Old violin a 1950 Plymouth and a party: developing the personal intelligences

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Recommended Citation
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AN OLD VIOLIN, A 1950 PLYMOUTH, AND A PARTY: DEVELOPING THE PERSONAL INTELLIGENCES

By

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presented in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

in Fine Arts, Integrated Arts and Education

University of Montana

July 2003

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7-30-03
An Old Violin, a 1950 Plymouth, and a Party: Developing the Personal Intelligences

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During the past three years I have embarked on a journey of discovery and learning that has been unprecedented for me. I have always enjoyed learning which is why I became a teacher, but the Creative Pulse program has pushed learning from my head into my being. Through the classes in music and movement I became reconnected with my body and my deep love of dance. Through other classes, seminars and practicums, I have dared call myself, “Artist.”

My final project was to bring together knowledge gained thus far with some of my interests and explore them in relationship to the personal intelligences. I proposed doing this through a number of avenues and was asked to narrow the scope of the project. However, because of the interconnection between intrapersonal and interpersonal intelligences, I needed all the parts to satisfy myself and develop the relationships I wanted.

Since the two personal intelligences are so intertwined and interdependent, I approached the project as a whole even though the components seem unrelated. I have yearned to play the violin since I was a young girl, so I would learn to play while studying the seven principles of Leonardo da Vinci and The Artist’s Way: A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity in order to gain a deeper sense of myself. The 1950 Plymouth restoration would involve learning new skills and also help me reconnect to my husband as we face the empty-nest syndrome. Through my parents’ 50th Anniversary party, I would try to forge stronger, more mature bonds with my eccentric and sometimes difficult family of origin.

These three seemingly unrelated events combined to give me a very rounded, full insight into the personal intelligences. I learned that I can still be taught new skills, whether musical or mechanical; I am creative by nature; I need to work more on my spiritual side; my husband and I still enjoy working together, and we have a deep love, commitment, and respect for one another, and my relationship with my family of origin is finally on an adult level where I can trust them to follow through for me and to treat each other with respect. One added result was that the knowledge and experience gained through this study affected my professional life; I was more open and free with my students which made the school year enjoyable for all, and increased learning for the students.
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Chapter One

Intent of the Project

The intent of this project was to develop the intrapersonal and interpersonal intelligences through several avenues. I brought together knowledge I had obtained from my summer sessions in the Creative Pulse program of 2001 and 2002 plus did extensive reading and studying during the past year. Since the two personal intelligences are closely linked, it was important to me to work on both simultaneously. I knew that what I gained in a better intrapersonal relationship would translate into better interpersonal relationships.

To develop intrapersonal intelligence I would learn to play the violin and go through the book, *The Artist’s Way: A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity*. This would satisfy the desire I have had since I was young to play the violin and also restore confidence in myself as an artist in a spiritual way. Since I had neglected the spiritual part of my life for the past three years, I needed to become closer to God and my faith in order to develop fully in the intrapersonal intelligence. I decided to read several devotional and/or spiritual help books and attempt to become more involved in church activities.

The interpersonal relationships that I wanted to reinforce and restore were with my husband and with my family of origin. I proposed restoring a 1950 Plymouth 2-door, fastback sedan with my husband. The restoration was to include the exterior body work
with a new paint job and the entire interior of the car. I wanted to do this first of all because it was totally foreign to me, and I wanted to challenge myself to learn another new skill. Secondly, the work would help me reconnect with my husband after the empty-nest syndrome had struck us. Finally, I felt it would be interesting and enjoyable to have my husband teach me about this work which he enjoyed and to work with him on the project. While working on the car, I would read *The Five Love Languages* and *The Minister’s Wife: Person or Position?* in order to gain insight into this important relationship with my husband.

The method that I would use to reach out to my family of origin was to plan and host the 50th Anniversary Celebration/Family Reunion. I had initially refused to take on this task for my family because of disappointments with my siblings in the past. Their rivalry, jealousy, anger, and hurts frequently prevent us from enjoying time together. There are unpleasant memories of neglect and abuse with which some of my siblings are still dealing. I realized this party might be the last time I would be able to get them all together with my parents because of the importance of the 50th Anniversary. I also used our ninety-three year old grandmother’s fragile health and their love of her to entice everyone to come for the celebration. My hope was that the significance of this anniversary, the realization that time is passing quickly, and the possibility of the death of a family member would encourage everyone to promote a sense of unity and love. During the preparation for the party, I would also do some reading on family relationships.

When I proposed this project, I was cautioned that the restoration itself was so extensive and so costly to achieve that I should consider only doing it. But I believed that
fixing up this car together with learning to play the violin and planning the party would allow me to develop in both areas: intrapersonal and interpersonal intelligences. Because of the deep insight I had gained through movement and dance, I was eager to continue delving into my inner self, and I believed that if I continued that journey I would also develop more satisfying relationships with others.
Chapter Two

Research

In order to develop my intrapersonal and interpersonal intelligences, I read extensively about intelligence in general, the personal intelligences, and relationships. I found that the question, 'What is intelligence?' has long been and, is still being, studied and debated. At one time it was believed that a person was born with a certain level of intelligence that remained fairly fixed throughout lifetime. Recently, Bernard Devlin published a study in the journal *Nature* that concluded genes account for only about forty-eight percent of IQ and the other fifty-two percent comes from prenatal care, environment and education (Devlin, p. 470). Through the human genome project, the 30,000 human genes now have been mapped, and they are not the static blueprints that scientists once believed dictated our destiny. The genome project confirms that how genes are expressed, where and when they are turned off or on, and for how long is affected by changes in the womb, the environment and other factors (Ridley, p. 56-57). Because human genes are extremely vulnerable to experience, learning consists of nothing more than switching genes on and off. Scientists are looking at the role experience plays on activating genes for intelligence and in the areas of early puberty for girls raised in fatherless homes, higher rate of homosexuality among men with older brothers, divorce rates among identical twins, a critical learning period for language, a love gene that is affected by experience, and an antisocial behavior gene that is also tied to experience (Ridley, p. 59-63).

Howard Gardner originally proposed the existence of at least seven types of intelligence: Linguistic, Musical, Logical-Mathematical, Spatial, Bodily-Kinesthetic,
Intrapersonal, and Interpersonal. Gardner then added the naturalistic and has given some consideration to a spiritual or existentialist intelligence (Gardner, p. 73-237).

