

My friend, Lee died a month ago...89 years old. She was an exemplary potter and started many fine arts activities in Spearfish. This note and picture went to her daughters.

IF CLAY COULD SING

The beauty of the potter is reflected in the pot. If clay could sing, this paean would resonate in heaven...she modeled in every way. In what she created, in what she lived, in what she recognized in others. Lee is a perfect example of celebrating God's gift by living daily what He intends for all His creations; loving her Lord, loving her mate, her children, her neighbor, her work, herself. He must smile at this gracious work of art...the Master's master piece. Thank you, my beautiful friend, for the gift of you. I am the better for your leadership on my life's 'board of directors'.

Elaine

And this went to the paper at the girl's request.

Last night I was invited to a Christmas gathering; a small group of women met to celebrate our friendship, the spirit of the season and for an opportunity to pull out all the stops in festive dress. The directive was, "Wear your finest dress, all your glitter, whatever makes you feel pretty...let's flaunt our feminine side!"

Fun. I grew up in blue jeans and cowboy boots; I love playing dress-up as an adult. So I pondered as to what holiday outfit would be the most dramatic. And then it came to me, the outrageous plan I knew instinctively she would endorse. As the daughters of Lee Ervin were going through her extensive and elegant wardrobe, they chose to gift me with one of her dresses....a signature

Lee ensemble. Golden chain-mail in a sheath design, with a small fitted cap to complete the “I dare to” Lee look, it was the epitome of that woman’s savoir faire, flair, panache. I went to the closet and pulled the dress box down, lifted the layers of tissue paper, gently unfolded the fragile golden armor. As I pulled it carefully over my head it fell in soft metallic folds; a golden column sparkling with a million tiny gold hoops and star shaped cut-outs. It fit perfectly. I stared in the mirror and pictured the lovely Lee whirling around the ballroom floor in the arms of her handsome John. That’s when I decided to channel my dear friend and attend the function in honor of this exquisite woman.

It took some courage, I’ll admit. And the dress is so fragile I had to move with studied care so as not to come apart at the seams, as it were, but what a fun night! I have long admired the attitude and determination of that artistic and entrepreneurial woman, watching her stately evening walk with John or her daughters long after her sight was nearly gone yet with step slow and measured, posture impeccable. She never lost her sense of beauty, elegance and grace.

It was great, Lee, I garnered kudos for your dress, respect for our age group, and felt your presence as I became you for just one night.

The dress is back in the box; I need to do a little repair work with my needle nose pliers, but the pictures will be a reminder that we do make our own fun, and that living well is the best revenge.