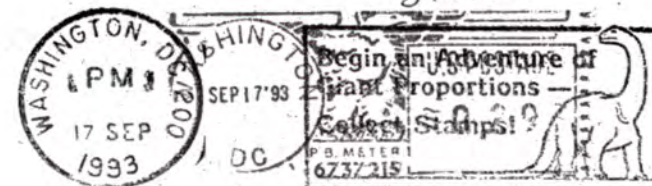
Sincerely,

William H. McBeath, MD, MPH
Executive Director



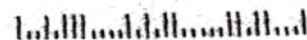
American Public Health Association

1015 Fifteenth Street, NW
Washington, DC 20005



Kristine M. Gebbie, BSN, MN
National AIDS Policy Coordinator
750 17th Street, NW
Suite 1060
Washington, DC 20503

0000 1100



THE WHITE HOUSE

Linda -

Delighted to have met you
in Chicago. I hope our
paths cross again before
too long

Kristine

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Linda Cianfrani, R.N.
1018 North Waveland
Gurnee, Illinois 60031

THE WHITE HOUSE

Linda -

Delighted to have met you
in Chicago. I hope our
paths cross again before
too long

Kristine

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Linda Cianfrani, R.N.
1018 North Waveland
Gurnee, Illinois 60031

JOHN N. KRZEMIEN, Ph.D.
PHS Regional HIV Coordinator
Region V
105 W. Adams St., 17th Floor
Chicago, Illinois 60603

Phone: 312-353-1385
FAX: 312-353-0718

TO Kristine Gebbie, National AIDS Program Coordinator

FAX 202-632-1096

MESSAGE

Ms. Gebbie:

The nurse you spoke to during the break at the Ryan White meeting in Chicago on September 14 was Linda Cianfrani. I am pleased to provide both her work and home addresses and phone numbers.

Work: Linda Cianfrani, R.N., Director
AIDS Services
Illinois Dept of Rehabilitation Services
6200 N. Hiawatha, Suite 300
Chicago, IL 60646

(312) 794-4803

Home: 1018 N. Waveland
Gurnee, IL 60031
(708) 244-9432

Enjoyed the day,

John

SEP 17 1993

DATE _____

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Mr. Gebbie -

Thank you for writing, but I'm afraid I cannot help much on your family tree. I acquired the name by marriage some time ago. The family was from Greenock, Scotland. I am not aware of any New Zealand connections.

Best wishes

Cristine Gebbie

Poplar House
Poplar Road
Ashley,
New Milton
Hants BH25 5XP
0831 - 101093

8/9/93

Dear Kristine

I writing to
you to find out what your
father name he Gebbie
Did you come from
Scotland.

my ancestry John & Mary
Gebbie went to NEW Zealand
1839 they work for Earl Loudon
& lived at Loudon Hill, Darvel
Strathaven Kilmarnock co Ayr
I just find John & George

②

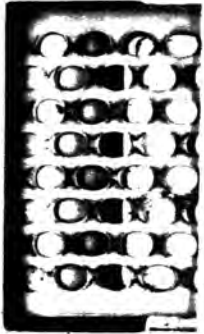
Gebbie.

George send a photo copy
of Pree cutting about you.
& photo of you look like
all Gebbies I got Book
on John Gebbie who went
to New Zealand. I like to find more out.
Hope to here from you.

Yours sincerely
Diane Gebbie

P.S

May had a Reunion in
January 22nd to 24th 1993 it
was 150 year that John Gebbie
went to New Zealand.

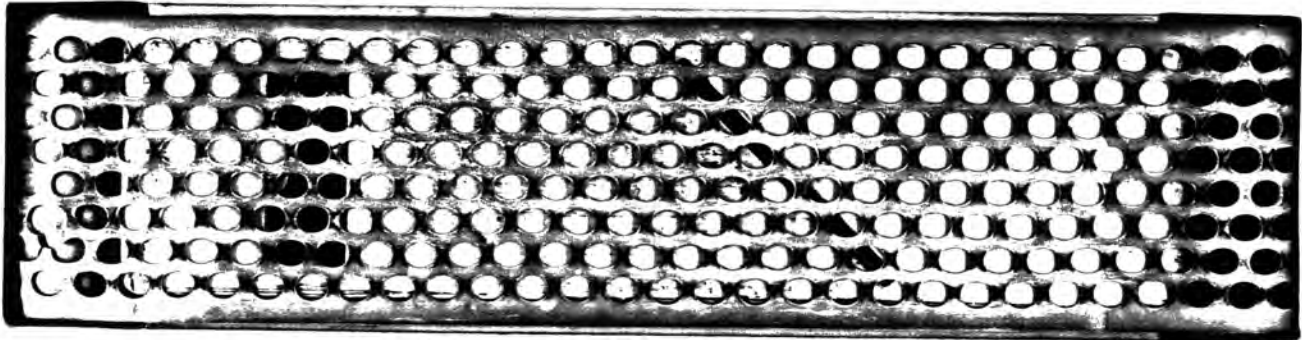


THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Carol -

Thanks for writing, and for the
good wishes - I understand you
have your hands full these
days! I hope our paths cross
before long