Since my project was to develop the two personal intelligences, I looked at various views of them. First, according to Freud, the key to health is self-knowledge and being able to confront the pains and complexities of human existence. He viewed the self as being located in the individual and believed a person’s interest in others only served as a means to get to know oneself better and to achieve one’s own goals (Freud, p. 113).

This view sees intrapersonal intelligence as being supreme; it amounts to the capacity to distinguish one’s feelings in order to either become involved or withdraw from a situation. Intrapersonal knowledge at the advanced level allows someone to recognize and symbolize highly differentiated feelings (Gardner, p. 239).

The second view was developed by William James, dean of American psychologists and philosophers, Cambridge, Massachusetts. While he sympathized with Freud’s view, he embraced one that is less constricted by biology and more open to change and growth. He stressed the importance of relationships with others as a means of gaining progress and of knowing oneself. He believed that one’s self image came from an ever-increasing awareness and understanding of how others thought of the individual. He made this famous statement, “A man has as many social selves as there are individuals who recognize him and carry an image around of him in their mind” (James, Psychology, p. 169). James thought that this self-knowledge was not for the purpose of personal gain but more to keep the community functioning smoothly (James, Mental Development in the Child and in the Race). Interpersonal intelligence turns outward and is the ability to notice and make distinctions among individuals and to detect their various
moods. The advanced level allows someone to read even hidden intentions and desires of many others and to then act on this knowledge (Gardner, p. 239).

Howard Gardner’s view is that the two intelligences are extremely enmeshed and entangled in any culture. I agree with him that the knowledge of self is dependent on the ability to apply lessons learned from watching other people and the knowledge of others. This knowledge of others is, in turn, drawn from the internal distinctions a person makes about himself. Gardner believes the approaches of Freud and James just stress different aspects of personal development which are, in fact, circular (Gardner, p. 241, 248).

While doing research on intelligence, I was drawn once again to my favorite person: Leonardo da Vinci – the quintessential Renaissance Man. He was highly developed in every area of intelligence and represents the archetype of human potential: Creative and balanced, intrapersonally, interpersonally, and professionally. But his life is mysterious, clouded by paradox, dyed in irony. Although no one has ever attempted so much in so many varied areas, a great deal of his work was left unfinished: *The Last Supper, The Battle of Anghiari*, the Sofozra horse as well as a number of his seventeen existing paintings. His journal, while containing a wealth of information, was never organized or published as he intended (Gelb, p. 4, 23, 38).

Many people agree that Leonardo da Vinci achieved a level of genius that few, if any, have attained. When he died, one of his disciples, Francesco Melzi, stated: “The loss of such a man is mourned by all, for it is not in the power of nature to create another (Gelb, p. xiii).” He is truly one of a kind, but the essential elements and fundamentals of his approach to learning and the cultivation of intelligence that he pursued are quite clear and can be abstracted, studied, emulated, and applied in order to inspire and guide one
toward the realization of his own potential. Michael Gelb, through intensive study of the man and his methods, the Renaissance, and of intelligence, sets forth Seven Da Vincian Principles in his book, *How to Think like Leonardo da Vinci: Seven Steps to Genius Every Day* (Gelb, p. 8, 9). I studied these and endeavored to embrace the seven steps as part of my intrapersonal and interpersonal development. They are named in Italian:

- **Curiosita':**
  - cultivate an insatiable curious approach to life and an unrelenting quest for continuous learning
- **Dimonstazione:**
  - commit to test knowledge through experience, persistence, and be willing to make mistakes
- **Sensazione:**
  - continually refine the senses as means to enliven experience
- **Sfumato:**
  - be willing to embrace ambiguity, paradox, and uncertainty
- **Arte/Scienza:**
  - develop a balance between art and science, logic and imagination; use whole-brain thinking
- **Corporalita:**
  - cultivate grace, ambidexterity, fitness, and poise
- **Connessione:**
  - recognize and appreciate the interconnectedness of all things and phenomena; use systems thinking.

The sfumato is still the hardest principle for me because I do not like ambiguity. I want everything to be certain and well-defined. I enjoyed the exercises in the Gelb book so much that I took some of them into the classroom and had my students use them.

Another part of my intrapersonal study was to read *The Artist's Way: A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity*, and even though I was only able to get through the first seven weeks of the twelve-week course, the results have been amazing. I have included a copy of the Basic Principles and Creative Affirmations in the Appendix (A and B) because they are such a part of me now. God, as Creator, has always been a part of my belief system, but I began to see Him in a wonderful new way: as the One who desires that I be
creative, too. Since I am created in God's loving image and creative nature, I must love and create. This realization was very uplifting for me.

The Artist's Way used several methods to achieve creativity in a spiritual context. There were chapter readings with many inspiring quotations, daily morning pages, weekly artist's dates, weekly tasks, and, at end of each week, a check-in time for reflection. These were all designed so that I would feel safe to be creative, find a renewed sense of identity, discover power within, and feel a sense of integrity, possibility, and abundance. The seventh chapter in the book helped me recover a sense of connection with personal dreams through listening to my inner self, accepting risks involved in trying something new, and recognizing jealousy as a mask for fear. This chapter especially helped as I learned new skills and dealt with intrapersonal and interpersonal relationships. The emphasis on creativity channeled into my learning the violin easily and in being able to appreciate the beauty of the 1950 Plymouth as much as Glenn did. Creativity also helped as I planned the party for my parents because I looked for original ways to express my love for them and for my brothers and sister.

To help develop the interpersonal relationship with my husband I read The Five Love Languages and The Minister's Wife: Person or Position?. The five languages of love are words of affirmation, quality time, receiving gifts, acts of service, and physical touch (Chapman, p. 38), and I quickly realized that quality time was really missing from our lives. Working together on restoring the car not only provided that quality time, I found it allowed me opportunity to give Glenn words of affirmation on his knowledge and expertise of the car and on his teaching me about the process. The second book helped me regain focus on my role as the wife of a minister. When we moved to
Hamilton, I was reluctant to become involved in the church here because of the difficult circumstance of our last church. Also, I was a new teacher and knew I would need to devote a great deal of time to school. This book reminded me that I was, first of all, a wife and then a minister's wife, and confirmed I was free to choose how involved I wanted to be in the church. I felt relieved of the guilt I had for not being more involved in church activities.

