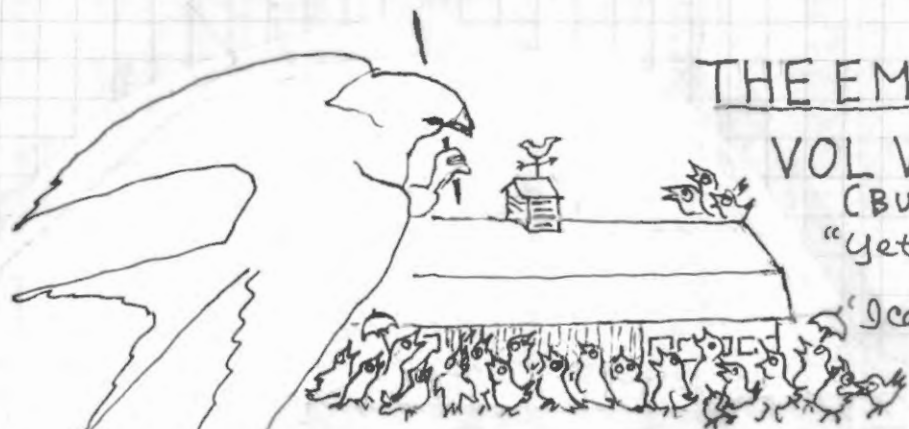




THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

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(BUT, FOR JULY, 1988)

"Yet though I'm full of music
As choirs of singing birds,
'I cannot sing the old songs'—
I do not know the words."

-- Robert Burdette Jones

WELL DONE; NOW CARRY ON!

The above was overheard on the way out of the church. A woman behind me said to her friend, "I can hear her voice. She's saying, 'Well done; now carry on!'" And, dear ones, that is so exactly Audrey!



Be dark with me and do not grieve
When the last mountains lose the day.
The lilacs of the law of love

Still blossom in our secret grove.
We planted roots deep as a vow.
Be dark with me and do not grieve.

In the light breeze their blossoms weave
Above our heads a private sky,
The lilacs of the law of love.

Above our heads the blossoms weave
A scented night the length of you.
Be dark with me and do not grieve.

They give us back the hearts we gave.
From planted earth the green hearts grow,
The lilacs of the law of love.

Beneath the hearts' roof, come and live
Beyond the twilight's afterglow.
Be dark with me and do not grieve
The lilacs of the law of love.

This poem was read by Damaris
Walsh McGuire at the memorial service.
Don Moore selected it, and one other by
Chad Walsh, which is printed on p. 5.



AUDREY VALENTINE MOORE

SHELBURNE — Audrey V. Moore, 52, of Dorset Street, Shelburne, died Sunday, July 17, 1988, at the Medical Center Hospital following a short illness.

She was born in Wyandotte, Mich., Sept. 15, 1935, the daughter of John Valentine and the late Elizabeth (Siar) Valentine of Summerville, Pa. She received her degree in music from Westminster College, Westminster, Pa., where she was also a member of Kappa Delta sorority.

Mrs. Moore was the choral music teacher at Champlain Valley Union High School and music instructor of piano and voice. She touched the lives of many people through her special gift of music.

Mrs. Moore was a member of the Shelburne Methodist Church, American Choral Directors Association, Vermont Music Educators Association, and Music Educators Association.

Surviving are her husband, Donald L. Moore of Shelburne; a son, Mitchell Moore and his wife Jennifer of Randolph; two daughters, Molly Osborne and her husband Andrew of Warren, R.I. and Caroline Weaver and her husband Donald of South Burlington; two grandchildren, Justin and Ashley Moore; her father, John Valentine of Summerville, Pa.; two sisters, Diana Precious and Marybeth Batha; several nieces and nephews.

A memorial service will be held Thursday, July 21, at 2 p.m. at the First United Methodist Church of Shelburne. Memorial gifts may be made to The Audrey V. Moore Memorial Fund, Champlain Valley Union High School, Hinesburg 05461. There will be no visiting hours. Corbin and Palmer Funeral Home, 71 S. Union St., Burlington, in charge of arrangements.

SHELBURNE — MOORE, Audrey Valentine — A memorial service was held Thursday, July 21, at 2 p.m. at the Shelburne Methodist Church with the Rev. John Kirk officiating, assisted by the Rev. James Osborne. A reading was given by Demaris McGuire and music was provided by Mrs. Moore's madrigal singers. Delegations were present from the faculty and students of Champlain Valley Union High School, the Vermont Music Educators Association Board, and the Shelburne Methodist Church.