Kristine





**OREGON
HEALTH SCIENCES UNIVERSITY**

3181 S.W. Sam Jackson Park Road, SN-ADM
Portland, Oregon 97201-3098, (503) 494-7790

School of Nursing, Office of the Dean

SEP 22 1993

September 16, 1993

Kristine M. Gebbie, RN, MS
AIDS Policy Coordinator
200 Independence Avenue, Rm #729H
Washington, DC 20201

Dear Kris:

This letter to you is very long overdue, but nonetheless carries my sincere congratulations to you on your appointment on President Clinton's staff. I'm very pleased for you and proud we have "one of our own" in such a prestigious position -- a well deserved honor for you.

If I can be of any assistance to you, don't hesitate to call on me.

Again, congratulations and my very best wishes to you.

Sincerely,

Carol A. Lindeman, RN, PhD, FAAN
Dean, School of Nursing

CAL/cb

Schools:
Schools of Dentistry, Medicine, Nursing

Clinical Facilities:
University Hospital,
Doernbecher Children's Hospital,
Child Development and Rehabilitation Center,
University Clinics

Special Research Divisions:
Biomedical Information Communication Center,
Center for Research on Occupational and
Environmental Toxicology,
Vollum Institute for
Advanced Biomedical Research

THE WHITE HOUSE

Toni -

Thanks for the note -
and the good wishes! I
look forward to seeing
you'fore too long -

Hubert

10/8/93



UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI-COLUMBIA

SCHOOL OF NURSING

Office of the Dean
S215 Nursing School Building
Columbia, Missouri 65211
Telephone (314) 882-0278
FAX (314) 884-4544

August 30, 1993

Kristine Gebbie, MN, RN, FAAN
606 Lilly Road NE, #723
Olympia, WA 98506

Dear Kris,

I, finally, am taking a minute to tell you how overjoyed I and my colleagues, here at the University of Missouri, are about your appointment as the AIDS "Czar." What a wonderful appointment!

I was in Washington at the time of the announcement of your appointment reviewing grants for the Division of Nursing. You can't begin to imagine how overjoyed everyone was that a nurse was appointed and, indeed, such an outstanding representative of our profession. I have only one small question. I have noted in several news reports that you are described as a "former community nurse." I would wish that you could be presented as a registered nurse.

May I wish you great success in your important new role? Please call upon me or the University of Missouri School of Nursing if ever we can be of any assistance to you.

Sincerely yours,

Toni J. Sullivan, EdD, RN, FAAN
Dean and Professor

edl

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Dr Sharp

Many thanks for sharing
St Clare's with me last week - you
and your colleagues are doing
an incredible job and I admire
your commitment and professionalism.
I look forward to seeing
you again before long

Kristine Collins

Dr. Victoria Sharp
Director
Spellman Center
426 West 52nd Street
New York, NY 10019

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Jake -

Thanks for the note - this
Washington is certainly interesting!
I miss Elephants - good coffee is
hard to come by - but I send in
a surrogate shopper - my daughter
Sharon is working at the pet store
in the center. All the best

Cruthers

~~Faxer~~ Tanyer

Mr. Jake ~~Tanzer~~
Ball, Janik & Novak
1100 One Main Place
101 Southwest Main Street
Portland, Oregon 97204

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Jake -

Thanks for the note - this
Washington is certainly interesting!
I miss Elephants - good coffee is
hard to come by - but I send in
a surrogate shopper - my daughter
Sharon is working at the pet store
in the center. All the best

Ernesto

Mr. Jake ~~Tanzer~~ Tanyer
Ball, Janik & ~~Novack~~ Novack
1100 One Main Place
101 Southwest Main Street
Portland, Oregon 97204

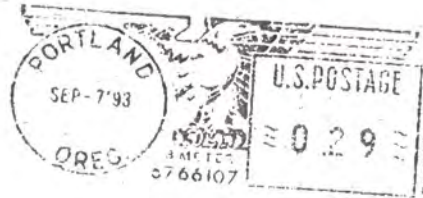
BALL, JANIK & NOVACK

**PHOTOCOPY
PRESERVATION**

Dear Chen,

It's a pleasure to see a local
girl make good. It's also a
pleasure for an old government
hand to see an important job
done well. But we miss you
at Elephants!