The only studying I did about relationships among families of origin was a series of articles in the May 2003 edition of *O Magazine*. Although most of the articles dealt with mother/daughter relationships, the information could be applied to any family bond. I discovered that I had been “making” my own mother for years, as one article suggested (Beck, p. 259), and had even done that for my father image. This article made me realize that it was that process of finding others to fill gaps left by my parents that allowed me to love my mother and step-father more. Because my mom had been raised in an orphanage, she found it difficult to be affectionate and close to us when we were young. I have had many women who have given me that motherly affection and affirmation that I missed. These relationships allowed me to become closer to my mother since my needs were met. My step-father had a quick temper that he chose not to control at home, and we children suffered for it. My father-deprivation was satisfied to a large degree when I met my biological father several years ago. I have also had other men who have treated me like a well-loved daughter as well which has brought my dad and me into a better relationship. The article by Ms. Beck confirmed that this process of making your own parents works for anyone so during the party and reunion I hope to encourage my siblings to find people to fill the parent void in their lives.
An article in the *O* magazine, "If This Fence Could Talk," pointed out the importance of boundaries in family relationships (Bloom, p. 168). This is an area that my family of origin definitely needs to develop. Ms. Bloom makes two very powerful statements that I can identify with: "Here's what I think about parents and children... (1) You can't win. (2) Honest mistakes are better than indifference." And: "The kind of family boundaries I like... are designed to foster intimacy and mutual respect, to forgive and recover from the inevitable trespasses, to treasure the good and let go of the bad. (And if there's too much bad, it's time for civility and polite distance, and if there's way too much bad, it's time to find yourself a surrogate... (family) (Bloom, p. 271)." That's the kind of boundaries needed in my family. I hoped that I could educate them about the value and importance of boundaries and model them for my family through careful planning of the party and during the hosting of it.

Another article was entitled, "Forgiving Your Parents." I am sure there are probably many people for whom that statement would seem ridiculous because they had an idyllic upbringing, but forgiving our parents is something that I have been encouraging my siblings for years to do. As the author said, "(Your parents are) the twosome it's hardest to see clearly. And easiest to blame. But letting them off the hook is the first step toward happiness, self-acceptance, and maturity (Karen, p.157)." He also makes the point that by clinging to or holding onto a grudge against a parent, a person really clings not just to the parent, but to the bad part of the parent (Karen, p. 158). And I believe the best reason for forgiving parents is that "we re-create with the people we love our worst experiences with our parents (Karen, p. 159)."
The final article gave a recipe for a fuller, happier, all-around zingier life and was entitled, "The Joy Diet." The best piece of advice from this article was to not hide love: "If you feel it, express it — not to demand that others love you back, but simply to live outwardly the best of what you feel inwardly (Beck, p. 94)." I think I have often given love only because I expected to have it returned in some measure. By letting go of that expectation I could give myself to planning the party and being with my family without fear. The author even gave suggestions on how to throw a feast: Perform a ritual to direct attention to the symbolic significance of your actions and only eat what you enjoy and enjoy everything you eat (Beck, p. 94). I used this information in the planning and hosting of the party.
Chapter Three

What Did I Achieve?

The 1950 Plymouth

There are three main components of this project to develop the personal intelligences: the violin, the car and the party. The core of the project was restoring the 1950 Plymouth, and since this aspect did consume a great deal of time, energy and money, I will address it first.

This restoration process was meant to breach the gap that had formed between my husband, Glenn, and I. After the last of our five children had left, my husband and I seemed unable to connect. Our son, Glenn III, left home against our wishes just before the end of his junior year in high school. Since he was eighteen, we could not keep him with us although we tried every means possible to encourage him to stay, even resorting to bribing him with a car. But he was convinced he was ready to strike out on his own and that we were somehow holding him back. So, through many tears, we said good-bye. This put a considerable strain on us; we each blamed the other for his premature departure, and we constantly worried about him. He even spent some time living on the streets of Dallas, Texas, which was terrifying to me. Of the thirty-four years that my husband and I have been together, we have had only three months when there were no children as part of our lives. Our last son’s leaving affected our relationship more than I thought it would. I felt we were living separate lives and wrote this poem:

Separate Lives

How did we get
To this place?
Separate lives,
This was the starting point of my relationship with Glenn as we began the process of restoring his 1950 Plymouth. By doing research on the car, we were able to find the origination point and specifications on this model 1950 Plymouth as well as a brief history of the car we owned.

This 1950, Ria Maroon Plymouth P-19 Deluxe Model is a 2-door fastback sedan that came out of Detroit, Michigan, with a roll-out date in late August of 1949. The Plymouths of this era are described by Chrysler’s chairman, K.T. Keller, as silent, solid, and stodgy, ‘one box sitting on two boxes’ (Redgap, p.1). They were still being manufactured with strong steel, good braces and adequate fasteners with a hefty weight of 2,946 pounds. The chassis has a wheelbase of 111 inches with a 55 7/16 inch spread for the front wheels and a 58 7/16 inch spread on the rear. Overall, the car is 186 ½ inches in length, including bumpers and guards, and 72 7/8 inches in width. There were 67,584 P-19’s made that year; ours was the standard flathead six cylinder, with 3 ¼ X 4
3/8 inch bore and stroke, 217.8 cubic inch piston displacement, compression ration of 7 to 1, maximum brake horsepower of 97 at 3600 rpm, and a taxed horsepower of 25.35 (Ward, “General Data & Specs,” p. 5).

The owner’s manual boasts of a new feature: an automatic choke and a turn key starter. There are very specific instructions on how to operate the key. Also, listed is the all-weather comfort system which consists of a cowl opening in the hood to bring in air from outside and a heating unit which runs the hot water from the radiator through the dash. Special equipment that could be added was a cigar lighter, a radio, a clock, turn signals, and an oil filter, all parts that we take for granted now (Chrysler Corporation, p. 2-3, 39-42).

The car was shipped to Billings, Montana, and purchased by a Miles City man for $1,492. This gentlemen owned the car until he blew up the engine at around 6000 miles. It is unknown how this occurred. The car was then purchased by Ed Haas who replaced the blown engine with a compatible one from a combine he had on his farm. When he did so, he “punched” the cylinders to 220 cubic inches. In addition, he made some other changes to the original, basic model. Mr. Haas found a steering wheel with turn signals from a 1952 Plymouth that he installed, and he also added the visor to the car.