TWO SERVICES

Shelburne, Vermont. The little squib at the bottom tells about the service. A book could scarcely begin to tell about the service - the two services - nor about Audrey's life, and what she meant to everyone who knew her.

The day was pouring down rain. The church was the little white frame Methodist church on the Shelburne green. It was filled well before the hour, and also the rows of folding chairs set along the aisles, in front, back, everywhere a seat could be jammed in. Still the people kept coming. They were taken through the church to a room behind, with a loudspeaker, & that was filled. People pressed inside & stood in every inch of remaining space. More people crammed into the vestibule, and the rest stood outside on the porch, the steps, the walk, under their drumming umbrellas for the whole service. There would have been a thousand more if students, former students, & friends weren't scattered far & wide around the country and overseas.

The service was simple. Beethoven's 'Ode to Joy', Vaughan Williams' 'For All the Saints', and -- I don't remember the other hymn, the congregation sounding like an inspired chorus, which of course we all were, even those of us who'd never sung under Audrey. The two pastors spoke simply, of Audrey's joyful contributions to life. (James Osborne is Molly's father-in-law, and the Osbornes & Moores were friends long before their children married.) Demaris Walsh McGuire, Audrey's close friend, read beautifully the two poems by her father printed in this issue, ones Don Moore had selected. Audrey's madrigal singers sang exquisitely, from the side of the church, & the organist played a remarkable set of variations on the hymn tune Duke Street ("Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.") at the end. And then we all went back out into the rain, over to Don & Audrey's, where long tables were set up in the garage, & every one had brought salads of all varieties, & platters of ham, turkey, beef, breads & pies & cakes & brownies -- it was the sort of party Audrey would have revelled in. And



TWO SERVICES, continued.

again we heard her voice saying "Well done!" and saw her decisive nod. But then began the second service. Out on the driveway, in the steady rain, the students gathered under umbrellas and started to sing. The crowd circled them. The owner of the barn across the road said to Dou, "I'll open the barn," and the singers moved across the road, onto the barn floor, between two lofts of hay, and the rest of us followed them and stood, or sat on hay bales or on the great beams that stretched the width of the barn on either side. The group sang. It was not made up of Audrey's current students only, but those who had graduated in former years. Mitch and Molly and Betsy were all singing. No one conducted. No one had brought any music. There was no accompaniment. But they sang, and they sang, and they sang. Madrigals & motets, Bach and Brahms, spirituals, rollicking modern arrangements of old folk songs, poignant arrangements too, choral music of every variety, of all ages & from all over the world. I'd never heard Audrey's singers before, though I knew they were good: in a recent ENNL I reported the judge who last Dec. told Audrey she had the best choral program in New England. But they were more than good. The music was not just well-executed: discipline, notes, pitch, dynamics, phrasing, balance; but it was internalized, part of their fiber. There'd be a pause, at the end of a piece, and then someone would start another, and all who knew that one would smoothly join in, on his or her part. As moving as hearing the spontaneous music, was watching the faces. Young, poised, soft yet strong, intent, aware of each other & tuned to each other, for timing & nuance, yet each also singing from some private part far away. There wasn't a face that wasn't halo-ed. I watched one girl who started a solo line; the song was solo with chorus. Her voice was rich and pure. Her face was full of light. When she finished her last note she stepped back to the outside of the circle, while the chorus surged to the finale, and stood there quietly with her face shadowed with grief. Many more than I were standing with the tears rolling down our cheeks.

How long did they sing? It must have been a couple of hours. Some songs would start, and there'd not be enough who knew them, to sustain them, & they'd fade out after a few measures. But most were carried to the end. I have never heard such a concert. They were singing from their hearts, out of their need to express their love and sorrow. It was the way she had taught them to deal with grief, & love, & life. They were giving back what she had given them, the gift to their lives of music, of discipline, of her love and her humor. Showing what she meant to them. It was their way of saying goodbye, and of starting to heal.

They sang goodbye for all of us. You have left us too soon, Audrey, and the ache is heavy. But I thank you for giving us that unforgettable afternoon in the barn, for the music, the faces, and the joy. We'll carry on.

Brooklyn, New York 112 -
3 August, 1988

Dear Mr. Moore,

Today I received a letter from my mother telling me that Audrey Moore had died. How? Why? When? It doesn't matter. She isn't here. That is whole and empty all by itself.

I hadn't seen or spoken to her since just after I graduated in 1967, but my husband and children know of her. In that ocean of insecurity and loneliness that was high school, she established an island of joy and light. Her music, yes, but mostly her calm sincerity and her genuine friendship. The intelligent, sensitive concern for others. Most of all I remember her quietly, but firmly held sense of dignity, and the dignity that she quietly and firmly accorded others. She made a wonderful difference in life.

