

WHO IS KNOCKING ON MY DOOR?

Recently I was back in WI for a month. And I was inspired by a recent topic in this group: Knocking on the door. I decided to surprise a few of my old friends. That was fun! Of course everyone was not home. But one good friend was.

David Fry and I used to teach together in a middle school. He was the social studies teacher for 8th grade and I was the librarian!

I automated my card catalog back in 1995 or sometime around then. And everyone began to use it, staff and students. Well about a month later David came into the library after school while I was at my desk and I saw him walk back towards the old card catalog. And then I heard a lot of noise that didn't make sense to me?

I walked out of my office to connect with him on the other side of the library. There he was dumping all the cards out of the card catalog onto the floor! What was going on? He said "you don't need these any more. Everyone prefers to find their material on the computer!" The whole floor in the library was a mess. The principal had heard about it and came into the library to investigate. By this time David had already left and I told the principal he would have to talk to David. He never did anything to David. Of course I had to pick up all the cards, I thought. But then I had a great idea. It was a great Dewey Decimal lesson for my 6th graders: pick up the cards and arrange them in order. The lesson was that they had to find a card catalog referencing a book from all the main Dewey Decimal numbers.

So that is the background. David has since retired about a year ago, for he has some physical problems in his brain and he had developed a speech impediment that was hard for the students to understand. But he had a great group of support friends in this small town who invited him to do many things. I used to take him to historical movies with a couple other friends.

So I knocked on David's door a month ago, just to say hello and checking up on him. We had a brief chat and he seemed to be doing well. That night he died all alone for his wife worked in another town. He wouldn't answer her nightly phone call about 10:00 so she called him again in the

morning. When there again was no answer she called 911 and the police found he had died.

I'm so glad you all inspired me to say goodbye to my old friend, David.
Thanks for inspiration.