Mr. Haas used the car daily for personal travel and even to work in the fields where the car acquired many dents, especially in the bumpers. At one time, the car was taken by some drunken joy-riders and driven into the Tongue River where it sat for some time. Consequently, the horse-hair mat under the floor pads retained water and caused excessive rusting around the rocker panels, door frames, and the floor. There was an unbelievable amount of river sand still up in the frame when we took the car apart!
Mr. Haas gave the car to my husband because of his great affection and respect for Glenn as his pastor and friend. The car was in running condition when we got it in 1990 with 86,000 miles. We towed the car from Miles City to Midlothian, Texas, and then back to Hamilton, Montana. Today the car has 86,800 miles, having only been driven around the block a few times since it became ours. I never really liked the car because it was so boxy, unsightly, and dirty. I could not stand to sit on the scratchy horse-hair filled seats. My husband always talked about restoring it but never got around to it; he always put other needs and responsibilities before this project which he thought too self-serving. This poem states my feelings about the car when the project began:

Glenn’s Old 50

Rusty, dusty,
Scratched and dented,
Albatross around my neck.

For thirteen years
Hauling you hither and yon;
Eyesore to be hidden,
Taking up space.

I had hoped that we would complete the outside and inside restoration in this one year, and turn the eyesore into a classy car. But due to my six-week bout of bronchitis, a torn calf-muscle that hampered my movement for four weeks, and my husband’s many commitments, this was not possible. We have the car totally stripped down, sanded, all bodywork done, and the engine painted. The body is ready to be primed and painted. The interior is pulled out; the carpet and seat repair kits
have arrived. The seat covers, headliner and vinyl for side panels are all ordered and being shipped. I did not keep accurate track of how many hours we spent getting to this far in the process, but Glenn estimates we spent over 500 hours. I came to admire my husband anew for his ability to be so focused, for his strength, knowledge and his patience with me when I would become discouraged. As we worked together on the car, my attitude towards the Plymouth and Glenn began to change, and I wrote this poem:

She Is Worthy of a Name!

Rust-dust invades
My nostrils and my lungs;
Eyes water and burn.
Knuckles bleed and are bruised.
Oil and filth cake under my nails.
I feel muscles in my neck, shoulders, arms
I didn’t even know I had.
Are we bonding, yet?

Backs ache from bending;
Knees protest the cold cement floors.
Damn! Another broken fingernail.
The stench of oil, rust, dirt and gasoline
Hangs thickly in the air.
Are we bonding, yet?
God, I hope so!

He shows me each new, arriving catalogue,
Gushes over a discovered web site:
‘Look, here’s the rocker panels we need!’
Together we commiserate over broken parts:
‘Wish we hadn’t done that.’
Brainstorm over a difficult rusted place:
‘Why can’t we just use a pop can?’

Yes, we are bonding –
Finding glue in our new interest.
And at night I hardly even mind  
All those aches and pains.  
Thanks, Penelope!

When I told Glenn I wanted to name the car, he was not very enthusiastic. I suggested a few names, and the only one he found mildly acceptable was Penelope. I personally liked Petunia because I thought we could have a petunia painted on the back rear fender like a tattoo. That idea was vetoed so she became Penelope, or Penny for short.

*The Old Violin*

While the work progressed on the car, I was working on intrapersonal intelligence through learning the violin and working through the book, *The Artist's Way*. Because I sometimes feel like a martyr and enjoy pity-parties, I knew it was important that I took care of myself as well as working on other relationships. I decided I would take better care of my health by continuing to increase my level of activity, get my blood pressure under control as well as my weight, and most importantly, do something special just for me. This is where the violin comes in!

This aspect of my project was the fulfillment of a desire I have had since I was quite small. Even though I rarely heard classical music or violin music while I was growing up, the few times that I did caused a love and craving for both. The haunting, sweet sound of the violin touches a chord within me; I am fascinated when I watch the violinists in an orchestra as they sway in unison to the music.

Since I had never even held a violin and was very unfamiliar with it, I talked to two friends and read a little information about violins before I bought one. Then, a
member of our church, Ed Blaedel, who plays classical violin as well as fiddles, agreed to go with me to purchase the instrument. I was very nervous about the purchase but felt confident that Ed would steer me right.

As soon as Ed played this old violin which was the first one we tried, I knew it was the one I wanted. It was an older violin that had been cracked and poorly repaired, but was basically sound structurally. The wood had beautiful grain patterns even though there were some nicks on the edges. But it was the sound that I loved: It was deeper than some violins, very mellow and smooth, and it resonated within me. I was happy when Ed confirmed that it had the best sound of any of those we heard that day. The only problem with purchasing this violin was the price of $700. So we went to two other places where Ed played many other violins. I was surprised that I could hear the differences between them so clearly. There was another new, less expensive one that had good sound, and I was prepared to settle for it. However, Ed suggested that I offer the store $500 (my maximum limit) for the old one. So I did, and synchronicity occurred: The storeowner accepted my offer even though he kept the bow. Ed loaned me one of his bows as well as some books and music to get me started.

When I got the violin home, I looked inside and saw this label: Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis; Faciebat Anno 17, 91496, Made in Germany, 2-14-96. I was so excited; I had a Stradivarius! According to Ed, it is a Stradivarius reproduction that came out of Germany, but he was unsure of the date because the numbers in bold italics are handwritten and hard to read. The first number is probably the violin number.

Originally, Ed was going to teach me to fiddle while Sara Putnam would teach me classical violin, but he cut the tips off two fingers and was unable to fiddle for quite some
time. So I took two to three lessons each month from Sara who is a great teacher and gave me a lot of encouragement and praise. At my first lesson, I was pleasantly surprised that I was able to produce a “non-squeak” when I drew the bow across the strings! I learned the hand positions, bowing methods, and fingering quite easily. I even was able to use the fourth finger despite my short, pudgy digitalis. I went very slowly through the first Suzuki book, trying to soak up each lesson. When I was three-quarters through Book One, I became worried about my progress because I thought I had not mastered any of the songs. However, I went back to the beginning of the book and found that I could play the first half of the book without any problem. I am now on the second Suzuki book for which I purchased the practice CD. I played publicly for the first time at my performance for the final project.

The book that I used to work on myself was The Artist’s Way: A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity. This book assigned several tasks each week to help make the week’s lesson part of my life. The tasks sometimes seemed trivial: List ten skills I want to learn, list ten silly things I would never do, clean out a closet, write affirmations, define those who had squelched or affirmed the artist in me, take an artist’s date with myself. But, after I had completed the week’s series of tasks, I did experience recovery of the sense that chapter emphasized (i.e.; safety, identity, power, etc.).

The chapter that was most difficult for me was the one dealing with abundance because I found I had quite a few negative feelings about money, abundance and how God fit into the two. I realized some of these ideas had developed because my family of origin was poor and my parents reminded us of that on a regular basis. My husband and I have had lean times as well in the past, and I had forgotten how to appreciate all that we
have now. Also, I had begrudged the help we have given our adult children, and this caused distance to grow between Glenn and me. Now, I feel more generous because I feel my life is full of abundance. I had forgotten that you cannot out-give God.