And I'm so very, very sorry that she's gone. For me, for all of you. May your family only know goodness and joy from each other from now on.

Sincerely,
Shelley Stevens

a part of our lives -- what a privilege for you to have had her as wife and mother -- that can never be taken from you." "She was a lover of life." "A tough gal who kept her convictions despite what was happening around her."

Actually, the masthead bird poem is not wholly true. It's hard, but we can sing the old songs, and we know at least some of the words. Certain words keep coming up when people talk or think of Audrey. Before I left Vermont, Don showed me a large basket filled with letters, I took two almost at random have printed them here. They contain many of the words. Bits from a few others: "If there were one descriptive word to explain Audrey I would have to choose 'glow.' I'm sure all would agree, and you could add many, many more." ... "Thanks to the miracle of recording we can still hear her voice when we play the tape of the performance made by Jane Brown's husband, August '66" ... Then Don said, "Here, let me show you this one," and it was from Ellie Jackson. I quote a paragraph: "... Audrey has been such a constant in my life, ever present throughout the years as I've grown up. I remember her on the lake, being a central figure of evenings full of good food, music and talk; patiently guiding me through seasons of pre-adolescent hammerings on the piano, brimming with good humor, intelligence and generosity -- qualities shared by your whole family." Alison Walsh: "When you're with Audrey, you feel tranquil, peaceful." From another letter: "we were enriched by the music Audrey put into our hearts ... we are better persons for having had her

-2-

Dear Mr. Moore,

7/21/88

Audrey Moore has touched our family. Her appreciation of and affection for Adam and her guidance have filled him with music that has spilled over onto the rest of us, enhancing our lives.

Adam's regard and affection for her have obviously affected him deeply.

We greatly appreciate the benefit her influence has had on Adam and on the lives of all the other students she has taught and encouraged.

I have so enjoyed the concerts + special events. It is wonderful to share in the skill, pride + mutual regard she has fostered among these young people.

The warm accepting atmosphere in your home bespeaks of nurture, learning, courage, growing and fun inspired there.

Adding to the support, caring, sharing and love of family, friends + colleagues, I send you my warmest wishes as we also grieve for and honor Audrey Moore.

Sincerely,
Susan D. Johnson

April 28, 1988

is invited to

The First Annual Moore - Reunion - Camp - opening to be held
Saturday and Sunday, May 28 and 29.

It will be come as you are.

Stay as long as you can...

Bring food as indicated below.

Mitchel and Jennifer: Fruits and Vegetables

Molly and Andrew: Bread and Pastries

Betsy and Don: Sheet cake (or dessert in flat pan)

DON'T MISS THE GREAT BED LOTTERY!

BRING SWEAT CLOTHES IF IT'S COLD.

THERE WILL BE LOTS OF OTHER FOOD.

DECISIONS TO MAKE ABOUT BOATS!



Hope you can make it.

Much Love,

Management, DAD - D

MUM - A

R.S.V.P.



← This is a shrink-down of the master-copy of a huge invitation I found in the Moore house this summer; it has family pix all around the sides & bottom, Mitch on a ladder, etc., but they reproduced worse than the pictures I'm already including. Oh for a proper press! This party was for immediate family; it's indicative not only of Audrey's sense of family & fun (note the Baba Yaga cottage where anything can happen, and does!) but of how she didn't give in to her illness. This party was held, and it was joyful. A week before she finally went to the hospital, she was out at the lake when Don's brother visited.

As most ENNL readers know, Audrey found, 3 years ago, that she had a ^{for some time} slow growing tumor in her chest, and treatment began at that time. Don has told me a few things to share, I may not have the quotes & times exactly right, but I'm sorry. Don says that there were lots of good times in the 3 years.

that Audrey bought extra time for them by her attitude. She "never once wavered from the way she did things." We know that means with calm, dignity, humor. She wanted herself & Don in on the illness alone, to spare others, also so others would not change toward her, and that life would continue as normal as possible. Most of us never realized how ill she was. During her treatments she never missed a day of school; she'd go in for radiation in the afternoon, rest before supper, get her work done for the next day. She never was down. She walked in & out of hospitals, on and off airplanes. Once her sodium count was so low the Drs. said she should be in a coma. She said to Don, "If they think that I'm going to be in a coma, they've got another think coming!" She taught all first semester, and second semester with help. On June 19 she drove alone to CVU, auditioned kids for Madrigal singers, made up her fall lists, and wrote each one a personal welcoming letter. Her singers sang at the Shelburne Museum three weeks before she died. She'd rehearsed them at home, was ready to go, but Don said, why don't you let me lead them, and she did. (One of the rare & beautiful things about the Moore marriage is how Don would move over into music, and Audrey into science & track.) Don thinks that Audrey chose her own moment of death: she was a relentless fighter, & willed herself to live, the latter part. But when she was going again into intensive care, to the machines, it was as if she said thanks, but no thanks. "She died with so much dignity," said Don. He also said she'd set an example for him on how to approach illness, and death. I added them -- and I do now -- she set it for us all.