Best wishes
Jake Tanzer



Christine Gebbie, Director
Office of AIDS Policy
750 17th Street, Suite 1060
Washington DC 20500

BALL, JANIK & NOVACK
1100 ONE MAIN PLACE
101 S.W. MAIN STREET
PORTLAND, OREGON 97204

Office of the National AIDS Policy Coordinator



Executive Office of the President
750 17th Street, N.W. Suite 1060
Washington, D.C. 20500

Phone: (202)632-1090

Fax: (202)632-1096



Deliver To:

Rosalyn Miller

*Skyl
This is
what
sent.*

Sent From:

Kristine Gebbie, RN, MN, National AIDS Policy Coordinator

X John Paul Gurrola, Director of Communications

Number of Pages: 2 Cover Fax Number: 456-2878 Date: 4/14/94

Message:

I hope this is what you
wanted... some additional information

Let me know if you need
more.

Additional Information on Dr. June Osborn

June has always been an advocate for leadership on the national level on the HIV/AIDS issue. She has shown compassion for those infected with and affected by HIV through many cite visits to community based organizations, clinics, schools, shelters for the homeless, native american reservations, youth centers, etc.

As a pediatrician, she has been very sensitive to the needs of children and families with HIV/AIDS; worldwide efforts include Africa and Europe. She has worked extensively with the Countess Albina of the Francois Xavier Bagnoud Association, Switzerland, and Jonathan Mann.

Recently she has received the Scientific Freedom and Responsibility Award from the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

She is a mother of a son and daughter (I think that is so).

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

June E. Osborn, M.D.

Dr. Osborn received a B.A. from Oberlin College in 1957 and an M.D. from Case Western Reserve University in 1961. She spent three years in training as a pediatric resident at Boston Children's and Massachusetts General Hospitals and then two years as a postdoctoral fellow in virology and infectious diseases at Johns Hopkins and the University of Pittsburgh. From 1966 to 1984 she was on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin Medical School where she was Professor in the Departments of Medical Microbiology and of Pediatrics. In 1975 she also became Associate Dean of the University of Wisconsin Graduate School (Biological Sciences).

In 1984 she became Dean of the School of Public Health at the University of Michigan, which position she held until 1993. She is currently Professor of Epidemiology in the School of Public Health and Professor of Pediatrics in the University of Michigan Medical School. In 1986 she was elected to membership in the Institute of Medicine.

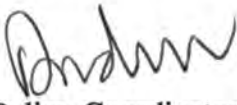
Since the early 1970s she has played advisory roles concerning virology, infectious diseases and vaccines, health care, public health, and public policy for a number of federal agencies including FDA, NIH and CDC, as well as for the World Health Organization. She has also worked with a number of private foundations, including Chairmanship of the National Advisory Committee for the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation's AIDS Health Services Project (1986-90), membership on the Public Advisory Board for the Pew/Rockefeller Health of the Public Program, and (since 1990) has served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Kaiser Family Foundation.

From 1984-1989 she served as chairwoman of the NHLBI Advisory Committee on AIDS, and from 1988-1992 as a member of the Global Commission on AIDS of the World Health Organization. From 1989-1993 she was chairwoman of the U.S. National Commission on AIDS. She currently serves as a member of the steering committee of the Global AIDS Policy Coalition.

She has published extensively on research topics in virology, infectious diseases, AIDS and public policy related to health. She has received a number of honors and holds honorary degrees (D.Sc. or D.Med.Sc.) from the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey (1990), Yale University (1992), Emory University (1993), and Oberlin College (1993).

September 21, 1994

MEMORANDUM TO PATSY FLEMING

FROM: Andrew E. Barrer, Ph.D. 
Office of the National AIDS Policy Coordinator

SUBJECT: Non-profit liaison network

Per your note, the "Network" was established by Mrs. Clinton as a means for the Administration to work with friends in the non-profit sector back in March of this year. We held an April meeting and reception at The White House that Kris and I attended. Since that date, there has not been very much activity except in that I receive a lot of mass mailings from organizations that got a hold of the mailing list of the "Network" representatives. Sarah is on the list for HHS.

Attached is the file in case you would like to have someone else assigned to this non-task. The contact person at Mrs. Clinton's office is Anne Bartley at 456-6266.

If you have any questions, please advise.

April 11, 1994

MEMORANDUM FOR KRISTINE GEBBIE

FROM: Carol H. Rasco

I received your call from Florida but was unable to return it at a civilized hour. My daughter was involved in a drama production this weekend with the Portuguese students with whom she had visited and performed in Portugal the preceeding week; I stayed on the run with our guests and backstage duties.

I have not spoken with Patsy Fleming so I do not know her concerns. My concerns have to do with the process of distributing paper this detailed with the possibility of press leaks and the kinds of comments we would be asked to make, the perception that the to be named advisory group would have with a paper that already looks this complete, and the ramifications for other agencies without their prior input. I assume that is probably her concern as well. I have heard although not directly that is the concern of Secretary Shalala.

Finally, I think this document would ultimately have to go through an OMB clearance process, and it would be better to bring them in very early if that is the case.

I would like to talk to you before your Tuesday meeting as again I am very concerned about the distribution of the paper. I will be out today but can be out of the early morning meetings and in the office around 10 a.m. Tuesday to visit with you by phone if that is early enough.

Thanks...