The Party

Throughout the year, as I worked on the car and my relationship with Glenn, played my violin and learned the “artist’s way,” I was organizing the party, too. This was the most emotionally difficult aspect of my project because the relationships involved are very precarious. As I said in the Research section, a good relationship between parents and children was lacking in many areas in my family, and only two of the six children have really dealt successful with those issues. In addition, there is still sibling rivalry and jealousy that surfaces frequently. So, when my siblings and I began talking about Mom and Dad’s 50th Anniversary three years ago, it was only in vague terms. We did decide that, if the folks made it to this juncture, we should try to get all the family together for a reunion. Of course, when my siblings said “We,” they meant “Linda.”

I am the eldest of the six of us that were raised as a family unit. I am actually a half-sister although neither my siblings nor I think of me in that way. I have a step-brother and a step-sister, plus two half-sisters on my biological father’s side, plus I have a step-sister on my step-father’s side. However, I did not know even of the existence of these others while I was growing up and so consider only the Owen side as my family of origin.

The family has looked to me for leadership since I was just a little girl. I was even called “little Mother.” I have consciously tried over the years to get out of that
position and just be the oldest sister. And, since I had just finished planning my
daughter's wedding in Texas, I thought someone else should take the lead in the
anniversary party. I suggested that our sister, Vicky, organize it, but she alienated herself
from the four brothers. She also is notorious for not following through on commitments.
For a time, it looked like the celebration wouldn't happen.

However, after the summer 2002 Creative Pulse, I felt renewed and invigorated. I
realized that event could be an excellent opportunity to forge better bonds with my
family, so I decided to put together a party and family reunion for our parents. In August
I made a trip to Red Lodge to talk to everyone. We decided against having this as a
surprise party, and I got my siblings to agree to a general plan for the party. I tried to
make each one feel that they were needed to make this successful. Everyone agreed to
help me with arrangements and finances. I was pretty skeptical as to whether I would get
much of either, so I made the plans based on the fact that Glenn and I would probably be
shouldering most of the expenses and I would do all the work, both preparatory and at the
reunion.

Over the next ten months, I wrote several letters to my siblings as well as kept in
frequent phone contact with them. I helped smooth over and patch up offenses between
them and was able to keep everyone focused on doing this for our parents. I sent out
letters to the extended family and invitations to close friends as well as put
announcements in three papers where we had lived as I was growing up. I found a place
where my own family could stay for the week that would also serve for the anniversary
renewal ceremony and reception, family dinner for 60, and a picnic the following day. I
organized numerous activities to foster fun and fellowship, including river rafting,
horseback riding, golfing, sight seeing, fishing, games, horseshoes and croquet. I delegated tasks to all of the siblings so they would have some ownership in the party and made sure that the boundaries we would observe during the week were clearly defined. I kept everyone focused on honoring the 50th Anniversary of our parents. Since I had learned the importance of ritual, I developed a simple ceremony that include of renewal of vows and Dad giving Mom a new ring. I decided I would give my siblings opportunity to give speeches if they wanted and planned what I would say. I developed a menu around everyone’s favorite food, and lastly, I prayed fervently for unity, peace, and a successful week.
I was very naïve about how much time and effort restoring this car would entail. I remember getting so frustrated when Glenn rebuilt an engine or did other restoration work on an old car with our son, Danny. The garage and driveway would be strewn with parts and oily dirt for an inexcusable length of time; or so I thought. After this experience and through reading others’ accounts of their work or talking with them, I realize that when you are just a sometime, weekend restorer it can take a few years to accomplish all that I envisioned. I do feel good about the fact that we have been able to keep costs within our means (See Appendix G).

At this point the car is still apart, but everything is sanded and repaired and ready for the priming and painting. The entire interior has been ordered as well, and I have confidence that Penelope will be a beautiful showpiece of our love and recommitment in the very near future. In fact, Glenn is already talking about the NEXT vehicle he wants to do. Heaven help me!

As for my relationship with Glenn, this was a rousing success. He went from talking about this project in the first person singular, as if I wasn’t present, to using the first person plural. He began to listen to me more, and I was able to communicate my desires and needs in a way that he could or would hear. I think he has even talked to our children about telephoning and only speaking to him. It has been wonderful to hear from them on a regular basis directly rather than through his retelling. He and I talk more, we have been walking for exercise, and intimacy has increased. We made living
wills this year and have talked extensively about our desires for care as we get older. The final evidence that I achieved what I wanted was when Glenn told the Bible class at church that this car was helping us make a recommitment, a new covenant, and to reopen communication with one another. I was so pleased that he said this. An added benefit is that Glenn is doing some golfing again. I see this as very beneficial because he is taking time for himself, and I am taking time for myself.

**The Old Violin**

I consider the intrapersonal aspect of my project to be successful. Although I am at a very beginning stage in playing the violin, I enjoy it immensely. I will continue to learn classical playing as well as join with some fiddlers to learn that technique. The best result from this part was the excitement that, at the age of fifty-year, I learned the basics of playing with relative ease. This gives me courage to continue to learn in other areas. I plan on restarting dance in the fall and maybe trying to learn Italian which is something I have wanted to do.

I realized that I am not a static entity. I suppose I knew this at some point but had forgotten it. I have changed considerably over the years and will continue to do so; I must! To cease to change is to cease to grow and that is death. I just need to be more comfortable with this. Also, it is quite all right to be a different person to different individuals. I used to think this was somehow phony or false; I had forgotten the Apostle Paul’s words: “I am all things to all men.” I accept the reality of this and wrote the following poem:
Who I Am

Who I am is
Constantly changing –
Metamorphosing at
Resounding speeds.

When I am lost,
Confused, challenged about
My identity, I have
Resisted or refused change.

Where will I find myself? In
Continual, consistent
Mastering the
Restoration of me.

Day by day
Week by week
Month by month
Year by year

While waiting I
Courageously look forward to
Meeting my Maker and He says:
Rise and enter: perfectly complete in Me.