The Moore frijs, both at the Lake & Dorset street, are covered with clippings & cartoons. One cartoon Audrey posted shows two men draped over a bar. One is saying, "That's the thing about marriage, Don, you have to learn to take the bad with the bad!"

Audrey had "KITE" on her license plates. She wanted a bird; a couple of her choices were already taken. She chose a Kite because it's a shore & marsh bird. I've tried to put a swallow-tailed Kite, ala Audubon, above the barn on the west-head.

To the left, cliffs; the shore where cottages
End with the road; mountain ascents of berries
For the valiant; antlers between the trees;
Tracks of a bear or two (the story varies).
To the right, fields studded with placid cows;
Fences in love with trees like English hedges;
Apple orchards with downward arching boughs;
Farm children diving from the low, bright ledges.

And we possess all shores as our canoe
Glides the long oval of the constant lake;
World upon world that folds into our view,
And fades like shifting bubbles in our wake.
We've made our choice for two abiding things:
Love and a lake refreshed by hidden springs.

(-- by Glad, read by Denise Wren at the service.)



The pictures on this page will probably reproduce poorly, but you'll catch a hint. Audrey & the garbage can is a sugaring scene. In 1979 I was lucky to help with sugaring for a few days. The Moores tapped the big maples on their land, and built a sugar house. Audrey at the bucket, below, is checking how the sap is flowing. The bottom picture is terrific if you could only see it -- it's on the roof of the Jackson camp, Mole End. Audrey & I cut out the apex of the cottage and put in plexiglass, to get more light inside. Demi Jackson showed up & helped. She & Audrey are caulking. You get a profile of Audrey AND her reflection in the glass. Demi's is there, but too faint to catch. Later we held a roof party with table cloths & refreshments. Don looked over the window we were celebrating and said, "You gals did a good job, but it looks like you caulked it with your feet!"

The Moores are generous folk. On my 1979 sabbatical, I sent out queries to my friends, who would take Elspeth's cat Mighty Mouse while I was overseas for 7 weeks? Moores responded that they would. I delivered MM, and she chose as her place of repose -- and refuge -- the flat head board of the Moore bed, safe from Gingham (dog) & the Moore cats. That spring Don fell from a ladder while painting Grumkin Hall, at Walshes, covered himself with green paint & broke his collar bone. As he groaned and moaned, that first night, and sleep visited not his bed of pain, Mighty Mouse dozed above him. Finally about 7AM he got to sleep. Audrey woke up just in time to see MM launch herself into the air and land on Don's chest... The only reason MM is alive today is that Don was unable to spring out of bed, catch her & strangle her. (At his screech she had bolted.) From then until JJ's return, MM was banished to the sugar house.

* * * *

This spring Audrey's doctor asked her, "If you could do anything you wanted, what would you do?" A: "I'd jump in my little red car & drive as fast as I can down the Interstate to see my grandchildren!" "If you could n't do that?" "I'm an impulse shopper. I love to spend money! I'd go buy, & spend as much as I want!" Don says Audrey loved to speed & believed in spending money, but for good things. Buy the very best you can afford, she believed.

Audrey had so many individual special relationships. For instance, she knew Demi Lee, Megan, Gillian & Elspeth in a way unique to each, & that had little to do with me. In December she was buying earrings for Megan in California, while buying sets for each of her madrigal singers. Any one of her friends could have produced this newsletter from their own point of view, with their own stories & relationships. She brought out the best in each of us.



The Kids from the trailer camps in the hills, who came into CVU trying to con her, she dealt with firmly & caring-ly: they didn't get away with a thing, but stayed to sing, & learned they had dignity & worth. She expected the best, and got it. Year before last she had 180 Kids in her chorus, & she knew them all, & not superficially. The Moore house was always filled with young people, laughter & fun: she knew & loved the track team, too, and they loved her. We all loved you, Audrey. It is hard to have you gone. Selah.