

Twilight is my favorite time of the day. It is when opposites collide. It is that time when night consumes the day and the indirect light brings magic to our eyes. Or that time when darkness falls under the stars and the hinting of the sun slowly brings color back to our world, filling it with warmth again. Twilight is what Uncle Dick and Aunt Jeanne created.

Let me explain.

I did not know Uncle Dick and Aunt Jeanne like many of you, but each time I chanced upon them they taught me something. Like the time when Aunt Jeanne taught me about golf. I was in my teens the first time I tried golf and I never got better at it. One day when we were visiting, Aunt Jeanne invited me to go golfing with her at a driving range. After about 20 min of her watching me hack away, she told me that I might want to buy a Big Bertha golf club - which is like an oversize tennis racket for golf. Then when she noticed me closing my eyes on every swing, she waited until Cherry was distracted and told me I should not play golf. She was right. You see, Aunt Jeanne embodied a great love of people and she knew that tactfulness diluted her wisdom. She did not want people to waste their time or abilities on useless things. That was her compassion. Her kindness. She believed in honesty, at least most of the time.

Aunt Jeanne had a rebellious streak in her and sometimes that would get her caught in a corner, but not very often. One time she was having me set up some programs on her pc for her - no, it was not a mac. I think she got it just to put a bee in Bob's bonnet. After an hour or so, Aunt Jeanne disappeared. When she came back, I could smell the faintest scent of cigarette smoke. I asked her if she smoked. She said, "Only when I catch fire in the kitchen", and she took off. Aunt Jeanne is the only 1 pack a month smoker I have ever met in my life.

Aunt Jeanne was tough. I watched her cook eggs on a griddle to perfection, flipping each one with a subtle motion in her wrist. I realized that she must have cooked countless eggs and all the while she was managing everyone and everything in the house with guests. And talking. And never broke a single egg.

Aunt Jeanne understood that there was more to life than pros and cons, she knew that there was an interesting column as well. She demonstrated this when she would toss an interesting and somewhat controversial idea into the room like a handgrenade. She loved to watch people scramble in the ensuing debate.

Uncle Dick always seemed to be introspective and even shy. Until you watched him closely. I remember looking at his library. Many of the books were various idea's and ideals - which were often controversial, or at least topics to foment energetic discussions. Uncle Dick loved to discover what you thought before he would tell you what he thought. This might be a lifelong aspiration for me. One of the first times I ever got to have a discussion with Uncle Dick, alone, he would ask me a very short question. Then being the gracious host that he was, he would offer me a drink or to sit or something. Then when I would answer his question, his eyes would sparkle and a tiny smile would appear on the corner of his lips. I loved discussing ideas with him. Uncle Dick would talk with me about politics, ideas, finance and just about any subject. Without judgement, because he believed that the better idea should win. I often found myself just listening to him and wanting to learn more.

Uncle Dick was a competitor. Tennis, bridge, chess and even weight loss. It stunned me when I found out that he and Bob were competing to lose weight - in their 80's.

He had an easy laugh. Like the time he and Bob were going to teach me some bridge and

my second bid was four hearts and I had 12 points in my hand. Dick laughed when he saw my hand. Bob told a bridge story that ended with bang bang bang. Dick laughed even more.

Uncle Dick was always a gentleman and Aunt Jeanne was not. A perfect pair of opposites. Together they made something greater than either one alone could be. They did it for love. They made twilight.