One unexpected result was the liberating feeling that came when I looked at my life as full of abundance. This year when we gave two cars to two different children, I was able to do so joyfully. Then, we bought ourselves a new Honda. As I read back through my Artist’s Way morning pages, tasks and check-ins, I can also see clearly how I progressed from loneliness, confusion, and unproductive anger to being content with myself, feeling connected to my husband, children and family of origin, being able to organize my life, feeling joy in learning the violin, enjoying even the hard labor of the restoration of the car, not being afraid to risk being involved in my family, and even being able to use righteous anger as a tool and not a weapon.
I had hoped that going through The Artist’s Way and other devotional and spiritual books would lead me into a deeper spiritual life. I even joined several groups at church (choir, bell choir, Lutheran Women’s Missionary League, Lutherans for Life), and, of course, continued to attended Bible study and church regularly. But my own personal devotional and prayer time and Bible studies were sporadic and shallow. I seem unable to re-ignite my former fervor for God. I feel lukewarm, and I know how much He despises that condition. I could not translate my new understanding of the Creator God into a more intimate relationship with Him, and I realize that is because I have neglected my relationship with Jesus as Lord and Savior. This is the relationship I will work on next. I also will seek out a Christian woman to be a prayer partner because I have been very blessed in the past through this avenue.

The Party

The 50th Anniversary Celebration and Reunion turned out better than I had believed possible. Everyone who attended declared it to be an unequivocal success in every way. Even though two of the siblings weren’t on good terms, I talked to them both, and they put aside their differences to present a unified family for our parents, extended family, and friends. Even the weather was perfect. When I worried that rain might cause us to be in close proximity to one another, my brother, Mark, shared a time of prayer with me. That special time with him made such a difference for me. Afterwards, I felt so connected to Mark and very peaceful. I was able to let the outcome lie in God’s hands. Those few moments are a precious memory for me of the Christian bond and sibling love I share with Mark.
About 150 people attended the renewal of vows ceremony which Glenn conducted. I set up a table with beautiful lavender and yellow roses for an altar. My oldest brother, Robert, walked Mom down the aisle while the rest of us children and our spouses waited at the front. During the ceremony, Dad presented Mom with a beautiful anniversary band. She was surprised and delighted with the ring. Since my parents had been married by a Justice of the Peace, I knew ritual would be meaningful to them, and I had the family process down the aisle after the ceremony. We had a beautiful, three tiered anniversary cake which Mom and Dad cut and then fed to each other. They even shared a special toast with entwined arms.

The speech I gave acknowledged my love for my parents and my pride that they had been together for fifty years. I also talked about the love I had received from my grandparents and other family members who were present, and I told them that I loved them. The speech was well received although I had planned on saying more about what each parent had given me as I was growing up.

My aunt, my dad’s sister, came to the celebration with her daughter and her two children, Drew (12) and Casey (5). I have not been around these two children much, but the few times I have, they have been extremely reserved, and almost reticent. In fact when I first saw them they would not even look at me let alone speak when spoken to. However, I had a very nice, unexpected result from this party in that Drew suddenly wanted to help me with my work. He followed me around and worked faithfully at any task I gave him. Then, he began interacting with the youngest cousins and even with my older children. When it came time for his mother and grandmother to leave, he did not want to go, so I said I would take him home around 11:00 P.M.
Naturally, his sister Casey wanted to stay also, so for the next two nights these two really came out of their shells and interacted with me and my family. I was very pleased!

Another unexpected result was that all my siblings did what they promised to do! They even contributed to the expenses, and we were not unduly burdened financially. Although I did give everyone jobs to do, I realize I should have asked for more help. I knew this party would be a great deal of work but did not realize how much of a strain it would cause until I got a terribly stiff neck afterwards. After five weeks of medication, hot and cold pads, and several massages, I could move without pain.

Even though I was not able to have any deep discussions with my brothers and sister about family relationships, I know that this party has brought us closer. Planning and working together for a common goal reminded us of the love we share through family ties. I view my siblings differently; I see them as mature adults to whom I can relate more easily, and who will come through when they say they will. It was worth a stiff neck to come to this point.
Chapter Five

Significance of the Project

This project has spilled over into every area of my life. Teaching this year took on a joy that was lacking last year. The leadership pledge I made the summer before, my surge in confidence, the renewed humor and creativity all allowed me to “be” with my students. There was more laughter, more excitement to learn and a relaxed, friendly environment. I had previously worried that, if I joked with the students and showed too much of myself, I would somehow have a chaotic, uncontrollable classroom. I discovered that this did not happen. Not only did my students enjoy my class, I did, too. And once I relaxed, even my time with the sixth grade teaching team improved immensely. The resource teacher and I taught an integrated class with eight special education students and twelve other students. Her attitude of calmness and quirky humor really helped me loosen up. I was concerned about doing the class because the curriculum and novels we used are at the fifth or sixth grade level, and many of the resource students read at a second grade level. However, all of them except the two who had missed a great deal of school showed progress at the end of the year.

I continued teaching the brain gyms in the classroom and also integrated some of the exercises from Michael Gelb’s book. I brought dance, music, singing, and art into the reading lessons whenever I could. While the students painted and did pastel artwork, I would play Gregorian chants, classical, or jazz music. I had several parents, as well as the students, tell me how much they appreciated the aspect of my class.

Even in my home, I felt repercussions from this project. I had been sick of having white walls in every room of the parsonage for some time, and the artist in me protested.
I convinced Glenn that we should paint the living room and dining area of the kitchen. He painted the living room while I sponge painted and put a wallpaper trim in the other area. We took down all the pictures of our kids and replaced most of them with famous prints. The family pictures are now in the halls and family room. I even bought new place settings, a mirror, and decorations for the formal dining area as well. In the bedroom that was designated as my daughter’s, I took down her high school artifacts from the wall and put up pictures of Glenn and me when we were small. All in all, the house has a warm, inviting effect and reflects our awareness of our couple status.

My manifesto for life, teaching and art is:

- I will no longer feel guilty over not finishing a project. After all, da Vinci left many unfinished.
- I will continue to gather articles for my journal even if I never get around to organizing it. As long as I can find the information when I need it, I will feel I have a good collection.
- I will continue to reach beyond my grasp, daring to take a risk, but be willing to acknowledge that I often do this. I will be willing to reset my goals and not feel like a failure.
- I will try to learn a new skill or a new level of a skill every year.
- I will keep my relationships growing, as I continue to change and grow.
Chapter Six
The Personal Performance

Originally, I was going to do a movie for the presentation, but Glenn purchased a laptop computer that has power point on it. He was so excited about the program and showing it to me, I decided to learn from him and use that program. The scope of the project is so large that I decided to do the presentation only on the Plymouth and my relationship with Glenn.

