

to attend in appreciation for the effort we have made to pay forward both Robert's and Virginia's legacies. Our names aren't particularly important to anyone except ourselves, for we were representing all of you -- all of Heinlein's Children, but we were Bill Patterson, Victor Koman, Neil Shulman, Brad Linaweaver, Robert James, and myself. Also present were some old, close friends of Virginia and Robert, including Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Pournelle, their niece who kindly accompanied them in the drive down from Los Angeles, Lela and Jim Cunningham, who flew in from Tennessee, John and Bill Haywood (who have now adopted Snowy, Ginny's last cat), the son and widower of Ginny's old friend Laura, a neighbor in Florida, who visited her daily in her last illness and, then, suddenly passed away herself only a few weeks later, Ralph Vicinanza, Spectrum's agent from Hollywood, and a close friend of Ginny's: Laurie MacDonald, from San Diego, who was one of the founding corporate board of directors of this Society. Many others were invited, but had

to return their regrets.

Near the Sunset hour, on Saturday, April 26th, 2003, Amy conducted a dignified, but informal and warm ceremony, invited all aboard to speak a few words, then cast a small wreath of orchids to follow the ashes out to sea, then presided over refreshments while the boat returned to shore, and a dinner afterwards for those who could remain to attend.

On behalf of all of us, I thank Amy and Louis for their kindnesses, to us, but far more importantly to Ginny throughout her lifetime and afterwards.

Amy, your name really does *Shine!*

Both Amy and Louis, and their two older children, are charter members of The Heinlein Society. If any Heinlein Society member wishes to express your thanks to them individually, I'll be happy to forward any notes you send.

Respectfully yours,

David M. Silver, Secretary-Treasurer

"The Lieutenant expects your names to shine!"

Crossing The Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson