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WESTERN AMERICAN BRANCH SOCIETY FOR ITALIC HANDWRITING

It was a balmy and beautiful Indian summer afternoon as I arrived on the Reed College campus to attend Lloyd's memorial service. I found it hard to accept the idea that he was dead — not **Lloyd.** Others had had the same feeling, for looking up I saw a large banner hanging from the third floor of Eliot Hall proclaiming "Dragons never die!"

Friends, students and colleagues of Lloyd's had arrived with handfuls of Weathergrams and were hanging them on the trees and shrubs outside the Commons where the service was to be held. The warm breeze turned each Weathergram and they danced in the wind as if in salute to our absent dragon. But he didn't seem so absent at all. There was a sense of quiet celebration about the occasion, a celebration of his life. We felt his love, his laughter and knew he was smiling and pleased with the beauty of the day.

Reed students and visitors wandered among the trees, reading the messages that were hung there. Old friends met and exchanged greetings and anecdotes about Reynolds; so many happy stories and memories of the man who was loved so much by so many.

A string quartet from the Oregon Symphony orchestra played as people were seated inside the Commons. Reed College president Paul Bragdon spoke in tribute to Reynolds and read a message from the governor of Oregon. Robert Palladino, Reed calligraphy instructor commented about Lloyd that "His is a vision of prophetic insight that brings with it a conviction that cannot remain silent."Poet Philip Whalen, a Zen monk, spoke of Reynolds' quality of being alive to newness and change, of his being a pessimist, but being able to laugh and come out on the other side of it. Other speakers included poet Mary Barnard, doctoral candidate Willard McCarty, and Lewis & Clark physics professor Robert Martin. They

LLOYD REYNOLDS

told of Lloyd's gift for fellowship, his infectious joy and excitement with learning, his humor and gentle, compassionate nature. Spence Gill read selections from Reynold's manuscript **Worry Beads:** The new is not to be dreaded. A conservative attitude, at worst, can constrict. But conservatism at its best can save the best of the past. The origin must be kept fresh, but the root must be conserved." Lloyd's wife, Judith,

read a message from poet Gary Snyder and a quotation from Lloyd's baby book. As a conclusion to the service, Judith and Philip Whalen led those attending in the mantra Ohm.

It has been weeks now since that afternoon of the memorial service and Lloyd's presence is as much with us now as on that lovely day. He gave so much of himself in his life that he lives on in our hearts. Judith commented to me the other day that "Lloyd's death was a very **minor** part of his life."

These are Lloyd's words, the conclusion of a lecture he gave on July 27, 1973 on 'Human Potential.'

"I beg you to cast aside all self-doubt. Assume that your potential is virtually unlimited.

The only commencement address should be at a funeral or memorial service. I hope, and I believe, although I can't put my belief into words, that at death one graduates to a real school of higher education."

by Jo Anne DiSciullo

IN HIS MEMORY

These are Bob Martin's words from the Lloyd Reynolds memorial service at the Reed College Commons on Tuesday, October 10, 1978.

Lloyd was well-known as a friend of students, artists, monks, dignitaries, prisoners, his family and colleagues. But his affection for and appreciation of a mentally handicapped young man with whom he exchanged warm notes and delightful drawings may not be as well known.

His last writing was a story for his young friend. He wrote it just the way he would have told it, his voice alive with the wonder and beauty of simple, daily things, living in his imagination the way Saint Christopher might have played with the children, sung to the trees and animals in the woods and responded with comforting to those who needed him.

It is Lloyd's legend of a legendary figure — of a slow, bumbling man who was, nevertheless, warm and childlike in expressions of affection for everyone and everything his life touched. It is written for his young friend Christopher, who like the Christopher in the story is slow of mind but warm of heart and expression.

Lloyd himself was quick of mind and one of the most skilled in his chosen profession; yet he radiated that warmth and childlike love and concern which he so vividly portrayed in his characterization of St. Christopher. His eager voice conveyed his enthusiasm and his keen appreciation of **all** creations — from those expressed in nature, to the efforts of the least capable child — and to their place in the scheme of things.

His classrooms were frequently filled to overflowing, not only with the maximum number of students allowed, but also with numbers of his colleagues. His vivid images of art, history, philosophy, music and drama of the past made the scheduled hour seem no time at all, yet a treasured part of eternity. His mind remained young, alert, eager to learn, to explore and experience new things — to create. He was of uncompromising integrity.

I would like to read the last two paragraphs

from the manuscript of Lloyd's legend about St. Christopher which he finished writing Tuesday, September 26, 1978:

> "Today it is said that St. Christopher is only a figure in a legend; he never really existed.
>
> But is historical truth as important as the truths that the legend presents? The story is about love and the countless ways it affects our lives, and that love is as real as rocks.
>
> We are all pilgrims, travelling the path between babyhood and old age, a path that frequently fills us with suffering. But if St. Christopher's loving helpfulness is present, wild flowers will bloom along the way."

¢ "Flower"
can be a verb.
Flower!

Lloyd's St. Christopher manuscript will result in the publication of two books. First, his Legend of St. Christopher and secondly, a story of Lloyd's friendship with the Martins and his affection for Christopher, a young man with Down's Syndrome. The second book will include illustrations of the drawings Christopher made for Lloyd and the colorful notes and drawings Lloyd made for Christopher. Both stories are warm and delightful. Instructions on ordering the books will be included in the Newsletter when the information becomes available.

Worry Beads is still being edited by Spence Gill and will be published sometime next year.

Reynold's essay, "The Decline of Materialism," is now available. Information on ordering is included with this mailing.

TBW Books Inc is publishing a selective collection of writings by Reynolds titled **Straight Impressions.** This should be available by February.

An exerpt from a note from Mary Barnard, poet: I knew Lloyd as a creative writing teacher, not a calligraphy teacher. Perhaps in both roles, his enthusiasm and his ability to communicate it to his students may have been his greatest asset. And in 1930-31 his enthusiasm was for writers who were then on the outer fringes of respectability and are now regarded as the great men and women of modern letters. He up-dated us as no one else then at Reed could have done, and brought us into the contemporary mainstream. Whether we went on to be writers or not, he taught us how to read the moderns. His creative writing course was for me the single most important course I took at Reed.

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