Since we had taken quite a few pictures of the car, Glenn scanned and put them into the power point for me. He showed me the basics of the program; then, I experimented and learned how to design the various templates, do the transitions, record myself and insert excerpts from a CD. On July 14, 2003, I gave my final performance for the Creative Pulse.

I chose a bright red, long, fitted evening dress to wear that I had purchased just for the occasion. I haven’t worn that kind of a dress in years! I served refreshments at 6:30 and had fun setting up the lace tablecloth, candles, and flowers to make the table look more elegant. I also set up a table with artifacts from the project: my violin and music, The Artist’s Way and other books and magazine articles I had read, and my journals; my work clothes, mask, glasses, gloves, the owner’s manual and restoration books, expense sheet and material swatches; pictures of my family and the party, correspondence to them, notes and cost evaluation I kept in planning the party.

At 6:45 I played a few simple songs on my violin. This was the first time I had played in public, and I was very nervous. I only felt relaxed on one song when I was able
to shut out all the people and really concentrate on the song. But the audience was very gracious about my struggling attempt!

At 7:00 we went into the Masquer, and I gave some introductory remarks about the project. I was surprised at how emotional I became when I talked about my son, Glenn, leaving home in his junior year of high school. That was three years ago, and I still feel the pain. I also got all choked up when I was talking about my husband always putting other people before his own desires. It was certainly not a very dignified beginning to the performance.

Throughout the many practices I had done on the power point, I had not been able to go through the whole presentation without making a mistake, so I was wondering how this part would go. However, I was happy that it flowed very smoothly. I alternated between letting the power point presentation (See Appendix C) play and talking to the audience live. The two songs I used in the presentation, "Separate Lives" and "Way Down Deep" (Appendix D and E), and the poems I wrote flowed so well and told the story of my past year in a concise and entertaining way.

At the end of the power point presentation, I said, “This is where I am supposed to throw open the back doors and in comes Glenn, driving Penelope. I wanted to be sitting on the roof playing ‘Fiddler on the Roof,’ but as you have already guessed, we didn’t quite get done with the restoration. Penny is still sitting in the garage in parts and pieces waiting to be primed. So, instead I present the results of the project in my husband, the love of my life for the past thirty-four years: Glenn Merritt.”

I had Glenn come and sit on the stage, and I took off my glasses, the dress-jacket, and my shoes. Then, I sang to him the song, “Still the One,” by Orleans (Appendix F).
Even though I had been terribly nervous about this part of the performance, the audience really was into the song and began to clap along. I totally lost any inhibition and concentrated on letting Glenn know how much I love him. I had so much fun, and I got Glenn to dance with me during the musical interlude. When the song ended, I sat on his lap and kissed him.

A classmate took a picture of us right after the performance (Appendix H), and the warm glow we both felt from this presentation is evident in our faces. The performance itself, the audience and my teachers’ responses, and Glenn’s proud look will always be a high point in my life. I am so pleased that I chose this extensive work because the results have been awesome.
Appendix A

Basic Principles of Creativity

1. Creativity is the natural order of life. Life is energy: pure creative energy.

2. There is an underlying, in-dwelling Creative God infusing all of life – including ourselves.

3. When we open ourselves to our creativity, we open ourselves to the Creator’s creativity within us and our lives.

4. We, ourselves, are creations. And we, in turn, are meant to continue creativity by being creative ourselves.

5. Creativity is God’s gift to us. Using our creativity is our gift back to God.

6. The refusal to be creative is self-will and is counter to our true, redeemed nature.

7. When we open ourselves to exploring our creativity, we open ourselves to God.

8. As we open our creative channel to the Creator, many gentle but powerful changes are to be expected.

9. It is safe to open ourselves up to greater and greater creativity.

10. Our creative dreams and yearnings come from the Divine. As we move toward our dreams, we move toward God.
Appendix B

Creative Affirmations

1. I am a channel of God's creativity, and my work comes to good.
2. My dreams come from God, and God has the power to accomplish them.
3. As I create and listen, I will be led.
4. Creativity is the Creator's will for me.
5. My creativity heals myself and others.
6. I am allowed to nurture my artist.
7. Through the use of a few simple tools, my creativity will flourish.
8. Through the use of my creativity, I serve God.
9. My creativity always leads me to truth and love.
10. My creativity leads me to forgiveness and self-forgiveness.
11. There is a divine plan of goodness for me.
12. There is a divine plan of goodness for my work.
13. As I listen to the Creator, I am led.
14. As I listen to my creativity I am led to my Creator.
15. I am willing to create.
16. I am willing to learn to let myself create.
17. I am willing to let God create through me.
18. I am willing to be of service to others through my creativity.
19. I am willing to experience my creative energy.
20. I am willing to use my creative talents.
An Old Violin, a 50 Plymouth, and a Party

A 50 Plymouth

For my trip into interpersonal intelligences I chose to restore the old 1950 Plymouth my husband had. It was the “vehicle” through which I would also restore our empty-nest relationship. This presentation invites you to come along for the journey!

Auspicious beginnings

- August 1949, Detroit Michigan: A beautiful maroon 2-door fastback Plymouth is rolled off the assembly line and shipped to Billings, Montana.
- August 1949, San Antonio Texas: A beautiful black-haired, brown-eyed little girl is born and arrives in Montana four years later.

Many years later, I meet Glenn’s 50 Plymouth.

July 14, 2003
When Glenn looked at his old car, he saw:

The Car of Long, Long Ago!

July 14, 2003
A Poem (What I saw)  
"Glenn's Old 50"

Can restoring this junky car also restore our relationship? Change our: Separate Lives

Love leads to isolation

Will we go on living Separate Lives?

We begin by evaluating the work that needs to be done; walking around each other even as we walked around the old car.

July 14, 2003
Rusted out tail light may be difficult to fix.

The trunk is in fairly good shape.

The dash is in excellent condition, but seats and doors need work.

The back seat has original covers; it, too, needs replaced.

The headliner is faded and dirty; it will need to be replaced.

Glenn wants to rewire the car but feels the engine is basically sound.

July 14, 2003
And so, the work begins. Off come the bumper, trim, grill and lights.

Next, the hood and front fenders.

Are you sure you want to take out the engine, too?

My first sanding attempt. I worked for two days on this one door.

We are happy to see the paint is still good on the firewall.

However, the engine is dirty and needs repainting.

July 14, 2003
The surface rust on the hood was formidable. I worked on it for many days.

We removed the trim from the rear and the bumpers and fenders.

The rocker panels and floor were worse than we thought.

The passenger side floorboard has a hole inside and a large one outside, too.

Glenn continues to work on the rocker panels and floor while I sand, and something begins to happen. I develop a grudging admiration for the sturdy build of the 50 which gradually becomes a fondness as I see her potential.

I cleaned, wire brushed, sanded and then cleaned some more to help get the interior ready.

AND I DEEM HER:
Worthy of a Name

July 14, 2003
We patch and bond the old car. Are we bonding?

He shows me each new, arriving catalogue;
Gushes over a discovered web site.
"Look, here's rocker panels we need!"
Together we commiserate over broken parts:
"Wish we hadn't done that."
Brainstorm over a difficult rusted spot:
"Why can't we just use a pop can?"

Glenn removes the old rocker panels and cuts away the floor.
Meanwhile, I am sanding, sanding.

I help repair the smaller holes while Glenn works on the large ones.

The sheet metal is formed.

The driver-side floor. Glenn's sheet metal fits just right.

July 14, 2003
The holes in the rocker panel do not fit the rubber stripping and have to be re-drilled, but I am proud of the work Glenn did.

The rear fenders and trunk seem to go much faster than the sides and front.

We almost forgot to do the sun visor!

Here's where we are now: The 1950 Plymouth

The engine looks so nice!

Still sanding! It seemed like a never-ending job.

July 14, 2003
Even after Glenn fell on it, the hood is in good shape.

I sanded and put rust preventative on the rear wheel underside.

We were so excited when the carpet arrived!

And where are we in our relationship? Since who I am changes; So must we.

I've got you in that glory place; I've got you way down deep.

July 14, 2003
I know I'm dealing with a love that's far from blind: You've got me way down deep.

Don't matter what we gave away was nothing we could keep.

Don't matter if the road is long
Don't matter if it's steep

Don't matter if we lose our way
I know we're gonna meet.

We hope you enjoyed journeying with us as we restored Penelope and renewed our commitment to one another!

Produced by
Linda Merritt
July, 2003

CREDITS
- Photos by Linda and Glenn Merritt, 2002-2003
- "Separate Lives" by Stephen Bishop. Sung by Phil Collins and Marilyn Martin from the album, ...Hits.
- "Way Down Deep" by Jennifer Warnes, from the album, The Hunter.
- "Long, Long Ago" by T.H. Bayly, played by L. Merritt on the violin.
Appendix D

Separate Lives

Words by Stephen Bishop
Sung by Phil Collins

You called me from the room in your hotel
All full of romance
For someone that you met
Telling me how sorry you were
Leaving too soon
And that you miss me sometimes
When you’re alone in your room
Do I feel lonely too?

You have no right to ask me how I feel
You have no right to speak to me so kind
I can’t go on holding onto ties
Now that we’re living separate lives.

I held on to let you go
And if you lost your love for me
You never let it show
There was no way to compromise
So now we’re living separate lives.

Oh, it’s so typical
Love leads to isolation
So you build that wall
And you make it stronger.

You have no right to ask me how I feel
You have no right to speak to me so kind
Someday I might
Find myself looking in your eyes
But for now we’ll go on living separate lives.

Yes, for now we’ll go on living
Separate lives.

1985 Stephen Bishop Music Publishing Co. /BMI

http://www.stephenbishop.com/separate.html
Appendix E

Way Down Deep

Written by Leonard Cohen and Jennifer Warnes
Sung by Jennifer Warnes

CHANT:
Way down, way way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way way down,
Way way down deep
I’ve got you in the glory place
I’ve got you way down deep

It came to me this morning
I was walking down the street
Was like my soul could taste you
And God, you tasted sweet
Finally I can speak
I’ve got you in the glory place
I’ve got you way down deep

CHANT:
You’ve got me way down, way way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way down deep
I wander with you in my sleep
I’ve got you way down deep

Don’t matter what we gave away
Was nothing we could keep
Don’t matter what we didn’t say
You know that talk is cheap
Forgive me if I hate you
You’re a liar and a cheat
But I’ve got you in the glory place
I’ve got you way down deep

CHANT:
You’ve got me way down, way way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way down deep
I wander with you in my sleep
I’ve got you way down deep

It’s a funny feeling
But I cannot say I mind
I know that I’m dealing with
A love that’s far from blind
I see every single angle
I look before I leap
How else can I put it
When you’ve got me way down deep
CHANT:
You’ve got me way down, way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way down deep
Way way down deep

Don’t matter if the road is long
Don’t matter if it’s steep
Don’t matter if the moon goes out
And darkness is complete
Don’t matter if we lose our way
I know we’re gonna meet
I’ve got you in the glory place
I’ve got you way down deep

CHANT:
You’ve got me way down, way way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way way down
Way way down deep
You’ve got me way down, way down deep
I wander with you in my sleep
I’ve got you way down deep

way down, way way down, way way down deep
way down, way way down, way way down deep

http://www.lyricscafe.com/phprint.phy?lyricscafe=30fbfe761bea455f6d12cb4677e81f06
Appendix F

Still the One

Orleans
Words and music by John Joseph Hall and Johanna D. Hall

We've been together since way back when
Sometimes I never want to see you again
But I want you to know, after all these years
You're still the one I want whisperin' in my ear

You're still the one -- I want to talk to in bed
Still the one -- that turns my head
We're still having fun, and you're still the one

I looked at your face every day
But I never saw it 'til I went away
When winter came, I just wanted to go (wanted to go)
Deep in the desert, I longed for the snow

You're still the one -- that makes me laugh
Still the one -- that's my better half
We're still having fun, and you're still the one
You're still the one -- that makes me strong
Still the one -- I want to take along
We're still having fun, and you're still the one (yes you are)

Changing, our love is going gold
Even though we grow old, it grows new

You're still the one -- that I love to touch
Still the one -- and I can't get enough
We're still having fun, and you're still the one

You're still the one -- who can scratch my itch
Still the one -- and I wouldn't switch
We're still having fun, and you're still the one
You are still the one -- that makes me shout
Still the one -- that I dream about
We're still having fun, and you're still the one
You're still the one, yeah still the one
We're still having fun, and you're still the one

## Appendix G

### Expenses on 1950 Plymouth

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<th>Items</th>
<th>Cost</th>
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<td>Sears</td>
<td>Compressor and tools</td>
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<tr>
<td>8/29/2002</td>
<td>Les Schwab</td>
<td>Tires rotated</td>
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<td>8/28/2002</td>
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**Total** $2,145.80
Appendix H

Glenn and I in the Afterglow of my Performance
July 14, 2003
**Bibliography**


